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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCXCV. JANUARY 1882. Vol. CXXXI.

THE OPEN DOOR.

[*Inscribed to a dear and happy Memory.*]

I took the house of Brentwood on my return from India in 18—, for the temporary accommodation of my family, until I could find a permanent home for them. It had many advantages which made it peculiarly appropriate. It was within reach of Edinburgh, and my boy Roland, whose education had been considerably neglected, could go in and out to school, which was thought to be better for him than either leaving home altogether or staying there always with a tutor. The first of these expedients would have seemed preferable to me, the second commended itself to his mother. The doctor, like a judicious man, took the midway between. "Put him on his pony and let him ride into the Academy every morning; it will do him all the good in the world," Dr Simson said; "and when it is bad weather there is the train." His mother accepted this solution of the difficulty more easily than I could have hoped; and our pale-faced boy, who had never known anything more invigorating than Simla, began to encounter the brisk breezes of the North in the subdued severity of the month of May. Before the time of the vacation in July we had the satisfaction of seeing him begin to acquire something of the brown and ruddy complexion of his schoolfellows. The English system did not commend itself to Scotland in these days. There was no little Eton at Fettes; nor do I think, if there had been, that a genteel exotic of that class would have tempted either my wife or me. The lad was doubly precious to us, being the only one left us of many; and he was fragile in body, we believed, and deeply sensitive in mind. To keep him at home, and yet to send him to school—to combine the advantages of the two systems—seemed to be everything that could be desired. The two girls also found at Brentwood everything they wanted. They were near enough to Edinburgh to have masters and lessons as many as they required for completing that never-

ending education which the young people seem to require nowadays. Their mother married me when she was younger than Agatha, and I should like to see them improve upon their mother! I myself was then no more than twenty-five—an age at which I see the young fellows now groping about them, with no notion what they are going to do with their lives. However, I suppose every generation has a conceit of itself which elevates it, in its own opinion, above that which comes after it. Brentwood stands on that fine and wealthy slope of country, one of the richest in Scotland, which lies between the Pentland Hills and the Firth. In clear weather you could see the blue gleam—like a bent bow, embracing the wealthy fields and scattered houses — of the great estuary on one side of you; and on the other the blue heights, not gigantic like those we had been used to, but just high enough for all the glories of the atmosphere, the play of clouds, and sweet reflections, which give to a hilly country an interest and a charm which nothing else can emulate. Edinburgh, with its two lesser heights—the Castle and the Calton Hill—its spires and towers piercing through the smoke, and Arthur's Seat, lying crouched behind, like a guardian no longer very needful, taking his repose beside the well-beloved charge, which is now, so to speak, able to take care of itself without him — lay at our right hand. From the lawn and drawing-room windows we could see all these varieties of landscape. The colour was sometimes a little chilly, but sometimes, also, as animated and full of vicissitude as a drama. I was never tired of it. Its colour and freshness revived the eyes which had grown weary of arid plains and blazing skies. It was always cheery, and fresh, and full of repose.

The village of Brentwood lay almost under the house, on the other side of the deep little ravine, down which a stream—which ought to have been a lovely, wild, and frolicsome little river—flowed between its rocks and trees. The river, like so many in that district, had, however, in its earlier life been sacrificed to trade, and was grimy with paper-making. But this did not affect our pleasure in it so much as I have known it to affect other streams. Perhaps our water was more rapid—perhaps less clogged with dirt and refuse. Our side of the dell was charmingly *accidenté*, and clothed with fine trees, through which various paths wound down to the river-side and to the village bridge which crossed the stream. The village lay in the hollow, and climbed, with very prosaic houses, the other side. Village architecture does not flourish in Scotland. The blue slates and the grey stone are sworn foes to the picturesque; and though I do not, for my own part, dislike the interior of an old-fashioned pewed and galleried church, with its little family settlements on all sides, the square box outside, with its bit of a spire like a handle to lift it by, is not an improvement to the landscape. Still a cluster of houses on differing elevations, with scraps of garden coming in between, a hedgerow with clothes laid out to dry, the opening of a street with its rural sociability, the women at their doors, the slow waggon lumbering along—gives a centre to the landscape. It was cheerful to look at, and convenient in a hundred ways. Within ourselves we had walks in plenty, the glen being always beautiful in all its phases, whether the woods were green in the spring or ruddy in the

autumn. In the park which surrounded the house were the ruins of the former mansion of Brentwood, a much smaller and less important house than the solid Georgian edifice which we inhabited. The ruins were picturesque, however, and gave importance to the place. Even we, who were but temporary tenants, felt a vague pride in them, as if they somehow reflected a certain consequence upon ourselves. The old building had the remains of a tower, an indistinguishable mass of mason-work, overgrown with ivy, and the shells of walls attached to this were half filled up with soil. I had never examined it closely, I am ashamed to say. There was a large room, or what had been a large room, with the lower part of the windows still existing, on the principal floor, and underneath other windows, which were perfect, though half filled up with fallen soil, and waving with a wild growth of brambles and chance growths of all kinds. This was the oldest part of all. At a little distance were some very commonplace and disjointed fragments of building, one of them suggesting a certain pathos by its very commonness and the complete wreck which it showed. This was the end of a low gable, a bit of grey wall, all encrusted with lichens, in which was a common doorway. Probably it had been a servants' entrance, a back-door, or opening into what are called "the offices" in Scotland. No offices remained to be entered—pantry and kitchen had all been swept out of being; but there stood the doorway open and vacant, free to all the winds, to the rabbits, and every wild creature. It struck my eye, the first time I went to Brentwood, like a melancholy comment upon a life that was over. A door that led to nothing—closed once, perhaps, with anxious care, bolted and guarded, now void of any meaning. It impressed me, I remember, from the first; so perhaps it may be said that my mind was prepared to attach to it an importance which nothing justified.

The summer was a very happy period of repose for us all. The warmth of Indian suns was still in our veins, and we did not feel the cold. It seemed to us that we could never have enough of the greenness, the dewiness, the freshness of the northern landscape. Even its mists were pleasant to us, taking all the fever out of us, and pouring in vigour and refreshment. In autumn we followed the fashion of the time, and went away for change, which we did not in the least require. It was when the family had settled down for the winter, when the days were short and dark, and the rigorous reign of frost upon us, that the incidents occurred which alone could justify me in intruding upon the world my private affairs. These incidents were, however, of so curious a character, that I hope my inevitable references to my own family and pressing personal interests will meet with a general pardon.

I was absent in London when these events began. In London an old Indian plunges back into the interests with which all his previous life has been associated, and meets old friends at every step. I had been circulating among some half-dozen of these — enjoying the return to my former life in shadow, though I had been so thankful in substance to throw it aside — and had missed some of my home letters, what with going down from Friday to Monday to old Benbow's place in the country, and stopping on the way back to dine and sleep at Sellar's, and to take a look into Cross's stables,

which occupied another day. It is never safe to miss one's letters. In this transitory life, as the Prayer-book says, how can one ever be certain what is going to happen? All was perfectly well at home. I knew very well (I thought) what they would have to say to me: "The weather has been so fine, that Roland has not once gone by train, and he enjoys the ride beyond anything." "Dear papa, be sure that you don't forget anything, but bring us so-and-so, and so-and-so"—a list as long as my arm. Dear girls and dearer mother! I would not for the world have forgotten their commissions, or given the sight of their little letters, for all the Benbows and Crosses in the world.

But I was confident in my home-comfort and peacefulness. When I got back to my club, however, three or four letters were lying for me, upon some of which I noticed the "immediate," "urgent," which old-fashioned people and anxious people still believe will influence the post-office and quicken the speed of the mails. I was about to open one of these, when the club porter brought me two telegrams, one of which, he said, had arrived the night before. I opened, as was to be expected, the last first, and this was what I read: "Why don't you come or answer? For God's sake, come. He is much worse." This was a thunderbolt to fall upon a man's head who had one only son, and he the light of his eyes! The other telegram, which I opened with hands trembling so much that I lost time by my haste, was to much the same purport: "No better; doctor afraid of brain-fever. Calls for you day and night. Let nothing detain you." The first thing I did was to look up the time-tables to see if there was any way of getting off sooner than by the night-train, though I knew well enough there was not; and then I read the letters, which furnished, alas! too clearly, all the details. They told me that the boy had been pale for some time, with a scared look. His mother had noticed it before I left home, but would not say anything to alarm me. This look had increased day by day; and soon it was observed that Roland came home at a wild gallop through the park, his pony panting and in foam, himself "as white as a sheet," but with the perspiration streaming from his forehead. For a long time he had resisted all questioning, but at length had developed such strange changes of mood, showing a reluctance to go to school, a desire to be fetched in the carriage at night—which was a ridiculous piece of luxury—an unwillingness to go out in the grounds, and nervous start at every sound, that his mother had insisted upon an explanation. When the boy—our boy Roland, who had never known what fear was—began to talk to her of voices he had heard in the park, and shadows that had appeared to him among the ruins, my wife promptly put him to bed and sent for Dr Simson—which, of course, was the only thing to do.

I hurried off that evening, as may be supposed, with an anxious heart. How I got through the hours before the starting of the train, I cannot tell. We must all be thankful for the quickness of the railway when in anxiety; but to have thrown myself into a post-chaise as soon as horses could be put to, would have been a relief. I got to Edinburgh very early in the blackness of the winter morning, and scarcely dared look the man in the face, at whom I gasped "What news?" My wife had sent

the brougham for me, which I concluded, before the man spoke, was a bad sign. His answer was that stereotyped answer which leaves the imagination so wildly free—"Just the same." Just the same! What might that mean? The horses seemed to me to creep along the long dark country-road. As we dashed through the park, I thought I heard some one moaning among the trees, and clenched my fist at them (whoever they might be) with fury. Why had the fool of a woman at the gate allowed any one to come in to disturb the quiet of the place? If I had not been in such hot haste to get home, I think I should have stopped the carriage and got out to see what tramp it was that had made an entrance, and chosen my grounds, of all places in the world,—when my boy was ill!—to grumble and groan in. But I had no reason to complain of our slow pace here. The horses flew like lightning along the intervening path, and drew up at the door all panting, as if they had run a race. My wife stood at the open door with a pale face, and a candle in her hand, which made her look paler still as the wind blew the flame about. "He is sleeping," she said in a whisper, as if her voice might wake him. And I replied, when I could find my voice, also in a whisper, as though the jingling of the horses' furniture and the sound of their hoofs must not have been more dangerous. I stood on the steps with her a moment, almost afraid to go in, now that I was here; and it seemed to me that I saw without observing, if I may say so, that the horses were unwilling to turn round, though their stables lay that way, or that the men were unwilling. These things occurred to me afterwards, though at the moment I was not capable of anything but to ask questions and to hear of the condition of the boy.

I looked at him from the door of his room, for we were afraid to go near, lest we should disturb that blessed sleep. It looked like actual sleep—not the lethargy into which my wife told me he would sometimes fall. She told me everything in the next room, which communicated with his, rising now and then and going to the door of communication; and in this there was much that was very startling and confusing to the mind. It appeared that ever since the winter began, since it was early dark, and night had fallen before his return from school, he had been hearing voices among the ruins—at first only a groaning, he said, at which his pony was as much alarmed as he was, but by degrees a voice. The tears ran down my wife's cheeks as she described to me how he would start up in the night and cry out, "Oh, mother, let me in! oh, mother, let me in!" with a pathos which rent her heart. And she sitting there all the time, only longing to do everything his heart could desire! But though she would try to soothe him, crying, "You are at home, my darling. I am here. Don't you know me? Your mother is here!" he would only stare at her, and after a while spring up again with the same cry. At other times he would be quite reasonable, she said, asking eagerly when I was coming, but declaring that he must go with me as soon as I did so, "to let them in." "The doctor thinks his nervous system must have received a shock," my wife said. "Oh, Henry, can it be that we have pushed him on too much with his work—a delicate boy like Roland?—and what is his work in comparison with his health? Even you would think little of honours or prizes if it hurt the boy's health." Even I! as if I were an

inhuman father sacrificing my child to my ambition. But I would not increase her trouble by taking any notice. After a while they persuaded me to lie down, to rest, and to eat—none of which things had been possible since I received their letters. The mere fact of being on the spot, of course, in itself was a great thing; and when I knew that I could be called in a moment, as soon as he was awake and wanted me, I felt capable, even in the dark, chill morning twilight, to snatch an hour or two's sleep. As it happened, I was so worn out with the strain of anxiety, and he so quieted and consoled by knowing I had come, that I was not disturbed till the afternoon, when the twilight had again settled down. There was just daylight enough to see his face when I went to him; and what a change in a fortnight! He was paler and more worn, I thought, than even in those dreadful days in the plains before we left India. His hair seemed to me to have grown long and lank; his eyes were like blazing lights projecting out of his white face. He got hold of my hand in a cold and tremulous clutch, and waved to everybody to go away. "Go away—even mother," he said,—"go away." This went to her heart, for she did not like that even I should have more of the boy's confidence than herself; but my wife has never been a woman to think of herself, and she left us alone. "Are they all gone?" he said, eagerly. "They would not let me speak. The doctor treated me as if I was a fool. You know I am not a fool, papa."

"Yes, yes, my boy, I know; but you are ill, and quiet is so necessary. You are not only not a fool, Roland, but you are reasonable and understand. When you are ill you must deny yourself; you must not do everything that you might do being well."

He waved his thin hand with a sort of indignation. "Then, father, I am not ill," he cried. "Oh, I thought when you came you would not stop me,—you would see the sense of it! What do you think is the matter with me, all of you? Simson is well enough, but he is only a doctor. What do you think is the matter with me? I am no more ill than you are. A doctor, of course, he thinks you are ill the moment he looks at you — that's what he's there for—and claps you into bed."

"Which is the best place for you at present, my dear boy."

"I made up my mind," cried the little fellow, "that I would stand it till you came home. I said to myself, I won't frighten mother and the girls. But now, father," he cried, half jumping out of bed, "it's not illness,—it's a secret."

His eyes shone so wildly, his face was so swept with strong feeling, that my heart sank within me. It could be nothing but fever that did it, and fever had been so fatal. I got him into my arms to put him back into bed. "Roland," I said, humouring the poor child, which I knew was the only way, "if you are going to tell me this secret to do any good, you know you must be quite quiet, and not excite yourself. If you excite yourself, I must not let you speak."

"Yes, father," said the boy. He was quiet directly, like a man, as if he quite understood. When I had laid him back on his pillow, he looked up at me with that grateful sweet look with which children, when they are ill, break one's heart, the water coming into his eyes in his weakness. "I was sure as soon as you were here you would know what to do," he said.

"To be sure, my boy. Now

keep quiet, and tell it all out like a man." To think I was telling lies to my own child! for I did it only to humour him, thinking, poor little fellow, his brain was wrong.

"Yes, father. Father, there is some one in the park,—some one that has been badly used."

"Hush, my dear; you remember, there is to be no excitement. Well, who is this somebody, and who has been ill-using him? We will soon put a stop to that."

"Ah," cried Roland, "but it is not so easy as you think. I don't know who it is. It is just a cry. Oh, if you could hear it! It gets into my head in my sleep. I heard it as clear — as clear;—and they think that I am dreaming — or raving perhaps," the boy said, with a sort of disdainful smile.

This look of his perplexed me; it was less like fever than I thought. "Are you quite sure you have not dreamt it, Roland?" I said.

"Dreamt? — that!" He was springing up again when he suddenly bethought himself, and lay down flat with the same sort of smile on his face. "The pony heard it too," he said. "She jumped as if she had been shot. If I had not grasped at the reins,—for I was frightened, father——"

"No shame to you, my boy," said I, though I scarcely knew why.

"If I hadn't held to her like a leech, she'd have pitched me over her head, and never drew breath till we were at the door. Did the pony dream it?" he said, with a soft disdain, yet indulgence for my foolishness. Then he added slowly: "It was only a cry the first time, and all the time before you went away. I wouldn't tell you, for it was so wretched to be frightened. I thought it might be a hare or a rabbit snared, and I went in the morning and looked, but there was nothing. It was after you went I heard it really first, and this is what it says." He raised himself on his elbow close to me, and looked me in the face. "'Oh, mother, let me in! oh, mother, let me in!'" As he said the words a mist came over his face, the mouth quivered, the soft features all melted and changed, and when he had ended these pitiful words, dissolved in a shower of heavy tears.

Was it a hallucination? Was it the fever of the brain? Was it the disordered fancy caused by great bodily weakness? How could I tell? I thought it wisest to accept it as if it were all true.

"This is very touching, Roland," I said.

"Oh, if you had just heard it, father! I said to myself, if father heard it he would do something; but mamma, you know, she's given over to Simson, and that fellow's a doctor, and never thinks of anything but clapping you into bed."

"We must not blame Simson for being a doctor, Roland."

"No, no," said my boy, with delightful toleration and indulgence; "oh no; that's the good of him—that's what he's for; I know that. But you—you are different; you are just father, and you'll do something,—directly, papa, directly,—this very night."

"Surely," I said. "No doubt it is some little lost child."

He gave me a sudden, swift look, investigating my face as if to see if, after all, this was everything my eminence as "father" came to,—no more than that? Then he got hold of my shoulder, clutching it with his thin hand: "Look here," he said, with a quiver in his voice; "suppose it wasn't living at all!"

"My dear boy, how then could you have heard it?" I said.

He turned away from me with a

pettish exclamation—"As if you didn't know better than that!"

"Do you want to tell me it is a ghost?" I said.

Roland withdrew his hand; his countenance assumed an aspect of great dignity and gravity; a slight quiver remained about his lips. "Whatever it was—you always said we were not to call names. It was something—in trouble. Oh, father, in terrible trouble!"

"But, my boy," I said—I was at my wits' end—"if it was a child that was lost, or any poor human creature——but, Roland, what do you want me to do?"

"I should know if I was you," said the child, eagerly. "That is what I always said to myself—Father will know. Oh, papa, papa, to have to face it night after night, in such terrible, terrible trouble! and never to be able to do it any good. I don't want to cry; it's like a baby, I know; but I can't help it;—out there all by itself in the ruin, and nobody to help it. I can't bear it, I can't bear it!" cried my generous boy. And in his weakness he burst out, after many attempts to restrain it, into a great childish fit of sobbing and tears.

I do not know that I ever was in a greater perplexity in my life; and afterwards, when I thought of it, there was something comic in it too. It is bad enough to find your child's mind possessed with the conviction that he has seen—or heard—a ghost. But that he should require you to go instantly and help that ghost, was the most bewildering experience that had ever come my way. I am a sober man myself, and not superstitious—at least any more than everybody is superstitious. Of course I do not believe in ghosts; but I don't deny, any more than other people, that there are stories, which I cannot pretend to understand. My blood got a sort of chill in my veins at the idea that Roland should be a ghost-seer; for that generally means a hysterical temperament and weak health, and all that men most hate and fear for their children. But that I should take up his ghost and right its wrongs, and save it from its trouble, was such a mission as was enough to confuse any man. I did my best to console my boy without giving any promise of this astonishing kind; but he was too sharp for me. He would have none of my caresses. With sobs breaking in at intervals upon his voice, and the rain-drops hanging on his eyelids, he yet returned to the charge.

"It will be there now—it will be there all the night. Oh think, papa, think, if it was me! I can't rest for thinking of it. Don't!" he cried, putting away my hand—"don't! You go and help it, and mother can take care of me."

"But, Roland, what can I do?"

My boy opened his eyes, which were large with weakness and fever, and gave me a smile such, I think, as sick children only know the secret of. "I was sure you would know as soon as you came. I always said—Father will know: and mother," he cried, with a softening of repose upon his face, his limbs relaxing, his form sinking with a luxurious repose in his bed—"mother can come and take care of me."

I called her, and saw him turn to her with the complete dependence of a child, and then I went away and left them, as perplexed a man as any in Scotland. I must say, however, I had this consolation, that my mind was greatly eased about Roland. He might be under a hallucination, but his head was clear enough, and I did not think him so ill as everybody else did. The girls were astonished even at

the ease with which I took his illness. "How do you think he is?" they said in a breath, coming round me, laying hold of me. "Not half so ill as I expected," I said; "not very bad at all." "Oh, papa, you are a darling!" cried Agatha, kissing me, and crying upon my shoulder; while little Jeanie, who was as pale as Roland, clasped both her arms round mine, and could not speak at all. I knew nothing about it, not half so much as Simson, but they believed in me; they had a feeling that all would go right now. God is very good to you when your children look to you like that. It makes one humble, not proud. I was not worthy of it; and then I recollected that I had to act the part of a father to Roland's ghost, which made me almost laugh, though I might just as well have cried. It was the strangest mission that ever was intrusted to mortal man.

It was then I remembered suddenly the looks of the men when they turned to take the brougham to the stables in the dark that morning: they had not liked it, and the horses had not liked it. I remembered that even in my anxiety about Roland I had heard them tearing along the avenue back to the stables, and had made a memorandum mentally that I must speak of it. It seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to go to the stables now and make a few inquiries. It is impossible to fathom the minds of rustics; there might be some devilry of practical joking, for anything I knew; or they might have some reason in getting up a bad reputation for the Brentwood avenue. It was getting dark by the time I went out, and nobody who knows the country will need to be told how black is the darkness of a November night under high laurel-bushes and yew-trees. I walked into the heart of the shrubberies two or three times, not seeing a step before me, till I came out upon the broader carriage-road, where the trees opened a little, and there was a faint grey glimmer of sky visible, under which the great limes and elms stood darkling like ghosts; but it grew black again as I approached the corner where the ruins lay. Both eyes and ears were on the alert, as may be supposed; but I could see nothing in the absolute gloom, and, so far as I can recollect, I heard nothing. Nevertheless there came a strong impression upon me that somebody was there. It is a sensation which most people have felt. I have seen when it has been strong enough to awake you out of sleep, the sense of some one looking at you. I suppose my imagination had been affected by Roland's story; and the mystery of the darkness is always full of suggestions. I stamped my feet violently on the gravel to rouse myself, and called out sharply, "Who's there?" Nobody answered, nor did I expect any one to answer, but the impression had been made. I was so foolish that I did not like to look back, but went sideways, keeping an eye on the gloom behind. It was with great relief that I spied the light in the stables, making a sort of oasis in the darkness. I walked very quickly into the midst of that lighted and cheerful place, and thought the clank of the groom's pail one of the pleasantest sounds I had ever heard. The coachman was the head of this little colony, and it was to his house I went to pursue my investigations. He was a native of the district, and had taken care of the place in the absence of the family for years; it was impossible but that he must know everything that was going on, and all the traditions of the place. The men, I could see, eyed

me anxiously when I thus appeared at such an hour among them, and followed me with their eyes to Jarvis's house, where he lived alone with his old wife, their children being all married and out in the world. Mrs Jarvis met me with anxious questions. How was the poor young gentleman? but the others knew, I could see by their faces, that not even this was the foremost thing in my mind.

"Noises? — ou ay, there'll be noises — the wind in the trees, and the water soughing down the glen. As for tramps, Cornel, no, there's little o' that kind o' cattle about here; and Merran at the gate's a careful body." Jarvis moved about with some embarrassment from one leg to another as he spoke. He kept in the shade, and did not look at me more than he could help. Evidently his mind was perturbed, and he had reasons for keeping his own counsel. His wife sat by, giving him a quick look now and then, but saying nothing. The kitchen was very snug, and warm, and bright—as different as could be from the chill and mystery of the night outside.

"I think you are trifling with me, Jarvis," I said.

"Triflin', Cornel? no me. What would I trifle for? If the deevil himsel was in the auld hoose, I have no interest in't one way or another——"

"Sandy, hold your peace!" cried his wife, imperatively.

"And what am I to hold my peace for, wi' the Cornel standing there asking a' thae questions? I'm saying, if the deevil himsel——"

"And I'm telling ye hold your peace!" cried the woman, in great excitement. "Dark November weather and lang nichts, and us that ken a' we ken. How daur ye name—a name that shouldna be spoken?" She threw down her stocking and got up, also in great agitation. "I tell't ye you never could keep it. It's no a thing that will hide; and the haill toun kens as weel as you or me. Tell the Cornel straight out, or see, I'll do it. I dinna hold wi' your secrets: and a secret that the haill toun kens!" She snapped her fingers with an air of large disdain. As for Jarvis, ruddy and big as he was, he shrank to nothing before this decided woman. He repeated to her two or three times her own adjuration, "Hold your peace!" then, suddenly changing his tone, cried out, "Tell him then, confound ye! I'll wash my hands o't. If a' the ghosts in Scotland were in the auld hoose, is that ony concern o' mine?"

After this I elicited without much difficulty the whole story. In the opinion of the Jarvises, and of everybody about, the certainty that the place was haunted was beyond all doubt. As Sandy and his wife warmed to the tale, one tripping up another in their eagerness to tell everything, it gradually developed as distinct a superstition as I ever heard, and not without poetry and pathos. How long it was since the voice had been heard first, nobody could tell with certainty. Jarvis's opinion was that his father, who had been coachman at Brentwood before him, had never heard anything about it, and that the whole thing had arisen within the last ten years, since the complete dismantling of the old house: which was a wonderfully modern date for a tale so well authenticated. According to these witnesses, and to several whom I questioned after-

wards, and who were all in perfect agreement, it was only in the months of November and December that "the visitation" occurred. During these months, the darkest of the year, scarcely a night passed without the recurrence of these inexplicable cries. Nothing, it was said, had ever been seen—at least nothing that could be identified. Some people, bolder or more imaginative than the others, had seen the darkness moving, Mrs Jarvis said, with unconscious poetry. It began when night fell, and continued, at intervals, till day broke. Very often it was only an inarticulate cry and moaning, but sometimes the words which had taken possession of my poor boy's fancy had been distinctly audible—"Oh, mother, let me in!" The Jarvises were not aware that there had ever been any investigation into it. The estate of Brentwood had lapsed into the hands of a distant branch of the family, who had lived but little there; and of the many people who had taken it, as I had done, few had remained through two Decembers. And nobody had taken the trouble to make a very close examination into the facts. "No, no," Jarvis said, shaking his head, "No, no, Cornel. Wha wad set themsels up for a laughin'-stock to a' the country-side, making a wark about a ghost? Naebody believes in ghosts. It bid to be the wind in the trees, the last gentleman said, or some effec' o' the water wrastlin' among the rocks. He said it was a' quite easy explained: but he gave up the hoose. And when you cam, Cornel, we were awfu' anxious you should never hear. What for should I have spoiled the bargain and hairmed the property for no-thing?"

"Do you call my child's life nothing?" I said in the trouble of the moment, unable to restrain myself. "And instead of telling this all to me, you have told it to him—to a delicate boy, a child unable to sift evidence, or judge for himself, a tender-hearted young creature——"

I was walking about the room with an anger all the hotter that I felt it to be most likely quite unjust. My heart was full of bitterness against the stolid retainers of a family who were content to risk other people's children and comfort rather than let a house lie empty. If I had been warned I might have taken precautions, or left the place, or sent Roland away, a hundred things which now I could not do; and here I was with my boy in a brain-fever, and his life, the most precious life on earth, hanging in the balance, dependent on whether or not I could get to the reason of a *banal*, commonplace ghost-story! I paced about in high wrath, not seeing what I was to do; for, to take Roland away, even if he were able to travel, would not settle his agitated mind; and I feared even that a scientific explanation of refracted sound, or reverberation, or any other of the easy certainties with which we elder men are silenced, would have very little effect upon the boy.

"Cornel," said Jarvis, solemnly, "and *she'll* bear me witness—the young gentleman never heard a word from me—no, nor from either groom or gardener; I'll gie ye my word for that. In the first place, he's no a lad that invites ye to talk. There are some that are, and some that arena. Some will draw ye on, till ye've tellt them a' the clatter of the toun, and a' ye ken, and whiles mair. But Maister Roland, his mind's fu' of his books. He's aye civil and kind, and a fine lad; but no that sort. And ye see it's for a' our interest, Cornel, that you should stay at

Brentwood. I took it upon me mysel to pass the word—'No a syllable to Maister Roland, nor to the young leddies—no a syllable.' The women-servants, that have little reason to be out at night, ken little or nothing about it. And some think it grand to have a ghost so long as they're no in the way of coming across it. If you had been tellt the story to begin with, maybe ye would have thought so yourself."

This was true enough, though it did not throw any light upon my perplexity. If we had heard of it to start with, it is possible that all the family would have considered the possession of a ghost a distinct advantage. It is the fashion of the times. We never think what a risk it is to play with young imaginations, but cry out, in the fashionable jargon, "A ghost!—nothing else was wanted to make it perfect." I should not have been above this myself. I should have smiled, of course, at the idea of the ghost at all, but then to feel that it was mine would have pleased my vanity. Oh yes, I claim no exemption. The girls would have been delighted. I could fancy their eagerness, their interest, and excitement. No; if we had been told, it would have done no good—we should have made the bargain all the more eagerly, the fools that we are. "And there has been no attempt to investigate it," I said, "to see what it really is?"

"Eh, Cornel," said the coachman's wife, "wha would investigate, as ye call it, a thing that nobody believes in? Ye would be the laughin'-stock of a' the countryside, as my man says."

"But you believe in it," I said, turning upon her hastily. The woman was taken by surprise. She made a step backward out of my way.

"Lord, Cornel, how ye frichten a body! Me!— there's awfu' strange things in this world. An unlearned person doesna ken what to think. But the minister and the gentry they just laugh in your face. Inquire into the thing that is not! Na, na, we just let it be——"

"Come with me, Jarvis," I said, hastily, "and we'll make an attempt at least. Say nothing to the men or to anybody. I'll come back after dinner, and we'll make a serious attempt to see what it is, if it is anything. If I hear it—which I doubt—you may be sure I shall never rest till I make it out. Be ready for me about ten o'clock."

"Me, Cornel!" Jarvis said, in a faint voice. I had not been looking at him in my own preoccupation, but when I did so, I found that the greatest change had come over the fat and ruddy coachman. "Me, Cornel!" he repeated, wiping the perspiration from his brow. His ruddy face hung in flabby folds, his knees knocked together, his voice seemed half extinguished in his throat. Then he began to rub his hands and smile upon me in a deprecating, imbecile way. "There's no-thing I wouldna do to pleasure ye, Cornel," taking a step further back. "I'm sure, *she* kens I've aye said I never had to do with a mair fair, weel-spoken gentleman——" Here Jarvis came to a pause, again looking at me, rubbing his hands.

"Well?" I said.

"But eh, sir!" he went on, with the same imbecile yet insinuating smile, "if ye'll reflect that I am no used to my feet. With a horse atween my legs, or the reins in my hand, I'm maybe nae worse than other men; but on fit, Cornel—— It's no the—bogles; ——but I've been cavalry, ye see," with a little hoarse laugh, "a' my

life. To face a thing ye didna understan'—on your feet, Cornel."

"Well, sir, if *I* do it," said I, tartly, "why shouldn't you?"

"Eh, Cornel, there's an awfu' difference. In the first place, ye tramp about the haill country-side, and think naething of it; but a walk tires me mair than a hunard miles' drive: and then ye're a gentleman, and do your ain pleasure; and you're no so auld as me; and it's for your ain bairn, ye see, Cornel; and then——"

"He believes in it, Cornel, and you dinna believe in it," the woman said.

"Will you come with me?" I said, turning to her.

She jumped back, upsetting her chair in her bewilderment. "Me!" with a scream, and then fell into a sort of hysterical laugh. "I wouldna say but what I would go; but what would the folk say to hear of Cornel Mortimer with an auld silly woman at his heels?"

The suggestion made me laugh too, though I had little inclination for it. "I'm sorry you have so little spirit, Jarvis," I said. "I must find some one else, I suppose."

Jarvis, touched by this, began to remonstrate, but I cut him short. My butler was a soldier who had been with me in India, and was not supposed to fear anything—man or devil,—certainly not the former; and I felt that I was losing time. The Jarvises were too thankful to get rid of me. They attended me to the door with the most anxious courtesies. Outside, the two grooms stood close by, a little confused by my sudden exit. I don't know if perhaps they had been listening—at least standing as near as possible, to catch any scrap of the conversation. I waved my hand to them as I went past, in answer to their salutations, and it was very apparent to me that they also were glad to see me go.

And it will be thought very strange, but it would be weak not to add, that I myself, though bent on the investigation I have spoken of, pledged to Roland to carry it out, and feeling that my boy's health, perhaps his life, depended on the result of my inquiry,—I felt the most unaccountable reluctance to pass these ruins on my way home. My curiosity was intense; and yet it was all my mind could do to pull my body along. I daresay the scientific people would describe it the other way, and attribute my cowardice to the state of my stomach. I went on; but if I had followed my impulse I should not have gone on, I should have turned and bolted. Everything in me seemed to cry out against it; my heart thumped, my pulses all began, like sledge-hammers, beating against my ears and every sensitive part. It was very dark, as I have said; the old house, with its shapeless tower, loomed a heavy mass through the darkness, which was only not entirely so solid as itself. On the other hand, the great dark cedars of which we were so proud seemed to fill up the night. My foot strayed out of the path in my confusion and the gloom together, and I brought myself up with a cry as I felt myself knock against something solid. What was it? The contact with hard stone and lime, and prickly bramble-bushes, restored me a little to myself. "Oh, it's only the old gable," I said aloud, with a little laugh to reassure myself. The rough feeling of the stones reconciled me. As I groped about thus, I shook off my visionary folly. What so easily explained as that I should have strayed from the path in the darkness? This brought me back to common existence, as if I had been shaken

by a wise hand out of all the silliness of superstition. How silly it was, after all! What did it matter which path I took? I laughed again, this time with better heart—when suddenly, in a moment, the blood was chilled in my veins, a shiver stole along my spine, my faculties seemed to forsake me. Close by me at my side, at my feet, there was a sigh. No, not a groan, not a moaning, not anything so tangible—a perfectly soft, faint, inarticulate sigh. I sprang back, and my heart stopped beating. Mistaken! no, mistake was impossible. I heard it as clearly as I hear myself speak; a long, soft, weary sigh, as if drawn to the utmost, and emptying out a load of sadness that filled the breast. To hear this in the solitude, in the dark, in the night (though it was still early), had an effect which I cannot describe. I feel it now—something cold creeping over me, up into my hair, and down to my feet, which refused to move. I cried out, with a trembling voice, "Who is there?" as I had done before—but there was no reply.

I got home I don't quite know how; but in my mind there was no longer any indifference as to the thing, whatever it was, that haunted these ruins. My scepticism disappeared like a mist. I was as firmly determined that there was something as Roland was. I did not for a moment pretend to myself that it was possible I could be deceived; there were movements and noises which I understood all about, cracklings of small branches in the frost, and little rolls of gravel on the path, such as have a very eerie sound sometimes, and perplex you with wonder as to who has done it, *when there is no real mystery;* but I assure you all these little movements of nature don't affect you one bit *when there is something.* I understood *them.* I did not understand the sigh. That was not simple nature; there was meaning in it—feeling, the soul of a creature invisible. This is the thing that human nature trembles at—a creature invisible, yet with sensations, feelings, a power somehow of expressing itself. I had not the same sense of unwillingness to turn my back upon the scene of the mystery which I had experienced in going to the stables; but I almost ran home, impelled by eagerness to get everything done that had to be done, in order to apply myself to finding it out. Bagley was in the hall as usual when I went in. He was always there in the afternoon, always with the appearance of perfect occupation, yet, so far as I know, never doing anything. The door was open, so that I hurried in without any pause, breathless; but the sight of his calm regard, as he came to help me off with my overcoat, subdued me in a moment. Anything out of the way, anything incomprehensible, faded to nothing in the presence of Bagley. You saw and wondered how *he* was made: the parting of his hair, the tie of his white neckcloth, the fit of his trousers, all perfect as works of art; but you could see how they were done, which makes all the difference. I flung myself upon him, so to speak, without waiting to note the extreme unlikeness of the man to anything of the kind I meant. "Bagley," I said, "I want you to come out with me to-night to watch for——"

"Poachers, Colonel," he said, a gleam of pleasure running all over him.

"No, Bagley; a great deal worse," I cried.

"Yes, Colonel; at what hour, sir?" the man said; but then I had not told him what it was.

It was ten o'clock when we set out. All was perfectly quiet indoors. My wife was with Roland, who had been quite calm, she said, and who (though the fever of course must run its course) had been better ever since I came. I told Bagley to put on a thick greatcoat over his evening coat, and did the same myself—with strong boots; for the soil was like a sponge, or worse. Talking to him, I almost forgot what we were going to do. It was darker even than it had been before, and Bagley kept very close to me as we went along. I had a small lantern in my hand, which gave us a partial guidance. We had come to the corner where the path turns. On one side was the bowling-green, which the girls had taken possession of for their croquet-ground—a wonderful enclosure surrounded by high hedges of holly, three hundred years old and more; on the other, the ruins. Both were black as night; but before we got so far, there was a little opening in which we could just discern the trees and the lighter line of the road. I thought it best to pause there and take breath. "Bagley," I said, "there is something about these ruins I don't understand. It is there I am going. Keep your eyes open and your wits about you. Be ready to pounce upon any stranger you see—anything, man or woman. Don't hurt, but seize — anything you see." "Colonel," said Bagley, with a little tremor in his breath, "they do say there's things there—as is neither man nor woman." There was no time for words. "Are you game to follow me, my man? that's the question," I said. Bagley fell in without a word, and saluted. I knew then I had nothing to fear.

We went, so far as I could guess, exactly as I had come, when I heard that sigh. The darkness, however, was so complete that all marks, as of trees or paths, disappeared. One moment we felt our feet on the gravel, another sinking noiselessly into the slippery grass, that was all. I had shut up my lantern, not wishing to scare any one, whoever it might be. Bagley followed, it seemed to me, exactly in my footsteps as I made my way, as I supposed, towards the mass of the ruined house. We seemed to take a long time groping along seeking this; the squash of the wet soil under our feet was the only thing that marked our progress. After a while I stood still to see, or rather feel, where we were. The darkness was very still, but no stiller than is usual in a winter's night. The sounds I have mentioned — the crackling of twigs, the roll of a pebble, the sound of some rustle in the dead leaves, or creeping creature on the grass—were audible when you listened, all mysterious enough when your mind is disengaged, but to me cheering now as signs of the livingness of nature, even in the death of the frost. As we stood still there came up from the trees in the glen the prolonged hoot of an owl. Bagley started with alarm, being in a state of general nervousness, and not knowing what he was afraid of. But to me the sound was encouraging and pleasant, being so comprehensible. "An owl," I said, under my breath. "Y—es, Colonel," said Bagley, his teeth chattering. We stood still about five minutes, while it broke into the still brooding of the air, the sound widening out in circles, dying upon the darkness. This sound, which is not a cheerful one, made me almost gay. It was natural, and relieved the tension of the mind. I moved on with new courage, my nervous excitement calming down.

When all at once, quite suddenly, close to us, at our feet, there broke out a cry. I made a spring backwards in the first moment of surprise and horror, and in doing so came sharply against the same rough masonry and brambles that had struck me before. This new sound came upwards from the ground—a low, moaning, wailing voice, full of suffering and pain. The contrast between it and the hoot of the owl was indescribable; the one with a wholesome wildness and naturalness that hurt nobody—the other, a sound that made one's blood curdle, full of human misery. With a great deal of fumbling—for in spite of everything I could do to keep up my courage my hands shook—I managed to remove the slide of my lantern. The light leaped out like something living, and made the place visible in a moment. We were what would have been inside the ruined building had anything remained but the gable-wall which I have described. It was close to us, the vacant doorway in it going out straight into the blackness outside. The light showed the bit of wall, the ivy glistening upon it in clouds of dark green, the bramble-branches waving, and below, the open door—a door that led to nothing. It was from this the voice came which died out just as the light flashed upon this strange scene. There was a moment's silence, and then it broke forth again. The sound was so near, so penetrating, so pitiful, that, in the nervous start I gave, the light fell out of my hand. As I groped for it in the dark my hand was clutched by Bagley, who I think must have dropped upon his knees; but I was too much perturbed myself to think much of this. He clutched at me in the confusion of his terror, forgetting all his usual decorum. "For God's sake, what is it, sir?" he gasped. If I yielded, there was evidently an end of both of us. "I can't tell," I said, "any more than you; that's what we've got to find out: up, man, up!" I pulled him to his feet, "Will you go round and examine the other side, or will you stay here with the lantern?" Bagley gasped at me with a face of horror. "Can't we stay together, Colonel?" he said—his knees were trembling under him. I pushed him against the corner of the wall, and put the light into his hands. "Stand fast till I come back; shake yourself together, man; let nothing pass you," I said. The voice was within two or three feet of us, of that there could be no doubt.

I went myself to the other side of the wall, keeping close to it. The light shook in Bagley's hand, but, tremulous though it was, shone out through the vacant door, one oblong block of light marking all the crumbling corners and hanging masses of foliage. Was that something dark huddled in a heap by the side of it? I pushed forward across the light in the doorway, and fell upon it with my hands; but it was only a juniper-bush growing close against the wall. Meanwhile, the sight of my figure crossing the doorway had brought Bagley's nervous excitement to a height: he flew at me, gripping my shoulder. "I've got him, Colonel! I've got him!" he cried, with a voice of sudden exultation. He thought it was a man, and was at once relieved. But at that moment the voice burst forth again between us, at our feet—more close to us than any separate being could be. He dropped off from me, and fell against the wall, his jaw dropping as if he were dying. I suppose, at the same moment, he saw that it was me whom he had clutched. I, for my part, had scarcely more

command of myself. I snatched the light out of his hand, and flashed it all about me wildly. Nothing, —the juniper-bush, which I thought I had never seen before, the heavy growth of the glistening ivy, the brambles waving. It was close to my ears now, crying, crying, pleading as if for life. Either I heard the same words Roland had heard, or else, in my excitement, his imagination got possession of mine. The voice went on, growing into distinct articulation, but waving about, now from one point, now from another, as if the owner of it were moving slowly back and forward. "Mother mother!" and then an outburst of wailing. As my mind steadied, getting accustomed (as one's mind gets accustomed to anything), it seemed to me as if some uneasy, miserable creature was pacing up and down before a closed door. Sometimes—but that must have been excitement—I thought I heard a sound like knocking, and then another burst, "Oh, mother! mother!" All this close, close to to the space where I was standing with my lantern—now before me, now behind me: a creature restless, unhappy, moaning, crying, before the vacant doorway, which no one could either shut or open more.

"Do you hear it, Bagley? do you hear what it is saying?" I cried, stepping in through the doorway. He was lying against the wall—his eyes glazed, half dead with terror. He made a motion of his lips as if to answer me, but no sounds came; then lifted his hand with a curious imperative movement as if ordering me to be silent and listen. And how long I did so I cannot tell. It began to have an interest, an exciting hold upon me, which I could not describe. It seemed to call up visibly a scene any one could understand—a something shut out, restlessly wandering to and fro; sometimes the voice dropped, as if throwing itself down — sometimes wandered off a few paces, growing sharp and clear. "Oh, mother, let me in! oh, mother, mother, let me in! oh, let me in!" every word was clear to me. No wonder the boy had gone wild with pity. I tried to steady my mind upon Roland, upon his conviction that I could do something, but my head swam with the excitement, even when I partially overcame the terror. At last the words died away, and there was a sound of sobs and moaning. I cried out, "In the name of God who are you?" with a kind of feeling in my mind that to use the name of God was profane, seeing that I did not believe in ghosts or anything supernatural; but I did it all the same, and waited, my heart giving a leap of terror lest there should be a reply. Why this should have been I cannot tell, but I had a feeling that if there was an answer it would be more than I could bear. But there was no answer; the moaning went on, and then, as if it had been real, the voice rose a little higher again, the words recommenced, "Oh, mother, let me in! oh, mother, let me in!" with an expression that was heart-breaking to hear.

As if it had been real! What do I mean by that? I suppose I got less alarmed as the thing went on. I began to recover the use of my senses—I seemed to explain it all to myself by saying that this had once happened, that it was a recollection of a real scene. Why there should have seemed something quite satisfactory and composing in this explanation I cannot tell, but so it was. I began to listen almost as if it had been a play, forgetting Bagley, who, I almost think, had fainted, leaning against the wall. I was

startled out of this strange spectatorship that had fallen upon me by the sudden rush of something which made my heart jump once more, a large black figure in the doorway waving its arms. "Come in! come in! come in!" it shouted out hoarsely at the top of a deep bass voice, and then poor Bagley fell down senseless across the threshold. He was less sophisticated than I,—he had not been able to bear it any longer. I took him for something supernatural, as he took me, and it was some time before I awoke to the necessities of the moment. I remembered only after, that from the time I began to give my attention to the man, I heard the other voice no more. It was some time before I brought him to. It must have been a strange scene; the lantern making a luminous spot in the darkness, the man's white face lying on the black earth, I over him, doing what I could for him. Probably I should have been thought to be murdering him had any one seen us. When at last I succeeded in pouring a little brandy down his throat, he sat up and looked about him wildly. "What's up?" he said; then recognising me, tried to struggle to his feet with a faint "Beg your pardon, Colonel." I got him home as best I could, making him lean upon my arm. The great fellow was as weak as a child. Fortunately he did not for some time remember what had happened. From the time Bagley fell the voice had stopped, and all was still.

"You've got an epidemic in your house, Colonel," Simson said to me next morning. "What's the meaning of it all? Here's your butler raving about a voice. This will never do, you know; and so far as I can make out, you are in it too."

"Yes, I am in it, doctor. I thought I had better speak to you. Of course you are treating Roland all right—but the boy is not raving, he is as sane as you or me. It's all true."

"As sane as—I—or you. I never thought the boy insane. He's got cerebral excitement, fever. I don't know what you've got. There's something very queer about the look of your eyes."

"Come," said I, "you can't put us all to bed, you know. You had better listen and hear the symptoms in full."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, but he listened to me patiently. He did not believe a word of the story, that was clear; but he heard it all from beginning to end. "My dear fellow," he said, "the boy told me just the same. It's an epidemic. When one person falls a victim to this sort of thing, it's as safe as can be—there's always two or three."

"Then how do you account for it?" I said.

"Oh, account for it!—that's a different matter; there's no accounting for the freaks our brains are subject to. If it's delusion; if it's some trick of the echoes or the winds—some phonetic disturbance or other——"

"Come with me to-night, and judge for yourself," I said.

Upon this he laughed aloud, then said, "That's not such a bad idea; but it would ruin me for ever if it were known that John Simson was ghost-hunting."

"There it is," said I; "you dart down on us who are unlearned with your phonetic disturbances, but you daren't examine what the thing really is for fear of being laughed at. That's science!"

"It's not science—it's common-sense," said the doctor. "The thing has delusion on the front of it. It is encouraging an unwholesome tendency even to examine. What good could come of it? Even if I am convinced, I shouldn't believe."

"I should have said so yesterday; and I don't want you to be convinced or to believe," said I. "If you prove it to be a delusion, I shall be very much obliged too, for one. Come; somebody must go with me."

"You are cool," said the doctor. "You've disabled this poor fellow of yours, and made him—on that point—a lunatic for life; and now you want to disable me. But for once, I'll do it. To save appearance, if you'll give me a bed, I'll come over after my last rounds."

It was agreed that I should meet him at the gate, and that we should visit the scene of last night's occurrences before we came to the house, so that nobody might be the wiser. It was scarcely possible to hope that the cause of Bagley's sudden illness should not somehow steal into the knowledge of the servants at least, and it was better that all should be done as quietly as possible. The day seemed to me a very long one. I had to spend a certain part of it with Roland, which was a terrible ordeal for me—for what could I say to the boy? The improvement continued, but he was still in a very precarious state, and the trembling vehemence with which he turned to me when his mother left the room, filled me with alarm. "Father?" he said, quietly. "Yes, my boy; I am giving my best attention to it—all is being done that I can do. I have not come to any conclusion — yet. I am neglecting nothing you said," I cried. What I could not do was to give his active mind any encouragement to dwell upon the mystery. It was a hard predicament, for some satisfaction had to be given him. He looked at me very wistfully, with the great blue eyes which gazed so large and brilliant out of his white and worn face. "You must trust me," I said. "Yes, father. Father knows—father knows," he said to himself, as if to soothe some inward doubt. I left him as soon as I could. He was about the most precious thing I had on earth, and his health my first thought; but yet somehow, in the excitement of this other subject, I put it aside, and preferred not to dwell upon Roland, which was the most curious part of it all.

That night at eleven I met Simson at the gate. He had come by train, and I let him in gently myself. I had been so much absorbed in the coming experiment that I passed the ruins in going to meet him, almost without thought, if you can understand that. I had my lantern; and he showed me a coil of taper which he had ready for use. "There is nothing like light," he said, in his scoffing tone. It was a very still night, scarcely a sound, but not so dark. We could keep the path without difficulty as we went along. As we approached the spot we could hear a low moaning, broken occasionally by a bitter cry. "Perhaps that is your voice," said the doctor; "I thought it must be something of the kind. That's a poor brute caught in some of these infernal traps of yours; you'll find it among the bushes somewhere." I said nothing. I felt no particular fear, but a triumphant satisfaction in what was to follow. I led him to the spot where Bagley and I had stood on the previous night. All was silent as a winter night could be—so

silent that we heard far off the sound of the horses in the stables, the shutting of a window at the house. Simson lighted his taper and went peering about, poking into all the corners. We looked like two conspirators lying in wait for some unfortunate traveller; but not a sound broke the quiet. The moaning had stopped before we came up; a star or two shone over us in the sky, looking down as if surprised at our strange proceedings. Dr Simson did nothing but utter subdued laughs under his breath. "I thought as much," he said. "It is just the same with tables and all other kinds of ghostly apparatus; a sceptic's presence stops everything. When I am present nothing ever comes off. How long do you think it will be necessary to stay here? Oh, I don't complain; only, when *you* are satisfied, *I* am—quite."

I will not deny that I was disappointed beyond measure by this result. It made me look like a credulous fool. It gave the doctor such a pull over me as nothing else could. I should point all his morals for years to come, and his materialism, his scepticism would be increased beyond endurance. "It seems, indeed," I said, "that there is to be no——" "Manifestation," he said, laughing; "that is what all the mediums say. No manifestations, in consequence of the presence of an unbeliever." His laugh sounded very uncomfortable to me in the silence; and it was now near midnight. But that laugh seemed the signal; before it died away the moaning we had heard before was resumed. It started from some distance off, and came towards us, nearer and nearer, like some one walking along and moaning to himself. There could be no idea now that it was a hare caught in a trap. The approach was slow, like that of a weak person with little halts and pauses. We heard it coming along the grass straight towards the vacant doorway. Simson had been a little startled by the first sound. He said hastily, "That child has no business to be out so late." But he felt, as well as I, that this was no child's voice. As it came nearer, he grew silent, and, going to the doorway with his taper, stood looking out towards the sound. The taper being unprotected blew about in the night air, though there was scarcely any wind. I threw the light of my lantern steady and white across the same space. It was in a blaze of light in the midst of the blackness. A little icy thrill had gone over me at the first sound, but as it came close, I confess that my only feeling was satisfaction. The scoffer could scoff no more. The light touched his own face, and showed a very perplexed countenance. If he was afraid, he concealed it with great success, but he was perplexed. And then all that had happened on the previous night was enacted once more. It fell strangely upon me with a sense of repetition. Every cry, every sob seemed the same as before. I listened almost without any emotion at all in my own person, thinking of its effect upon Simson. He maintained a very bold front on the whole. All that coming and going of the voice was, if our ears could be trusted, exactly in front of the vacant, blank doorway, blazing full of light, which caught and shone in the glistening leaves of the great hollies at a little distance. Not a rabbit could have crossed the turf without being seen; —but there was nothing. After a time, Simson, with a certain cau-

tion and bodily reluctance, as it seemed to me, went out with his roll of taper into this space. His figure showed against the holly in full outline. Just at this moment the voice sank, as was its custom, and seemed to fling itself down at the door. Simson recoiled violently, as if some one had come up against him, then turned, and held his taper low as if examining something. "Do you see anybody?" I cried in a whisper, feeling the chill of nervous panic steal over me at this action. "It's nothing but a —— confounded juniper-bush," he said. This I knew very well to be nonsense, for the juniper-bush was on the other side. He went about after this round and round, poking his taper everywhere, then returned to me on the inner side of the wall. He scoffed no longer; his face was contracted and pale. "How long does this go on?" he whispered to me, like a man who does not wish to interrupt some one who is speaking. I had become too much perturbed myself to remark whether the successions and changes of the voice were the same as last night. It suddenly went out in the air almost as he was speaking, with a soft reiterated sob dying away. If there had been anything to be seen, I should have said that the person was at that moment crouching on the ground close to the door.

We walked home very silent afterwards. It was only when we were in sight of the house that I said, "What do you think of it?" "I can't tell what to think of it," he said, quickly. He took—though he was a very temperate man—not the claret I was going to offer him, but some brandy from the tray, and swallowed it almost undiluted. "Mind you, I don't believe a word of it," he said, when he had lighted his candle; "but I can't tell what to think of it," he turned round to add, when he was half-way upstairs.

All of this, however, did me no good with the solution of my problem. I was to help this weeping, sobbing thing, which was already to me as distinct a personality as anything I knew—or what should I say to Roland? It was on my heart that my boy would die if I could not find some way of helping this creature. You may be surprised that I should speak of it in this way. I did not know if it was man or woman; but I no more doubted that it was a soul in pain than I doubted my own being; and it was my business to soothe this pain—to deliver it, if that was possible. Was ever such a task given to an anxious father trembling for his only boy? I felt in my heart, fantastic as it may appear, that I must fulfil this somehow, or part with my child; and you may conceive that rather than do that I was ready to die. But even my dying would not have advanced me—unless by bringing me into the same world with that seeker at the door.

Next morning Simson was out before breakfast, and came in with evident signs of the damp grass on his boots, and a look of worry and weariness, which did not say much for the night he had passed. He improved a little after breakfast, and visited his two patients, for Bagley was still an invalid. I went out with him on his way to the train, to hear what he had to say about the boy. "He is going

on very well," he said; "there are no complications as yet. But mind you, that's not a boy to be trifled with, Mortimer. Not a word to him about last night." I had to tell him then of my last interview with Roland, and of the impossible demand he had made upon me—by which, though he tried to laugh, he was much discomposed, as I could see. "We must just perjure ourselves all round," he said, "and swear you exorcised it;" but the man was too kind-hearted to be satisfied with that. "It's frightfully serious for you, Mortimer. I can't laugh as I should like to. I wish I saw a way out of it, for your sake. By the way," he added shortly, "didn't you notice that juniper-bush on the left-hand side?" "There was one on the right hand of the door. I noticed you made that mistake last night." "Mistake!" he cried, with a curious low laugh, pulling up the collar of his coat as though he felt the cold, —"there's no juniper there this morning, left or right. Just go and see." As he stepped into the train a few minutes after, he looked back upon me and beckoned me for a parting word. "I'm coming back to-night," he said.

I don't think I had any feeling about this as I turned away from that common bustle of the railway which made my private preoccupations feel so strangely out of date. There had been a distinct satisfaction in my mind before that his scepticism had been so entirely defeated. But the more serious part of the matter pressed upon me now. I went straight from the railway to the manse, which stood on a little plateau on the side of the river opposite to the woods of Brentwood. The minister was one of a class which is not so common in Scotland as it used to be. He was a man of good family, well educated in the Scotch way, strong in philosophy, not so strong in Greek, strongest of all in experience,—a man who had "come across," in the course of his life, most people of note that had ever been in Scotland—and who was said to be very sound in doctrine, without infringing the toleration to which old men, who are good men, so often come. He was old-fashioned; perhaps he did not think so much about the troublous problems of theology as many of the young men, nor ask himself any hard questions upon the Confession of Faith—but he understood human nature, which is perhaps better. He received me with a cordial welcome. "Come away, Colonel Mortimer," he said; "I'm all the more glad to see you, that I feel it's a good sign for the boy. He's doing well? —God be praised—and the Lord bless him and keep him. He has many a poor body's prayers—and that can do nobody harm."

"He will need them all, Dr Moncrieff," I said, "and your counsel too." And I told him the story—more than I had told Simson. The old clergyman listened to me with many suppressed exclamations, and at the end the water stood in his eyes.

"That's just beautiful," he said. "I do not mind to have heard anything like it; it's as fine as Burns when he wished deliverance to one —that is prayed for in no kirk. Ay, ay! so he would have you console the poor lost spirit? God bless the boy! There's something more than common in that, Colonel Mortimer. And also the faith of him in his father!—I would like to put that into a sermon." Then the old gentleman gave me an alarmed look, and said, "No, no; I was not meaning a sermon; but I must write

it down for the 'Children's Record.'" I saw the thought that passed through his mind. Either he thought, or he feared I would think, of a funeral sermon. You may believe this did not make me more cheerful.

I can scarcely say that Dr Moncrieff gave me any advice. How could any one advise on such a subject? But he said, "I think I'll come too. I'm an old man; I'm less liable to be frighted than those that are further off the world unseen. It behoves me to think of my own journey there. I've no cut-and-dry beliefs on the subject. I'll come too: and maybe at the moment the Lord will put into our heads what to do."

This gave me a little comfort—more than Simson had given me. To be clear about the cause of it was not my grand desire. It was another thing that was in my mind—my boy. As for the poor soul at the open door, I had no more doubt, as I have said, of its existence than I had of my own. It was no ghost to me. I knew the creature, and it was in trouble. That was my feeling about it, as it was Roland's. To hear it first was a great shock to my nerves, but not now; a man will get accustomed to anything. But to do something for it was the great problem; how was I to be serviceable to a being that was invisible, that was mortal no longer? "Maybe at the moment the Lord will put it into our heads." This is very old-fashioned phraseology, and a week before, most likely, I should have smiled (though always with kindness) at Dr Moncrieff's credulity; but there was a great comfort, whether rational or otherwise I cannot say, in the mere sound of the words.

The road to the station and the village lay through the glen—not by the ruins; but though the sunshine and the fresh air, and the beauty of the trees, and the sound of the water were all very soothing to the spirits, my mind was so full of my own subject that I could not refrain from turning to the right hand as I got to the top of the glen, and going straight to the place which I may call the scene of all my thoughts. It was lying full in the sunshine, like all the rest of the world. The ruined gable looked due east, and in the present aspect of the sun the light streamed down through the doorway as our lantern had done, throwing a flash of light upon the damp grass beyond. There was a strange suggestion in the open door—so futile, a kind of emblem of vanity—all free around, so that you could go where you pleased, and yet that semblance of an enclosure—that way of entrance, unnecessary, leading to nothing. And why any creature should pray and weep to get in—to nothing: or be kept out—by nothing! You could not dwell upon it, or it made your brain go round. I remembered, however, what Simson said about the juniper, with a little smile on my own mind as to the inaccuracy of recollection, which even a scientific man will be guilty of. I could see now the light of my lantern gleaming upon the wet glistening surface of the spiky leaves at the right hand—and he ready to go to the stake for it that it was the left! I went round to make sure. And then I saw what he had said. Right or left there was no juniper at all. I was confounded by this, though it was entirely a matter of detail: nothing at all: a bush of brambles waving, the grass growing up to the very walls. But after all, though it gave me a shock for a moment, what

did that matter? There were marks as if a number of footsteps had been up and down in front of the door; but these might have been our steps; and all was bright, and peaceful, and still. I poked about the other ruin — the larger ruins of the old house—for some time, as I had done before. There were marks upon the grass here and there, I could not call them footsteps, all about; but that told for nothing one way or another. I had examined the ruined rooms closely the first day. They were half filled up with soil and *débris*, without brackens and bramble — no refuge for any one there. It vexed me that Jarvis should see me coming from that spot when he came up to me for his orders. I don't know whether my nocturnal expeditions had got wind among the servants. But there was a significant look in his face. Something in it I felt was like my own sensations when Simson in the midst of his scepticism was struck dumb. Jarvis felt satisfied that his veracity had been put beyond question. I never spoke to a servant of mine in such a peremptory tone before. I sent him away "with a flea in his lug," as the man described it afterwards. Interference of every kind was intolerable to me at such a moment.

But what was strangest of all was, that I could not face Roland. I did not go up to his room as I would have naturally done at once. This the girls could not understand. They saw there was some mystery in it. "Mother has gone to lie down," Agatha said; "he has had such a good night. But he wants you so, papa!" cried little Jeanie, always with her two arms embracing mine in a pretty way she had. I was obliged to go at last—but what could I say? I could only kiss him, and tell him to keep still—that I was doing all I could. There is something mystical about the patience of a child. "It will come all right, won't it, father?" he said. "God grant it may! I hope so, Roland." "Oh yes, it will come all right." Perhaps he understood that in the midst of my anxiety I could not stay with him as I should have done otherwise. But the girls were more surprised than it is possible to describe. They looked at me with wondering eyes. "If I were ill, papa, and you only stayed with me a moment, I should break my heart," said Agatha. But the boy had a sympathetic feeling. He knew that of my own will I would not have done it. I shut myself up in the library, where I could not rest, but kept pacing up and down like a caged beast. What could I do? and if I could do nothing, what would become of my boy? These were the questions that, without ceasing, pursued each other through my mind.

Simson came out to dinner, and when the house was all still, and most of the servants in bed, we went out and met Dr Moncrieff, as we had appointed, at the head of the glen. Simson, for his part, was disposed to scoff at the Doctor. "If there are to be any spells, you know, I'll cut the whole concern," he said. I did not make him any reply. I had not invited him; he could go or come as he pleased. He was very talkative, far more so than suited my humour, as we went on. "One thing is certain, you know, there must be some human agency," he said. "It is all bosh about apparitions. I never have investigated the laws of sound to any great extent, and there's a great deal in ventriloquism that we don't know much about." "If it's the

same to you," I said, "I wish you'd keep all that to yourself, Simson. It doesn't suit my state of mind." "Oh, I hope I know how to respect idiosyncrasy," he said. The very tone of his voice irritated me beyond measure. These scientific fellows, I wonder people put up with them as they do, when you have no mind for their cold-blooded confidence. Dr Moncrieff met us about eleven o'clock, the same time as on the previous night. He was a large man, with a venerable countenance and white hair—old, but in full vigour, and thinking less of a cold night walk than many a younger man. He had his lantern as I had. We were fully provided with means of lighting the place, and we were all of us resolute men. We had a rapid consultation as we went up, and the result was that we divided to different posts. Dr Moncrieff remained inside the wall—if you can call that inside where there was no wall but one. Simson placed himself on the side next the ruins, so as to intercept any communication with the old house, which was what his mind was fixed upon. I was posted on the other side. To say that nothing could come near without being seen was self-evident. It had been so also on the previous night. Now, with our three lights in the midst of the darkness, the whole place seemed illuminated. Dr Moncrieff's lantern, which was a large one, without any means of shutting up—an old-fashioned lantern with a pierced and ornamental top—shone steadily, the rays shooting out of it upward into the gloom. He placed it on the grass, where the middle of the room, if this had been a room, would have been. The usual effect of the light streaming out of the doorway was prevented by the illumination which Simson and I on either side supplied. With these differences, everything seemed as on the previous night.

And what occurred was exactly the same, with the same air of repetition, point for point, as I had formerly remarked. I declare that it seemed to me as if I were pushed against, put aside, by the owner of the voice as he paced up and down in his trouble,—though these are perfectly futile words, seeing that the stream of light from my lantern, and that from Simson's taper, lay broad and clear, without a shadow, without the smallest break, across the entire breadth of the grass. I had ceased even to be alarmed, for my part. My heart was rent with pity and trouble—pity for the poor suffering human creature that moaned and pleaded so, and trouble for myself and my boy. God! if I could not find any help—and what help could I find?—Roland would die.

We were all perfectly still till the first outburst was exhausted, as I knew (by experience) it would be. Dr Moncrieff, to whom it was new, was quite still on the other side of the wall, as we were in our places. My heart had remained almost at its usual beating during the voice. I was used to it; it did not rouse all my pulses as it did at first. But just as it threw itself sobbing at the door (I cannot use other words), there suddenly came something which sent the blood coursing through my veins and my heart into my mouth. It was a voice inside the wall—the minister's well-known voice. I would have been prepared for it in any kind of adjuration, but I was not prepared for what I heard. It came out with a sort of stammering, as if too much moved for utterance. "Willie, Willie! Oh, God preserve us! is it you?"

These simple words had an effect upon me that the voice of the invisible creature had ceased to have. I thought the old man, whom I had brought into this danger, had gone mad with terror. I made a dash round to the other side of the wall, half crazed myself with the thought. He was standing where I had left him, his shadow thrown vague and large upon the grass by the lantern which stood at his feet. I lifted my own light to see his face as I rushed forward. He was very pale, his eyes wet and glistening, his mouth quivering with parted lips. He neither saw nor heard me. We that had gone through this experience before, had crouched towards each other to get a little strength to bear it. But he was not even aware that I was there. His whole being seemed absorbed in anxiety and tenderness. He held out his hands, which trembled, but it seemed to me with eagerness, not fear. He went on speaking all the time. "Willie, if it is you—and it's you, if it is not a delusion of Satan,—Willie, lad! why come ye here frighting them that know you not? Why came ye not to me?"

He seemed to wait for an answer. When his voice ceased, his countenance, every line moving, continued to speak. Simson gave me another terrible shock, stealing into the open doorway with his light, as much awestricken, as wildly curious, as I. But the minister resumed, without seeing Simson, speaking to some one else. His voice took a tone of expostulation—

"Is this right to come here? Your mother's gone with your name on her lips. Do you think she would ever close her door on her own lad? Do ye think the Lord will close the door, ye faint-hearted creature? No!—I forbid ye! I forbid ye!" cried the old man. The sobbing voice had begun to resume its cries. He made a step forward, calling out the last words in a voice of command. "I forbid ye! Cry out no more to man. Go home, ye wandering spirit! go home! Do you hear me?—me that christened ye, that have struggled with ye, that have wrestled for ye with the Lord!" Here the loud tones of his voice sank into tenderness. "And her too, poor woman! poor woman! her you are calling upon. She's no here. You'll find her with the Lord. Go there and seek her, not here. Do you hear me, lad? go after her there. He'll let you in, though it's late. Man, take heart! if you will lie and sob and greet, let it be at heaven's gate, and no your poor mother's ruined door."

He stopped to get his breath: and the voice had stopped, not as it had done before, when its time was exhausted and all its repetitions said, but with a sobbing catch in the breath as if overruled. Then the minister spoke again. "Are you hearing me, Will? Oh, laddie, you've liked the beggarly elements all your days. Be done with them now. Go home to the Father — the Father! Are you hearing me?" Here the old man sank down upon his knees, his face raised upwards, his hands held up with a tremble in them, all white in the light in the midst of the darkness. I resisted as long as I could, though I cannot tell why,—then I, too, dropped upon my knees. Simson all the time stood in the doorway, with an expression in his face such as words could not tell, his under lip dropped, his eyes wild, staring. It seemed to be to him, that image of blank ignorance and wonder,

that we were praying. All the time the voice, with a low arrested sobbing, lay just where he was standing, as I thought.

"Lord," the minister said—"Lord, take him into Thy everlasting habitations. The mother he cries to is with Thee. Who can open to him but Thee? Lord, when is it too late for Thee, or what is too hard for Thee? Lord, let that woman there draw him inower! Let her draw him inower!"

I sprang forward to catch something in my arms that flung itself wildly within the door. The illusion was so strong, that I never paused till I felt my forehead graze against the wall and my hands clutch the ground—for there was nobody there to save from falling, as in my foolishness I thought. Simson held out his hand to me to help me up. He was trembling and cold, his lower lip hanging, his speech almost inarticulate. "It's gone," he said, stammering,—"it's gone!" We leant upon each other for a moment, trembling so much both of us that the whole scene trembled as if it were going to dissolve and disappear; and yet as long as I live I will never forget it—the shining of the strange lights, the blackness all round, the kneeling figure with all the whiteness of the light concentrated on its white venerable head and uplifted hands. A strange solemn stillness seemed to close all round us. By intervals a single syllable, "Lord! Lord!" came from the old minister's lips. He saw none of us, nor thought of us. I never knew how long we stood, like sentinels guarding him at his prayers, holding our lights in a confused dazed way, not knowing what we did. But at last he rose from his knees, and standing up at his full height, raised his arms, as the Scotch manner is at the end of a religious service, and solemnly gave the apostolical benediction—to what? to the silent earth, the dark woods, the wide breathing atmosphere—for we were but spectators gasping an Amen!

It seemed to me that it must be the middle of the night, as we all walked back. It was in reality very late. Dr Moncrieff put his arm into mine. He walked slowly, with an air of exhaustion. It was as if we were coming from a death-bed. Something hushed and solemnised the very air. There was that sense of relief in it which there always is at the end of a death-struggle. And nature, persistent, never daunted, came back in all of us, as we returned into the ways of life. We said nothing to each other, indeed, for a time; but when we got clear of the trees and reached the opening near the house, where we could see the sky, Dr Moncrieff himself was the first to speak. "I must be going," he said; "it's very late, I'm afraid. I will go down the glen, as I came."

"But not alone. I am going with you, Doctor."

"Well, I will not oppose it. I am an old man, and agitation wearies more than work. Yes; I'll be thankful of your arm. To-night, Colonel, you've done me more good turns than one."

I pressed his hand on my arm, not feeling able to speak. But Simson, who turned with us, and who had gone along all this time with his taper flaring, in entire unconsciousness, came to himself, apparently at the sound of our voices, and put out that wild little torch with a quick movement, as if of shame. "Let me carry your lantern," he said; "it is heavy." He recovered with a spring, and in a moment, from the awestricken spec-

tator he had been, became himself, sceptical and cynical. "I should like to ask you a question," he said. "Do you believe in Purgatory, Doctor? It's not in the tenets of the Church, so far as I know."

"Sir," said Dr Moncrieff, "an old man like me is sometimes not very sure what he believes. There is just one thing I am certain of—and that is the loving-kindness of God."

"But I thought that was in this life. I am no theologian——"

"Sir," said the old man again, with a tremor in him which I could feel going over all his frame, "if I saw a friend of mine within the gates of hell, I would not despair but his Father would find him still—if he cried like *yon.*"

"I allow it is very strange—very strange. I cannot see through it. That there must be human agency, I feel sure. Doctor, what made you decide upon the person and the name?"

The minister put out his hand with the impatience which a man might show if he were asked how he recognised his brother. "Tuts!" he said, in familiar speech — then more solemnly, "how should I not recognise a person that I know better—far better—than I know you?"

"Then you saw the man?"

Dr Moncrieff made no reply. He moved his hand again with a little impatient movement, and walked on, leaning heavily on my arm. And we went on for a long time without another word, threading the dark paths, which were steep and slippery with the damp of the winter. The air was very still—not more than enough to make a faint sighing in the branches, that mingled with the sound of the water to which we were descending. When we spoke again, it was about indifferent matters — about the height of the river, and the recent rains. We parted with the minister at his own door, where his old housekeeper appeared in great perturbation, waiting for him. "Eh me, minister! the young gentleman will be worse?" she cried.

"Far from that — better. God bless him!" Dr Moncrieff said.

I think if Simson had begun again to me with his questions, I should have pitched him over the rocks as we returned up the glen; but he was silent, by a good inspiration. And the sky was clearer than it had been for many nights, shining high over the trees, with here and there a star faintly gleaming through the wilderness of dark and bare branches. The air, as I have said, was very soft in them, with a subdued and peaceful cadence. It was real, like every natural sound, but came to us like a hush of peace and relief. I thought there was a sound in it as of the breath of a sleeper, and it seemed clear to me that Roland must be sleeping, satisfied and calm. We went up to his room when we went in. There we found the complete hush of rest. My wife looked up out of a doze, and gave me a smile; "I think he is a great deal better: but you are very late," she said in a whisper, shading the light with her hand that the doctor might see his patient. The boy had got back something like his own colour. He woke as we stood all round his bed. His eyes had the happy half-awakened look of childhood, glad to shut again, yet pleased with the interruption and glimmer of the light. I stooped over him and kissed his forehead, which was moist and cool. "It is all well, Roland," I

said. He looked up at me with a glance of pleasure, and took my hand and laid his cheek upon it, and so went to sleep.

For some nights after, I watched among the ruins, spending all the dark hours up to midnight patrolling about the bit of wall which was associated with so many emotions; but I heard nothing, and saw nothing beyond the quiet course of nature: nor, so far as I am aware, has anything been heard again. Dr Moncrieff gave me the history of the youth, whom he never hesitated to name. I did not ask, as Simson did, how he recognised him. He had been a prodigal—weak, foolish, easily imposed upon, and "led away," as people say. All that we had heard had passed actually in life, the Doctor said. The young man had come home thus a day or two after his mother died—who was no more than the housekeeper in the old house—and distracted with the news, had thrown himself down at the door and called upon her to let him in. The old man could scarcely speak of it for tears. To me it seemed as if—heaven help us, how little do we know about anything!—a scene like that might impress itself somehow upon the hidden heart of nature. I do not pretend to know how, but the repetition had struck me at the time as, in its terrible strangeness and incomprehensibility, almost mechanical—as if the unseen actor could not exceed or vary, but was bound to re-enact the whole. One thing that struck me, however, greatly, was the likeness between the old minister and my boy in the manner of regarding these strange phenomena. Dr Moncrieff was not terrified, as I had been myself, and all the rest of us. It was no "ghost," as I fear we all vulgarly considered it, to him—but a poor creature whom he knew under these conditions, just as he had known him in the flesh, having no doubt of his identity. And to Roland it was the same. This spirit in pain—if it was a spirit—this voice out of the unseen—was a poor fellow-creature in misery, to be succoured and helped out of his trouble, to my boy. He spoke to me quite frankly about it when he got better. "I knew father would find out some way," he said. And this was when he was strong and well, and all idea that he would turn hysterical or become a seer of visions had happily passed away.

I must add one curious fact which does not seem to me to have any relation to the above, but which Simson made great use of, as the human agency which he was determined to find somehow. We had examined the ruins very closely at the time of these occurrences; but afterwards, when all was over, as we went casually about them one Sunday afternoon in the idleness of that unemployed day, Simson with his stick penetrated an old window which had been entirely blocked up with fallen soil. He jumped down into it in great excitement, and called me to follow. There we found a little hole—for it was more a hole than a room—entirely hidden under the ivy and ruins, in which there was a quantity of straw laid in a corner, as if some one had

made a bed there, and some remains of crusts about the floor. Some one had lodged there, and not very long before, he made out; and that this unknown being was the author of all the mysterious sounds we heard he is convinced. "I told you it was human agency," he said, triumphantly. He forgets, I suppose, how he and I stood with our lights seeing nothing, while the space between us was audibly traversed by something that could speak, and sob, and suffer. There is no argument with men of this kind. He is ready to get up a laugh against me on this slender ground. "I was puzzled myself —I could not make it out—but I always felt convinced human agency was at the bottom of it. And here it is—and a clever fellow he must have been," the Doctor says.

Bagley left my service as soon as he got well. He assured me it was no want of respect; but he could not stand "them kind of things." And the man was so shaken and ghastly that I was glad to give him a present and let him go. For my own part, I made a point of staying out the time, two years, for which I had taken Brentwood; but I did not renew my tenancy. By that time we had settled, and found for ourselves a pleasant home of our own.

I must add that when the doctor defies me, I can always bring back gravity to his countenance, and a pause in his railing, when I remind him of the juniper-bush. To me that was a matter of little importance. I could believe I was mistaken. I did not care about it one way or other; but on his mind the effect was different. The miserable voice, the spirit in pain, he could think of as the result of ventriloquism, or reverberation, or—anything you please: an elaborate prolonged hoax executed somehow by the tramp that had found a lodging in the old tower. But the juniper-bush staggered him. Things have effects so different on the minds of different men.

ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS:

BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

IV.—JULIET.

31 ONSLOW SQUARE, *5th January* 1881.

"So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows."

You ask me to write to you, dear friend, of Juliet, and of all my earliest dreams about her. Whose bidding should I heed, if not yours, my always loving, indulgent, constant friend? But indeed you hardly realise how difficult is the task you have set me. Of the characters about which I wrote to our dear Miss Jewsbury, I could speak as of beings outside, as it were, my own personality; but Juliet is inwoven with my life. Of all characters, hers is the one which I have found the greatest difficulty, but also the greatest delight, in acting. My early girlhood's first step upon the stage was made as Juliet. To the last days of my artist life I never acted the character without finding fresh cause to marvel at the genius which created this child-woman, raised by love to heroism of the highest type.

It was at the little theatre beside the Green at Richmond that I first played Juliet; and Richmond is therefore indelibly associated with the Juliet of my early youth. I will tell you why. My holidays were passed there, for there my family always spent some of the summer months. The small house on the Green, in which we were often left, with a kind old servant in charge, looks to me even now like a home. Every step of the Green, the river-banks, the fields round Sion House, the Hill, the Park, and Twickenham Meadows, were all loved more and more as each summer enlarged my sense of beauty. One of my earliest and most vivid recollections—I must have been then a mere girl—was a meeting with "the great Edmund Kean," as my sister called him. He was her pet hero. She had seen him act, and, through friends, had a slight acquaintance with him. Wishing her little "birdie," as she called me, to share all her pleasures, she often took me with her to the Green for the chance of seeing him, as he strolled there with his aunt, old Miss Tidswell. The great man had been very ill, so that our expectations had been often disappointed. At last, about noon one very warm sunny day, my sister's eager eyes saw the two figures in the far distance. It would have been bad manners to appear to be watching, so in a roundabout way our approach was made. As we drew near, I would gladly have run away. I was startled, frightened at what I saw,—a small pale man with a fur cap, and wrapped in a fur cloak. He looked to me as if come from the grave. A stray lock of very dark hair crossed his forehead, under which shone eyes which looked dark, and yet bright as lamps. So large were they, so piercing, so absorbing, I could see no other feature. I shrank from

them behind my sister, but she whispered to me that it would be unkind to show any fear, so we approached, and were kindly greeted by the pair.

Oh what a voice was that which spoke! It seemed to come from so far away—a long, long way behind him. After the first salutation, it said, "Who is this little one?" When my sister had explained, the face smiled—(I was reassured by the smile, and the face looked less terrible)—and he asked where I went to school, and which of my books I liked best. Alas! I could not then remember that I liked any, but my ever good angel-sister said that she knew I was fond of poetry, for I had just won a prize for recitation. Upon this the face looked still more kindly at me, and we all moved together to a seat under the trees. Then the far-away hollow voice,—but it was not harsh,—spoke again, as he put his hand in mine, and bade me tell him whether I liked my school-walks better than Richmond. This was too much, and it broke the ice of my silence. No, indeed! Greenwich Park was very pretty—so was Blackheath, with its donkeys, when we were, on occasions much too rare, allowed to ride them. But Richmond! Nothing could be so beautiful! I was asked to name my favourite spots, and whether I had ever been in a punt—which I had,—and caught fish—which I had not. My tongue, once untied, ran on and on, and had after a time to be stopped, for my sister and the old lady thought I should fatigue the invalid. But he would not part just yet. He asked my name, and when it was told, exclaimed, "Oh, the old ballad!—do you know it?—which begins,—

> 'Oh, my Helen,
> There is no tellin'
> Why love I fell in;
> The grave, my dwellin',
> Would I were well in!'

I know now why with 'my Helen, love I fell in;' it is because she loves poetry, and she loves Richmond. Will my Helen come and repeat her poetry to me some day?" This suggestion at once silenced my prattle, and my sister had to express for me the pleasure and honour I was supposed to feel.

Here the interview ended. The kind hand was withdrawn which had lain in mine so heavily, and yet looked so thin and small. I did not then know how great is the weight of weakness. It was put upon my head, and I was bid God-speed! I was to be sent for some day soon. But the day never came; the school-days were at hand; those wondrous eyes and that distant voice I never saw or heard again.

How vividly some things remain with us! I can shut my eyes and recall the whole scene,—see and hear all that passed, and thrill again with my old fright and pleasure! The actual words I have mentioned, and many more that passed, doubtless would not have remained with me, if I had not heard them often and often repeated by my sister. She was as proud of this little episode in my young life as if a king had noticed me; and she spoke of her great hero's kind words to me so constantly,—telling them to all our friends,—that they became riveted in my mind. A day or two afterwards she met Miss Tidswell, who told her that Mr Kean had not suffered from his little walk, and had often spoken of the little sweet-voiced maiden, who could be dumb, and yet talkative when the right note was struck. He was very fond, she said, of children, and would like the little sister to

pay him an early visit. But this was not to be. He must have recovered from the illness which prevented him from sending for me, for I heard of his acting in London many times afterwards, and felt all a child's pride in having once appropriated the attention of a distinguished man. And who so distinguished, so invested with charm for a girl's imagination, as the tragic hero of the day?

I cannot remember if the house into which I saw him go was the little house attached to the Richmond theatre, which I have heard belonged to him at the time of his death. With that little house are linked remembrances of mine very deep and lasting. In the parlour I dressed, not many years afterwards, for the part of Juliet, to make my first appearance on the stage. How this came about was somewhat singular. We were, as usual, in our summer quarters at Richmond. At this time a Mr Willis Jones was the lessee of the little theatre: he was, it was said, a gentleman of independent fortune, who had a great desire to be something more than an amateur actor. The performances took place about twice or thrice a-week. The stage-door of the theatre always stood open, and on the off days of acting we sometimes stole in and stood upon that, to me, weirdly mysterious place, the stage, looking into the gloom of the vacant pit and boxes. How full of mystery it all seemed! so dim, so impenetrable! One hot afternoon my sister and myself, finding it yet too sunny to walk down to the river—we had to pass the theatre to do this—took refuge in the dark cool place to rest awhile. On the stage was a flight of steps, and a balcony, left standing no doubt after rehearsal, or prepared for that of the next day. After sitting on the steps for a while, my sister exclaimed, "Why, this might do for Romeo and Juliet's balcony! Go up, birdie, and I will be your Romeo." Upon which, amid much laughter, and with no little stumbling over the words, we went through the balcony scene, I being prompter; for in the lonely days by the sea-shore, of which I have spoken, with only the great kind dog of the house as my companion, I had, unconsciously almost, learned by heart all the scenes in which my favourite heroines figured.

I may say that, in those days, Juliet, like the other heroines of my fancy, was attractive to me principally through what she had to suffer, in which the horror of her tomb, "the being *stifled* in the vault," always my first terror, played a prominent part. Our school-walks from Greenwich took us at times to Lee churchyard, where there was a vault that, to my imagination, was altogether terrible. A flight of green, slimy-looking steps led down to a massive door with bars, and we girls used to snatch a fearful pleasure by peering through it into the gloom within. My favourite school-friend was a German girl, with a very pretty face, but in figure so ungainly that she was the despair of our dancing-master. She shared my dread of the terrible, and also the attraction I felt towards it. Over this vault we often talked, and we both agreed that in just such a tomb must Juliet have been placed. We had seen the toads and frogs hopping about in and near it, and devoutly did we hope that Juliet's face was covered. For, oh the horror for her to have a cold flabby toad upon it! And then, had we not read of "worms that were her chamber-maids"?—an awful suggestion to the literal mind of young girls. How we rejoiced that, when she really awoke, she saw by her side the "comfort-

able friar"! To most young minds, I suppose, the terrible and the tragic are always the most alluring. Certainly at that time the fourth and fifth acts of "Romeo and Juliet" weighed heavier in the balance with me than the earlier and happy ones. Of the passion of love I had then naturally no knowledge. It did not interest me. But Juliet's devotion to Romeo, and her resolve to die rather than prove untrue, this I could understand, because all the heroes and heroines worthy of the name, of whom I had read, were always true and devoted.

But I have wandered far from this, to me, memorable afternoon. My sister and I went away to the river, leaving the shadowy gloom of the stage empty as we had found it. To our surprise and consternation we learned, some little time after, that there had been a listener. When our friends arrived in Richmond some days later, the lessee told them that, having occasion to go from the dwelling-house to his private box, he had heard voices, listened, and remained during the time of our merry rehearsal. He spoke in such terms of the Juliet's voice, its adaptability to the character, and so forth, that in the end he prevailed upon my friends to let me make a trial on his stage. To this, at my then tender age, they were very loath to consent. But I was to be advertised simply as a young lady,—her first appearance. At the worst, a failure would soon be forgotten; and, at any rate, the experiment would show whether I had, or not, gifts in that direction. Thus did a little frolic prove to be the turning-point of my life. As I recall those days, and the interval that followed before my *début* on the London stage, where also I was to have made my first appearance as Juliet, all my young life seems wrapped up in her. You can see, therefore, how difficult it must be to divest myself of the emotions inseparable from her name sufficiently to write of her with critical calmness.

Before I attempt to do so, let me complete my gossiping account of my first appearance at Richmond. It was a summer evening, and the room was given me to dress in, which, I was told, had been Mr Kean's parlour and dressing-room. There was a glass case there, in which were preserved as relics several articles of his toilet,—he had not been long dead,—brushes and things of that kind. How these brought to my mind that interview —the frail figure which seemed buried in furs, the large eyes so intense in their lustre, the dark hair straggling over the forehead, the voice coming from so far away, and the kind quaint manner! I could now see how he had humoured the shy child by pretending ignorance, in order to draw forth her opinions and explanations. It was very sweet to look back upon, and I could almost believe that his spirit was there in sympathy with mine; had not his parting words to me been a God-speed? Very wisely, no one had ever mentioned in my hearing the words "stage fright." I had thought of the performance only as another rehearsal, with the difference that it was at night and not by day, and with the great additional pleasure of wearing a new dress of white satin, which was so soft and exquisite to the touch, and—oh the dignity of this!—with a small train to it. It had no ornament, not even a flower; for when I heard that I must not wear real flowers, for fear of their dropping on the stage and some one slipping upon them, I would not have any others. As the time for the play to begin approached, and I heard the instruments tun-

ing, and a voice cry out that "the overture was on," I felt a most unaccountable sensation stealing over me. This feeling grew and grew until it nearly overcame me. I saw my mother looking very anxiously at me, and I could not hide from myself that I felt good for nothing. I begged her to leave me to myself for a few minutes. At first she did not gather what was in my mind, and tried to rally my courage; but again I begged to be left, for I knew well that when alone I could more freely seek for the help which all so suddenly I seemed to need more than I ever could have guessed. My wish was granted. They did not return for me till I was wanted for the stage. I remember being asked if I had left anything behind, when I turned to give a last look at the relics in the glass case. It was a sort of farewell—a feeling as if life were ending.

My sister, to give me comfort, was to be the Lady Capulet. Poor darling! she was so agitated that they could hardly persuade her to appear on the scene; and when the nurse had called out for the "lamb," the "ladybird" (your "ladybird," you know, ever after), the Juliet rushed straight into her mother's arms, never to be lured from them again during the scene by all the cajolings of the nurse. How the lights perplexed me! All seemed so different! I could *see* people so close to me. It was well I could see *one* whose agitation was apparent to me. I must try to please him, this dear friend of all my young life, my constant helper and instructor, who, though he was no relative, always called me his child. He it was who taught me much of what I learned, after my delicate health took me from school, and sent me to the sea-shore. To him and him only could I confide, with the assurance of perfect sympathy, all my devotion for the heroines of Shakespeare. He taught me the value of the different metres in blank verse and in rhyme, as I recited to him many of Milton's shorter poems, the "Lycidas" and others, Byron's "Darkness," and large portions of "Childe Harold," which I knew by heart. He made me understand the value of words, nay, of every letter of every word, for the purposes of declamation. Nothing was to be slighted. This true friend—a man of varied and large acquirements, a humorist, too, and a wit—never refused, although most delicate in health, to give me largely of his time. How grateful I was, and am, to him! His death, which happened far too soon for my advantage—but not for his, for it released him from a life of pain—robbed me of this my first and truest guide and friend. It was *his* face I saw. Should his "child," his darling, give him pain—disappointment? No! Gradually he and Juliet filled my mind, and I went on swimmingly until the fourth act.

Here, with all the ardour and all the ignorance of a novice, I took no heed that the phial for the sleeping potion, which Friar Laurence had given me, was of glass, but kept it tightly in my hand, as though it were a real deliverance from a dreaded fate which it was to effect for me, through the long impassioned scene that follows. When the time came to drink the potion, there was none; for the phial had been crushed in my hand, the fragments of glass were eating their way into the tender palm, and the blood was trickling down in a little stream over my pretty dress. This had been for some time apparent to the audience, but the Juliet knew nothing of it, and felt nothing, until the red stream arrested her attention. Excited as I already was,

this was too much for me; and always having a sickening horror of the bare sight or even talk of blood, poor Juliet grew faint, and went staggering towards the bed, on which she really fainted. I remember nothing of the end of the play, beyond seeing many kind people in my dressing-room, and wondering what this meant. Our good family doctor from London was among the audience, and bound up the wounded hand. This never occurred again, because they ever afterwards gave me a wooden phial. But oh, my dress!—my first waking thought. I was inconsolable, until told that the injured part could be renewed.

So much for my first Juliet! I repeated the character several times in the same little theatre — each time trying to make it more like what would satisfy my dear master, for I sought no other praise.

On the last occasion he was there. When I saw him at the end of the play I was sure something was wrong. He was very silent, and when I begged to have his opinion, whatever it might be, he told me I had not improved, — that I had disappointed him. I was not *in* the character throughout, and he feared I had not the true artistic power to lose myself in the being of another. Oh the pain this caused me! The wound is even now only scarred over. I would not let him see my grief, but I knew no sleep that night for weeping. My generous sweet sister thought I had been cruelly treated, and tried to comfort me and heal my wounds, but they were far too deep for that.

Next day my dear friend was deeply pained to see that I had taken his censure so sorely to heart, and had forgotten how here and there it had been tempered with approbation. After some talk with my mother, it was decided that Juliet and all other heroines were for me to pass once more into "the sphere of dream." I was quietly to forget them and return to my studies. My friend confessed that he had expected too much from my tender years—that an English girl of the age which Shakespeare assigns to Juliet was in every respect a different creature. Development must come later; and certainly I was never a precocious child. So until I appeared about three years later on the London stage, my life was altogether of the quietest.

How good and tender and helpful that dear friend was to me ever after, and how repentant for having caused me that bitter night of sorrow—(for which, I believe, my sister never quite forgave him, "So cruel, when her darling was so tired!")—taking all the blame upon himself, and declaring that he had no right to look for what he did in one so young! Doubtless he was wrong in expecting too much; but the lesson I then learned was never forgotten. He saw and helped me in every other character I acted until his too early death, which was my life's first deep sorrow and loss. Generous heart, I hope yours could tell you how loving and how grateful mine was!

The last night he saw me act at Drury Lane, he had almost to be carried to his private box. He died about ten days after. Never can I forget how good and thoughtful for me Mr Macready proved himself at this time. I had something very important and difficult to study. It was drawing towards the end of a season in which my work had been most exhausting. I was ill and very tired, so that my memory, usually quick enough, seemed to fail me. I grew nervous, and told Mr Macready that even by sitting up at night I feared I

could not be ready at the time he wished. This engrossing study accounted for my not seeing my dear friend for some days together—only sending to his house daily to inquire for him. During one of those nights that I was spending in study—the night before its results were to be made public—he died. This was kept from me, but word was sent in the morning to Mr Macready. As my acting that night was of the utmost importance, he sent me a kind note, asking me to go to him directly at the theatre, share his little dinner there, and go quietly with him over the scenes which were making me nervous, and telling me he was quite sure he could put me at my ease. I accepted his invitation, and his gentle kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude. As the afternoon went on, he sent for my dresser, and told her to make me lie down for an hour or two before I thought of dressing for the stage. I had a lurking feeling through the day that something was happening, all looked at me so earnestly and so kindly, but what was hanging over me I could not even guess, because the last news given to me before I left home had been reassuring.

When the performance was over, or my part of it, Mr Macready met me as I was leaving the theatre, and put a letter into my hand, giving me the impression that it was about business,—I was tired, he said, and the morning would be the best time to read it. Its object really was to tell me of his sympathy, and to offer what comfort he could, for he knew well how dear was the friend whom I had lost. However, as my great struggle of the night was over, I insisted, in spite of all the remonstrances of my maid, on calling at my friend's house, which we had to pass on the way home, and I got out of the carriage to make my own inquiries. The surprised and frightened look of the servant who opened the door told me everything, and at once I saw why all had combined to keep me in ignorance throughout the day. Then I understood how good Mr Macready had been. His letter was most kind. He gave me some days' rest to face my trouble, although, as the close of the season was near, he must have been put to extreme inconvenience by my absence. Oh the sharpness of that grief! The prelude, too, of another terrible trouble; for suddenly Mr Macready gave up the management of Drury Lane and went to America. Another friend lost! He had been four years at the head of the theatre—two at Covent Garden and two at Drury Lane—doing his very best to raise the tone of the stage to a level worthy of its great poet; while those whom, like myself, he had gathered round him, gladly seconded his efforts, and followed his guidance.

To me the breaking up of this establishment was a heavy blow indeed. Severe as my labours had been, the delight in them far more than outweighed the fatigue. That theatre, conducted as it then was, was an arena in which every gift I had found scope for exercise. My studies were all of an elevating character; my thoughts were given to the great types of womanhood, drawn by Shakespeare's masterhand, or by the hands of modern poets—Browning, Marston, Troughton, Bulwer Lytton, and others—anxious to maintain the reputation of the national drama. My audiences, kind from the first, grew ever more and more kind to me, and I felt among them as among friends. Now an end to all this had come—"the world seemed shattered at my feet." Engagements were offered to me in many theatres; in one case I was even asked to assume

the office of directress. But I shrank from the responsibilities of such a position, and felt that, for my own interests as an artist, it was not well to allow myself to be hampered by them.

Sick and sad at heart, it was then that the kindness of you, my dear friend, and others like you, cheered my drooping spirits, and encouraged me to believe that I could walk alone—nay, that a chance which seemed then a calamity might ultimately prove an advantage to me in my art, by leaving me to develop what was in me away from the overmastering influence of Mr Macready's style. Young in my art as I still was—although the whole weight of every leading female character had, since my *début* at Covent Garden, rested on my shoulders—all seemed to agree that engagements for a week or two at a time in the leading provincial theatres would be the best practice for me. I could thus, too, take rest in the intervals between my various engagements,—rest so necessary for me, overtaxed as my strength had continually been since the beginning of my professional career.

It was with a sad enough heart that I started on my first winter engagement out of London,—for Mr Macready had always told me that it was in London I must make my home, as no provincial audience would care for or understand my style. I took Edinburgh first, and had a sufficiently cold reception from a house far from full. I had gone there, as I made it always my rule to go, wherever I went, without any heralds in advance to proclaim my coming or to resound my praises. During the summer recesses of Drury Lane, I had played with Mr Macready for a few nights at Dublin, Liverpool, and Birmingham; but in Edinburgh I was unknown. However, the lessee and manager, Mr Murray, a man of great ability and accomplishments, who acted Colonel Damas to my Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," this first night of my experience there, told me not to be disheartened. He felt sure, he said, I had taken hold of my audience, and that this was the only indifferent house of which I should ever have to complain. The event proved that he knew his public; and his prophecy was indeed more than realised, for neither there nor elsewhere did I again play to an indifferent house. Of want of enthusiasm or of constancy in my provincial audiences no one could have less reason to complain, nor had I ever occasion from that hour to be reminded of what Mr Macready had predicted. Had the state of the theatres in London been such as to admit of my joining them, willingly would I have done so. I longed for my London audiences, who had been so kind, so true, so sympathetic in my earliest efforts. And although then and afterwards I only came before them at intervals and for a few weeks at a time, they always made me feel that I was not forgotten, and that they were as quick as ever to go along with me in my efforts to interpret the heart and nature of woman, as drawn by our master-poets.

But let me go back to my early days. Nearly three years, as I have said, elapsed, after my first girlish experiments, before I again trod the stage,—not this time the tiny stage of Richmond, but the vast stage of Covent Garden, and before an audience that filled the theatre from floor to ceiling. The interval, spent in quiet study, had widened my views about many things, Juliet included. But I remained true to my first love; and when it was decided that I should submit myself to the dread ordeal of a London audience, to ascertain whether I possessed the

qualities to justify my friends in allowing me to adopt the stage as a profession, I selected Juliet for my first appearance. I rehearsed the part, and was announced to appear in it. During the rehearsals, Mr Charles Kemble, who was then taking his leave of the stage, was always present, seated in the front of the dark theatre. On his judgment and that of one or two others, I believe the manager was to decide whether, having no experience or practice in the actor's art, I was fit to make an appearance before a London audience. I was not told at the time through what an ordeal I was passing. Mr Kemble gave judgment in my favour, and was to have taken the part of Mercutio. How sympathetic, and courteous, and encouraging he was! He, to use his own words to me, was making his final bow to his art, as I my first curtsey.

Unhappily for me, the rehearsals showed that the Romeo of the theatre—the only one available at the time—was of too mature an age for so young a Juliet to come before an audience with on a *début*. A little later on, I did act the character with him. He was an excellent actor in his way, but very vehement,—so much so that, when he played Romeo, my sister would never trust me in the tomb alone. He shook it so violently with the crowbar, that she used to declare, if she had not been there to play the part of a caryatid, and hold it up, the whole fabric would have dropped to pieces on my head. Oh, if I had not had a very different Romeo in my imagination, it would have been hard indeed to make one out of such an unromantic spluttering fellow! When Mr Macready undertook the management, Mr James Anderson joined the company, and I had in him a very gallant Romeo. Discretion tempered his fire.

Judge of my dismay when, a few days before my *début*, I was told that I must forego Juliet, and appear as Julia in "The Hunchback." I was almost heart-broken. But it was too late to recede; and as Julia I had to appear. How much this added to the terrible tension of feeling with which I approached the trial which was either to "make me or undo me quite," none but myself can ever know. You, my dear friend, were there, as you have told me, and you know, as a spectator, how I came through the fearful ordeal. On this occasion I had no loving sister's arms to rush into; but I remember gratefully how kind the Helen of that evening, Miss Taylor (the original Helen of the play), was to me. At the rehearsals she had given me valuable advice as to the stage directions, &c., and during the actual performance she comforted and supported me with all her might, and all the fine tact of a sympathetic heart.

How well I remember that awful moment when called to the side-scene to be ready for my entrance with Helen! Seeing my agitation, Miss Taylor set herself to divert my attention, by admiring my dress. She liked, she said, the yellowish whiteness of it; she could not endure a harsh dead white. Where had mamma, who was standing beside us, got me such dainty mittens? Then she showed me her own—said how fortunate I was to have such long wavy hair that curled of its own accord, and did not need dressing — wished hers was the same, and how she had to curl and pinch and torture it and herself, in order to get the same effect,—everything to take off my attention. But as the dreadful moment drew nearer, this talk, all on one side, would not do. With sympathetic tears in her own eyes she begged me not to let those big

tears fall so continuously and spoil my pretty cheeks; and when the moment came for our entrance, she put her arm round my waist and propelled me forward, whispered to me to curtsey — again! again!— when but for her help I could hardly stand.

It must have been plain to the audience how good she was to me; and they, no doubt, favourite as she was, liked her all the better for it. I cannot but think what a different play "The Hunchback" was then, when Helen was interpreted by a lady. Her refinement of manner took nothing away from the archness and piquancy of her scenes with Modus, but rather added to them. He, too, appeared as a real student, not unmannerly and stupid from want of breeding and sense, but only awkward from abstraction and absorption in his book-lore. It was sheer *ennui*, and not forwardness, that made Helen in the dull country-house amuse herself with him. I shudder to think what I have seen these scenes reduced to of late years. Indeed latterly I declined to act in this fine play, because I did not like to be mixed up, even indirectly, with these misinterpretations. It is woful that an author's words and meaning should be degraded by such tones and looks and manner, and that audiences are found ready to bear with, if not indeed to enjoy, such perversions of his purpose.

At the end of the first act the kind actors came about me, saying that it was "all right." I had only to take courage and speak louder. But, alas! I felt it was "all wrong." I could not control my fears and my agitation. They gave me *sal volatile*, which I gave mostly to my dress. My mother looked sad and disappointed; the dear old dresser very pitiful.* My sister, alas! was not with me. I thought all was over, and did not see my way at all to getting through the play. Then came a knock at my dressing-room door, which my mother answered, and I heard the dear accustomed voice of my friend and master say, "Have you given the poor child anything?" I cried out for him to come to me, but the voice answered, "Not now, my

* This excellent woman, who was attached to my dressing-room on this my first night as my attendant, never left me afterwards while I was permanently in London. We were attached to each other from that time. She never left my side except when I was on the stage, but attended with a shawl or cloak all my exits and entrances. She used to be called my duenna, for she hurried me away from those who might wish to speak or detain me with, "I beg your pardon, my young lady has only too little time to change her dress," or to rest in, as it might be. My mother had full confidence in this good woman's care of me, and with good cause. She had known her before she became, as she was now for the second time, a widow. The nursing of her second husband in a long decline had exhausted her means, and caused her to seek the occupation in which I first knew her. This sweet, refined, unselfish, pure-minded woman was a great assistance and comfort to me. Silence was the order my mother had given as the rule for my dressing-room,—no talk to take my thoughts from the work I had in hand. I never knew the dear creature break it, except after the scene where the nurse proves untrue to Juliet. Then her indignation knew no bounds;—such treachery, such desertion of her charge in the hour of her trouble—nothing could be so wicked in her eyes! Even the frequent repetition of the play hardly calmed her anger. This dear woman, whose rare fine qualities I have never seen excelled in stations far above her own, is still, I rejoice to say, in my loving care. She rests in her cottage at Old Windsor, where her daughter slowly died of the same disease as her father,—and waits with all the patience she can for the day she longs for, that will lay her by the side of that dear daughter, whose place and care for my "dear old Goody" has for years been filled by a niece, an adopted daughter.

child; take all the rest you can." There was, I fancied, such a trouble in the tone, that it added to my own. It was evident he could not trust himself near me. He had been among the audience, but in that enormous theatre only a sea of heads was seen. No one could be distinguished; so this time he had not helped me. I felt despairing. Never can I forget that half-hour. While I write, it comes back upon me with all its hopeless anguish.

Again, when we met at the side-scene for the second act, kind Miss Taylor had to go through the admirer's part: she liked my hat and feather, and my whole dress,—thought them very becoming, and reminded me that now we were to change characters,—that I was to be the gay fine lady, and she only the listening astonished one. A very watery smile was, I am sure, all that answered her. When we went upon the scene, and during the pause at the long kind reception that again awaited me, my eyes lighted on a familiar face raised above all the others, and close to me in the orchestra. Long white hair fell on each side of it, and I saw the handkerchief wiping tears from the eyes. Again a face saved me. I knew it was that of my dear grandfather, who, because of his deafness, was, during the play, allowed to occupy the leader's seat. In an instant the thought flashed into my mind of the sad disappointment that was in store for these dear grand-parents, who had been real parents to me in all my earliest years,—the one present, and the other, the beloved Quaker grandmother, who had never been inside a theatre, and who was waiting, as I knew, at home in an agony of suspense, and whose blessing was the last thing on my heart as I left it. Oh, I could not endure to pain *them!* The help I needed, and which I knew was even then being invoked for me, came. In a moment, as it seemed, my agitation calmed. My voice gained tone, and when the point arrived where I had to say "I'll shine, be sure I will," the kind audience interrupted me with a shout of applause. From this time I never faltered, always keeping the dear and now smiling face before me.

At the end of the third act I was told the manager (not Mr Macready; he took the management a year later) had requested to see my friends to consult about a three years' engagement, which, as I was much under age, was signed by them for me next morning, and attached me for that period to Covent Garden, as the leading actress there. Thus was I bound to the art which was the delight of my after-life, and the way opened for me to clothe—oh happy privilege!—with form and motion the great creations of poetical genius over which my girlish imagination had so long brooded.

Of Mr Charles Kemble's good opinion of me I have already spoken. When it was decided that the play should be changed to "The Hunchback," he offered to resume his original part of Sir Thomas Clifford to support me. Never can I forget his rendering of it. What a high and noble bearing! What tender respect in his approaches as a lover! What dignified forbearance and self-respect in his reproof afterwards, and in his deportment as the Secretary! All this made the heroine's part more difficult to act; for who, even the most thoughtless, could for a moment have thought of the title or the fortune of such a man in comparison with himself?

Mr Kemble's kindness to me never ceased as long as he lived.

When he left the stage at the end of this his last engagement, he told my mother that he should always be proud and happy to give me the benefit of his experience, whenever I thought it would be of use to me. I need not say that, on many occasions, I gladly took advantage of his permission. He collected and had bound for me several plays in which his daughter had acted; in the first volume is a charming little note addressed to "my dear little friend." During the few months we acted together, his name for me was always "baby." No doubt my ignorance of all the technical necessities of my art was very amusing to one who had spent so much of his life in it. I can never say in words how kind and good he was to me on all occasions.

In connection with that first night at Covent Garden, I must tell you a little anecdote of my German school-friend. On that night a young girl was sitting near some people whom we knew. Thoughout the performance she made herself very conspicuous by clapping her hands and breaking out into admiring but very disturbing exclamations. At last some one near ventured on a gentle remonstrance, and a remark that she could not be aware of the noise she was making. Upon this she said, "Oh, please, do not mind,—really I cannot help it. She was my schoolfellow, and I am so happy!" It was explained to her between the acts that she was speaking to friends who knew me. Upon this she became very confidential, told them many incidents of our school-days, and sent me more loves and messages than could be carried. But the ever-recurring refrain was, "Why had I been unfaithful to our school-love, Juliet, whose tomb in Lee churchyard we had so often dressed up with horrors, and in whose character she had heard of my appearing at Richmond?" It was very hard to make her understand that there was no Romeo to be had youthful enough for her old playmate's Juliet.

Something of this was told me at the end of the second act of the play by my dear friend and master, who came to my room joyously, and being now assured that all was well, did his best to animate my courage. He made me laugh by his description of the vehemence of my young school-friend, and he was made the bearer of a message from me to her. She was to go the next day and tell our dear governess and her sister, near whom she lived, all about the night. This was such a lucky incident: it made me forget in part the dreaded audience, and filled my mind with fresh incentives to succeed, in order to give pleasure to the dear friends whose thoughts I knew were with me.

I said, in the beginning of this letter, that Juliet was inwoven with my life. Some of the reasons I have mentioned, but there are other personal associations which for me are inseparably linked with the character.

My beloved only sister was with me in my dressing-room while acting Juliet during the last hours we were together in life. During that sad evening we talked of the sportive afternoon rehearsal at Richmond in which she was my Romeo, and all that had come out of it. We parted in the morning; and oh, what a parting!—she to sail that day with her husband to America, where in Boston, eighteen months afterwards, she died. By a strange coincidence, the first time I acted after the news reached me was as Juliet. The occasion was one of those unsatisfactory monster performances which had been ar-

ranged many weeks before, in order to help the funds required for the statue of Mrs Siddons, now in Westminster Abbey. Mr Macready was requested to act some scenes in "Henry the Fourth," and I to give the fourth act in "Romeo and Juliet." What the other performances were, I do not remember. The blow had fallen upon me only some ten days before, and it made me naturally unfit for exertion of any kind. But the committee so importuned me, urging that to take my name from the programme would seriously affect the receipts, that at last I consented to make the effort, not caring much what became of me. How the whole misery of that time comes before me now! Mr Macready, who knew my sister, and therefore knew what her loss was to me, sent, and came to my dressing-room door, several times during the evening, asking after and pressing to say a word to me. We had not met for some time. He was acting his farewell engagements in the provinces, and our paths were different. I felt that I could not bear his look of sympathy or words of kindness, and had to deny myself to him. Even the very sound of his voice heard at the door was all but too much for me. I had a duty before me, and I dared not break in upon the calm which I had forced upon myself. Over my Juliet's dress I threw a large flowing black veil, which I hugged to my heart as an outward proof of the mourning within it, and which, in some measure, comforted me. Besides, it also hid from me any kind faces which might have met mine at the side-scenes.

The greetings of the audience did not move me. They did not know my grief, so I could bear them. I got on very well in the scene with the Friar. There was despair in it, but nothing that in any way touched upon my own trial. My great struggle was in Juliet's chamber when left alone. Then her desolation, her loneliness, became mine, and the rushing tears would have way. Happily the fearful images presented to Juliet's mind of what is before her in the tomb soon sent softer feelings away; but how glad I was when the fancied sight of Tybalt's ghost allowed the cry that was in my heart to find vent in a shriek of grief, as well as horror!

From Juliet's bed I was taken to my own, which kept me for many a long day. That is a night which I hardly dare to look back upon. Months and months followed, when the cry was ever in my heart for my loved one, whose loss was to me that of half my life. Can you wonder, then, what thoughts and memories Juliet stirs within me?

It shocks me to think how egotistical I must appear in telling you all these personal details. But in writing of these things, I look back upon myself as upon some different person. And then you, dear friend, and many other friends, have urged me so strongly to tell you of my past in relation to the work I did, that you must share the blame with me.

What I have to say of Shakespeare's Juliet must be reserved for another letter.—Ever your loving and grateful

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

To Mrs S. C. HALL.

INSIDE KAIRWÁN.

Six months ago M. Barthélémy Saint Hilaire announced to the world that the Regency of Tunis had been pacified "sans conquête et sans combats;" and a month later General Farre sent the French legions home from the fourth Punic war, with the comfortable assurance that "la reconnaissance de la République est acquise à tous ceux qui ont pris part à cette campagne."

Never perhaps in the history of the world was a dream of success followed by a ruder awakening. In twenty-four short weeks the Tunisian Arabs throughout the length and breadth of the country have risen in arms against their self-imposed protectors; fifty thousand troops have been hurried back to Tunis as fast as a fleet of transports and the boats of the Compagnie Transatlantique could carry them; every important place in the Regency, including the capital, has been occupied; some half-a-dozen towns have been more or less efficiently bombarded; wellnigh one hundred millions of francs have been spent, and many valuable lives lost, in the second expedition, but France is told by her rulers to console herself with the reflection that the French flag now waves alone over the citadel of holy Kairwán. This, however, is not all. The great body of the insurgent Arabs have made good their retreat to the extreme south, and have thereby necessitated the sacrifice of more millions and more lives by provoking the march of fifteen thousand French soldiers in their pursuit, although everybody concerned, from generals down to the conscript of yesterday, is perfectly well aware that for physical reasons the avowed object of the movement can never be attained. The French newspapers which cried so loudly "À Tunis" in April, have shouted quite as lustily "À bas le Général Farre" in November; and Europe has for months rung from one end to the other with the nauseating scandals which will ever be connected with the history of the war waged by France against Tunis, and associated with the fame of its instigator, M. Théodore Roustan.

The inevitable reaction of public opinion on the Tunisian question has at last made itself felt; but not in time to prevent, or even stay, its natural consequences. MM. Saint Hilaire, Ferry, and Farre, have ceased to be Ministers of France; but France has disappointed the hopes and lost the esteem of Europe. Italy has thrown herself into the arms of her once deadliest foe in order to avenge as swiftly as possible what she believes to be an affront and a menace; England, duped and deceived by equivocal assurances and promises, has grown cold and suspicious, and her commercially-minded statesmen can only be consoled and appeased by such a treaty as France, it seems, dare not grant; while Germany, who told France to "take Carthage" in the spring, is now sending officers to Stamboul, counselling the Sublime Porte to be firm about Tripoli, and giving the Turks quite enough moral support to destroy the effects of the alternate threats and blandishments of M. Tissot. What may occur on the Tripolitan frontier before the year 1882 is ushered in, it is impossible to say. France has sat herself down to build a tower without counting the cost; and the ultimate consequences of her rash-

ness and imprudence it is difficult to foresee.

When the French Chambers met on the 14th May, its members were reassured by the conclusion, ten days previously, of the Kasr-Essaid Treaty. The fall of Kairwán was intended to perform a similar office on the 28th October. Everything seemed to favour the plan. The Holy City had surrendered without a blow forty-eight hours previously; at ten o'clock on the eventful 26th October a white flag was hung out from the Great Mosque of Sidi Okhbah; at mid-day General Etienne marched his troops through the Bab el Khaukh or Gate of Peaches, and just forty minutes later brought them out of the Gate of Tunis, and Kairwán was taken. The announcement of the fact, however, excited something very much akin to amusement in the French representative Assembly, and availed the Ministry nothing. After three days of stormy discussion, a parliamentary inquiry was only avoided by a vote on a side issue, whereby the Chamber refused to stultify itself by deliberately undoing what it deliberately did last May; and the Ministry of the Tunisian expedition showed the white flag of resignation, after the manner of the citizens of Kairwán. MM. Ferry, Saint Hilaire, and Farre, have left an onerous legacy to their successors. To say nothing of difficulties to be remedied abroad, the new Government will have, somehow or other, to restore at least the semblance of order and the shadow of an administration at Tunis; it must pay the long bill of costs for the war which was not a war in April, and the war which was a war in July, and the time for the end of which cannot as yet be very definitely determined; and it has, moreover, the difficult task of restoring the shaken confidence of the army. The soldiers of France have weighed the Tunisian question in the balance, and it has been found wanting. They despise the cause of the war, and condemn the manner in which it has been carried on. The complaints and murmurs rife in every camp in Tunis must not be disregarded, if the Government of the Republic would avoid the possibility of internal dissensions and disorders, which may culminate in a military despotism, a monarchical restoration, or a second Commune.

Having taken up the thread of the latest phases of the Tunisian difficulty (a question so small in itself, yet so great when viewed either as an apple of discord or in relation to its contingent results), we pass at once to a subject which cannot but excite great interest at present—the holy city of Kairwán, and the impression likely to arise from its fall on the minds of the followers of Islam in Africa and Turkey.

Although Kairwán is only six days' journey from London, it was a month ago quite as much a *terra incognita* as many of the great towns of Central Africa. Few still existing cities have played so important a part in the world's history, yet the world knew it not. Only a hundred miles south of Tunis itself, and but forty miles away from the great and busy highway of the Mediterranean, Kairwán, secure in its exclusiveness and its sanctity, has slumbered away the 1200 years of its existence, until it suddenly finds itself in the presence of a foe that it is powerless to resist, and discovers that even its most venerated shrines and sanctuaries can no longer be hidden from the gaze of unbelievers. It would be difficult to describe the precise offence which Kairwán has committed to merit the signal pun-

ishment it has received. For centuries it has been the centre of the great nomadic tribes which surround it, and in the early days of the Tunisian insurrection the old spirit of its inhabitants may have momentarily revived. If such was indeed the case, the Kairwánis must have soon realised their own impotency. The bombardment of Sfax and Gabes conveyed to them a very practical lesson; and, the religious authorities of Kairwán in council were not likely to rely on their own legend — that their crumbling ramparts and ruined bastions were shot and shell proof. In vain they begged their more courageous disciples to retire from the city: the latter refused to act contrary to the theoretical teaching of their *Ulemas;* and it was only when the French columns were actually visible, and the destruction of the city imminent, that the nonagenarian Bash-Mufti of Kairwán succeeded in persuading the Slass chiefs to rapidly retire to the neighbouring mountains, and then saved the town from certain destruction by sending a frightened *muedzin* to wave a square yard of white calico from the crenellated minaret of the mosque of the conqueror of Africa.

Kairwán is built in the centre of a wide-stretching sandy plain, fringed on three sides by mountains, and towards the west by a low range of hills which separates it from the sea-coast. This plain is traversed on the same side by two streams, dry in summer, but strong enough in winter to surround the city with a marsh. Excepting scanty tufts of esparto-grass, no sort of verdure is to be seen in any direction. It was in such a spot as this that about the year A.D. 675 (A.H. 55), the Emir Okhbah ben Nafi, ben Abdullah, ben Kaïs el Fahri, laid the foundation of *the* Holy City of North Africa. For a thousand years, as far as can be ascertained, no Christian ever visited it. Since then a few travellers have been at intervals allowed to enter it on sufferance, the local authorities being entitled to reject the Bey's order if so disposed. When once admitted, visitors were carefully allowed to see as little as possible. An entrance to any building was of course out of the question, and the traveller had to be generally contented with a rapid passage through the most unfrequented streets under a strong escort; and finding a prolonged stay useless, he generally seems to have taken his departure as speedily as possible. Dr Shaw accordingly only devotes two pages of his book to his stay at Kairwán in 1730. He identifies it, however, on insufficient grounds, with the Roman Vicus Augusti, and says it contained 500 mosques. Sir Grenville Temple, just one century later, journeyed "to the present hotbed of all the bigotry of Muhammedanism in Africa." He was, nevertheless, able to tell very little about it beyond the names of its gates, for his "promenade through the town was managed with the greatest mystery;" and after rejecting a proposal of the Kaid to take a walk in the dark, he was finally allowed to parade the streets, "observing a most dignified silence and a steady solemn pace." When the Marquis of Waterford entered Kairwán ten years afterwards, a riot ensued in which he very nearly lost his life from a well-directed brickbat. Dr Davis added nothing whatever to the information given by Shaw and Temple. In 1861, Monsieur Victor Guérin devoted three sultry days in August to an attempt to explore the mysteries of Kairwán. He remarks, that "although Tunis has become for centuries the political metropolis of the Regency, Kairwán has always held in the

minds of the masses of its population the position of its religious capital. Founded by the conqueror Okhbah at the time of the invasion of North Africa by the Arabs, it has preserved on account of its origin a *prestige* which no other place in the Regency even attempts to dispute. It is *the* Holy City *par excellence*, the capital of a belief, the metropolis where the Crescent rules with undisputed sway. There the *muedzin*, who calls the faithful to prayer from its many minarets, has never yet seen the symbol of a creed which knows not Muhammed or a rival sanctuary. There, too, the *Imám*, interpreter and apostle of the Koran, has never found himself in the presence of a minister of the Gospel of Christ. Kairwán has been effectually closed against Christians from the time of its foundation."

The existence of the city sprang originally from the necessities of conquest. The Berbers of the first century adopted towards their invaders the same tactics as the Bedouins of to-day: they either submitted to or fled before the armies of Islam, but revolted as soon as the troops of the Khaliph withdrew. Okhbah himself describes the *raison d'être* of Kairwán: "When the Mussulman generals enter Africa, the inhabitants protect their lives and property by a profession of the faith of Islam. When our armies retire, they again fall into infidelity. We must therefore build a city which will serve as the camp and the ramparts of the faith of Muhammed." Although the original site selected was abandoned for another two miles off during the temporary absence of its great founder, the first care of Okhbah on his return to Africa in A.D. 684, was to restore and enlarge his favourite city. Tradition associates with the original foundation of Kairwán a legend almost identical with those of St Patrick and St Hilda. At the word of Okhbah wild beasts and reptiles alike withdrew from its neighbourhood. The etymology of its name has been a matter of dispute. According to Shaw, Kairwán is only the equivalent of *Caravan*, a place of meeting; while others contend it was so called after Käyrawán or Cyrene, the capital of Cyrenaïca. The most plausible explanation is, that the name signifies simply *Kahira* or victory. Kairwán is the Cairo of Tunis and its adjacent provinces. During the year of his return to power (A.D. 684), Okhbah carried the victorious banner of Islam to the shores of the Atlantic; but he never lived to return to the "camp and ramparts of the faith of the Prophet." Slain in an ambush by a Berber king, he was buried thirty miles from Biskera in Algeria, where his tomb, covered by a comparatively humble *kouba*, is still the object of reverence and pilgrimage. Upon this subject Mr Rae (the only European traveller who has even attempted anything like a complete survey of Kairwán) falls into a curious mistake. Speaking in his 'Country of the Moors' (p. 237) of the great mosque of Kairwán, he describes it as "the shrine *and tomb* of its founder, Okhbah ibn Aghlab—the spot chosen, from its sanctity, as the last resting-place of the kings of Tunis." Mosques are rarely if ever used as places of interment. The kings of Tunis sleep under the Green Cupola of the Turba, in the political capital of the Regency, and Okhbah the Victorious rests in the Algerian Sahara.

The history of Kairwán has been of sufficient importance to influence appreciably the history of Europe and Africa. On the untimely death of Okhbah, the Berber

king, Kassila, succeeded in occupying it. Twenty years later he was slain by Zohair ben Kaïs outside its walls. His successor, Hassan ben Nouman, was defeated by a Berber queen, who endeavoured to render the country unattractive to the Arabs by converting it into a desert. This policy alienated her own subjects, and in A.D. 708, Musa ibn Noseir obtained an easy victory. Then came the golden period of its existence: the gallant Tarik marched out of its gates to conquer Spain. Having "burned his ships" at Tarifa, Granada, Seneca, Cordova, and Toledo fell in rapid succession. The aged Musa hurried westwards to participate in his glory before Seville, which, after a protracted resistance, shared the fate of its sister cities. His son, Abd el Aziz, laid the solid foundations of the Moorish empire in Spain, which lasted for wellnigh eight centuries. Before thirty years had elapsed since Tarik left Kairwán, the Khaliph of Cordova had conquered Tours. But the time of Moslem conquest was now soon destined to be stayed. The reflection of the glories of the Kairwán, of Tarik, and Musa, is to be found in the ruins of Granada and Cordova. Vanquished in Europe, the Moors of Andalusia brought back at last the keys of their Spanish houses to the cradle of their faith in Africa.

To return to the chronicles of their holy city. During its earliest days its site had been, as it were, consecrated to Islam by the presence of Abdullah ben Wádib el Belawi, or Abou el Awib—*Saheb Ennabi*, or Companion of the Prophet—who died and was buried at Kairwán. For years after its formation, its Emirs were engaged in continual conflicts with the Berber tribesmen. In A.D. 756, the Emir Abd el Rahman was strong enough to send an expedition against Sicily. In the Great Mosque of Okhbah he afterwards declared himself independent of the Khaliph: his son, however, once more acknowledged his suzerainty. Nine years later the city fell under the cruel sway of the Werfadjoumah. Once more the Berbers seized Kairwán; but after enduring the horrors of a siege, they destroyed a large portion of the city, and finally withdrew to the Atlas. The Khaliph sent Yezid ibn Hatem to restore order; and after inflicting a second signal defeat on the Africans, he "rebuilt the Great Mosque, established numerous bazaars, and assigned to each trade a distinct quarter—in fact, remodelled and half rebuilt the city." At length the Khaliph el Reschid appointed the Emir Ibrahim ibn el Aghlab hereditary Emir of Kairwn. Ibrahim then became the founder of the Aghlabite dynasty. He constructed a sort of fortified palace on the west of the old town, called the Abassiyeh. Here Ibrahim proclaimed himself Khaliph of the West, and here he received the ambassadors of Charlemagne, who asked for the surrender of the remains of St Cyprian. His sons, the Khaliphs of Kairwán, waged war on Italy and Sicily: one of them, Muhammed, captured Malta. In 877, Ibrahim ibn Ahmed founded most of the towns on the Tunisian littoral. He also built the suburban city of Raccadah, and successfully besieged Tunis after it had been captured by some insurgents. His grandson, Ziadet Allah, was the last of his race; and a line of Green Khaliphs, beginning with Obeid Allah, reigned in Kairwán. He "ravaged Lombardy, took Genoa, and ruled in Sicily."

From the eleventh century the history of Kairwán has been one of gradual decay. The pleasant places of the Abassiyeh and Raccadah have become shapeless mounds; the power

of its rulers has been gradually merged in that of the Beys of Tunis; and the halo of sanctity and exclusiveness which surrounds it has alone saved it from actual effacement. Its story and traditions rendered Kairwán a Moslem Rome —revered throughout Western Islam, but the particular sanctuary of the tribes which encamp around it. Kairwán has had its theologians, historians, philosophers, and poets: they, however, have all passed away. The famous Schanoun died there towards the end of the ninth century; and Kairwán has its own annalist —the celebrated Sheikh Ben Naji.

For years Kairwán has lived on traditions and hopes. Thirty years ago Sheikh Amír Abádah fanned the expiring flame, and announced that Kairwán would one day receive the remains of the founder of the Moslem faith. In spite of its vicissitudes, Kairwán in its decline always remained the virgin Moslem town of Northern Africa.

"De là," writes M. Guérin, "l'espèce de sainte et mystérieuse auréole dont la foi Musulmane l'entoure; les caravans qui s'y rendent constamment de tous les points de la Tunisie viennent s'y retremper en quelque sorte dans l'Islamisme; sa grande mosquée dont toutes les pierres, suivant une tradition populaire, que les Imáms ont soin de perpétuer dans les masses, seraient venues miraculeusement se poser d'elles-même à la place qu'elles occupent, et sans cesse visitée avec un profond respect par les adeptes du Coran: les sanctuaires de ses santons sont également le but de pélerinages fréquents; tout cela entretient dans l'esprit des masses un fanatisme que rien jusqu'ici n'a pu affaiblir."

Reasons such as these have rendered the past, present, and future of Kairwán a matter of deep interest wherever the faith of Islam exists; and it is hardly to be wondered at that the Moslem press of Turkey, Egypt, and India has dwelt with peculiar earnestness on the entry of a Christian army into this one remaining stronghold of their common creed in Africa.

As late as 1877, Mr Rae was assailed with threats and abuse on somewhat rashly endeavouring to survey the circuit of the city walls; and when, in 1880, an Italian lady first appeared in their midst, the inhabitants told her in no measured language "to cover her face." In April 1881, Lord and Lady Bective passed through Kairwán; and although they only saw the streets and exteriors of buildings, the remembrance of Lady Bective's graceful and kindly sympathy still survives in the hearts of the Kairwánis, who about then for the first time began to hear the dark rumours of an approaching French invasion of their country.

The march of 22,000 French soldiers on Kairwán is now a matter of history; but the motives for so much pomp of war being directed against a town, the sole defence of which was a few rusty cannons and an *enceinte* of crumbling battlements dating from the middle ages, constitute a mystery, for the solution of which we must probably await the autobiography of either M. Saint Hilaire or General Farre. The story of the fall of Kairwán is a very simple one. On the 26th October, General Etienne and the Susa column appeared before it. A white flag floated on the Minár, which had witnessed so much Moslem prowess and so many Moslem victories. The Tunisian governor, Mourabat (of the Almoravides), came out to meet him. An hour afterwards the tricolour floated alone on the citadel. The next day General Saussier and the Zaghonan column arrived. His soldiers entered the Tanners' Gate, marched out of the Bab el Tunis, and encamped beyond it. General

Forgemol and the Tebesa column were only twelve hours behind General Saussier. His Turcos also crossed the city in triumph, and encamped outside it. On the 29th October, the whole *corps d'armée* encircled the ancient city. The next day the commander-in-chief decreed the entry of the officers of the French army into its mosques and *zaouias* (sanctuaries). The Mufti and Cadi of Kairwán had no alternative but to obey.

This order had only just been issued when I left Susa to explore the hitherto hidden treasures of Kairwán, to see sights till now hidden from Christian eyes, and to tread where Christian had never dared to enter before. My sole guide was the works of Messrs Guérin, Pélissier, and Rae; and a strong recommendation from General Lambert to General Etienne led me to hope that my voyage of discovery would not be altogether fruitless. On the 5th of November I quitted the New Gate of Susa in early morning. It was as yet hardly light; but during our passage across two lines of low hills covered with olive-trees, the scenes of the combats of the past five weeks were just visible. As day dawned we emerged from the olive-groves on to a wide-spreading open plain. After two hours we began to skirt a shallow lake. This was the Sebkha Sidi el Hani—the Lake of Kairwán. Shortly afterwards we came in sight of two stunted cupolas on a mound. These were the tombs of Sidi el Hani and his son. A small French camp surrounded them. A convoy had miscarried, and the soldiers made loud complaints. The wooden sarcophagi of the Moslem saints (or perhaps, as M. Guérin terms them, *santons*) had served for firewood on the previous day. In the open plain below the tomb and the camp were nine wells, one of which at least contained drinkable water. We pressed forward and passed a sandy ridge. Kairwán became visible in the far west. The city seemed a mere streak of white; but the Minár of Sidi Okhbah stood out in conspicuous relief against a background of purple hills. We came nearer, and countless smaller domes and minarets seemed to spring into existence. Crossing two dried-up water-courses (the principal of which is the Oued Beghla), we approached the city walls and then the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djelladín). The governor's residence almost adjoins it. Within an hour of my arrival, Sy Amor Ben Yimes el Khaia offered me the hospitality of his house. Sy Amor was the *Khaia* or military governor of one of the divisions of the Slass clan, which had joined in the defence of the country; and during my stay he was chiefly engaged in the evidently uncongenial task of persuading his tribesmen to return. The Tunisian governor, whom I visited, seemed to feel acutely the humiliation of his position. His normal occupation gone, he was allowed the solace of a guard of Tunisian soldiers in receipt of French pay. Sidi Muhammed el Mourabat comes of ancient lineage. His great ancestor, Sidi Abíd el Khiryáni, died five centuries ago, and he was of the Almoravides. The Mourabats have been guardians of his shrine ever since. Sidi Muhammed's father, Sidi Othmán, received Sir Grenville Temple in 1835. He told me, mournfully enough, that as the French had entered the mosques, he could not forbid my doing so; but he seemed exceedingly depressed. It afterwards transpired that the shrine of Sidi Abíd had been that morning taken possession of to serve as the quarters for the *Commandant de la Place* and his

staff. During my six days' stay in the city, the French authorities gave me every possible facility for the prosecution of my inquiries. Colonel Maulin (the occupant of the sanctuary of Sidi Abíd) procured me an authentic plan of Kairwán, just completed by the French engineering department; and both he and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Walewski (son of Count Walewski, French Ambassador at St James's during the Empire), accompanied me in many of the visits I paid to the most noteworthy objects of interest in the last "intact Moslem town" in Africa.

The city of Kairwán has seven irregular sides, and is surrounded by a high brick wall intersected by towers and bastions, and pierced by five principal gates and four posterns (now closed). The rampart is composed of very small well-baked bricks, and terminates in round-headed crenellations, about a foot wide, with loopholes below for musketry. It varies in thickness from six to nine feet, and a terrace four or five feet from the top allows a line of combatants to pass along it. In some places the *enceinte* is ruinous, in others it is in fairly good repair, and its complete circuit measures 3125 French metres. Outside the walls are several mounds, which consist probably of the remains of its ancient suburbs. Three of these are now being fortified with earthworks and artillery. On every side of the town except one, are large cisterns, in which a walled receptacle allows the rain-water to pass into covered vaults below. To the south of the town are its chief suburbs—Kubliyeh and Jebliyeh, the latter having two gates and portions of a wall still standing. The population of the town does not exceed 14,000 souls. Kairwán is technically divided into five quarters—an arrangement based apparently on a consideration of the Moslem confraternities to which their inhabitants belong. Around the Great Mosque is the Haoumah or Arbat Djama. Those who live there are generally followers of the religious school of Sidi Abd el Kádir el Ghiláni. In the quarters known as Chorfa, El Mahr, Jebliyeh, and Kubliyeh, the inhabitants nearly all belong to the religious brotherhood of the Aïssaouia, except in the latter, where many adherents of Sidi Abdesselem are to be found. I shall have occasion to refer again to the powerful influence exercised by these great systems of semi-political, semi-religious Moslem freemasonry.

Inside the rampart runs a narrow street, but this is often traversed by the walls of enclosures adjoining the houses below. The main feature in the public and private buildings of Kairwán, is the wholesale appropriation of Roman materials, — Roman and Byzantine capitals, shafts, and friezes meet the eye in all directions. If you draw water, the well is reached by a perforated Roman column; the very stones of the corn-mills have a similar origin, and many of the slabs now bearing Arabic inscriptions are probably reversed Roman tablets. Most of these stones are believed to have come from the neighbouring ruins of Sabra, but the gorgeous pillars of the Great Mosque probably represent the architectural spoils of all North Africa. The streets of Kairwán are narrow, ill paved, and wholly devoid of any systematic arrangement. The main thoroughfare crosses the southern portion of the city from the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djelladín) to the Tunis Gate (Bab el Tunis), a distance of less than half a mile.

The northern quarter of Kair-

wán is almost wholly taken up by the Great Mosque, which is only approached by narrow lanes. The exterior has been well described by Mr Rae, and can hardly be said to be particularly imposing. The south-east end of the Mosque measures 85 yards. A single porch in its centre is appropriated exclusively for the entrance of the Bash-Mufti. The sides of the building are 143 yards in length, and each possesses four entrance-porches, the finest of these facing the ramparts. Mr Rae thus describes it: "It has an outer horse-shoe arch, and an inner one which contains the door opening direct into the prayer-chamber. The exterior is a finely proportioned piece of Saracenic work: it has a row of arched panels along the upper portion of its sides, and the dome and interior of its arches are in plaster fretwork." Midway, on the same side, is the sacred well of *Kefâyat* (Plenty). It is fenced in by a low wall, its aperture is lined with different-coloured marbles, and tradition asserts that it communicates directly with the spring of Zemzem at Mecca. It has hardly ever failed to yield a plentiful supply of water. The north-west end is somewhat narrower than that facing the south-east. It measures only 75 yards across, and the Minár rises in its centre. The four porches on both sides of the building correspond, and they are divided by enormous buttresses of solid masonry. The interior of the Mosque may be divided into the prayer-chamber (40 yards in length by 85 in breadth), the vestibule adjoining it, and a great cloistered court. The roof of the prayer-chamber is loftier than that of the vestibule, and that of the vestibule higher than that of the court. The prayer-chamber is divided into a great central nave, with eight aisles on each side of it. These are formed by parallel rows of ten columns each, the two nearest to the eastern wall being close together. The pillars of the lesser aisles are of various-coloured marble, and are about fifteen feet in height. The capitals in many cases evidently do not belong to the columns on which they rest, but they are generally of white marble or stone. From the capitals spring semicircular arches supporting a flat ceiling of dark-coloured wood. In the south-west walls of the prayer-chamber, thirteen columns are imbedded in the masonry, three close together on one side of the porch, and one on the other. The latter evidently came from some Byzantine church, and its capital consists of a grotesque arrangement of birds and flowers. The columns of the central nave are at least twenty-two feet high. Their arches support a wall covered with tracery, and a lofty circular roof. The nave terminates in a dome lighted by small painted-glass windows. Two groups of four columns each mainly support the weight of the cupola. The *mihráb* niche in the east stands between two red porphyry pillars of great beauty, and is lined with delicate mosaic in marble and lapis-lazuli. On one side of it is a large square of white marble covered with emblems in mosaic, and surmounted by a slab of *verde antique;* on the other stands the ancient *mimbar* or pulpit of carved dark wood, some ten feet high, and having twelve steps, and a number of small receptacles with bronze hinges below them. The pillars of the nave are arranged in groups of two or three together, and one of these clusters is worn away by the faithful squeezing themselves between them to prove their "purity of soul." The total number of columns in the prayer-chamber is

296. The pavement consists of small slabs of white marble hopelessly broken. The vestibule is approached by seventeen elaborately carved and panelled wooden doors. When these are open, the dim religious light which generally pervades the seventeen aisles disappears. The great central door is surmounted by a horse-shoe arch, the head of which is filled up by fine arabesque fretwork. In the vestibule are 34 pillars, those in the centre being much higher than the rest. This part of the building opens on to the cloister beyond—a vast quadrangle paved with white marble, and almost entirely surrounded by a covered arcade, only broken by the Minár. This arcade contains 86 columns on either side, and 27 at the end. The total number of the pillars in the interior of the Great Mosque is therefore 439, not far short of the 500 spoken of by El Bekiri—a statement usually looked on as fabulous. In this court are several other Byzantine columns. On four of the pillars Arabic inscriptions are carved. One belongs to the fourth century of the Hegira, and its design is extremely curious.

Below the court are enormous cisterns, and in the centre an ancient sun-dial. The Minár is a massive square building of stone, consisting of three storeys, one smaller than the other, and each having a battlement of round-headed crenellations. In the interior is a white marble staircase, composed of fragments of Roman pavement and ornamentation. It has 129 steps, and is about 100 feet high. The view from the summit was one never to be forgotten. Immediately below were the cupolas, terraces, tortuous streets, and battlements of Kairwán. Farther on, its suburbs, with its border of *koubas* and tombs. To the west, the great camps of Generals Logerot and Forgemol, with their almost countless tents and vast convoys. Far away to the north, the mountains over which the French troops had marched on Kairwán: to the south, the hills over which the columns must now pass on their expedition towards Gabes and Gassa. Descending from the tower, I observed two Roman inscriptions at the side of the entrance. One was reversed, but apparently reads thus:—

HIC MAXIME IMPERA
TORIS CAESARIS N,S,
DIVI TRAJANIA.
DHEP: CAE: AEDEM.
FECERUNT.

A second was more easily decipherable:—

ANTONINI FILI·
AURELLIA ANTONINI
DIVI NERVAE AD
NEPOTIS
TET DEDICAVERUNT.

A few months ago, in executing some repairs outside the Mosque, a tablet was discovered and sent to Tunis. It is now in the possession of Mr Reade, her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General, and bears the following inscription:—

DEO PLUTONI SACR: PRO SALU
TE DDDD. NNNN. DEOCLETIA
NI ET MAXIMIANI ET COSTANTI ET
MAXIMIANI NOB·LISIMI CAESSSS CO
TEMPULUM PLUT·NIS LABSUM ET
DEDICATUM PER INSTANTIA FELICI
CAELI FORTUNATI ET . . . ONI . . . ARSVN
. . . IS . . . FD· JUB·L· ET FORTVNATVS
ALIQU . . .
TIS A·CARIUS· ET . . . IN·PO ET MAIEST
CURA.

During the days I spent at Kairwán, I visited nearly every public building in the place, as well as those *extra muros;* but only about six of these edifices merit particular description. Many of

the lesser tombs and *zaouias* are absolutely in ruins. There are 63 mosques and over 100 sanctuaries in and around the city, including the three *zaouias* or college-monasteries of the Kádria, Tijánia, and Aïssaouia sects. Close to the Great Mosque is the headquarters of the brotherhood of Sidi Abd el Kádir el Ghiláni. It consists of a lofty cupola, and the usual entrance-hall and cloister of marble columns and arches leading to a number of conventual cells. The great door is covered with copper. The principal apartment is lighted by stained-glass windows. The chief inhabitants of Kairwán all belong to this association, which, having its headquarters at Baghdad, exercises considerable influence throughout Islam. The Kádria have always opposed French aggression; the Emir Abd el Kádir himself was one of their most zealous sectaries; and it was in this *zaouia* that, after long and serious discussions, the hopelessness of a defence was fully realised, and the chiefs of the warlike tribes of the south, still true to the traditions of their faith, were entreated to depart to save the sacred monuments of Kairwán from inevitable destruction.

Leaving the Zaouia Kádria, a short walk brought us to a remarkable building in the centre of the town—the Djáma Bon Thetha Bibán (the Mosque of the Three Doors). The exterior of this edifice is thus accurately described by Mr Rae:—

"It has a plain façade, with a triple gateway, the arches of which are supported by marble columns. . . . Its chief feature is the rare old carved stonework, which gives it the air of the front of a fine old Crusaders' church. It runs above and about the arches, extending across the front in broad bands of successive text and ornament, in solid, deep, beautiful chiselling: first a line of running foliage two feet in depth; then a band of Kufic or early Arabic characters free and bold; then a row of alternate panels of carvings, each containing a single rose or a leaf pattern; then text and carvings alternately; and finally, the mouldings and corbels of the cornice."

The interior consists of one poor room, some thirty feet broad by twenty deep. Its roof is supported by sixteen columns, most of them having richly sculptured Corinthian capitals. The Creed of Islam, in raised bricks, runs around the stunted Minár; and this feature is very general in nearly all the mosques of Kairwán. Almost opposite the Djáma Bon Thetha Bon Bibán is a college hardly less important than that of the Kádria—the *zaouia* of Sidi Hussein el Aláni, the headquarters at Kairwán of the followers of Sidi Ahmíd el Tidjáni. The principal seat of this powerful confraternity is at Temássin, in the Sahara of Constantine; the Bey of Tunis is one of its affiliated members; and its teachings seem calculated, according to M. Duveyrier, to allow of an understanding, or at least a *modus vivendi*, between Christian rulers and Moslem subjects. At the gate we were received by the guardian of the *zaouia*—Sy Amor el Aláni—who explained that he had studied in the college of Tidjáni in Temássin, and had subsequently become the representative of the association at Kairwán. He said that he considered, on this account, his college entitled to very especial protection on the part of the French. The tomb of Sidi Hussein is approached through a cloister: the apartment containing the catafalque which covers his remains is surmounted by a lofty melon-shaped cupola. In the four walls there are twelve stained-glass windows, and there are sixteen

others in a circular band of arabesque fretwork, from which the dome springs. The floor is paved with marble. Just beyond this building is the college of Sidi Abdullah Ben Khút Hami. In the court, shaded by a wide-spreading fig-tree, are three fine Byzantine columns. The cupola over Sidi Abdullah's tomb and that of one of his relatives, has an inner lining of perforated carving in cement, which is singularly effective. Leaving this building, we regained the main thoroughfare just opposite the Tanners' Gate and Tunisian governor's house.

In a lane to the right is the finest specimen of Moorish architecture within the walls of the city—the sanctuary of the Almoravides, and the burying-place of the Mourabat family from the time of Sidi Abíd el Ghryáni in A.H. 805. The entrance-door is very striking. A broad horse-shoe arch, nearly forty feet high, rests on two marble pillars, each bearing a Kufic inscription; the interior of the arch is filled up by a doorway of pure white marble, and a window with a bronze grating. Between the two runs a broad band of different-coloured marbles; and the whole is framed, as it were, in a tasteful arrangement of black and white marble slabs. A vestibule leads to a finely proportioned court having two arcades one above the other; the centre is paved with black and white marble in geometrical patterns. A white marble basin in the centre catches the rain water, and attracts the birds. The columns are of marble, the arches above of stone. At either angle is a chamber: three of these contain tombs; that of Sidi el Abíd is enclosed by bronze grating, and the catafalque above it is covered by a pall of embroidered silk and velvet. Opposite the entrance is a small mosque (the family chapel of the Mourabats) having a door on either side of a niche, lined with arabesque tracery, flanked by porphyry pillars, and surmounted by the Moslem Confession of Faith boldly carved in relief in Kufic characters on a slab of the purest white marble. The interior of the mosque presents the usual features—a flat roof supported by sixteen Roman columns and arches, and a *mihráb* adorned with carving in hard stucco. A passage to the left of the doorway leads to a second arched cloister surrounded by conventual cells: many of its columns are fine specimens of Byzantine art. Beyond this is a small open burying-ground. The upper storey of the principal court also contains thirteen small rooms. On the day of my arrival this beautiful building was occupied by Colonel Moulin and his staff. About thirty of the smaller *zaouias* and mosques are now tenanted by French soldiers composing the garrison, as well as all the houses belonging to the Slass chieftains, who have gone to harass the French march towards the desert in the far south.

Returning to the Dar el Wazir, we passed along the great street. Nearly in the centre of the town is a covered grain-market, the roof of which rests on massive columns with large capitals. A little farther on there is a cluster of three mosques, built over shops and the bazaar. The Djáma el Melik, on the left, has a lofty minaret, with the usual band of Kufic inscription in brickwork on its exterior. The Mosque of the Bey, on the opposite side of the road, has a similar tower, and in its interior are galleries, after the manner of English churches at the commencement of this century. The Djáma el Barôta, almost adjoining it, has a spacious dome of green tiles. When we at last succeeded in obtaining an entrance to it, we found it had been converted

into a mill, and a camel was turning the stones by making frequent circuits round the centre of the cupola. A relay of camels was comfortably stabled in another apartment. On either side of the street is a row of small shops. The makers of yellow-leather shoes work below the Mosque of the Bey; the coppersmiths ply a busy and noisy trade between the Djáma el Melik and the Bab el Tunis; but the carpet-makers are never seen. They are the ladies of the old and historical families of the "intact Moslem city." Passing the *zaouia* of Sidi Abd el Selam, we soon reached the Bab el Tunis, opposite which is another small mosque, possessing no feature of interest.

The five gates of Kairwán are called respectively the Bab el Tunis (Tunis Gate), the Bab el Khaukh (Gate of Peaches, — not Greengages, as Mr Rae imagines), the Bab el Djelladín (Tanners' Gate), the Bab el Kishlah (Citadel Gate), and the Bab Jedíd (New Gate). The first three of these gates are almost precisely similar in form, possessing an outer and an inner doorway, with an intervening court. The Bab el Tunis is the most remarkable. The outer gate consists of two horse-shoe arches, resting on Roman columns. Within them is a doorway of white marble, the jambs consisting of slabs covered with exquisite inscriptions in relief, belonging either to the seventh or eighth century of the Hegira, and a tablet above recording the repair of the gate A.H. 1181. The Bab el Djelladín was rebuilt in the same year, and the Gate of Peaches in A.H. 1180. The most modern building in Kairwán is the Kishlah, or *Kasbah*, only completed in A.H. 1283. It is on the same level as the rest of the town, and is nothing more than a large square enclosure, having crenellated walls somewhat higher than the ramparts, and a series of vaulted rooms on each side to serve as barracks. Since the 26th October, the French flag has floated alone from its roof.

Emerging from the New Gate (either built or repaired in A.H. 1280), we entered the suburb of the Jebliyeh. Opposite the Bab Jedíd is a small mosque—the Djáma Zeitoun, evidently so called from a venerable olive-tree growing in its courtyard. This building is very ancient, and a band of ornamentation surrounding the Minár has been correctly copied by Mr Rae. The question as to the nature of this decoration has yet to be solved. The columns in the interior evidently belong to the earliest period of Roman buildings in Africa. A narrow lane leads through the Faubourg Jebliyeh to the conspicuous mosque of Sidi Amír Abádah, quite a modern, and certainly the most eccentric, building in Kairwán. Its founder, a celebrated dervish named Amír Bed Sád ben Muftea, was at the zenith of his power at the time of the Russian war in 1854, and he possessed a complete ascendancy over the mind of the reigning Bey of Tunis, Sidi Ahmed. The Bey had already defrayed the cost of the erection of six lofty, melon-shaped, fluted cupolas, opening one into the other, when the construction of a seventh was absolutely stopped by the death of the saint and his patron. The dwelling-house of Amír Abádah, adjoining the mosque, was built just twenty-nine years ago. Beyond this, in a ford, lie four enormous anchors, measuring some sixteen feet by nine. Whether they originally belonged to a European ship-of-war or a galley of Malta, nobody knows. The people of Kairwán believe, on the word of Sheikh Amír Abádah, that they once attached the ark of Noah to Mount

Ararat. Amír heard these anchors were at Porto Farina, near Tunis, and he ordered Ahmed Bey to send them to him forthwith. His request was complied with, and their transport across the sandy plain between Susa and Kairwán occupied some 500 Arabs during five months. During the siege of Sebastopol, Amír Abádah constructed two cannons with his own hands. He wrote to the Bey that the Prophet had appeared to him and announced that on their arrival before the beleaguered town the latter would at once surrender. They were expeditiously forwarded to Tunis, and, at the Bey's pressing request, the Sultan sent a ship to convey them to Constantinople, and thence to the Turkish camp before Sebastopol. By an extraordinary coincidence, within a few hours of their being landed the town capitulated. The fame of the last of the saints of Kairwán spread far and wide, and the building of the seven cupolas went on for a time rapidly enough. The Amír even asserted that his mosque was so holy that the faithful could only enter certain portions of it. Most of the domes have one or more broad bands of Arabic inscription, in raised brick, running round the interior. In the entrance-hall are several tables of wood, likewise covered with interminable Arabic inscriptions. The guardian of the sanctuary, Haj Mabruk bin Saleh Kírwáni (who is the husband of the great sheikh's only daughter), said they contained prophecies of the French occupation of the city. On inspection, however, they turned out to be an enumeration of French measures. The tomb of Amír Abádah is barely a yard long. At his head are three Russian cannon-balls, at his feet three large iron shells. Above the grave is a great carved and painted wooden case, supporting one of the famous inscribed tablets, at least twelve feet high, and a pipe of enormous dimensions, covered with writing, and having a bowl capable of containing many pounds of tobacco. Several stools around the tomb are curiously carved, and on racks against the walls are sixty enormous iron swords (weighing seventy or eighty pounds each), covered with mystical inscriptions. All these weapons were manufactured by order of Ahmed Bey at Sheikh Amír Abádah's request; and he assured that prince (the prophecy now discovered by his son-in-law notwithstanding), that as long as these swords remained in holy Kairwán, no Christian enemy could invade the Mecca of Tunis and Africa. From the Amír Abádah mosque a walk of half a mile brought us to the grandest and most important building in Kairwán—the tomb, *zaouia*, and mosque of Abdullah ben Wádib el Belawi, *Saheb Ennabi*,—"the shrine of my Lord, the Companion of the Prophet." The entrance to the interior of the sanctuary is through a doorway in the base of a *minár*, which is built in the angle of a spacious court. The exterior of the *minár* is almost entirely coated with blue and green tiles, and on either side of its upper portion there is a double round-headed window divided by a marble pilaster in the centre. Its roof is formed of bright green tiles, terminating in a gilded crescent. The lower storey of the tower forms the lobby or vestibule of the main building. Its interior is lined with the brilliant Tunisian *faïence* of the seventeenth century, surmounted by panels of arabesque fretwork. A second door opens from this apartment into an oblong cloister. The arcade running round it rests on white marble pillars and arches, and it covers a low marble seat on either side. The walls are decorated

in the same fashion as the lobby. At the upper end are two windows and a door of pure white marble, highly decorated, and of Italian origin. This leads into a second vestibule crowned with a fluted cupola, each division of which is adorned with lace-like fretwork. The sides are covered with *faïence* and panels of finely chiselled carving in cement. A door at one side communicates with a mosque and two other cloisters surrounded by conventual cells. In each of the four walls of the apartment is a small window filled with old stained glass; and the circular band of arabesque design from which the melon-shaped dome springs, is pierced with eight other apertures filled with coloured glass, which is nearly concealed by delicate tracery, throwing a thousand variegated reflections on the marble pavement beneath. Beyond this beautiful room is a broad court surrounded by an arcade of white marble pillars, and arches supporting a wooden roof beautifully painted in squares. In a corner of the court is a cell containing a tomb. Here lies Abdullah ben Sharíf el Hindowi, an Indian pilgrim, who sought an asylum and found a grave in Kairwán a century ago. At the farther end of the cloister is a doorway and two windows from Rome or Florence. Their cornices are profusely adorned with fruit and flowers, and the jambs of the door are picked out in red porphyry. A massive grating of bronze fills each window. The door itself is of carved dark wood. It led to the tomb of "my Lord the Companion," a more sacred spot, if possible, even than the *mihráb* of Okhbah himself; for here for nearly twelve hundred years has slumbered a personal friend of the founder of the faith of Islam, who lived, died, and was buried wearing always as a symbol of devotion a portion of the Prophet's beard on his breast. I was the first European who ever entered this Moslem *sanctum sanctorum.* The chamber is about twenty-one feet square, and lofty. Its walls are covered with a geometrical pattern worked out in black and white marble. Four lengthy inscriptions are imbedded in them, and the room is dimly lighted by four small windows of rose-coloured and blue glass. From the cupola of fretwork hangs a grand old chandelier of twisted Venetian glass. Below this is the tomb itself, surrounded by a high grating of bronze, shut in by four marble columns about seven feet high. From a rod, on a line with the grating, hung festoons of ostrich-eggs and golden balls. The catafalque above the grave is covered by two elaborately embroidered palls: the first of black and white velvet, adorned with Arabic inscriptions in silver, was the gift of the late Ahmed Bey; the second, of pink and blue brocade, was a votive offering from Muhammed Essadek. Over these hung thirteen banners, rich in gold, silver, and needlework —the tribute of the successors of Hassan Ben Ali to the sanctuary of the Sidi Bon Awíb. Our visit was certainly unexpected, for at least a dozen fine Arabic MSS. rested on as many lecterns of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell in front of the screen. The guardian of the *zaoui* could hardly realise the fact of Christians desecrating by their presence such holy ground. Running his amber chaplet through his hands with feverish haste, he suddenly threw himself upon his face, and probably prayed to be forgiven. Some Algerian soldiers who had followed us, prostrated themselves before the tomb, and eagerly kissed the edge of the palls through the metal lattice-work. Looking at the bright white marble pillars of the cloister, my eye fell on one remark-

able capital: at either corner a bird supported a Greek cross in the centre. The spoils of some fair Byzantine church had evidently been brought to honour the resting-place of the "Friend of the Prophet."

Leaving this beautiful building with regret, a short walk brought us to the necropolis of the Holy City—two square miles of countless graves. Scattered about in all directions were memorials of every shape and form: pillars of marble covered with elaborate tracery, and crowned with a wide-spreading turban; white and grey slabs bearing long and ornate inscriptions in Kufic; and monuments of every century since Kairwán was founded, —lay piled one upon another in the confusion of decay. From these unequalled memorials of the past the history of Arab dominion in North Africa will probably be re-written.

Skirting the city walls and traversing the suburb of the Kubliyeh, passing *en route* a mosque with a *minár* almost as much out of the perpendicular as the Tower of Pisa, we come to a great *zaouia* near the Bab el Djelladín. Almost one-half of the inhabitants of Kairwán are members of the Confraternity of the Aïssaouia. The Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa is their sanctuary, and scene of their mystic rites. Passing into a courtyard, we were welcomed by the local chief of the sect, Sy Hamuda Ben Aïssa, who led the way to the main building. The college of Sidi Bon Aïssa consists of a cupola some thirty feet high, flanked by two aisles containing six arches each, all of which rest on an irregular arrangement of fine old Roman shafts and capitals: both the dome and the arcade on either side of it were festooned with ostrich-eggs, gilt balls, and small lamps; and on the walls were suspended the tambourines, earthenware drums, swords, metal prongs, and banners, which constitute the stock-in-trade of the establishment. Nobody acquainted with the rites and practices of the Aïssaouia could even believe that the slender, olive-complexioned, gentle-mannered, and courteous Sy Hamuda was the head and moving spirit of such a brotherhood as this. The Aïssaouia form one of those semi-religious orders which, as I have stated before, render modern Islamism, as far as the North African littoral is concerned, a sort of freemasonry. The followers of other associations are to be found in all parts of the Moslem world; but the Aïssaouia belong exclusively to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Their founder was Muhammed Ben Aïssa of Mequinez, in Marocco. Next to their headquarters at Mequinez itself, Kairwán is the most important seat of their power. As far as can be ascertained, the Aïssaouia have no decided political sympathies. Visitors in Algeria are often admitted to their rites, and they have in some places become almost as much a matter of show as dancing-girls and Arab concerts. Not so at Kairwán. Here till the 7th November no Christian foot had ever passed the threshold of the Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa. Here its ceremonies and observances are carried out on a very imposing scale, and from Kairwán the minor congregations of southern and northern Tunis receive their instructions and commands. The guiding principle of the Aïssaouia seems to be the greatest possible measure of self-inflicted bodily torture, coupled with the greatest conceivable amount of religious frenzy. Practical Aïssaouia only exist in North Africa; theoretical Aïssaouia are to be found in all countries During my visit I asked Sy Hamuda if he

had any objection to Europeans witnessing one of his meetings. He replied that he would welcome them with pleasure, and even organise a special assembly for their reception. In accordance with his invitation, we repaired on the following evening once more to the sanctuary of Sidi Bon Aïssa. The hall had been evidently decked and garnished; the lamps burned brightly in the cupola amidst the golden balls and ostrich-eggs; the sheikh was clothed in a rich silk robe of office and an awe-inspiring green turban, and a row of rush-seated cane-chairs was waiting to receive the expected visitors. In ten minutes six or seven hundred Arabs filled every inch of available space. The Sheikh Hamuda took his seat in the centre surrounded by the musicians, and an old blind Aïssaouia, guided by a little girl, came in gently from a side door and sat down beside him. The Aïssaouia themselves occupied the whole space covered by the cupola. The aisles contained the Moslem spectators of the first religious rite ever witnessed by Christian eyes in the holy city of Kairwán. Amongst the Aïssaouia I noticed grey-bearded and decrepit old men, many sedate-looking shopkeepers I had previously seen in the bazaars, half a score of the Bey's soldiers, and a dozen children under twelve years of age. The sheikh struck a note on a drum; the musicians began to play a peculiar and monotonous tone, gradually increasing in intensity. After a pause several of the Aïssaouia rose, and swaying backwards and forwards shoulder to shoulder, shrieked a chorus to the sound of the drums. The music quickened, and so did the chorus. Then one of the most wild-looking of the singers began to throw off his clothes, and passed down the line to urge the others to shout with renewed energy. Then one of the Tunisian soldiers (he wore the Bey's brass badge on his red cap) seized a sword and began to lacerate his stomach. The blood flowed freely, and he imitated all the time the cries and movements of the camel. We soon had a wolf, a bear, a hyena, a jackal, a leopard, and a lion. One man knelt down before the sheikh, and holding two long prongs to his sides, insisted on their being driven into his flesh with blows of a mallet: this was done. A mere lad did the same thing. A burly Arab passed an iron skewer through the upper part of his nose and transfixed the skin of his face below the eyes. He rushed apparently towards us. Two or three powerful men knocked him down, and held him till the sheikh laid his hands on him and whispered some mysterious formula in his ear. Another man in quick succession swallowed more than twenty large iron nails, there being no mistake whatever as to his really doing so. A large bottle was broken up and eagerly devoured. The frenzy then became general. While one Aïssaouia plunged a knife through his cheek, another transfixed his shoulder-blades with a prong, and a third pierced his hand. A brazier of cinders was speedily emptied. Twenty different tortures were now going on in twenty different parts of the hall. Three large bushes of the thorny Indian fig or prickly-pear were eaten up in almost as many minutes; and at last, before we had time to prevent it, a living sheep was thrown into the midst of the maddened Aïssaouia: it was in a trice torn into shreds by eager hands, and still more eager mouths, and its still quivering and bleeding flesh knawed to the bones with apparent relish. We left the college of

Sidi Aïssa as quickly as we could, and the orgies waxed more furious and more horrible in our absence. I believe that the disciples of Sidi Aïssa at Kairwàn number nearly one thousand, but only about fifty are fully initiated into the performance of the rites—and these all assume the distinctive cries and habits of some animal. The rest are merely honorary members, but are bound to support the common brotherhood.

The Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa is the last of the public buildings of Kairwán which needs description. The institution it represents is certainly not one of the least curious features of the conquered city. The inhabitants themselves seem almost stupefied by the fate which has overtaken them. Many of them asked me what England said of their misfortunes. "Tell us," they said, "what your Queen will say to our brothers in India when they know that the sanctity of our mosques and our holy places has been violated." It was useless to explain that our Ministers had been deceived. The Moslems of Kairwán, even in their hour of agony, still trust to God, the Sultan, *and* England. There is one word in every one's mouth—Tripoli. One of the chief men of the place spoke thus: "Between our Bey and the French we have little to chose. Muhammed Essadek's recent conduct has rendered him an unbeliever, and one unbeliever is as bad as another; but we never forget our allegiance to the Sultan and Khaliph: if he does his duty by us, we shall be faithful to him." The action of the Sultan is watched with far more anxiety in North Africa than people in Constantinople either know or suspect. The Arabs feel that their very existence is now in peril. If the Sultan declines to protect that faith of which he is the head, the Moslems will find a chief and Khaliph who will.

The Arabs who a month ago surrounded Kairwán, are now on the very frontiers of Tripoli. Into that country they will ultimately retreat. Will the Sultan's troops force back at the point of the bayonet from the Regency of Tripoli their co-religionists, whose only crime has been to defend from invasion the Regency of Tunis? Will the French follow their swift-footed foes across the boundary-line? Will Mr Gladstone ask England to believe in sober seriousness that the Tripolitans have afforded good ground for French aggression, after the manner of his assurances about the Hamírs six months ago? Will the so-called European concert allow the absorption of Tripoli as well as Tunis into the colony of Algeria? These important questions will soon have to be answered. The Moslems of Africa await with impatience the verdict of Europe. The fall and occupation of Kairwán have raised a momentous issue between the two great rival creeds. History repeats itself; the town which produced such great results eleven centuries ago, may be destined indirectly to affect once more the fate of nations. The interest excited by this Old World city in the minds of the annalist and the archæologist is undoubtedly great, for within its walls a mine of unexplored wealth awaits them both; but, for the moment, this interest is completely eclipsed by that centred in the very grave political questions which must naturally arise from the presence of a hostile Christian force in what was once "the camp and ramparts of Islam."

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW:

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM THE BEL ALP.

SWISS travel in these last days has undergone an entire revolution. There used to be the two classes—the Alpine Club men who scrambled up the peaks, the Cockney tourist who perspired upon the plains. But the establishment of comfortable houses at great heights has enabled many of us who do not care to break our necks on the Weisshorn or the Finsteraarhorn, to enjoy the bracing air and the wide horizons of the High Alps under conditions that leave little to be desired. Here and at the Aegischhorn we are more than seven thousand feet above the sea. Over the way, at the Riffel Haus, they are nearly nine.

A great philosopher who lives overhead said to me the other day: "Bring a box of new books with you—the light and the solid judiciously mixed;—your friends must give you an occasional account of what is going on in the under-world, where the races of men make haste to destruction, and the 'St James's Gazette' will supply a caustic commentary;—but above all, it is necessary that you should have a definite piece of work—proofs to correct, a book to write, a picture to paint—something that will occupy you when the mists are driving up the valley, or the sleet lashing the window-panes. If under these conditions you do not find life on the High Alps a constant excitement and perfect happiness, the fault must be in yourself."

Well, Mr Editor, our summer and autumn holiday is more than answering our expectations. The people one meets at the Bel Alp and the Aegischhorn are charming, and even the noisy braggarts at the Riffel may be judiciously avoided. The Cook variety of the English nation is practically unknown; it keeps mainly to the valleys and the beaten tracks over the mountains. We have passed swiftly across the vast snow-fields that lead to the Cima de Jazi. From its cornice of ice we have looked down upon the plains of Lombardy, and seen the far-off peaks of the Tyrol rise out of the warm haze of Italy. We have threaded the mazes of the Monte Rosa glaciers. We have explored, under the wing of its tutelary genius, the seracs and crevasses of the Aletsch. We have gathered the *edelweiss* along the precipices of the Riffelhorn and under the shadow of the Trift. We have discoursed of Alpine geology with the president of the Alpine Club. We have discoursed of the Alpine flora with the author of the 'Alpine Guide.' And now, our books round us and our work at hand, we are lying in a shady nook of the Bel Alp, where the snow lingered long and the spring flowers are even yet in bloom, with the water of the little tarn sparkling in the breeze at our feet, and the splendid peaks of the Mischabelhörner looking down at us out of a thunder-cloud.

There can be no doubt that at this elevation the mental as well as the physical horizon is widened. We are above the pressure of the crowd, and can see the bulky figures of the age—our Gladstones, Ruskins, Arnolds—in their true proportions. We form a sort of contemporary posterity. It is wonderful how the last great debate fails to excite, how the raciest po-

litical or social scandal ceases to amuse. We become remote, indifferent, serenely unambitious, largely incurious.

"For we lie beside our nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below us in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round our golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world."

Not that Klingele's Hotel can by any stretch of the imagination be converted into a "golden house;" only, in decent weather it is fairly comfortable, and the sorriest *vin ordinaire* becomes "nectar" after a tramp across the snow and the ice to the meeting-place of the mighty glaciers that sweep round the Aletschhorn and the Nesthorn.

Our letters this morning are not particularly interesting, but there is a touch of the supernatural in the story a Border friend sends us, which is none the less weird because the philosophers may be able somehow to explain it away on what they are pleased to call its "subjective" side. The wife of a Gala shepherd, during a wild winter evening of a year or two back, waiting up for her husband, who was returning from the "toun," so distinctly heard him call her by name—"Jeanie, lass! Jeanie, lass!" —that she opened the door and looked out into the darkness. It afterwards appeared that at that very hour, miles away, he had missed his footing and stumbled into the swollen stream, which had swept him down, and from which next morning his body was recovered. A striking story! and, in spite of the philosophers, I am still inclined to ask, as the Poet-Laureate asks,—

"Star to star vibrates light. May soul to soul
Strike through a finer element of her own?"

So it is time to turn to our books. Our little Alpine library is mainly historical this year; for it is a chapter of history on which we are engaged—of which more anon; but there are others of a slighter and lighter build. John Nichol of Glasgow—our Scottish Clough—has sent me a really remarkable volume of poems; and the 'Roman Poets' of Professor Sellar of Edinburgh is a book of charming criticism and strenuous scholarship, which, having weathered in its first edition the sunshine and storms of twenty years, is now found in its second to be even more suggestive and trustworthy than of old.* Mr Nichol is the first of our poets who has translated the experiences of a member of the Alpine Club into the language of poetry. His pictures of the passage of the Strahleck,—the great peaks rising out of the mist-wreaths,—

"The Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger cleave the surge,
Gleaming, like ghosts of worlds, that interchange
Oracles mightier than Dodona's wood,
Dim revelations of the youth of years;"

the closing-in of the night upon the snow-fields, and the bivouac with famous guides upon the narrow ledge,—

"Aylmer, Imboden, Böhren heap the fire;
Perched on the icy ledge, we vigil keep,
Crossed by weird bars of dream: while steel-cold stars
Shine over silver seas of solitude
All voiceless, save for under-glacier song;"

the dreary morning scramble,—

* The Death of Themistocles; and other Poems. By John Nichol, Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: 1881.

The Roman Poets of the Republic. By W. Y. Sellar. Second edition. Oxford: 1881.

"Scarce shivering into life, with stricken limbs,
Through miles of desolation, on we crawled,
Till the faint maiden blush of morning struck
The Finster-Aar-Horn, and a rose-leaf shower
Flooded the abysmal rocks, by lightning riven;"

to the final triumph,—

"Till on the summit of the sun-drenched crag
We stood, as Youth on his first victory,
And, stung by air and light ethereal, sang
A fearless challenge to the cliffs of fear;"

are instinct with the true spirit of the Alps. There is sure to be something in every book-box with Mr Arnold's name on the title-page—good, bad, or indifferent. I am sorry to think that the second and third classes are every year becoming more numerous. Mr Matthew Arnold is trifling with his public. I used to think that his best work was to be found in his early critical essays; but somehow up here, and as year after year passes away, one begins to feel that his poetry will outlive his prose. There is not much of our recent poetry that will last: the wilfulness of Browning, the diffuseness of Morris, the over-compactness of Rossetti, are inimical to immortality; but in Mr Arnold's verses—close-grained, strenuous, limpid, clean-cut as Roman cameos—there is something perennial, "a bright seed of everlastingness;" and "Obermann," and "The Scholar Gipsy," and "Dover Beach," and "Rugby Chapel," will be known to our grandchildren, and to theirs.

But these selected volumes from Wordsworth and Byron, which have quite recently appeared, are unworthy of Mr Arnold,—however loudly he may blow his trumpet to announce the birth of his bantlings.* One would fancy, from the pompous strain of his preface, that it had never previously entered into the heart of man to make a selection from Wordsworth. "To be recognised far and wide as a great poet, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him; and until this relief is administered"—the phrase is painfully suggestive—"he will be valued far below his real worth by the world." But the work of "relieving Wordsworth of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him," had in point of fact been done years before, and done better. There is hardly a reader of the great Lake poet (with the exception of Mr Arnold) who does not know the admirable volume—'Selections from the Works of William Wordsworth'—made by Mr Francis Palgrave, and published in 1864 by Mr Moxon. It is a delightful little book; print, paper, portrait, preface, are in the best taste, and there is not a weak or trivial verse from first to last. I find, on comparing the two, that Mr Arnold adopts *en masse* 78 of the pieces selected by Mr Palgrave,—substituting 86 of his own for the 44 which he omits. Among those omitted are some of the loveliest of the Sonnets—"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind," "Brook whose society the poet seeks," "O mountain stream, the shepherd and his cot;" nor would any uninstructed reader learn from Mr Arnold that such characteristic lines (all of them quoted by Mr Palgrave) as—

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own;"

* Poems of Wordsworth. Poetry of Byron. Selected and arranged by Matthew Arnold. London: 1881.

or—

"And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love;"

or—

"The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart;"

or—

"Lady of the Mere
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance,"

—were written by Wordsworth. Whereas among the 86 which belong exclusively to Mr Arnold, there are not more than half-a-dozen at the outside which any Wordsworthian would care to retain. And this is the new revelation of Rydal—the original and daring enterprise which is to keep the poet's memory green! Is not one tempted to say with the much-afflicted Job,—"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you"?

Yet the Byron is infinitely worse. There is not much positive harm done to Wordsworth; but the noble poet is cruelly mangled. Poor Byron's sins were many; but the punishment is surely excessive. The satiric vein of the greatest satiric poet of the century—one of the greatest satiric poets of any century—the man who wrote the splendid invective of the "Don Juan" Dedication, and of the "Vision of Judgment"—is supposed to be sufficiently represented by the trumpery and ephemeral Odes to John Murray and Dr Polidori; by the verses which begin, "Oh talk not to me of a name great in story;" and by similar trifles where what we hold to be satire is conspicuous by its absence. The preface is quite as disappointing. Mr Arnold's mannerism grows upon him. He lays hold of a sentence from Goethe or Renan, and rings the changes upon it as a Scotch preacher rings the changes upon his text. He selects the finest line of Milton that he knows, and the feeblest line of Byron, and proves that Milton was a greater poet than Byron. The process, of course, is capable of being reversed; for any number of awkward, uncouth, and contorted lines are to be found in "Paradise Regained." But the whole system is vicious, and unworthy of a first-rate critic—as Mr Arnold is when he chooses.

Ruskin is an even greater magician than Arnold; but his genius, like Browning's, is running to seed. What are we to think of the ornithologist who, undertaking to enlighten us on the nature and habits of English birds, is fain to confess in his treatise on the dabchicks,—"I am sixty-two, and have passed as much time out of those years by torrent-sides as most people; but I have never seen a water-ousel alive"? Why, there is not a Scotch burn between Tweedside and the Coolins that is not haunted by the ousel. (Year after year I have found its nest just outside a great city, hidden cunningly away in mossy corners under a sparkling waterfall; so that those who seek it are drenched with drifting spray: but the birds themselves are more or less visible all the year; for the ousel, though a shy, is not a timid bird, and being constantly on the move, the breast-patch of vivid white makes him conspicuous.) Mr Ruskin must be dreaming; but what are we to think of the capacity of the ornithological teacher who makes such a confession? The truth is, that a born naturalist must be a bit of a sportsman; no fireside naturalist could have written "The Muckle Hart of Ben More," and the many incisive sketches of the manners and customs of "our poor relations" which are to be found in Mr St John's

works; whereas the Oxford graduate has all his life inveighed against field-sports, as other moralists inveigh against drinking and stealing. I hesitate to compute how many pretty little books in purple-paper covers, with strange titles, Mr Ruskin is publishing at this moment: here are "Love's Meinie" (the bird book), and "Proserpina" (the botany book), and "The Laws of Fésole" (the drawing-book), and "Our Fathers have told us" (the Guide to Amiens), and "St Mark's Rest" (the Guide to Venice); but with rare exceptions they are only good to show what fantastic tricks a great genius may play when it is permitted or encouraged to ripen into chronic wilfulness. Still, on the moral side, let it be said frankly, Mr Ruskin is always strong; and, than the closing words of the Amiens chapters, I know nothing finer in 'Modern Painters':—

"In the exact proportion in which men are educated to love, to think, and to endure, they become noble,—live happily—die calmly; are remembered with perpetual honour by their race, and for the perpetual good of it. All wise men know and have known these things, since the form of man was separated from the dust. The knowledge and enforcement of them have nothing to do with religion; a good and wise man differs from a bad and idiotic one, simply as a good dog from a cur, and as any manner of dog from a wolf or a weasel. And if you are to believe in, or preach without half believing in, a spiritual world or law—only in the hope that whatever you do, or anybody else does, that is foolish or beastly, may be in them and by them mended, and patched, and pardoned, and worked up again as good as new,—the less you believe in—and, most solemnly, the less you talk about—a spiritual world, the better.

"But if, loving well the creatures that are like yourself, you feel that you would love still more dearly, creatures better than yourself—were they revealed to you; if, striving with all your might to mend what is evil near you and around, you would fain look for a day when some Judge of all the earth shall wholly do right, and the little hills rejoice on every side; if, parting with the companions that have given you all the best joy you had on earth, you desire ever to meet their eyes again and clasp their hands—where eyes shall no more be dim, nor hands fail; if, preparing yourself to lie down beneath the grass in silence and loneliness, seeing no more beauty, and feeling no more gladness—you would care for the promise to you of a time when you should see God's light again, and know the things you have longed to know, and walk in the peace of everlasting Love,—*then*, the Hope of these things to you is Religion, the Substance of them in your life is Faith. And in the Power of them, it is promised us, that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

By the way, speaking of Ruskin, I sometimes wonder vaguely if the clamour against "Papa Carlyle" (as he calls the prophet somewhere) has at all subsided since I left England in spring? I do not know which I like least—the bray of the British donkey, or the yelp of the British cur; but when they unite, the din is deafening. It seems to me, looking down at you critically from these Alpine heights, that any sobriety of judgment is ceasing to exist among you. The penny-a-liner has become a power in the land; and with the penny-a-liner everything of course is sacrificed to sensation. Unless you have your daily dish of melodramatic incident and adventure you feel hipped and bored,—the hunger for excitement growing with what it feeds on. The unreal, sophistical, rhetorical claptrap by which you are governed at present could be possible only among a people who have lost any close appreciation of fact, and who do not effectively recognise that

there is a radical distinction between truth and falsehood. Yet I am far from saying that, even in an age when agitation has been reduced to a science, the old Scotch proverb—"There's aye water whar the stirkie drowns"—should be entirely discarded. I don't much believe in prophets myself—whatever jargon they may use; and the Carlyle jargon has seemed to me for a long time now to be getting flat, stale, and unprofitable. Carlyle, moreover, was that particularly unpleasant kind of mortal—"a peasant of genius;" and then these primitive products of the soil have commonly a host of relations who are not peasants of—genius. But there can be little doubt (whatever mismanagement there may have been) that the outcry against the "Reminiscences" has been mainly accentuated by a political faction. Carlyle has been for long the *bête noir* of the literary Radical; this old rugged Annandale seer and prophet, with his rude scorn and flinty common-sense, did not believe in the brand-new "religion of humanity." Our democrats had thus an old score to wipe out. Here was a man of quite pre-eminent force and capability who had scouted democracy and abjured its idols—nay, who had reviled the Demos itself, and had even, so to speak, spat in its face. The nice susceptibilities of the literary Radical are easily wounded. A writer who can speak of the teeming millions who never weary of listening to Mr Gladstone as "twenty-five millions of Englishmen—more or less—mostly fools," is beyond the pale—the narrow pale—of Radical courtesy; and it is no wonder that one of Mr John Morley's young men, coming without warning upon such appalling sentences as these—"Let them trample it under foot and *hoof* as they see best;" "If they would give me £10,000 a-year and *bray* unanimously their hosannas heaven high"—should have been fairly overcome. "The quite unseemly word *hoof*," Mr Cotter Morrison remarks in a recent number of a Radical monthly, "which I have underlined, is not the only one of its kind in these Reminiscences, and every one must admit that it is offensive in the extreme," &c. &c. And then a little later we are gravely informed (only the gravity is so comical) that the use of the word *bray* by a man of Mr Carlyle's eminence is "painful and regrettable indeed." To us who hold that the religion of humanity is an abject superstition, and that the teeming millions are no better, but as a rule far more foolish, than the prosaic tens and hundreds of educated gentlemen, true Thomas's healthy contempt for the divinity which hedges the people (having latterly ceased to hedge either the king or the law), is distinctly refreshing; and we can pardon a good deal to the surly old Scotchman who had lived into the mellifluous Gladstonian era without losing his vigorous if rather acrid individuality, and whose native antipathy to religious shams and political impostors was keen and lively to the last.

I don't mean of course to maintain that the crabbed old prophet was not, even in political matters, perversely wrong at times. The whole of that unspeakable Freidrich Wilhelm business can only be adequately dealt with as my friend Smelfungus has dealt with it in his memorable "Word on Sauerteig." Carlyle's passage through "the valley of the shadow of Frederick" was, to be sure, utterly wearisome; and to the man sorely afflicted by "those printed blotches of human stupor edited by the Nightmares" for which the German Dryasdust

is responsible (Dryasdust manifesting, moreover, "a composed stupidity and cheerful infinitude of ignorance," and not giving "even an Index") much may be forgiven. Yet, after every allowance is made, it must be confessed that the kingdom of Prussia is a very questionable idol. Something more than "Drill" (with a big D) is needed to form a people. The history of modern Europe as it presented itself to Mr Carlyle's mind was the history of the War of Cosmos against Chaos, of unity against anarchy, of divine order against the disorder of the devil. But Freidrich Wilhelm's Potsdam Guards are surely not the highest products of the Conquest? Heine wittily described Frederick the Great as "the Frederick who *invented* the Prussian monarchy." The phrase, when applied to the functions of the Hohenzollerns, was peculiarly felicitous. The kingdom of Prussia is not a kingdom prescribed and defined by nature. On the contrary, it is scattered in a miscellaneous way over the map of Europe. The people are not homogeneous, nor originally united by any common ties, social or historic. Thus the fragmentary kingdom of Frederick represents not a race, but a family. It represents the thrift, the sagacity, the prudence, the acquisitiveness of the Hohenzollerns; the obstinate masterfulness of a close-fisted house, which never relinquished what it had once grasped. It is not wonderful that the historian of this monarchy should be more disposed to attribute national progress to the controlling influence of the governing intellect than to the silent and potent activities of the people. But because the Prussian monarchy is, in the meantime, a fairly successful "invention," it is foolish to calumniate the societies which have been more simply and spontaneously evolved, and which, resting on social affinities and historic associations, derive their strength, permanence, and solidity from the native laws of national life. The one-sidedness of Carlyle was no doubt the necessary recoil from the one-sidedness of democracy: still, in political philosophy as in everything else, the true canon is that enunciated by the apostle —"Let your *moderation* be known unto all men."

Frederick is dead, and so is Mr Carlyle; and the new scientific school of history, which haunts the academic groves where "Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs," is in possession of the field. The cardinal canon of this school appears to be that History should be *dry*. Any writer who can make it readable, who can breathe a soul into the Past, and bring it before us in its habit as it lived, is sure to be denounced in the most truculent language. He is no better than one of the wicked. On the other hand, they are quite pleased with themselves. The Scotsman's prayer,—"May the Lord gie us a gude conceit o' oorsels,"—has, in so far as they are concerned, been abundantly answered.

The modern historical school belongs mainly to the Liberal party, and so it comes about that, *inter alia*, they malign Pitt and magnify Fox. Mr George Otto Trevelyan is far more vivacious than most of his friends, but I cannot compliment him on his vindication of the great Whig orator. The nephew reminds one too constantly of the uncle. "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." There is the same labour, but it is not so discreetly disguised. There is the same metallic brilliancy, the same rhetorical unsoundness, the same ponderous picturesqueness; but somehow they weary us sooner. I must not repeat what a deft and brilliant critic (was it the General?) said so well the other day in your

pages; and were it not, indeed, the manifesto of a party, this political *Apologia* would not be worth powder and shot. Mr Trevelyan is forced to admit that all the earlier part of Fox's public career was a failure and a scandal; but then he says that during his later life, when he had passed over into the Whig camp, his youthful errors were nobly atoned for and amply redeemed. "To be in the wrong and side with the strong was the easy and agreeable apprenticeship of one whose highest title to honour is, that from the first year of his discretion to the last of his life he was almost always in the right, and hardly ever in a majority. But so long as he was false to his future, fortune was true to him." This, with certain practical applications, is the "note" of the new school,—the "note" of Bright, of Chamberlain, of the young Radical lords who spout Jowett and Communism at Dundee. The "blind, bloody, brutal" *régime* of Pitt was revived by Lord Beaconsfield—that is the burden of their complaint; whereas Mr Gladstone is an inspired version of Charles James Fox, and the lineal representative of the great democratic tradition.

It appears to me, on the contrary, that from 1782 to the close of the century—that brighter and better period of Fox's public career on which these emphatic eulogiums are built—Pitt was right throughout, and Fox was wrong. Mr Trevelyan's theory of a sharp line of demarcation between the earlier and the later life is contradicted by universal experience. None of us are permitted to disown our past; for good or for evil it remains a part of ourselves: what a man sows, that also must he reap.

The junction with Lord North, the conflict of 1784, the question of the Regency, the French Revolution and the French war, were the principal events which occurred between 1782 and the close of the century. What was Fox's conduct in relation to these events? Was it consistent with the constitutional principles which he advocated, or with his position as the leader of the Whig party—the party calling itself the popular? The junction with an ultra-Tory like Lord North was censured by his personal friends as "an unnatural alliance," and he himself admitted that it was "a measure which only success could justify." In 1784 the conflict was one substantially between the Parliament and the people. The right to an ultimate verdict vested in the people was surely a doctrine which no Whig should have controverted. But this right Fox passionately denied. Again, in 1788, on the question of the Regency, he maintained that the Prince of Wales was invested with an inherent authority which did not require the sanction or recognition of either House of Parliament. Was the patrimonial title which he claimed for the Prince a claim which a sound Whig, nourished on the traditions of the Revolution settlement, would have voluntarily recognised? Finally, his conduct in regard to the French Revolution and the French war was characterised by a reckless disregard of the responsibilities that office imposes on a leader. I do not mean to question his sincerity—in so far as sincerity is possible to a man without any deeply grounded root of principle. There is abundant evidence to the contrary in the letters which have been published by Earl Russell and others. But was it cautious or far-seeing in a party leader? He must have known that the Revolution was an event hostile to the sentiments of the great body of the nation, and repugnant to the opinions of the most important members of his own party. There was no neces-

sity, to say the least, why he should have assumed the uncompromising position which he thought fit to maintain, or voluntarily allied himself with those who were regarded with suspicion and loathing by the most powerful classes of English society. This was an enormous blunder; it decimated the ranks of the Opposition, and made a Whig Government impossible for fifty years. But he clung to it with fatal obstinacy almost to the end, for at the very end he was forced by the inexorable logic of facts to admit that resistance to the national will was no longer possible.

Yet though the charges against Fox's capacity as a party leader can be conclusively established, it may possibly be urged that in a wider sense he was wiser than his contemporaries. The war against Napoleon may have been as foolish as it was unfortunate, — may have been at once a blunder and a crime.

The opinion of one of those "blind and brutal" Tories who believe that Pitt was the champion of rational freedom and the rights of nations against a perfidious and implacable enemy, cannot of course have much weight; but fortunately there are other witnesses who are above suspicion. Only the other day there was published in France what is undoubtedly the great French history of the century—the "Napoleon" of M. Lanfrey. Lanfrey was not a Tory: he was not a monarchist; he was a republican, and not only a republican, but a Radical republican. He belonged to the extreme "left," —to what would have been called "the mountain" during the Revolution. And what does this Liberal of the Liberals say? on which side does he range himself? He candidly confesses that Fox was completely wrong. The English orator had entirely misunderstood the character and genius of Napoleon,—who was as tricky and mean a despot as ever lived, as is now abundantly clear from the neutral letters and memoirs of all sorts that have recently seen the light, — notably Madame de Remusat's. Pitt, on the other hand, had correctly appraised the true quality of his adversary, and knew, like the Carthaginian, that it was an "inexpiable war." The closing sentences which M. Lanfrey devotes to the policy of the great Tory Minister are extremely impressive:—

"Meanwhile a great event occurred, which had for some time been foreseen. William Pitt, the most formidable and the most persevering of Napoleon's enemies, died on the 23d of January 1806, worn out by consuming conflicts between power and liberty, and overwhelmed by the victory of Austerlitz. Fox, his great rival in eloquence, if not in political genius, had just been called to the Ministry. Napoleon immediately saw all the advantage he could draw from a misfortune which would complete the ruin of his enemies on the Continent, and from the elevation of a man, whose open and generous character allowed of too many inconsistencies and illusions to inspire fear in an adversary capable of resisting him. Fox did not live long enough either to justify, or entirely disappoint, the in reality not very flattering hopes which were centred on him. It is evident, however, that he was not equal to the task which Pitt had bequeathed to him. His premature death at the very commencement of his administration, added to the admiration felt for his character, gave rise to very exaggerated regrets, from those who maintained that Napoleon's ambition was not incompatible with the peace of Europe. Bonaparte himself endeavoured to gain credit for this erroneous opinion. 'Fox's death,' he often said, 'was one of the fatalities of my career! . . . If he had lived, the people's cause would have gained him, and we should have created a new order in Europe.' The proof, however, that this opinion is very questionable, is that, in the first place, Fox, after all the philanthropic effusions by which he began, was lat-

terly forced to adopt, purely and simply, Pitt's policy; and secondly, that the first effect produced upon Napoleon by Fox's elevation to the Ministry, was to render him much more exacting towards the Continental Powers. He had had some personal intercourse with Fox at the time of the treaty of Amiens, and had endeavoured to flatter this benevolent optimist, whose character was ill fitted to penetrate the calculations of so sinister a policy. He had regarded him as an adversary who would be easily duped, and who would give him far less trouble than the great Minister, whom he had everywhere met on his path, denouncing his projects as soon as they were formed, and opposing them with an indomitable resolution. What unhoped-for good luck was this substitution of the good and generous Fox for the haughty man, whose penetrating eye and cold contempt had so many times disconcerted imperial charlatanry!"*

What does Mr Bright say to this, I wonder? I forget myself, to be sure, in appealing to Mr Bright,—a History of England that starts with the repeal of the Corn-laws, cannot deal, of course, with what may be called the prehistoric era in the Radical calendar.

The war was indeed protracted and disastrous: before it was finished Fox and Pitt were in their graves, and a new generation had arisen. But to attribute these disasters, as Lord Macaulay attributes them, to the incapacity of the Minister, is surely most unjust. The fate of battles was against him; the genius of Napoleon was against him: but he did his part with a lavish hand and a stout heart. He did not starve the war; he addressed the undivided energies of the country to the conflict; he strained them to the utmost. And in the end the indomitable resolution, which that "proud and stoical soul" had imparted to the people, did not fail.

"We fought right on, with conquering banners o'er us,
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees."

The laurels reaped during that triumphal march were reserved for other brows; but it was Pitt's policy that made it possible.

So much for the Fox tradition; and the religion of humanity as presently represented by Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright, comes to us, it seems to me, with quite as questionable credentials. Both Mr Bright and Mr Gladstone have achieved immense parliamentary distinction, yet it is hardly too much to say that they have done more than any other political leaders to make parliamentary government impossible. Professor Gardiner is one of the scientific school; but his 'Introduction to English History' is a strong and consistent piece of argument, and his conclusions are always fairly reliable, or "relyuponable," as De Quincey would have had it written. In the very masterly chapter on the Tudors, he observes:—

"We are so accustomed to regard an elective house as constituting the true representation of a people, that it is well to be reminded under what limitations it does so. When a question arises for decision, a representative house decides one way or the other, often by a narrow majority. Very probably, though this is not always the case, the narrow majority in the house corresponds to a more or less narrow majority in the nation itself. Its decision is, therefore, not the decision of the whole nation any more than it is the decision of the whole house. Its weight, therefore, rests on the tacit understanding that it is better and safer to yield to the weight of a few votes than to resist by an appeal

* The History of Napoleon the First. By P. Lanfrey. Vol. ii. p. 544. [This article was in type before Lord George Hamilton's speech at Glasgow on 7th December, in which a similar line of argument is vigorously enforced.—Ed. B. M.]

to civil war. This constitutional morality will always be widely spread in proportion to the general agreement amongst the population. If the changes proposed are very slight in comparison with the things left unchanged, all of them put together will seem very endurable even to those who object most strongly to every one of them. There will exist, too, a fellow-feeling between parties, an assurance that whilst they differ on much, they agree on more, which renders compromise and concession easy." *

To me history is mainly interesting in so far as it brings the lessons of the past to bear upon the problems of the present; and if this passage means anything, it means that party government becomes impossible when burning questions and heroic measures are made the order of the day. The Constitution cannot stand the strain of a profound antipathy. There is not room within the limits of our parliamentary system for the conflict of Roundhead and Cavalier. There are some vital and fundamental questions on which, if the minority are beaten, they must try other weapons than those of argument. The wise party leader is always unwilling to raise these grave issues. He knows by instinct how far he can safely go without risk of civil war. "That is an act," said the sagacious Horace Walpole on one occasion, "*of deeper dye than I like in politics.*" The keen distrust with which our Radical leaders are regarded, is mainly due to the feeling that they do not sufficiently recognise the force of such prudential restraints. No one can tell when that fine frenzy, that ecstatic enthusiasm, that imperious caprice, that fanatical ardour, may carry them across the borderline. The profound gulf which separates our political parties at the present moment is their work. While they have made the English name a by-word on the Continent (as those of us who cross the Channel know to our cost), they have at the same time raised a whole host of questions which touch the very core of the Constitution. But it is in Ireland that the consequences of making politics a war *à outrance* are most visibly disastrous. *There* they have thrown the fat into the fire with a vengeance. At all times, if history can be trusted, a thin partition separates order from anarchy, cosmos from chaos. Mr Gladstone has never realised how thin this partition is,—how delicate and easily wounded is the mechanism of civilisation. To him the fact that all the explosive anarchic forces which exist in the most polished community are kept within bounds by a few hundred unarmed policemen, is not a marvel, as to those of us who know what our own society was only a century or two ago, it must always be. It is a mischievous delusion to imagine that it is possible to play fast and loose with these anarchic forces. The ocean of barbarism can be kept back only by such constant watchfulness as the Dutchman bestows upon his dikes. The sentiment of Order in a nation is of slow and difficult growth. We talk of the majesty of the law; but, resting as it ultimately does in a free country on immaterial sanctions, the majesty of the law is only a devout imagination. If disorder and violence are permitted to make head for a month, for a week, for a day, its inviolate sacredness is gone. "Force is no remedy;" which is a bitter truism, if force be too long delayed. The law has been allowed to lose its majesty; and when, through the folly or the feebleness of an in-

* Introduction to the Study of English History. By Samuel R. Gardiner, LL.D. P. 125. London: 1881.

fatuated ruler, the divinity that hedges its ministers is withdrawn, it is found too late that the brute force of batons and bayonets is a sorry substitute for the august symbols that appealed to the imagination. But Mr Gladstone, who has the temperament of the rhetorician and the sophist, and who does not know, what Thomas Hobbes knew so well, that "WORDS are wise men's counters; they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools;" fancies that he can loose the dogs of anarchy, and then whistle them back at his pleasure. Will they come when he calls on them? Not they. They have tasted blood, and all the savagery of the blood-hound is ablaze.

And why did he let them loose? The motive has been avowed with cynical frankness. A state of civil war was the indispensable preliminary to beneficent legislation. The most beneficent legislation, however, can be too dearly bought; and what is the great principle which has been dragged into the statute-book at such ruinous cost? It is a principle repugnant to those maxims of civil policy on which all modern jurists are agreed. Once again the solemn levity with which the fine mechanism of our civilisation is turned inside out absolutely takes away one's breath. The right of free contract as between man and man, which is the cardinal doctrine of political economy in free societies, has been contemptuously discarded, and a court of justice (or injustice) has been created by the State to tell us how much or how little we can be permitted to do for ourselves. Property has been wantonly confiscated, and the only class in Ireland who, by sentiment and tradition, are loyal to the monarchy, have been beggared and turned adrift. It is admitted even by a Radical minister that Ireland *must* be held; so we starve the garrison and subsidise the enemy. *That* is the first step to a general pacification. But surely the whole conception of "the message of peace" is radically bad. The Irish ask for legislative independence, and we give them a Land Bill. It is as though when Dick complained of pain in a back tooth, we applied a blister to Jack's stomach. Even admitting that there is any seriousness or validity in the demands of the Irish agriculturists as put forward by the Land League, what is the true nature of the claim that you are trying to satisfy? It is a claim to be anarchical if they choose—to disregard and defy the constitution of modern society, and the conditions of modern civilisation—to return more or less rapidly to that old Brehon law which is the primitive and rudimentary code of the savage. And what effect will this capitulation — a capitulation more disastrous if less humiliating than the capitulation of Pretoria—what effect will it have upon other classes of our community? There can be no doubt that, directly and indirectly, its effects must be demoralising. One of the accredited maxims on which English society rests has been discredited. To unsteady and unsettle the minds of men with regard to the main propositions which a difficult and laborious experience has been painfully formulating for centuries, is a grave evil—a crime against the commonwealth. Moderate men of all parties are asking themselves with bated breath,—What is to go next? Is the defiance of economic law to be repeated and repeated? Are the rights of property on one side of the Channel more sacred than on the other? Is selfishness a less potent factor in London or in Lincolnshire than in Connemara? Is the itching to lay our hands on what belongs to our

neighbours, which is one of the earliest and most ineradicable instincts of human nature, to be satisfied all round? Where is the difference between an Irish owner and an English owner, or between an English owner of land and an English owner of mills and manufactories? And then it is to be kept in mind that the evil is not local or capable of being localised by any fine-spun sophistical distinctions; for when we knock away one of the props of our civilisation we weaken the rest. Is the whole of the edifice which we have raised with such strenuous toil to go down like a child's house of cards?

What will come of it all it is indeed hard to say. Possibly, nay probably, after a spasmodic season of reluctant activity, our rulers will once more close their eyes and fold their hands—like the weary wanderers of the Odyssey.

"Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again."

History is explicit on one point at least,—the disease which proves fatal to the stability of a state is seldom recognised as such at the moment. The contemporary observer considers it an accidental disturbance of the system which can be quickly repaired; the historian sees that it was the turning-point in the life of the nation from which recovery was impossible. Whether he can precisely explain why it should have led to utter national ruin and discomfiture is another matter; but, in point of fact, the road afterwards was all down-hill. And it may be safely affirmed that of all the diseases which can affect the body politic, the decay of the sense of order and of loyal obedience to law is one of the most virulent and immedicable.*

The modern school of history—to return to our mutton—is presumed, indeed, to possess peculiar advantages. To my mind these advantages are somewhat questionable. The Rolls series of publications alone will now cover the walls of an ordinary-sized room. Is the human stomach capable of assimilating such a monstrous mess? When the materials were scantier,

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* There is an admirable passage in Sir Theodore Martin's address the other day to the St Andrews students,—an address distinguished by great sincerity and strength: "The experiment we are making is a momentous one; and it is incumbent upon the educated youth of the country to show by their example that they are alive to the fact. If British liberty shall ever be in danger, the danger will come, not from above, but from below. The old party distinctions have lost wellnigh all their meaning. Be in no haste, I would say to you, if I might, to make up your views on great political questions. None are more intricate. The interests of the nation are so vast and so complex; our relations to our own colonies and dependencies, as well as to the other great States of Europe, demand such cautious handling, that there are in truth no subjects on which it so much behoves men to ponder well before coming to a conclusion. Think of the magnitude of the interests involved; think of the disastrous consequences of any great mistake in legislation or in policy! A colony lost, the stability of property shaken, the belief disturbed that Britain can hold by her own strong arm and her wise administration all that generations of her sons have won for her! Let any of these things happen, and who can say how great, how swift may be her decline? These are the great issues on which political questions bear. How needful, then, that they should be approached with minds unwarped by the bias of party ties or of party passions! Even without such bias it will always be hard enough to keep the judgment clear. Why, then, should young men, who may fairly hope hereafter, each in his sphere, to assist,—some, it may be, even to lead—in the formation of public opinion, fetter their judgment or their independence by adopting the catchwords of the hour, or by subjecting themselves to the prejudices from which no political party can be wholly exempt?"

there was room for the play of the historic faculty; and it was possible to arrive at some sort of conclusion, more or less credible according to the sense and insight of the student. But a feeling of sheer bewilderment and desperation takes possession of the man who, before putting pen to paper, is required to make himself master of these portentous volumes. Out of this immeasurable limbo, how is it possible to construct any intelligible or coherent picture?

And after all, is it the fact that the school which prides itself on its minute and scrupulous veracity is so absolutely trustworthy? Here is 'A Short History of the English People,' and its author, as we know, is the spoilt child of the faction. Mr John Richard Green has the most unbounded confidence in himself; and his illustrious predecessors—the Humes, Macaulays, Froudes—are dismissed with really comical complacency. Now, Mr Editor, I happen to have read all, or nearly all, that has been written upon the perplexing question of the guilt or innocence of Mary Stuart (*that*, between ourselves, being the piece of work of which I have spoken, as my standing dish for dull days); so I turn to Mr Green to see whether he can throw any fresh light upon the riddle. But so far from getting any fresh light, I find to my amazement that the confident critic of other people's histories has only the crudest and haziest notions of the whole affair. I am not one of those whom our dear friend Burton used to call "the vindic*aw*tors;" but I like to see justice done—and my sense of justice is outraged when I find an authoritative opinion expressed by one who is obviously ignorant of the rudiments of the controversy. The chapter devoted to the unhappy Queen absolutely bristles with blunders. "The Earl was married, but a shameless suit for his divorce removed the last obstacle to his ambition; and his seizure of the Queen *as she rode to Linlithgow*, was followed three weeks afterwards *by their union at Dunbar*. In a month more all was over. . . . From Edinburgh she was carried a prisoner to the fortress of Lochleven; and her brother, the Earl of Murray, *was recalled from banishment* to accept the regency of the realm." I need not say that Mary was *not* seized "as she rode to Linlithgow;" that her union with Bothwell did *not* take place "three weeks afterwards at Dunbar;" and that Murray was *not* "recalled from banishment" to accept the regency. After this it does not surprise us to learn that Mary married "Henry *Lennox*," or that the flower of the Spanish chivalry on board the Armada, coming to her relief, "foundered on a reef *near Dunblean*." It may be said that these are mere verbal blunders; but surely it is clear that the writer who has committed verbal inaccuracies of so grave a kind is incompetent to form a judgment. To deal with a question which requires the very closest scrutiny, there must be the familiarity of vital knowledge; whereas such anachronisms betray profound unfamiliarity, and a superficial and second-hand acquaintance with the authorities. We are entitled to say that this traveller has not explored the country on his own account, but has been content to repeat parrot-like the story as told to him by others. There is the same difference between this kind of slipshod work and the work of a thoroughly furnished historian that there is beween 'Eothen' or 'The Crescent and the Cross'—those great classics of travel—and the infantile prattle of Lady Brassey.

When a man gets on his hobby it is difficult to dismount him; and

now that I have come to Mary Stuart, you will let me add a word or two on a chapter of history that can never cease to interest. Only the other day we were assured by a quarterly reviewer that David Hume's celebrated "Note" is absolutely conclusive, and that nothing more need be said on behalf of the Confederate Lords and the Casket Letters. I have been reading the Note again this morning. It is a clever piece of special pleading undoubtedly; but it seems to me that each of its propositions admits of a categorical answer. That answer will be found at large in Mr Hosack's admirable volumes;* and, in point of fact, it is now admitted, even by those who condemn Mary, that the documents which have been discovered since Hume wrote have made his position on many sides untenable, and that the controversy must for the future be conducted on different lines.

Do you remember the Medea of Mr Morris's "Jason"? I sometimes wonder if the poet had Mary Stuart in view when he was sketching this really grand figure of a woman. Poetry may sometimes be permitted to come to the aid of history; and when dealing with such a complex creature as Mary undoubtedly was, any aid that it can give us is welcome. Medea's is a nature in which the sweet and bitter have been perversely mixed. A rare vein of soft, seductive sweetness and mischief and treachery, runs through a character which, in its union of intellectual coolness with devastating passion, is curiously like that which an illustrious historian has ascribed to Mary Stuart. She uses without a blush the stealthy arts with which nature arms the weaker animals; but for Love she can heroically dare. Love apart, she might fitly, as her sorceress kinswoman told her—

> "have seen
> The fashion of the foolish world go by
> And drunk the cup of power and majesty."

But even in possession she is hardly happy; her love is touched by a subtle and prescient sadness; from its birth she sees far off the fate that awaits it:—

> "Upon the day thou weariest of me,
> I wish that thou mayst somewhat think of this,
> And 'twixt thy new-found kisses, and the bliss
> Of something sweeter than the old delight,
> Remember thee a little of this night
> Of marvels, and this starlit, silent place,
> And these two lovers standing face to face."

The industry of a Danish historian has lately thrown some light upon the life led by Bothwell after he was separated from the Queen.† I am not sure, indeed, that Professor Schiern's investigations are calculated to enhance the dramatic effects of the story. Bothwell's disappearance among the mists and storms of the Mare Tenebrosum always seemed to me to be an appropriate and artistic finish—like the finish of Don Giovanni. *There* we should have left him,—contending with such weird forces of sea and sky as David Scott summoned into shape out of the polar darkness. But though the mean details of his imprisonment and death are not very picturesque, they are curious and interesting, and increase the conviction, which grows stronger

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* Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers. By John Hosack, Barrister-at-Law. Two vols. Edinburgh: 1870.

† Life of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. By Professor Frederick Schiern. Edinburgh: 1880.

day by day, that this rough and ignorant moss-trooper could not have been the favoured lover of the most polished and brilliant woman of her age.

Whether the woman who was called Mary Stuart, and who lived three centuries ago, was ruinously in love with that ill-starred soldier of fortune James Hepburn, is a question indeed that cannot now be conclusively determined. I do not believe that she was; but the arguments on either side may be indefinitely prolonged. Yet after all is said that can be said, Mary Stuart's story is in its main elements a simple one. Placed by an unhappy chance in the very centre of the tremendous forces which were fashioning a new world, she became the victim of their violence. She was driven on by an imperious necessity to the doom which met her at Fotheringay.——But the stress of the conflict is over; and we may now render that justice to the Queen which she could not expect from her contemporaries. And—from whatever point of view we regard it—the picture of this woman, struggling vainly against impending fate, yet bearing herself bravely in her darkest hour, in her sorest need, and to the bitter end, is one of the immortal masterpieces of history. She was worsted, indeed, as was inevitable; she failed disastrously, as she was bound to fail: yet even in her own age there were men who felt that a smile from Mary on her scaffold was worth all the ribbons and garters that the prosperous Elizabeth could bestow: and posterity has approved their choice.

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

If I were asked to select any words out of the whole literature of antiquity to prove that human nature is, under the most diverse outward conditions, substantially the same, I would choose from the first Æneid that well-worn line. They were the words used by Fox when he heard that his great rival lay dying. They are the words which the tragic fatalities of life inevitably provoke. Be it maiden cut off by untimely Death in the excellence of her beauty, be it prince or warrior laid low in the noontide of his ambition, the Virgilian protest against the cruel perversities of Fate comes instinctively to our lips. And in all literature, Christian or pagan, they can barely be matched for solemn brevity and majestic mournfulness,—except perhaps in the more passionate cry of a yet greater master—"The pity of it, the pity of it, Iago!"

Ah, well,—these are the conditions of the strange and intricate existence in which we find ourselves, without even so much as with your leave or by your leave. There is no room for remonstrance or revolt; we must accept with such cheerfulness and fortitude as is possible the lot awarded to us by the Unseen Ruler:—

"Man must endure
His going hence, even as his coming hither;
Ripeness is all."

Adieu, my dear Editor; Euge, et vale!

THE FIXED PERIOD.—PART IV.

CHAPTER VII.—COLUMBUS AND GALILEO.

I HAD left Graybody with a lie on my tongue. I said that I was bound to suppose that Crasweller would do his duty as a citizen,—by which I had meant Graybody to understand that I expected my old friend to submit to deposition. Now I expected nothing of the kind, and it grieved me to think that I should be driven to such false excuses. I began to doubt whether my mind would hold its proper bent under the strain thus laid upon it, and to ask myself whether I was in all respects sane in entertaining the ideas which filled my mind. Galileo and Columbus,—Galileo and Columbus! I endeavoured to comfort myself with these names—but in a vain, delusive manner; and though I used them constantly, I was beginning absolutely to hate them. Why could I not return to my wool-shed, and be contented among my bales, and my ships, and my credits, as I was of yore, before this theory took total possession of me? I was doing good then. I robbed no one. I assisted very many in their walks of life. I was happy in the praises of all my fellow-citizens. My health was good, and I had ample scope for my energies then, even as now. But there came on me a day of success,—a day, shall I say, of glory or of wretchedness? or shall I not most truly say of both?—and I persuaded my fellow-citizens to undertake this sad work of the Fixed Period. From that moment all quiet had left me, and all happiness. Still, it is not necessary that a man should be happy. I doubt whether Cæsar was happy with all those enemies around him—Gauls, and Britons, and Romans. If a man be doing his duty, let him not think too much of that condition of mind which he calls happiness. Let him despise happiness and do his duty, and he will in one sense be happy. But if there creep upon him a doubt as to his duty, if he once begin to feel that he may perhaps be wrong, then farewell all peace of mind,—then will come that condition in which a man is tempted to ask himself whether he be in truth of sane mind.

What should I do next? The cricketing Englishmen, I knew, were going. Two or three days more would see their gallant ship steam out of the harbour. As I returned in my cab to the city, I could see the English colours fluttering from her topmast, and the flag of the English cricket-club waving from her stern. But I knew well that they had discussed the question of the Fixed Period among them, and that there was still time for them to go home and send back some English mandate which ought to be inoperative, but which we should be unable to disobey. And letters might have been written before this, — treacherous letters, calling for the assistance of another country in opposition to the councils of their own.

But what should I do next? I could not enforce the law *vi et armis* against Crasweller. I had sadly but surely acknowledged so much as that to myself. But I thought that I had seen signs of relenting about the man,—some symptoms of sadness which seemed to bespeak a yielding spirit. He only asked for a year. He was

still in theory a supporter of the Fixed Period,—pleading his own little cause, however, by a direct falsehood. Could I not talk him into a generous assent? There would still be a year for him. And in old days there had been a spice of manliness in his bosom, to which it might be possible that I should bring him back. Though the hope was poor, it seemed at present to be my only hope.

As I returned, I came round by the quays, dropping my cab at the corner of the street. There was the crowd of Englishmen, all going off to the vessel to see their bats and bicycles disposed of, and among them was Jack the hero. They were standing at the water's-edge, while three long-boats were being prepared to take them off. "Here's the President," said Sir Kennington Oval; "he has not seen our yacht yet: let him come on board with us." They were very gracious; so I got into one boat, and Jack into another, and old Crasweller, who had come with his guests from Little Christchurch, into the third; and we were pulled off to the yacht. Jack, I perceived, was quite at home there. He had dined there frequently, and had slept on board; but to me and Crasweller it was altogether new. "Yes," said Lord Marylebone; "if a fellow is to make his home for a month upon the seas, it is as well to make it as comfortable as possible. Each of us has his own crib, with a bath to himself, and all the et-ceteras. This is where we feed. It is not altogether a bad shop for grubbing." As I looked round I thought that I had never seen anything more palatial and beautiful. "This is where we pretend to sit," continued the lord; "where we are supposed to write our letters and read our books. And this," he said, opening another door, "is where we really sit, and smoke our pipes, and drink our brandy-and-water. We came out under the rule of that tyrant King MacNuffery. We mean to go back as a republic. And I, as being the only lord, mean to elect myself president. You couldn't give me any wrinkles as to a pleasant mode of governing? Everybody is to be allowed to do exactly what he pleases, and nobody is to be interfered with unless he interferes with somebody else. We mean to take a wrinkle from you fellows in Britannula, where everybody seems, under your presidency, to be as happy as the day is long."

"We have no Upper House with us, my lord," said I.

"You have got rid, at any rate, of one terrible bother. I daresay we shall drop it before long in England. I don't see why we should continue to sit merely to register the edicts of the House of Commons, and be told that we're a pack of fools when we hesitate." I told him that it was the unfortunate destiny of a House of Lords to be made to see her own unfitness for legislative work.

"But if we were abolished," continued he, "then I might get into the other place and do something. You have to be elected a Peer of Parliament, or you can sit nowhere. A ship can only be a ship, after all; but if we must live in a ship, we are not so bad here. Come and take some tiffin." An Englishman, when he comes to our side of the globe, always calls his lunch tiffin.

I went back to the other room with Lord Marylebone; and as I took my place at the table, I heard that the assembled cricketers were all discussing the Fixed Period.

"I'd be shot," said Mr Puddlebrane, "if they should deposit me, and bleed me to death, and cremate me like a big pig." Then he perceived that I had entered the sa-

loon, and there came a sudden silence across the table.

"What sort of wind will be blowing next Friday at two o'clock?" asked Sir Lords Longstop.

It was evident that Sir Lords had only endeavoured to change the conversation because of my presence; and it did not suit me to allow them to think that I was afraid to talk of the Fixed Period. "Why should you object to be cremated, Mr Puddlebrane," said I, "whether like a big pig or otherwise? It has not been suggested that any one shall cremate you while alive."

"Because my father and mother were buried. And all the Puddlebranes were always buried. There are they, all to be seen in Puddlebrane Church, and I should like to appear among them."

"I suppose it's only their names that appear, and not their bodies, Mr Puddlebrane. And a cremated man may have as big a tombstone as though he had been allowed to become rotten in the orthodox fashion."

"What Puddlebrane means is," said another, "that he'd like to have the same chance of living as his ancestors."

"If he will look back to his family records he will find that they very generally died before sixty-eight. But we have no idea of invading your Parliament and forcing our laws upon you."

"Take a glass of wine, Mr President," said Lord Marylebone, "and leave Puddlebrane to his ancestors. He's a very good Slip, though he didn't catch Jack when he got a chance. Allow me to recommend you a bit of ice-pudding. The mangoes came from Jamaica, and are as fresh as the day they were picked." I ate my mango-pudding, but I did not enjoy it, for I was sure that the whole crew were returning to England laden with prejudices against the Fixed Period. As soon as I could escape, I got back to the shore, leaving Jack among my enemies. It was impossible not to feel that they were my enemies, as I was sure that they were about to oppose the cherished conviction of my very heart and soul. Crasweller had sat there perfectly silent while Mr Puddlebrane had spoken of his own possible cremation. And yet Crasweller was a declared Fixed-Periodist.

On the Friday, at two o'clock, the vessel sailed amidst all the plaudits which could be given by mingled kettle-drums and trumpets, and by a salvo of artillery. They were as good a set of fellows as ever wore pink-flannel clothing, and as generous as any that there are born to live upon *pâté* and champagne. I doubt whether there was one among them who could have earned his bread in a counting-house, unless it was Stumps the professional. When we had paid all honour to the departing vessel, I went at once to Little Christchurch, and there I found my friend in the verandah with Eva. During the last month or two he seemed to be much older than I had ever before known him, and was now seated with his daughter's hand within his own. I had not seen him since the day on board the yacht, and he now seemed to be greyer and more haggard than he was then. "Crasweller," said I, taking him by the hand, "it is a sad thing that you and I should quarrel after so many years of perfect friendship."

"So it is; so it is. I don't want to quarrel, Mr President."

"There shall be no quarrel. Well, Eva, how do you bear the loss of all your English friends?"

"The loss of my English friends won't hurt me if I can only keep those which I used to have in

Britannula." I doubted whether she alluded to me or to Jack. It might be only to me, but I thought she looked as if she were thinking of Jack.

"Eva, my dear," said Mr Crasweller, "you had better leave us. The President, I think, wishes to speak to me on business." Then she came up and looked me in the face, and pressed my hand, and I knew that she was asking for mercy for her father. The feeling was not pleasant, seeing that I was bound by the strongest oath which the mind can conceive not to show him mercy.

I sat for a few minutes in silence, thinking that as Mr Crasweller had banished Eva, he would begin. But he said nothing, and would have remained silent had I allowed him to do so. "Crasweller," I said, "it is certainly not well that you and I should quarrel on this matter. In your company I first learned to entertain this project, and for years we have agreed that in it is to be found the best means for remedying the condition of mankind."

"I had not felt then what it is to be treated as one who was already dead."

"Does Eva treat you so?"

"Yes; with all her tenderness and all her sweet love, Eva feels that my days are numbered unless I will boldly declare myself opposed to your theory. She already regards me as though I were a visitant from the other world. Her very gentleness is intolerable."

"But, Crasweller, the convictions of your mind cannot be changed."

"I do not know. I will not say that any change has taken place. But it is certain that convictions become vague when they operate against one's self. The desire to live is human, and therefore God-like. When the hand of God is felt to have struck one with coming death, the sufferer, knowing the blow to be inevitable, can reconcile himself; but it is very hard to walk away to one's long rest while health, and work, and means of happiness yet remain."

There was something in this which seemed to me to imply that he had abandoned the weak assertion as to his age, and no longer intended to ask for a year of grace by the use of that falsehood. But it was necessary that I should be sure of this. "As to your exact age, I've been looking at the records," I began.

"The records are right enough," he said; "you need trouble yourself no longer about the records. Eva and I have discussed all that." From this I became aware that Eva had convinced him of the baseness of the falsehood.

"Then there is the law," said I, with, as I felt, unflinching hardness.

"Yes, there is the law,—if it be a law. Mr Exors is prepared to dispute it, and says that he will ask permission to argue the case out with the executive."

"He would argue about anything. You know what Exors is."

"And there is that poor man Barnes has gone altogether out of his mind, and has become a drivelling idiot."

"They told me yesterday that he was a raging lunatic; but I learn from really good authority that whether he takes one part or the other, he is only acting."

"And Tallowax is prepared to run amuck against those who come to fetch him. He swears that no one shall lead him up to the college."

"And you?" Then there was a pause, and Crasweller sat silent with his face buried in his hands. He was, at any rate, in a far better condition of mind for persuasion than that in which I had last found

him. He had given up the fictitious year, and had acknowledged that he had assented to the doctrine with which he was now asked to comply. But it was a hard task that of having to press him under such circumstances. I thought of Eva and her despair, and of himself with all that natural desire for life eager at his heart. I looked round and saw the beauty of the scenery, and thought how much worse to such a man would be the melancholy shades of the college than even departure itself. And I am not by nature hard-hearted. I have none of that steel and fibre which will enable a really strong man to stand firm by convictions even when opposed by his affections. To have liberated Crasweller at this moment, I would have walked off myself, oh, so willingly, to the college! I was tearing my own heart to pieces;—but I remembered Columbus and Galileo. Neither of them was surely ever tried as I was at this moment. But it had to be done, or I must yield, and for ever. If I could not be strong to prevail with my own friend and fellow-labourer, — with Crasweller, who was the first to come, and who should have entered the college with an heroic grandeur, — how could I even desire any other to immure himself? how persuade such men as Barnes, or Tallowax, or that pettifogger Exors, to be led quietly up through the streets of the city? "And you?" I asked again.

"It is for you to decide."

The agony of that moment! But I think that I did right. Though my very heart was bleeding, I know that I did right. "For the sake of the benefits which are to accrue to unknown thousands of your fellow-creatures, it is your duty to obey the law." This I said in a low voice, still holding him by the hand. I felt at the moment a great love for him,—and in a certain sense admiration, because he had so far conquered his fear of an unknown future as to promise to do this thing simply because he had said that he would do it. There was no high feeling as to future generations of his fellow-creatures, no grand idea that he was about to perform a great duty for the benefit of mankind in general, but simply the notion that as he had always advocated my theory as my friend, he would not now depart from it, let the cost to himself be what it might. He answered me only by drawing away his hand. But I felt that in his heart he accused me of cruelty, and of mad adherence to a theory. "Should it not be so, Crasweller?"

"As you please, President."

"But should it not be so?" Then, at great length, I went over once again all my favourite arguments, and endeavoured with the whole strength of my eloquence to reach his mind. But I knew, as I was doing so, that that was all in vain. I had succeeded—or perhaps Eva had done so—in inducing him to repudiate the falsehood by which he had endeavoured to escape. But I had not in the least succeeded in making him see the good which would come from his deposition. He was ready to become a martyr, because in years back he had said that he would do so. He had now left it for me to decide whether he should be called upon to perform his promise; and I, with an unfeeling pertinacity, had given the case against him. That was the light in which Mr Crasweller looked at it. "You do not think that I am cruel?" I asked.

"I do," said Crasweller. "You ask the question, and I answer you, I do think that you are cruel. It concerns life and death,—that is a matter of course,—and it is the life

and death of your most intimate friend, of Eva's father, of him who years since came hither with you from another country, and has lived with you through all the struggles and all the successes of a long career. But you have my word, and I will not depart from it, even to save my life. In a moment of weakness I was tempted to a weak lie. I will not lie. I will not demean myself to claim a poor year of life by such means, though I do not lack evidence to support the statement. I am ready to go with you;" and he rose up from his seat as though intending to walk away and be deposited at once.

"Not now, Crasweller."

"I shall be ready when you may come for me. I shall not again leave my home till I have to leave it for the last time. Days and weeks mean nothing with me now. The bitterness of death has fallen upon me."

"Crasweller, I will come and live with you, and be a brother to you, during the entire twelve months."

"No; it will not be needed. Eva will be with me, and perhaps Jack may come and see me, —though I must not allow Jack to express the warmth of his indignation in Eva's hearing. Jack had perhaps better leave Britannula for a time, and not come back till all shall be over. Then he may enjoy the lawns of Little Christchurch in peace,—unless, perchance, an idea should disturb him, that he has been put into their immediate possession by his father's act." Then he got up from his chair and went from the verandah back into the house.

As I rose and returned to the city, I almost repented myself of what I had done. I had it in my heart to go back and yield, and to tell him that I would assent to the abandonment of my whole project. It was not for me to say that I would spare my own friend, and execute the law against Barnes and Tallowax; nor was it for me to declare that the victims of the first year should be forgiven. I could easily let the law die away, but it was not in my power to decide that it should fall into partial abeyance. This I almost did. But when I had turned on my road to Little Christchurch, and was prepared to throw myself into Crasweller's arms, the idea of Galileo and Columbus, and their ultimate success, again filled my bosom. The moment had now come in which I might succeed. The first man was ready to go to the stake, and I had felt all along that the great difficulty would be in obtaining the willing assent of the first martyr. It might well be that these accusations of cruelty were a part of the suffering without which my great reform could not be carried to success. Though I should live to be accounted as cruel as Cæsar, what would that be if I too could reduce my Gaul to civilisation? "Dear Crasweller," I murmured to myself as I turned again towards Gladstonopolis, and hurrying back, buried myself in the obscurity of the executive chambers.

The following day occurred a most disagreeable scene in my own house at dinner. Jack came in and took his chair at the table in grim silence. It might be that he was lamenting for his English friends who were gone, and therefore would not speak. Mrs Neverbend, too, ate her dinner without a word. I began to fear that presently there would be something to be said,—some cause for a quarrel; and as is customary on such occasions, I endeavoured to become specially gracious and communicative. I talked about the ship that

had started on its homeward journey, and praised Lord Marylebone, and laughed at Mr Puddlebrane; but it was to no effect. Neither would Jack nor Mrs Neverbend say anything, and they ate their dinner gloomily till the attendant left the room. Then Jack began. "I think it right to tell you, sir, that there's going to be a public meeting on the Town Flags the day after to-morrow." The Town Flags was an open unenclosed place, over which, supported by arches, was erected the Town Hall. It was here that the people were accustomed to hold those outside assemblies which too often guided the responsible Assembly in the Senate-house.

"And what are you all going to talk about there?"

"There is only one subject," said Jack, "which at present occupies the mind of Gladstonopolis. The people don't intend to allow you to deposit Mr Crasweller."

"Considering your age and experience, Jack, don't you think that you're taking too much upon yourself to say whether people will allow or will not allow the executive of the country to perform their duty?"

"If Jack isn't old," said Mrs Neverbend, "I, at any rate, am older, and I say the same thing."

"Of course I only said what I thought," continued Jack. "What I want to explain is, that I shall be there myself, and shall do all that I can to support the meeting."

"In opposition to your father?" said I.

"Well;—yes, I am afraid so. You see it's a public subject on a public matter, and I don't see that father and son have anything to do with it. If I were in the Assembly, I don't suppose I should be bound to support my father."

"But you're not in the Assembly."

"I have my own convictions all the same, and I find myself called upon to take a part."

"Good gracious—yes! and to save poor old Mr Crasweller's life from this most inhuman law. He's just as fit to live as are you and I."

"The only question is, whether he be fit to die,—or rather to be deposited, I mean. But I'm not going to argue the subject here. It has been decided by the law; and that should be enough for you two, as it is enough for me. As for Jack, I will not have him attend any such meeting. Were he to do so, he would incur my grave displeasure,—and consequent punishment."

"What do you mean to do to the boy?" asked Mrs Neverbend.

"If he ceases to behave to me like a son, I shall cease to treat him like a father. If he attends this meeting he must leave my house, and I shall see him no more."

"Leave the house!" shrieked Mrs Neverbend.

"Jack," said I, with the kindest voice which I was able to assume, "you will pack up your portmanteau and go to New Zealand the day after to-morrow. I have business for you to transact with Macmurdo and Brown of some importance. I will give you the particulars when I see you in the office."

"Of course he won't go, Mr Neverbend," cried my wife. But, though the words were determined, there was a certain vacillation in the tone of her voice which did not escape me.

"We shall see. If Jack intends to remain as my son, he must obey his father. I have been kind, and perhaps too indulgent, to him. I now require that he shall proceed to New Zealand the day after to-morrow. The boat sails at eight. I shall be happy to go down with him and see him on board."

Jack only shook his head,—by

which I understood that he meant rebellion. I had been a most generous father to him, and loved him as the very apple of my eye; but I was determined that I would be stern. "You have heard my order," I said, "and you can have to-morrow to think about it. I advise you not to throw over, and for ever, the affection, the fostering care, and all the comforts, pecuniary as well as others, which you have hitherto had from an indulgent father."

"You do not mean to say that you will disinherit the boy?" said Mrs Neverbend.

I knew that it was utterly out of my power to do so. I could not disinherit him. I could not even rob him of a single luxury without an amount of suffering much greater than he would feel. Was I not thinking of him day and night as I arranged my worldly affairs? That moment when he knocked down Sir Kennington Oval's wicket, had I not been as proud as he was? When the trumpet sounded, did not I feel the honour more than he? When he made his last triumphant run, and I threw my hat in the air, was it not to me sweeter than if I had done it myself? Did I not even love him the better for swearing that he would make this fight for Crasweller? But yet it was necessary that I should command obedience, and, if possible, frighten him into subservience. We talk of a father's power, and know that the old Romans could punish filial disobedience by death; but a Britannulan father has a heart in his bosom which is more powerful than law or even custom, and I believe that the Roman was much the same. "My dear, I will not discuss my future intentions before the boy. It would be unseemly. I command him to start for New Zealand the day after to-morrow, and I shall see whether he will obey me. I strongly advise him to be governed in this matter by his father." Jack only shook his head, and left the room. I became aware afterwards that he slept that night at Little Christchurch.

That night I received such a lecture from Mrs Neverbend in our bedroom as might have shamed that Mrs Caudle of whom we read in English history. I hate these lectures, not as thinking them unbecoming, but as being peculiarly disagreeable. I always find myself absolutely impotent during their progress. I am aware that it is quite useless to speak a word, and that I can only allow the clock to run itself down. What Mrs Neverbend says at such moments has always in it a great deal of good sense; but it is altogether wasted, because I knew it all beforehand, and with pen and ink could have written down the lecture which she delivered at that peculiar moment. And I fear no evil results from her anger for the future, because her conduct to me will, I know by experience, be as careful and as kind as ever. Were another to use harsh language to me, she would rise in wrath to defend me. And she does not, in truth, mean a tenth of what she says. But I am for the time as though I were within the clapper of a mill; and her passion goes on increasing because she can never get a word from me. "Mr Neverbend, I tell you this,—you are going to make a fool of yourself. I think it my duty to tell you so, as your wife. Everybody else will think it. Who are you, to liken yourself to Galileo?—an old fellow of that kind who lived a thousand years ago, before Christianity had ever been invented. You have got nasty murderous thoughts in your mind, and want to kill poor Mr Crasweller, just out

of pride, because you have said you would. Now, Jack is determined that you shan't, and I say that he is right. There is no reason why Jack shouldn't obey me as well as you. You will never be able to deposit Mr Crasweller,—not if you try it for a hundred years. The city won't let you do it; and if you have a grain of sense left in your head, you won't attempt it. Jack is determined to meet the men on the Town Flags the day after to-morrow, and I say that he is right. As for your disinheriting him, and spending all your money on machinery to roast pigs,—I say you can't do it. There will be a commission to inquire into you if you do not mind yourself, and then you will remember what I told you. Poor Mr Crasweller, whom you have known for forty years! I wonder how you can bring yourself to think of killing the poor man, whose bread you have so often eaten! And if you think you are going to frighten Jack, you are very much mistaken. Jack would do twice more for Eva Crasweller than for you or me, and it's natural he should. You may be sure he will not give up; and the end will be, that he will get Eva for his own. I do believe he has gone to sleep." Then I gave myself infinite credit for the pertinacity of my silence, and for the manner in which I had put on an appearance of somnolency without overacting the part. Mrs Neverbend did in truth go to sleep, but I lay awake during the whole night thinking of the troubles before me.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE "JOHN BRIGHT."

Jack, of course, did not go to New Zealand, and I was bound to quarrel with him,—temporarily. They held the meeting on the Town Flags, and many eloquent words were, no doubt, spoken. I did not go, of course, nor did I think it well to read the reports. Mrs Neverbend took it into her head at this time to speak to me only respecting the material wants of life. "Will you have another lump of sugar in your tea, Mr President?" Or, "If you want a second blanket on your bed, Mr Neverbend, and will say the word, it shall be supplied." I took her in the same mood, and was dignified, cautious, and silent. With Jack I was supposed to have quarrelled altogether, and very grievous it was to me not to be able to speak to the lad of a morning or an evening. But he did not seem to be much the worse for it. As for turning him out of the house or stopping his pocket-money, that would be carrying the joke further than I could do it. Indeed it seemed to me that he was peculiarly happy at this time, for he did not go to his office. He spent his mornings in making speeches, and then went down in the afternoon on his bicycle to Little Christchurch.

So the time passed on, and the day absolutely came on which Crasweller was to be deposited. I had seen him constantly during the last few weeks, but he had not spoken to me on the subject. He had said that he would not leave Little Christchurch, and he did not do so. I do not think that he had been outside his own grounds once during these six weeks. He was always courteous to me, and would offer me tea and toast when I came, with a stately civility, as though there had been no subject of burning discord between us. Eva I rarely saw. That she was there I

was aware,—but she never came into my presence till the evening before the appointed day, as I shall presently have to tell. Once or twice I did endeavour to lead him on to the subject; but he showed a disinclination to discuss it so invincible, that I was silenced. As I left him on the day before that on which he was to be deposited, I assured him that I would call for him on the morrow.

"Do not trouble yourself," he said, repeating the words twice over. "It will be just the same whether you are here or not." Then I shook my head by way of showing him that I would come, and I took my leave.

I must explain that during these last few weeks things had not gone quietly in Gladstonopolis, but there had been nothing like a serious riot. I was glad to find that, in spite of Jack's speechifying, the younger part of the population was still true to me, and I did not doubt that I should still have got the majority of votes in the Assembly. A rumour was spread abroad that the twelve months of Crasweller's period of probation were to be devoted to discussing the question, and I was told that my theory as to the Fixed Period would not in truth have been carried out merely because Mr Crasweller had changed his residence from Little Christchurch to the college. I had ordered an open barouche to be prepared for the occasion, and had got a pair of splendid horses fit for a triumphal march. With these I intended to call at Little Christchurch at noon, and to accompany Mr Crasweller up to the college, sitting on his left hand. On all other occasions, the President of the Republic sat in his carriage on the right side, and I had ever stood up for the dignities of my position. But this occasion was to be an exception to all rule.

On the evening before, as I was sitting in my library at home mournfully thinking of the occasion, telling myself that after all I could not devote my friend to what some might think a premature death, the door was opened, and Eva Crasweller was announced. She had on one of those round, close-fitting men's hats which ladies now wear, but under it was a veil which quite hid her face. "I am taking a liberty, Mr Neverbend," she said, "in troubling you at the present moment."

"Eva, my dear, how can anything you do be called a liberty?"

"I do not know, Mr Neverbend. I have come to you because I am very unhappy."

"I thought you had shunned me of late."

"So I have. How could I help it, when you have been so anxious to deposit poor papa in that horrid place?"

"He was equally anxious a few years since."

"Never! He agreed to it because you told him, and because you were a man able to persuade. It was not that he ever had his heart in it, even when it was not near enough to alarm himself. And he is not a man fearful of death in the ordinary way. Papa is a brave man."

"My darling child, it is beautiful to hear you say so of him."

"He is going with you to-morrow simply because he has made you a promise, and does not choose to have it said of him that he broke his word even to save his own life. Is not that courage? It is not with him as it is with you, who have your heart in the matter, because you think of some great thing that you will do, so that your name may

be remembered to future generations."

"It is not for that, Eva. I care not at all whether my name be remembered. It is for the good of many that I act."

"He believes in no good, but is willing to go because of his promise. Is it fair to keep him to such a promise under such circumstances?"

"But the law——"

"I will hear nothing of the law. The law means you and your influences. Papa is to be sacrificed to the law to suit your pleasure. Papa is to be destroyed, not because the law wishes it, but to suit the taste of Mr Neverbend."

"Oh, Eva!"

"It is true."

"To suit my taste?"

"Well—what else? You have got the idea into your head, and you will not drop it. And you have persuaded him because he is your friend. Oh, a most fatal friendship! He is to be sacrificed because, when thinking of other things, he did not care to differ with you." Then she paused as though to see whether I might not yield to her words. And if the words of any one would have availed to make me yield, I think it would have been hers as now spoken. "Do you know what people will say of you, Mr Neverbend?" she continued.

"What will they say?"

"If I only knew how best I could tell you! Your son has asked me—to be his wife."

"I have long known that he has loved you well."

"But it can never be," she said, "if my father is to be carried away to this fearful place. People would say that you had hurried him off in order that Jack——"

"Would you believe it, Eva?" said I, with indignation.

"It does not matter what I would believe. Mr Grundle is saying it already, and is accusing me too. And Mr Exors, the lawyer, is spreading it about. It has become quite the common report in Gladstonopolis that Jack is to become at once the owner of Little Christchurch."

"Perish Little Christchurch!" I exclaimed. "My son would marry no man's daughter for his money."

"I do not believe it of Jack," she said, "for I know that he is generous and good. There! I do love him better than any one in the world. But as things are, I can never marry him if papa is to be shut up in that wretched City of the Dead."

"Not City of the Dead, my dear."

"Oh, I cannot bear to think of it!—all alone with no one but me with him to watch him as day after day passes away, as the ghastly hour comes nearer and still nearer, when he is to be burned in those fearful furnaces!"

"The cremation, my dear, has nothing in truth to do with the Fixed Period."

"To wait till the fatal day shall have arrived, and then to know that at a fixed hour he will be destroyed just because you have said so! Can you imagine what my feelings will be when that moment shall have come?"

I had not in truth thought of it. But now, when the idea was represented to my mind's eye, I acknowledged to myself that it would be impossible that she should be left there for the occasion. How or when she should be taken away, or whither, I could not at the moment think. These would form questions which it would be very hard to answer. After some score of years, say, when the commun-

ity would be used to the Fixed Period, I could understand that a daughter or a wife might leave the college, and go away into such solitudes as the occasion required, a week perhaps before the hour arranged for departure had come. Custom would make it comparatively easy; as custom has arranged such a period of mourning for a widow, and such another for a widower, a son, or a daughter. But here, with Eva, there would be no custom. She would have nothing to guide her, and might remain there till the last fatal moment. I had hoped that she might have married Jack, or perhaps Grundle, during the interval, not having foreseen that the year, which was intended to be one of honour and glory, should become a time of mourning and tribulation. "Yes, my dear, it is very sad."

"Sad! Was there ever a position in life so melancholy, so mournful, so unutterably miserable?" I remained there opposite, gazing into vacancy, but I could say nothing. "What do you intend to do, Mr Neverbend?" she asked. "It is altogether in your bosom. My father's life or death is in your hands. What is your decision?" I could only remain steadfast; but it seemed to be impossible to say so. "Well, Mr Neverbend, will you speak?"

"It is not for me to decide. It is for the country."

"The country!" she exclaimed, rising up; "it is your own pride,—your vanity and cruelty combined. You will not yield in this matter to me, your friend's daughter, because your vanity tells you that when you have once said a thing, that thing shall come to pass." Then she put the veil down over her face, and went out of the room.

I sat for some time motionless, trying to turn over in my mind all that she had said to me; but it seemed as though my faculties were utterly obliterated in despair. Eva had been to me almost as a daughter, and yet I was compelled to refuse her request for her father's life. And when she had told me that it was my pride and vanity which had made me do so, I could not explain to her that they were not the cause. And, indeed, was I sure of myself that it was not so? I had flattered myself that I did it for the public good; but was I sure that obduracy did not come from my anxiety to be counted with Columbus and Galileo? or if not that, was there not something personal to myself in my desire that I should be known as one who had benefited my species? In considering such matters, it is so hard to separate the motives,—to say how much springs from some glorious longing to assist others in their struggle upwards in humanity, and how much again from mean personal ambition. I had thought that I had done it all in order that the failing strength of old age might be relieved, and that the race might from age to age be improved. But I now doubted myself, and feared lest that vanity of which Eva had spoken to me had overcome me. With my wife and son I could still be brave,—even with Crasweller I could be constant and hard; but to be obdurate with Eva was indeed a struggle. And when she told me that I did so through pride, I found it very hard to bear. And yet it was not that I was angry with the child. I became more and more attached to her the more loudly she spoke on behalf of her father. Her very indignation endeared me to her, and made me feel how excellent she was, how noble a wife she would be for my son. But was I to give way, after all? Having brought the matter to such a pitch,

was I to give up everything to the prayers of a girl? I was well aware even then that my theory was true. The old and effete should go, in order that the strong and manlike might rise in their places and do the work of the world with the wealth of the world at their command. Take the average of mankind all round, and there would be but the lessening of a year or two from the life of them all. Even taking those men who had arrived at twenty-five, to how few are allotted more than forty years of life! But yet how large a proportion of the wealth of the world remains in the hands of those who have passed that age, and are unable from senile imbecility to employ that wealth as it should be used! As I thought of this, I said to myself that Eva's prayers might not avail, and I did take some comfort to myself in thinking that all was done for the sake of posterity. And then, again, when I thought of her prayers, and of those stern words which had followed her prayers, — of that charge of pride and vanity,—I did tell myself that pride and vanity were not absent.

She was gone now, and I felt that she must say and think evil things of me through all my future life. The time might perhaps come, when I too should have been taken away, and when her father should long since have been at rest, that softer thoughts would come across her mind. If it were only possible that I might go, so that Jack might be married to the girl he loved, that might be well. Then I wiped my eyes, and went forth to make arrangements for the morrow.

The morning came,—the 30th of June,—a bright, clear, winter morning, cold but still genial and pleasant as I got into the barouche and had myself driven to Little Christchurch. To say that my heart was sad within me would give no fair record of my condition. I was so crushed by grief, so obliterated by the agony of the hour, that I hardly saw what passed before my eyes. I only knew that the day had come, the terrible day for which in my ignorance I had yearned, and that I was totally unable to go through its ceremonies with dignity, or even with composure. But I observed as I was driven down the street, lying out at sea many miles to the left, a small spot of smoke on the horizon, as though it might be of some passing vessel. It did not in the least awaken my attention; but there it was, and I remembered to have thought as I passed on how blessed were they who steamed by unconscious of that terrible ordeal of the Fixed Period which I was bound to encounter.

I went to Little Christchurch, and there I found Mr Crasweller waiting for me in the hall. I came in and took his limp hand in mine, and congratulated him. Oh how vain, how wretched, sounded that congratulation in my own ears! And it was spoken, I was aware, in a piteous tone of voice, and with meagre, bated breath. He merely shook his head, and attempted to pass on. "Will you not take your greatcoat?" said I, seeing that he was going out into the open air without protection.

"No; why should I? It will not be wanted up there."

"You do not know the place," I replied. "There are twenty acres of pleasure-ground for you to wander over." Then he turned upon me a look,—oh, such a look!—and went on and took his place in the carriage. But Eva followed him, and spread a rug across his knees, and threw a cloak over his shoulders.

"Will not Eva come with us?" I said.

"No; my daughter will hide her face on such a day as this. It is for you and me to be carried through the city, — you because you are proud of the pageant, and me because I do not fear it." This, too, added something to my sorrow. Then I looked and saw that Eva got into a small closed carriage in the rear, and was driven off by a circuitous route, to meet us, no doubt, at the college.

As we were driven away,—Crasweller and I,—I had not a word to say to him. And he seemed to collect himself in his fierceness, and to remain obdurately silent in his anger. In this way we drove on, till, coming to a turn of the road, the expanse of the sea appeared before us. Here again I observed a small cloud of smoke which had grown out of the spot I had before seen, and I was aware that some large ship was making its way into the harbour of Gladstonopolis. I turned my face towards it and gazed, and then a sudden thought struck me. How would it be with me if this were some great English vessel coming into our harbour on the very day of Crasweller's deposition? A year since, I would have rejoiced at such an occasion, and would have assured myself that I would show to the strangers the grandeur of this ceremony, which must have been new to them. But now a creeping terror took possession of me, and I felt my heart give way within me. I wanted no Englishman, nor American, to come and see the first day of our Fixed Period.

It was evident that Crasweller did not see the smoke; but to my eyes, as we progressed, it became nearer, till at last the hull of the vast vessel became manifest. Then as the carriage passed on into the street of Gladstonopolis at the spot where one side of the street forms the quay, the vessel with extreme rapidity steamed in, and I could see across the harbour that she was a ship of war. A certain sense of relief came upon my mind just then, because I felt sure that she had come to interfere with the work which I had in hand; but how base must be my condition when I could take delight in thinking that it had been interrupted!

By this time we had been joined by some eight or ten carriages, which formed, as it were, a funeral *cortège* behind us. But I could perceive that these carriages were filled for the most part by young men, and that there was no contemporary of Crasweller to be seen at all. As we went up the town hill, I could espy Barnes gibbering on the doorstep of his house, and Tallowax brandishing a large knife in his hand, and Exors waving a paper over his head, which I well knew to be a copy of the Act of our Assembly; but I could only pretend not to see them as our carriage passed on.

The chief street of Gladstonopolis, running through the centre of the city, descends a hill to the level of the harbour. As the vessel came in we began to ascend the hill, but the horses progressed very slowly. Crasweller sat perfectly speechless by my side. I went on with a forced smile upon my face, speaking occasionally to this or the other neighbour as we met them. I was forced to be in a certain degree cheerful, but grave and solemn in my cheerfulness. I was taking this man home for that last glorious year which he was about to pass in joyful anticipation of a happier life;—and therefore I must be cheerful. But this was only the thing to be acted, the play to be played, by me the player. I must be solemn too,—silent as the churchyard, mournful as the grave,—be-

cause of the truth. Why was I thus driven to act a part that was false? On the brow of the hill we met a concourse of people both young and old, and I was glad to see that the latter had come out to greet us. But by degrees the crowd became so numerous that the carriage was stopped in its progress; and rising up, I motioned to those around us to let us pass. We became, however, more firmly enveloped in the masses, and at last I had to ask aloud that they would open and let us go on. "Mr President," said one old gentleman to me, a tanner in the city, "there's an English ship of war come into the harbour. I think they've got something to say to you."

"Something to say to me! What can they have to say to me?" I replied, with all the dignity I could command.

"We'll just stay and see;—we'll just wait a few minutes," said another elder. He was a bar-keeper with a red nose, and as he spoke he took up a place in front of the horses. It was in vain for me to press the coachman. It would have been indecent to do so at such a moment, and something at any rate was due to the position of Crasweller. He remained speechless in the carriage; but I thought that I could see, as I glanced at his face, that he took a strong interest in the proceedings. "They're going to begin to come up the hill, Mr Bunnit," said the bar-keeper to the tanner, "as soon as ever they're out of their boats."

"God bless the old flag for ever and ever!" said Mr Bunnit. "I knew they wouldn't let us deposit any one."

Thus their secret was declared. These old men,—the tanner and whisky-dealer, and the like,—had sent home to England to get assistance against their own Government! There had always been a scum of the population,—the dirty, frothy, meaningless foam at the top,—men like the drunken old bar-keeper, who had still clung submissive to the old country, — men who knew nothing of progress and civilisation,—who were content with what they ate and drank, and chiefly with the latter. "Here they come. God bless their gold bands!" said he of the red nose. Yes;—up the hill they came, three gilded British naval officers surrounded by a crowd of Britannullans.

Crasweller heard it all, but did not move from his place. But he leaned forward, and he bit his lip, and I saw that his right hand shook as it grasped the arm of the carriage. There was nothing for me but to throw myself back and remain tranquil. I was, however, well aware that an hour of despair and opposition, and of defeat, was coming upon me. Up they came, and were received with three deafening cheers by the crowd immediately round the carriage. "I beg your pardon, sir," said one of the three, whom I afterwards learned to be the second lieutenant; "are you the President of this Republic?"

"I am," replied I; "and what may you be."

"I am the second lieutenant on board H.M.'s gunboat, the John Bright." I had heard of this vessel, which had been named from a gallant officer, who, in the beginning of the century, had seated himself on a barrel of gunpowder, and had, single-handed, quelled a mutiny. He had been made Earl Bright for what he had done on that occasion, but the vessel was still called J. B. throughout the service.

"And what may be your business with me, Mr Second Lieutenant?"

"Our captain, Captain Battle-

ax's compliments, and he hopes you won't object to postpone this interesting ceremony for a day or two till he may come and see. He is sure that Mr Crasweller won't mind." Then he took off his hat to my old friend. "The captain would have come up himself, but he can't leave the ship before he sees his big gun laid on and made safe. He is very sorry to be so unceremonious, but the 250-ton steam-swiveller requires a great deal of care."

"Laid on?" I suggested.

"Well—yes. It is always necessary, when the ship lets go her anchor, to point the gun in the most effective manner."

"She won't go off, will she?" asked Bunnit.

"Not without provocation, I think. The captain has the exploding wire under double lock and key in his own state-room. If he only touched the spring, we about the locality here would be knocked into little bits in less time than it will take you to think about it. Indeed the whole of this side of the hill would become an instantaneous ruin without the sign of a human being anywhere."

There was a threat in this which I could not endure. And indeed, for myself, I did not care how soon I might be annihilated. England, with unsurpassed tyranny, had sent out one of her brutal modern inventions, and threatened us all with blood and gore and murder if we did not give up our beneficent modern theory. It was the malevolent influence of the intellect applied to brute force, dominating its benevolent influence as applied to philanthropy. What was the John Bright to me that it should come there prepared to send me into eternity by its bloodthirsty mechanism? It is an evil sign of the times,—of the times that are in so many respects hopeful,—that the greatest inventions of the day should always take the shape of engines of destruction! But what could I do in the agony of the moment? I could but show the coolness of my courage by desiring the coachman to drive on.

"For God's sake, don't!" said Crasweller, jumping up.

"He shan't stir a step," said Bunnit to the bar-keeper.

"He can't move an inch," replied the other. "We know what our precious lives are worth; don't we, Mr Bunnit?"

What could I do? "Mr Second Lieutenant, I must hold you responsible for this interruption," said I.

"Exactly so. I am responsible, —as far as stopping this carriage goes. Had all the town turned out in your favour, and had this gentleman insisted on being carried away to be buried——"

"Nothing of that kind," said Crasweller.

"Then I think I may assume that Captain Battleax will not fire his gun. But if you will allow me, I will ask him a question." Then he put a minute whistle up to his mouth, and I could see, for the first time, that there hung from this the thinnest possible metal wire,—a thread of silk, I would have said, only that it was much less palpable, —which had been dropped from the whistle as the lieutenant had come along, and which now communicated with the vessel. I had, of course, heard of this hair telephone, but I had never before seen it used in such perfection. I was assured afterwards that one of the ship's officers could go ten miles inland and still hold communication with his captain. He put the instrument alternately to his mouth and to his ear, and then informed me that Captain Battleax was de-

sirous that we should all go home to our own houses.

"I decline to go to my own house," I said. The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Coachman, as soon as the crowd has dispersed itself, you will drive on." The coachman, who was an old assistant in my establishment, turned round and looked at me aghast. But he was soon put out of his trouble. Bunnit and the bar-keeper took out the horses and proceeded to lead them down the hill. Crasweller, as soon as he saw this, said that he presumed he might go back, as he could not possibly go on. "It is but three miles for us to walk," I said.

"I am forbidden to permit this gentleman to proceed either on foot or with the carriage," said the lieutenant. "I am to ask if he will do Captain Battleax the honour to come on board and take tiffin with him. If I could only prevail on you, Mr President." On this I shook my head in eager denial. "Exactly so; but he will hope to see you on another occasion soon." I little thought then, how many long days I should have to pass with Captain Battleax and his officers, or how pleasant companions I should find them when the remembrance of the present indignity had been somewhat softened by time.

Crasweller turned upon his heel and walked down the hill with the officers,—all the crowd accompanying them; while Bunnit and the bar-keeper had gone off with the horses. I had not descended from the carriage; but there I was, planted alone,—the President of the Republic left on the top of the hill in his carriage without means of locomotion! On looking round I saw Jack, and with Jack I saw also a lady, shrouded from head to foot in black garments, with a veil over her face, whom I knew, from the little round hat upon her head, to be Eva. Jack came up to me, but where Eva went I could not see. "Shall we walk down to the house?" he said. I felt that his coming to me at such a moment was kind, because I had been, as it were, deserted by all the world. Then he opened the door of the carriage, and I came out. "It was very odd that those fellows should have turned up just at this moment," said Jack.

"When things happen very oddly, as you call it, they seem to have been premeditated."

"Not their coming to-day. That has not been premeditated; at least not to my knowledge. Indeed I did not in the least know what the English were likely to do."

"Do you think it right to send to the enemies of your country for aid against your country?" This I asked with much indignation, and I had refused as yet to take his arm.

"Oh but, sir, England isn't our enemy."

"Not when she comes and interrupts the quiet execution of our laws by threats of blowing us and our city and our citizens to instant destruction!"

"She would never have done it. I don't suppose that big gun is even loaded."

"The more contemptible is her position. She threatens us with a lie in her mouth."

"I know nothing about it, sir. The gun may be there all night, and the gunpowder, and the twenty tons of iron shot. But I'm sure she'll not fire it off in our harbour. They say that each shot costs two thousand five hundred pounds, and that the wear and tear to the vessel is two thousand more. There are things so terrible, that if you will only create a belief in

them, that will suffice without anything else. I suppose we may walk down. Crasweller has gone, and you can do nothing without him."

This was true, and I therefore prepared to descend the hill. My position as President of the Republic did demand a certain amount of personal dignity; and how was I to uphold that in my present circumstances? "Jack," said I, "it is the sign of a noble mind to bear contumely without petulance. Since our horses have gone before us, and Crasweller and the crowd have gone, we will follow them." Then I put my arm within his, and as I walked down the hill, I almost took joy in thinking that Crasweller had been spared.

"Sir," said Jack, as we walked on, "I want to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"Something of most extreme importance to me! I never thought that I should have been so fortunate as to announce to you what I've now got to say. I hardly know whether I am standing on my head or my heels. Eva Crasweller has promised to be my wife."

"Indeed!"

"If you will make us happy by giving us your permission."

"I should not have thought that she would have asked for that."

"She has to ask her father, and he's all right. He did say, when I spoke to him this morning, that his permission would go for nothing, as he was about to be led away and deposited. Of course I told him that all that would amount to nothing."

"To nothing! What right had you to say so?"

"Well, sir,—you see that a party of us were quite determined. Eva had said that she would never let me even speak to her as long as her father's life was in danger. She altogether hated that wretch Grundle for wanting to get rid of him. I swore to her that I would do the best I could, and she said that if I could succeed, then—she thought she could love me. What was a fellow to do?"

"What did you do?"

"I had it all out with Sir Kennington Oval, who is the prince of good fellows; and he telegraphed to his uncle, who is Secretary for Benevolence, or some such thing, at home."

"England is not your home," said I.

"It's the way we all speak of it."

"And what did he say?"

"Well, he went to work, and the John Bright was sent out here. But it was only an accident that it should come on this very day."

And this was the way in which things are to be managed in Britannula! Because a young boy had fallen in love with a pretty girl, the whole wealth of England was to be used for a most nefarious purpose, and a great nation was to exercise its tyranny over a small one, in which her own language was spoken and her own customs followed! In every way England had had reason to be proud of her youngest child. We Britannulans had become noted for intellect, morals, health, and prosperity. We had advanced a step upwards, and had adopted the Fixed Period. Then, at the instance of this lad, a leviathan of war was to be sent out to crush us unless we would consent to put down the cherished conviction of our hearts! As I thought of all, walking down the street hanging on Jack's arm, I had to ask myself whether the Fixed Period was the cherished conviction of our hearts. It was so of some, no doubt; and I had been able, by the intensity of my will,—and something, too, by the covetous-

ness and hurry of the younger men,—to cause my wishes to prevail in the community. I did not find that I had reconciled myself to the use of this covetousness with the object of achieving a purpose which I believed to be thoroughly good. But the heartfelt conviction had not been strong with the people. I was forced to confess as much. Had it indeed been really strong with any but myself? Was I not in the position of a shepherd driving sheep into a pasture which was distasteful to them? Eat, O sheep, and you will love the food in good time,—you or the lambs that are coming after you! What sheep will go into unsavoury pastures, with no hopes but such as these held out to them? And yet I had been right. The pasture had been the best which the ingenuity of man had found for the maintenance of sheep.

"Jack," said I, "what a poor, stupid, lovelorn boy you are!"

"I daresay I am," said Jack, meekly.

"You put the kisses of a pretty girl, who may perhaps make you a good wife,—and, again, may make you a bad one,—against all the world in arms."

"I am quite sure about that," said Jack.

"Sure about what?"

"That there is not a fellow in all Britannula will have such a wife as Eva."

"That means that you are in love. And because you are in love, you are to throw over—not merely your father, because in such an affair that goes for nothing——"

"Oh, but it does; I have thought so much about it."

"I'm much obliged to you. But you are to put yourself in opposition to the greatest movement made on behalf of the human race for centuries; you are to set yourself up against——"

"Galileo and Columbus," he suggested, quoting my words with great cruelty.

"The modern Galileo, sir; the Columbus of this age. And you are to conquer them! I, the father, have to submit to you the son; I the President of fifty-seven, to you the schoolboy of twenty-one; I the thoughtful man, to you the thoughtless boy! I congratulate you; but I do not congratulate the world on the extreme folly which still guides its actions." Then I left him, and going into the executive chambers, sat myself down and cried in the very agony of a broken heart.

EELS AND EEL-SETS.

One of the differences between the South Briton and the North Briton is, that the former loves eels (to eat), and the latter loathes them. Of the reason for this diversity of taste it is not now our intention to speak, although it is a curious byway of a curious subject. The eel has puzzled many naturalists, and is destined to puzzle many more. For the last month or two, eels and eel-netting have engrossed the attention of anglers and naturalists in the eastern counties; and not only there, but generally that of anglers on southern rivers. Eel-sets in the East Anglian rivers are nets set athwart the stream for the purpose of catching a certain species of eel in its autumnal migration to the sea; and for many years there has been a growing dislike to them in the minds of anglers. Up to the present time there has also been a profound ignorance as to the mode of setting and working these sets, even among persons who have passed their lives upon the rivers. This ignorance induced a suspicion that the nets are destructive to other fish than eels; and this suspicion became a certainty in the minds of many, if not the majority of anglers. A "salt-tide" on the 14th October 1881 destroyed a great number of fish; and some persons, seeing the dead and dying fish in the rivers, jumped to the conclusion that the fish would have gone up the rivers on to the Broads to escape the salt water, had they not been prevented by the eel-sets, which, it was assumed, were set across the river on the occasion of the flow of the salt water; and this led to sensational and thoughtless statements in the local papers. An agitation was set afoot for the abolition of the sets. The writer having some acquaintance with the subject, and knowing that the eel-sets did not destroy other fish than eels, made it his business to stem the tide of prejudice, and save the livelihood of a number of people. This he has succeeded in doing, and a committee appointed to inquire into the matter have reported that the eel-sets are in no way detrimental to other fresh-water fish.

Feeling ran very high on the matter at first; and so little did the public seem to know about eels and their capture, that it has been thought fit that the following article should be written.

And first as to the natural history and habits of the eel. Naturalists generally agree that there are, at least, three distinct sorts of eels indigenous to this country—namely, the sharp-nosed or silver-bellied eel, the grig or snig, and the broad-nosed eel.

The grig is a yellowish eel, with a projecting under-jaw; the broad-nosed eel is stated to be an uglier-looking eel, with a broader head, and, according to Pennell, fierce and voracious in its habits; while the silver-bellied eel is a firm, fine-flavoured eel, with a dark, almost black, back, a silvery belly, and a fine sharp head. This is the eel which migrates seaward in the autumn, and is the eel by which the eel-setters live.

In the 'Angler Naturalist,' by Mr Pennell, the following letter from a Mr Pinkerton is quoted:—

"But the grand distinction between the two species (the sharp-nosed and the broad-nosed eel) is, that the sharp-nosed species is a migratory fish, while the broad-nosed one is not. I admit

that the latter has its summer and winter quarters, for eels are very susceptible of the effects of cold and electricity, and it wanders about a good deal at night in search of prey; but it does not migrate to the sea in large shoals, as the sharp-nosed species usually does. It is about this time of the year (autumn) that the annual migration commences, the eels moving in the night, and always choosing a dark night for the purpose. A change of wind, a clap of thunder, a cloudy night becoming clear and starry, will at once stop the movement. I have frequently visited the great eel-fishery at Toome, on the Lower Bann, where from fifty to sixty tons of eels are annually caught in the migratory season. As many as 70,000 eels have been taken at this place in one night, all of the sharp-nosed species, with the slight exception of perhaps a dozen broad-noses that have been accidentally mixed up with the shoal. One night in 1842, when I visited the Toome fishery, there were caught in round numbers 11,000 eels. And on this occasion there were only three broad-noses in the whole number. What becomes of the immense quantity of sharp-nosed eels that descend to the sea every season? Do they remain in the brackish waters of the estuaries, or do they return in small detachments at various periods? This is a problem still to be solved."

At Ballyshannon, on the Erne, the eel-fisheries are nearly as valuable as the salmon-fisheries; and on the Thames, Severn, and other rivers, the eels are intercepted in the descent by weirs or framework holding basket-work traps, called "eel-bucks."

No one has ever seen the eels returning; but in the spring of the year, in the Thames, Severn, and many other rivers, the young eels come up by millions, keeping close to the banks, and swimming in almost solid columns. They will surmount almost any obstacle, creeping, wherever there is any moisture, through grass, and over stones and timber. This "eel fare" lasts several days; and the tiny elvers, something like darning-needles in size, used to be scooped out by the bucketful, and applied to the land for manure, baked into cakes for men, or used as food for pigs, until an Act was passed prohibiting their destruction.

The English market is chiefly supplied with eels from Holland, but they are not of so good a flavour as the English eels. The late Mr Frank Buckland was of opinion that the English eel-fisheries are not half developed; and we quite agree with him. There is an immense amount of food yearly lost for want of the knowledge to make it available, and the eel-fisheries ought to be strongly encouraged by all economists.

Norfolk rivers are different in their conditions from the Thames and Severn, and other rapid rivers, where the fall is great and the water is fresh everywhere, except in the lowest reaches of all. In the Severn, for instance, there is no salt water until below Gloucester; and the shallow fords, clear deeps, locks, and weirs, present obstacles to the ascent of the adult eels—or, at all events, give such opportunities of observing the return of the large eels, if it actually took place—that it may be taken as an absolute fact that the eels which have descended to the sea do not return. The ascent of the stream by the elvers, too, goes to prove that the procreation of the descending eels takes place either in the estuaries or the sea.

In the Norfolk rivers, however, their slowness, their almost unobservable fall, the evenness of their depth, breadth, and current, and the many miles upward to which the brackish water penetrates—all have their effect upon the habits of the eels they contain; and this difference must be taken into consideration in the present inquiry.

Seeing that the life of the eel is

really shrouded in mystery, and that naturalists can only rely upon the observations of those whose occupation is connected with eel-catching, we need make no apology for stating the belief of one of the oldest and most successful of the Norfolk eel-setters. According to his experience, there are four different sorts of eels.

I. The silvery-bellied eel or bed eel. This is the most numerous of all the tribe in Norfolk rivers, and corresponds to the sharp-nosed eel. It has a blackish back and silvery belly, is firm to the feel, and the best to the taste of all the eels. It is the one by which the eel-setter makes his living, as it is this species which in the autumn migrates seawards in immense numbers. It is rarely caught in any other way than by the eel-nets. It is only occasionally that it takes the "bab" (the bunch of worms strung on worsted with which the eel-babber works). It is seldom or never taken by an eel-spear, or by the bait of an angler; and when it is on the run, few eels of the other species are taken in the nets. Sooner or later the silver-bellied eels go down the river seaward. Each year about harvest-time a certain proportion of the eels seem to swarm off like bees, and make for the sea. They go down in bodies on dark nights, refusing to stir when the moon is up; they also seem to move more on the wane of the moon than when it is waxing. An atmospheric disturbance, such as wind and heavy rain, will start them off; but a change in the conditions under which they started will stop them. They also go down with the ebb-tide, and stop running when the tide flows. Big and little, old and young, start on this singular voyage; and big and little, old and young, remain and "bed" themselves. Thousands of bubbles rising to the surface show where they work down into the soft mud, far beyond the reach of eel picks and darts. This bedding is to escape the cold of winter, to which eels are very sensitive, and is easily intelligible. But why do they migrate? For one reason, the brackish water of estuaries and harbours is warmer than either sea or river. The admixture of fluids of different densities causes a rising of the temperature, and fresh and salt water are daily mixed by the tides, and lessen the cold. Thus, while some eels prefer to seek the warmth of the mud, others seek heat in brackish water. But sooner or later all the eels of this species go down to the sea; and none of those that go down return. This is spoken to so positively by all eel-fishers that it cannot be doubted; and in such rivers as the Severn, there is no room for doubt, because of the facilities there are for observation. Then how is the supply kept up; and how is it that eels are always found in the rivers of a large size? The answer to the first part of the question is, that young ones are produced; and the answer to the other part is, that eels are so numerous that although immense numbers leave the rivers each year, yet equally immense numbers remain. Now comes the curious part of it, so far as Norfolk rivers are concerned. In other rivers the procreation takes place largely in the estuaries or sea, and the elvers return to stock the rivers. In the lower part of the Norfolk rivers the elvers are not noticed in spring, or any other time of the year; and so continually are these eel-men on the river night and day, that such a phenomenon could hardly easily escape their attention. Neither could they fail to detect the return of the old eels, supposing they came back singly or in small detachments; for, seeing that the cold weather does

not end until March, and that eels begin to descend in July, and continue descending until the end of November, only three months would be allowed for their ascent; so that, if they did ascend, they must come up in droves.

We have all heard of the notion that chopped horse-hairs thrown into the water turn into eels, and the many other ideas accounting for their breeding in equally absurd ways. The fixed belief among a large number of Broadsmen is, that they breed upon the land, and subsequently take to the water. Others more intelligent believe that the young ones are produced in the rivers in the spring; and they positively state that they have cut eels open in February, and found them full of young eels,—of which statement more anon. These young eels grow to about ten inches long by the autumn.

It is only at the first obstacles on the rivers Yare and Bure—the flour-mills on the upper reaches—that the elvers are noticed; and here they appear in very large numbers. The "New Mills" in the city of Norwich is a building which completely spans the stream. There are brick walls on each side of the river, and no means of access save through the sluices and by the floats of the wheels. Here the tiny elvers force their way in countless thousands, wriggling through every crevice, and even over the floor of the mills, on their upward march. But no adult eels ascend; and this can be positively stated. Yet in the period between "haysel" (hay harvest) and November, the silver-bellied eels descend in thousands, and of all sizes. A ton-weight has been taken in one week at Hellesdon Mills, which are the next mills above the New Mills. Two of these eels lately taken at the New Mills weighed eleven pounds the pair. Now, although the silver-bellied eel is undoubtedly a fast grower, yet eels of the size caught in the nets at the New Mills must be several years old, and must have passed all their lives since elverhood above the mills. Can it then be reasonably supposed that these eels have passed so much of their lives without procreation of their species? Scarcely; and it is therefore a fair conclusion that the procreation of large numbers of eels takes place in fresh water.

This leads us to the question,—What is the object of the yearly migration of the silver-bellied eel? If the above suggestions are correct, it cannot be for breeding purposes alone; and in our opinion, the most probable solution is the following: Eels multiply as fast as other fish, and probably grow faster. At all events, their numbers are incredibly large; and if they bring forth their young alive, the latter are not subject to so many chances of destruction as the spawn of other fish. Nor are eels themselves subject to so many destroying influences as other fish. Therefore each year the rivers must get overcrowded with them, and a certain proportion "swarms" off, and is lost in the sea. These eels are caught in Lowestoft and Gorleston harbours, and beyond that we cannot learn anything of their future fate.

The New Mills affords the strongest illustration of the non-return of the adult eel; but the same tale is told of all the other mills on the Yare and Bure. It may be interesting to note that the common lampern is caught in good numbers at the mills on its descent of the rivers, but the previous ascent of young or old has not been noticed. When the lamperns begin to run, the eels stop. The only species of eel taken at the New Mills is the silver-bellied eel.

A very curious phenomenon is sometimes observable in the upper waters of the Yare and Waveney: the eels come down in large solid balls from one to two feet in diameter, heads inside and tails out; and these living balls roll down the river, and plump into the nets with such force as to carry them away, for which reason the eel-fishers at the mills dread their coming. We cannot even guess at the cause of this singular eel-freak.

It will have been noticed that we have alluded to the eel as being viviparous. Naturalists affirm that the eel deposits its spawn as other fish do, and state that the microscope reveals the presence of spawn and milt in the eel. This is so much opposed to all the statements and experience of eel-fishers and eel-setters, that we cannot accept it as a fact; and after listening to so many eel-fishers who stoutly affirm that they have constantly opened eels in February which have been full of minute living eels (not parasites), and that in a tub of eels young ones have been found in the morning that were not there over-night, we strongly lean to the theory that eels are viviparous. To use their own words, there are *thousands and thousands* of eel-fry all alive in the bodies of eels cut open in February.

The young fry are contained in a membraneous sac, as long and thick as one's finger, and the eyes and backbones of the fry are distinguishable. When the sac is cut open, the fry unbend themselves and wriggle about. Eels are found in this state during February, March, and April.

So far with respect to the first species which our veteran eel-fisher describes.

No. II. is the grig or snig, a yellowish eel with a projecting underlip. This grows to a good size. It does not migrate to the same extent as the species last described; and out of a catch of twenty-stone-weight of eels, there will not be a single grig. It works to and fro to a limited extent in February and March, when eel-nets are sometimes set especially for its capture; and also in November, when the silver-bellied eel has ceased running. The grig is caught by all the usual methods.

III. The broad or thick nosed eel, of which species only a chance one gets into the eel-sets. This is not at all a nice-flavoured eel, and appears to be baser in its tastes, feeding on garbage, and forming a contrast to the first-named eel, which is a clean feeder.

So far our informants agree with naturalists as to the number of species; but now they are positive that there is in these rivers a fourth distinct species of eel—the "hooking" eel or "gloat,"—and this is the blackish medium-sized eel taken by anglers, babbers, and on night-lines. It does not migrate, and only chance specimens get into the eel-nets.

With respect to the capture of eels in Norfolk waters, there is much that is interesting to be said. The less important species are taken by babbing and spearing.

Babbing is often a profitable and easy way of catching eels. The *modus operandi* is to thread a number of lobworms on worsted until a bunch is formed: a weight is attached, and the bait is lowered to the bottom. The babber sits in his boat through the night, with a short rod in each hand, and every now and then lifts the bab a little. When he feels the tug of an eel, he lifts it gently into the boat, the eel's teeth being entangled in the worsted. The great time for babbing is when the roach and bream are "rouding" or spawning in the spring. There are certain well-known spawning-grounds—such as the gravelly shoals on the Ran-

worth bank of the Bure, opposite Horning Church, and lower down at St Benedict's Abbey. On these grounds the fish collect to spawn in vast numbers, and the eels follow them in hosts. The babbers follow the eels; and you may see fifteen boats as close together as possible, babbing away and catching as much as four-stone-weight of eels per boat in a night. At such times it is quite useless to bab anywhere else than on the spawning-grounds. You can hear the eels sucking away at the spawn in the weeds; and they gorge themselves to such an extent that they will lie motionless on their backs on the gravel, with distended stomachs, and when caught by the bab they will frequently die during the night, instead of living for days, as an eel will otherwise do in a boat. When they are cut open the spawn flows from them in a stream.

Eel-spearing is quite an athletic occupation, as well as one requiring much skill, and knowledge of the habits of the eel. There are two kinds of spears in use in different parts of the Broad district. The one in use on the Yare and Bure is the "pick," formed of four broad serrated blades or tines, spread out like a fan, and the eels get wedged between these. The spear in use on the Ant and Thurne is the dart, and is made of a cross-piece with barbed spikes set in it like the teeth of a rake. The mode of using both is the same. They are mounted at the end of a long slender pole or shaft, by which they can be thrust into the mud. These thrusts are not made at random; but the "pickers" watch for the bubbles which denote the presence of an eel in the mud, and they aim accordingly.

Night-lines baited with a thousand hooks used to be set; but these have been made illegal by the by-laws passed under the Norfolk and Suffolk Fisheries Act, 1877, under a mistaken notion that they destroyed the pike.

The above modes of capture are not applicable to the silver-bellied eel, which is only caught in the eel-sets. There are about a score of these nets set at various points on the rivers Bure, Thurne, Ant, and the dikes leading to the various Broads; and their use is of great antiquity. Some of them have been worked in the same spots for hundreds of years. The mode of setting them is as follows:—

A wall of close-meshed and stout network is stretched across the river, the lower side weighted with lead and resting on the bottom, and the upper side floated by means of pieces of wood. In the bed of the river are three stakes, one in the middle, and one near each bank; to each of these stakes blocks are attached; through these blocks pass separate ropes, one end of each rope being attached to the top of the net above each stake, the other ends of the ropes leading to the eel-boat, moored by the bank. By hauling on these ropes, the net can be pulled to the bottom of the river. In the wall of netting, there are (say) four apertures, at equal distances apart; to each aperture a narrow network pipe or tube about six yards long, and kept distended by wooden hoops, is attached. At equal distances in the interior of each tube three funnel-shaped circles of net are fastened (the shape of these can be understood by reference to a bow-net, or to one of those ink-bottles out of which the ink cannot flow when turned upside-down). These "pods" are stretched down the river, and attached to stakes fixed in the bed of the river by ropes, which lead from buoys on the surface of the water, through blocks on the stakes, and fastened on shore, two on either side. The

eels passing down the river make their way into the long "pods" through the narrow necks or apertures of the stops, and cannot find their way back again.

The nets are only set during ebb-tide and at night. While they are set the men must be constantly on the watch. On the approach of a wherry the ropes are hauled upon so that the net is pulled down to admit of the wherry passing over.

When the tide flows, it is useless to keep the net set, as the eels do not run. It is therefore pulled down, and the men go to sleep. In the morning the three ropes are slackened, and the floats of the net bring it to the top. The floats are then taken off the warp of the net, in order that the latter may not be injured by a passing wherry while the men are attending to the pods.

The guy-ropes attached to the pods are next cast off, when the buoys can be hauled in. The pods are hauled into the boat, and detached from the main net, and their contents emptied into a tub.

While pursuing the inquiries referred to in the beginning of this article, we arranged with a notable eel-setter to spend a night with him at his eel-set. Six o'clock one moonless November night saw us at the village of Horning, on the banks of the river Bure, where the eel-setter was waiting for us. Stepping into his boat, we were rowed by him down the dark winding river. The sky was cloudless, and the stars remarkably brilliant—the Milky Way shining with a lustre rarely seen. There were also frequent flashes of what, at another period of the year, would be called summer lightning; a faint aurora added to the loveliness of the night, and the silence was broken only by the dip of our oars, and the faintest of whisperings from the dry reed-tops shaking in the light wind. It was a lovely night for November, but not a good eel-night. Alluding to the "break" of stars above us, the man said that it foretold rough stormy weather; and surely enough this followed the next day. Passing one eel-setter's hut, we rowed for two miles before reaching the one in which we were to spend the night. At last a ruddy gleam of firelight shone out of an open door, and we were presently ensconced in the cabin of the eel-boat, where the father of its proprietor, a veteran eel-fisher, was waiting for us. The boat was a Norwegian ship's boat, and had been bought from a sale of wreckage. Upon the boat a hut had been built about ten feet by six, and five feet high. Inside there were two bunks, and a fire-place in which burned a fire so hot that overcoats and wraps were quickly thrown off. The net was down, and the floats and buoys were gurgling about on the ebbing tide. All through the night, while the tide ebbed, we kept watch and ward, the old man taking the lead over his son, notwithstanding it was the son's set. It is needless to say that we talked continuously, such talk as the writer loves: eels and their habits, fish and fishing, otters, wild-fowl, and all the interesting items of Broad life, were discussed, and notes jotted down in our note-book, while the younger man patiently held a candle near us. Every few minutes one or other of the men would peep out to see if a wherry was in sight, and to lower the net if necessary. Dark-tanned sails are much more easily distinguished than white ones at night, and black buoys are more distinguishable than white ones. It is surprising what a distance a black sail can be seen in the flat treeless landscape. On misty nights the men can only trust to their ears, which do not always fulfil

their duty. Sometimes dogs are trained to bark when a wherry is coming; but it does not do to rely upon a dog, as he sleeps like his master, and the net gets torn, and much pecuniary loss is occasioned. A net such as this one—set where the river is about thirty yards wide—will cost about £30 to make; so naturally much care is taken of them. They are "braided" or made in the winter, all the family assisting. The material used is a soft strong cotton twine, and the net when made is first tanned and then tarred. This net is set right across the river, but below this spot the nets do not actually reach from bank to bank. The outer curve of the river where the water is "fleet" (shallow) and weedy, is left free, so that the weeds borne down by the tide, which always drift to the outer curve, may have free passage; the eels take the deeper water near the inner bank.

With regard to the amount of eels caught in a night, the take, under favourable circumstances, runs from 20 up to 40 stones-weight of eels in one night. Thirty years ago, 110 stones were taken in one night in a set at Fishley; and forty-six years ago, our informant took 300 stones-weight (14 pounds to the stone) in four nights in a net set at Hardley Cross on the river Yare. The Yare is the best eel-river of all; but it could not be properly "set" now, because of the alterations in Yarmouth harbour, which have so accelerated the tides that no whole net could stand against the ebb and the rubbish it brings down. A half-net might be set, but would be too costly for these men.

Thirty years ago, the tides made but little difference in the rivers. At Ranworth, on the Bure, the water would then flow down for three weeks at a time, the flood-tide not overcoming the natural current of the river. Now, the tides as a rule flow and ebb their alternate six hours with great swiftness and regularity. This militates against eel-setting in the lower reaches and the larger Yare, which, in addition to great depth, has a width of about 60 yards.

On the 14th of October 1881 there was a terrible south-westerly gale, which uprooted trees by the hundred, tore the white water off the Broads and drove it in sheets over the marshes, rendering existence out of doors perilous. In these lonely eel-huts, which trembled in the blast, the eel-fishers sat watching their nets fearfully, yet hopeful of an unprecedented catch, for the eels were on the run. The ebb-tide ran with such fierceness, however, and carried down with it such quantities of weeds and rubbish, that between five and six o'clock on that memorable Friday evening every net that was set was carried away, and could not be repaired until the storm abated. The tide ebbed until nine o'clock on the Saturday morning; and then, when the river was very empty, the salt-tide came up with overwhelming force, and flowed until nine o'clock on the Sunday morning—that is, for twenty-four hours—spreading destruction among the fish, strewing the ronds with dead and dying pike, roach, and bream, and carrying them on its current even where the upward stream had lost its saltness. It was stated that the eel-sets had stopped the rush of fish upward while escaping from the Salts to the Broads; but as a matter of fact, no nets were set during the flow, and the fish had an uninterrupted passage, had they been able to avail themselves of it; but the inrush of the salt water was too sudden for them to flee from it.

The first effect of a westerly gale on these rivers is to empty them.

Its next effect is to fill the North Sea with water blown in from the Atlantic; and when this is heaped up and the flow begins, the rivers are rapidly filled. The last incursion of the salts was six years ago, and it was more destructive to fish than the October one.

The eel-men, living so much on the water at night, and being, as a rule, quite alone, become very observant, and seem to think a good deal of what they do see. Hence their remarks are always worth listening to. The two with us this night were favourable specimens, no doubt; the father with a large store of experience, and the son, a good-looking young fellow, chiming in with bits of information and hints which the father had forgotten.

At two o'clock in the morning the tide had turned, and the net was lowered: there was nothing more to do until morning, and we might have slept if sleep had been possible, but the couch was rather hard and narrow. The circumstances were novel in the extreme: the flickering firelight danced about the cabin, and showed the forms of the two men uncomfortably resting in the opposite corners; and although they themselves could not sleep, they kept as quiet as mice in order to give us the chance of sleeping. We appreciated this thoughtfulness on their part; but the knowledge of the effort required was in itself sufficient to keep us awake. So we lay broad awake, with occasional acute attacks of pins and needles, until the dawn.

It will not do for the eel-setter to sleep too soundly, even when his net is lowered, as the friendly wherrymen give him a warning hail as they approach; and if he did not acknowledge the hail, they would cease to give it.

At seven o'clock we went out into the fresh violet-coloured morning, and the pods were taken up. We watched the operation with great interest, for upon the result much depended. One by one they were gathered in, the ends untied, and the eels poured into a tub. The destruction of fresh-water fish was represented by *one ruff*, just large enough to have two ends to it. The eels were all grigs, except two silver-bellied ones, the run of the latter being over, and the net only being kept down in order that we might have an opportunity of inspecting it. The men can distinguish the silver belly in the dark by the firm feel of it. To handle the eels the men take a small handful of grass, which enables them to grasp the slippery customers.

It was a stormy-looking sunrise; and although there was not much wind then, yet the wherries were close-reefed, and ready for stormy weather.

While rowing homeward, we came to another set, and requested its owner to raise his pods, which he readily did. There were eels in each, and two small ruffs. Great quantities of ruffs are caught at times, and the men's fingers get pricked by their sharp spines.

On our return to breakfast at Horning, we found that the news of our expedition had spread, and eel-set men from all parts had gathered to meet us and offer evidence. A picturesque set of men they were, amphibious in their appearance to the greatest degree, and very grateful for the friendly interest we took in them. 'Maga' has not room for all the evidence we took on this subject, but we may state that it is positively proved that eel-sets are not in any way prejudicial to the angler. It is only occasionally that other fish than eels are entangled in them, and then only in trifling numbers. The benefit they do to the angler is great. Allusion has been made to the spawn-eating propensities of

the eel; but only those that have seen them on the spawning-beds can realise the immense quantities they really consume—in all probability more than half that deposited. A man who has been keeper for fifty years over 700 acres of water at Hickling, states that the spawn which has been hanging thickly on the rushes over-night, has all been taken off by the eels before morning, and asserts that if the nets were done away with, there would be more eels and less fish—an opinion we heartily concur in.

Since writing the above we have received a letter from the occupier of Horstead Mills, the first mills up the river Bure. He says:—

"There seem to be three distinct species (of eels) caught here—a silver-bellied one with sharp nose, some with flattened noses, and others with brownish-yellow bellies. They come down principally on dark nights after a sudden heavy downfall, and hardly ever run in bright moonshine. They usually begin to come down about the end of August until the first frost. I have seen the young eels ascending. They creep up the perpendicular sluice gates. The largest I have seen would be about 4 inches long. When other fish (bait) come into the net, which is very rare, the eels, as a rule, will not run.

"The nets occasionally take a few of what are known here as *babbing* eels, which are nearly black."

The last-named eel is clearly the same as the hooking-eel or gloat of our other informants, and there can be little doubt that there are really four species of eels in these waters.

WINTER: AN ELEGY.

I.

I LOOK from my lonely window
  Over the snowy plain—
A hearse and a handful of mourners
  Are creeping through the rain!
The flowers are dead and departed,
  The memory of summer is gone,
Song from the lark, and the lark from heaven,—
        And the day drags on.

II.

My soul looks out from its grating,
  And sees without a sigh
The funeral train of youthful hopes
  Mournfully pass by!
Health, and the joy of existence,
  And the faiths that wont to be,
And love, are dead and departing,—
        It's winter with me.

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

COLERIDGE MARGINALIA.

Hitherto unpublished.

The true lover of books very properly regards it as nothing short of a crime if his favourites are dog's-eared, soiled, scribbled upon, or otherwise treated with contumely. He cannot believe that those who really value these precious treasures could deal with them in such fashion. Occasionally, however, a true book-lover is encountered who can find it in him thus to disfigure his volumes; and, more rarely still, we actually are grateful for this disfigurement—that is to say, if it is confined to annotations. There are some few men who by this habit have immensely enhanced the value of their libraries; but their number, on the other hand, is so small, that this practice is by no means to be commended. Of these few, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a notable example. It was his custom to scribble over every book that interested him, whether it belonged to himself or to another. Of his own books he made perfect confidants, telling them much about himself and his ideas that would otherwise have been lost to the world. This was more especially the case in the latter and lonely years of his life, when he read much and wrote less—when his metaphysical instincts became more and more dominant—when he occupied himself almost exclusively with the vain attempt to solve the riddles of life, that commonest of sources, according to De Quincey, of beguiling the sense of misery. Owing to this habit, therefore, of writing in his books, there are still extant many Coleridgeana which have never seen the light of day, although we already possess several volumes of such marginalia. De Quincey once suggested that a collection of Coleridge's notes should be made, feeling assured that such an *omnium gatherum* "would form a *corpus* of genial, penetrating, and discriminative criticism that might be sought for vainly elsewhere." Unfortunately, Coleridge's library was continually passing out of his hands during his lifetime, and it would be no easy task completely to carry out De Quincey's suggestion. Upon his death, however, many of his books would appear to have found their way to the shelves of his executor, Mr Green.

Joseph Henry Green was not only an eminent surgeon, he was an ardent student of philosophy and a devoted disciple of Coleridge. In his youth he had made an excursion to Berlin solely for the purpose of reading philosophy with Professor Solger. He was as versatile in his studies as Coleridge, and there was great mental affinity between them. Whether the work he wrote during the last years of his life, entitled 'Spiritual Philosophy,' in which he strove to give in system the doctrines which he deemed most distinctly Coleridgean, has value enough to survive, is perhaps doubtful. But in any case he will go down to posterity, since two of his poems have been preserved to the world by Coleridge, embalmed, like ephemera, amid the amber of his own. With this man, then, Coleridge was in the habit of exchanging thoughts, both verbally and by means of annotated books; and it is little wonder that, when the poet died, his philosophical books passed into the possession of Mr Green.

It is but the other day that by

fortunate chance the British Museum became possessed of some sixty and odd richly annotated volumes, once the property of Coleridge, and afterwards of Mr Green. With few exceptions they are German books, and almost all are of a philosophical and metaphysical character. Rarely, very rarely, has Coleridge dated his annotations, and hence there is nothing but internal evidence whereby to determine to which period of the poet's life they belong. From this we should be inclined to assign them almost all to the last decade of his life, when he devoted himself almost exclusively to philosophy, theology, and metaphysics. And they are perhaps doubly interesting on that account, since they show that even the sexagenarian Coleridge had not attained to inward quiet, to harmony with himself and the world,—had not discovered that peace, be it of apathy or resignation, that is the boon of the aged. Readers of Hazlitt may perhaps remember how he tells in 'The Liberal' of his first acquaintanceship with Coleridge, giving a graphic account of a walk and talk he had with him on this occasion. "I observed," he says, "that Coleridge continually passed me on the way by shifting from one side of the footpath to another. This struck me as an odd movement, but I did not at that time connect it with any instability of purpose, or involuntary change of principle, as I have done since. He seemed unable to keep on in a straight line." This same inability to keep on in a straight line while walking affected Coleridge mentally; and this natural bias, quite as much as his habit of opium-eating, if not more, may possibly account for the comparatively slender achievements of one so magnificently endowed. We have never been more struck with this instability than in looking over the marginalia of these newly acquired national treasures. What are Coleridge's real opinions? we constantly wonder, as we see him shift from side to side, combating views he lately defended, or lauding some he recently condemned. The peculiar charm of these notes is that they were obviously not intended for publication, as we know some have been. Hence we catch our thinker in undress, and thus become more familiar with him than if he were *en robe de cérémonie.*

The notes in these volumes are too numerous for quotation; often, too, some of the most interesting would be obscure without the context that called them forth. Others are too philosophical or scholastic to interest the general public. Many pencillings, again, have been so rubbed as to have become wholly or partially illegible. And worst of all, a very large number have been mutilated by a careless and irreverent binder, who has carefully trimmed the edges with a neatness which he no doubt considered exemplary. There are entire volumes in which not a single note can be sufficiently deciphered, or the meaning restored. It was Coleridge's habit to annotate with a pencil—only very occasionally he has recourse to a pen. Once he actually himself transcribes his notes in ink, in order that they may be preserved, because, as he says, "pencil-notes are treacherous memorials, or rather confidants that too soon lose their power of being treacherous." Would he had often thought so! or, so thinking, had acted accordingly—

> "Video meliora proboque,
> Deteriora sequor."

All Coleridge's notes testify to the great care and attention with which he read, though it is often noticeable that he annotates very

ardently at the beginning of a volume, and then drops it, or says much less. Some notes have obviously been made with a view to Mr Green's benefit, for he once or twice says, "You see, my dear Green," &c.; but the greater portion were for private use. Once, however, it would appear that his notes may have been intended to aid him, or possibly another, in writing a review. This was on the second and enlarged edition of Malthus 'On the Principles of Population.' He inscribes after his own name that the book was the gift of D. Stuart. The date of the work is 1803. It was in that year that Stuart retired from the editorship of the 'Morning Post,' for which Coleridge wrote so much under his management. It is therefore quite possible that this may have been one of the last books he treated there. This, too, was the period when Coleridge was in general sympathy with Godwin, whom, in earlier years, he had rated very low, and consequently, like his friend, he is violently opposed to Malthus, and can hardly read him with patience. "Fool," "Ass," "Booby," are specimens of the dyslogistic epithets that escape his pencil, and are marked against various passages;—concise but expressive criticism. Once, after some of Malthus's verbose argumentation, he writes in the margin, "This precious philosopher." Already in the preface his ire breaks out, when Malthus says he has written his work with a moral view:—

"The stupid ignorance of the man!" writes Coleridge; "a moral view! To begin such a book as this without stating what a moral view is! If it be immoral to kill a few savages in order to get possession of a country capable of sustaining a thousand times as many cultivated and happy men, is it not immoral to kill mothers of infants and men by crowded cities, by hunger?" &c.

Before he has got much further, he says:—

"Quote this paragraph as the first sentence of your review, and observe that this is the sum and substance of eight pages, and that the whole work is written in the same ratio—viz., 8 lines of sense and substance to $8 \times 30 = 240$ lines of verbiage and senseless repetition; and even of these eight lines all the pomp of numerals and ratios might have been cashiered by substituting a proportion which no one in his senses would consider as other than axiomatic—viz., supposing that the human race amount to 1,000,000,000, divide the square acres of food-producing surface by 500,000,000, that is to say, so much to each married couple, estimate this quotient as high as you like if you will, even at 1000, and even at 10,000 acres to each family, suppose population without check; and take the average increase of men from two families as five (which is irrationally small, supposing the human race healthy, and each man married at 21 to a woman of 18), and in twelve generations the increase would be 48,828,125. Now, as to any conceivable increase in the productions, or improvement in the productions, of the 10,000 acres, it is ridiculous even to think of production at all, inasmuch as it is demonstrable that either already in this twelfth generation, or certainly in a generation more (I leave the exact statement to schoolboys, not having Cocker's arithmetic by me, and having forgotten the number of square feet in an acre), the quotient of land would not furnish standing-room to the descendants of the first agrarian proprietors."

The book clearly exasperated him beyond endurance. We have only space to quote a portion of another long note. He annotates:

"It is in the last degree idle to write in this way without having stated the meaning of the words vice and virtue. That 'promiscuous intercourse, unnatural passions, violations of the marriage bed,' &c., are vices in the present state of society, who can doubt? So was celibacy in the patriarchal ages. Vice and virtue subsist in the agreement of the habits of a man with

his reason and conscience, and these can have but one moral guide, utility, or the virtue and happiness of rational beings. We mention this, not under the miserable notion that any state of society will render these actions capable of being performed with conscience and virtue, but to expose the ultra-ungroundedness of the speculation. Adding, however, that if we believe with Mr Malthus, that man never will, in general, be capable of regulating the sexual appetite by the law of reason, and that the gratification is a thing of physical necessity equally with the gratification of hunger—a faith we should laugh at for its wickedness, if we did not feel abhorrence—nothing would be more easy than to demonstrate that some one or other of these actions, whether abortion, or the exposure of children, or artificial sterility on the part of the male, would become fixtures, a thought which we turn from with loathing; but not with greater loathing than from the degrading theory of which it would be a legitimate consequence, and which, by a strange inconsequence, admits the existence of all these vices, and of all that mass of misery on account of which alone these vices are vices, in order to prevent that state of society in which, admitting of these actions after the birth of the second or third child, the whole earth might be filled to its full extent with cultivated happy beings! Mr Malthus is continually involving himself in the idle blunder of the Quakers, who idolise words. For instance, I am talking to you; I and everybody use you to signify one person; and we all use it indiscriminately to men of all ranks and conditions; you so understand it; there is neither an intention of deceiving nor a possibility of being deceived, yet I am guilty of a *lie* and flattery, because, forsooth, some centuries ago the word 'you' was only known as a plural, and applied to individuals of high rank, from motives of flattery."

At last Coleridge gives up the attempt to annotate, though apparently he read the whole book, for he makes several marks, queries, and interrogations in the margin. At last he breaks out, petulantly:

"I am weary of confuting such childish blunders. All that follows to the 335th page may be an entertaining farrago of quotations from books of travels, &c., but surely very impertinent in a philosophical work.

"Bless me! 370 pages, for what purpose? A philosophical work can have no legitimate purpose but proof and illustrations (and 350 pages to prove an axiom! to illustrate a self-evident truth! It is neither more nor less than book-making)."

And herewith Malthus is dismissed,—an author who, according to the testimony of Allsop, must at all times have been to Coleridge as a red rag to a bull.

A volume of 'The Doctor' inscribed "with the author's compliments," does not receive much attention from Coleridge, and such as he gives to it is mostly in opposition to Southey. Here is a note to page 209 that is highly characteristic. He holds that Southey has made a confusion of terms:—

"Truth and evidence are distinct terms, the latter implying the former, but not *vice versâ*. Truths equal in *certainty*, may be of very unequal *evidence*—*ex. gr.*, geometry and the differential calculus. Would that Southey could be induced to see that the light from metaphysics—that *lumen fatuum*, at which he so triumphantly scoffs—is better than the recollection of the legends and technical slang of commonplace sermons! and then, instead of 'the light of mere reason,' he would have said, 'the inferences of the sensual *understanding*, imperfectly enlightened by reason. There is something shocking to a thoughtful spirit in the very phrase, 'mere reason.' I could almost as easily permit my tongue to say '*mere* God.' I am a Christian of the school of John Paul, Athanasius, Bull, and Waterland,—a Church of England Christian, and therefore do not say, God is the Supreme Reason; but this I will and do say, that the Supreme Reason (ὁ λόγος, Jehovah, ὁ 'ΩΝ) is God. And are there two reasons, a rational reason and an unrational?"

When Southey speaks of women losing their surnames by marriage, and hence rendering the study of genealogy difficult, Coleridge writes :—

"This evil in genealogy the French and Germans endeavour, if not to prevent yet in part to remedy, by affixing the maiden or paternal to the married name—thus Frances Patteson *née* Coleridge ; Catherine Pappenheim *geborne* von Oxen—an heraldic usage worthy of adoption in England, where the disruption of the married daughter from her parent stock, and absorption into the name and family of the husband, is not to be praised. It is a discontinuing in descent, and a nothingising of the female."

Nor would he seem to have had a high opinion of Southey's judgment, to conclude from this note appended to the chapter on "the art of verbosity." He writes :—

"There is such obvious cause for the complaint in this chapter, and it has for centuries been so popularly the subject of ridicule and animadversion, that a wise writer would have so far doubted as to inquire whether there did not exist some countervailing reason for its continuance, some rational obstacle or difficulty in its removal."

Southey having permitted himself to say that a person who opposes the customs of the world is a humorist, and otherwise defining humour in a manner distasteful to Coleridge, he breaks out with—

"The question should have been—Is the individual who condemns and opposes 'the world and the world's laws' necessarily a humorist? Was John the Baptist a humorist? Simon Stylites was. Yet they both defied the world and the world's laws. But this is the prominent fault of the author, that in order to give zest and scenery to commonplace thoughts, he turns truth into falsehood by raising generals into universals. The old adage, 'Extremes meet,' might have saved him from this."

For Dr Nehemiah Grew, the botanist, Coleridge expresses much admiration and a high estimate of his powers. To a folio of his, 'Cosmologia Sacra,' he appends many notes that have become illegible. At the close of the first chapter, Coleridge writes :—

"This Chapter I. is not all I could wish it. It does not grapple with the only—for men who attach a distinct meaning to their words—the only possible question. Autotheism? or Pantheism? *Deus mundus non?* or *Deus mundus?* For atheism in any other interpretation is a mere blasphemy of a babbling bravado! But oh, how does it not, to the shame of our theology of 1833, weigh down this Bridgewater £8000 Treatise!"

But the great interest of this volume, as regards Coleridge, consists in the circumstance, that on some blank pages at the end, he has inscribed two variants of the famous epitaph on himself. One corresponds to that printed in his works, except the line—

"A poet lies, or that which once seemed he ;"

which in this MS. runs—

"Here lies a poet, or what once was he."

It is headed "Epitaph in Hornsey Churchyard. Hic jacet S. T. C." The second, headed "Etesis Epitaph," runs—

"Stop, Christian visitor! stop, child of God!
Here lies a poet: or what once was he!
Pause, traveller, pause, and pray for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath,
Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death.
And read with gentle heart—Beneath this sod
There lies a poet."

Beneath is written—

"Inscription on the tombstone of one not unknown; yet more commonly known by the initials of his name than by the name itself."

In his notes to theological works, Coleridge's constant swaying of opinion is very marked. Thus his annotations to Waterland's 'Importance of the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity' are wonderfully orthodox, according to our present ideas of the views a thinking and reading man like Coleridge might hold in our own day. He writes:—

"I know of no one point in the New Testament that perplexes me so much as these (so-called) 'miraculous gifts.' I feel a *moral* repugnance to the reduction of them to natural and acquired talents, ennobled and made energetic by the *life* and convergency of faith; and yet on no other scheme can I reconcile them with the idea of Christianity, or the particular supposed, with the general *known* parts. But, thank God! it is a question that does not in the least degree *affect our faith* or practice. But I mean, if God permit, to go through the Middletonian controversy as soon as I can procure the loan of the books, or have health enough to become a reader at the British Museum."

This is by no means in harmony with what he afterwards wrote in his paraphrase of Lessing's 'Bibliolatry.' In a work entitled 'The Coming of the Messiah,' a translation from the writings of a converted Spanish Jew, prefaced by Edward Irving, there are some most remarkable notes, that would lead one to suppose that at one time of his life Coleridge was a sympathiser with Irving's curious sect. Still more interesting is it to find that Coleridge must have annotated this volume twice, the notes from this work, printed by H. N. Coleridge in vol. iv. of the 'Literary Remains,' in no wise corresponding to the volume before us. The date of this book is 1827, therefore the time when Coleridge lived in Highgate, and saw much of the young Scotch divine. His remarks are written quite in Irving's spirit, showing how receptive was Coleridge's mind even so late in life. None of his usual critical temper peeps forth; he would seem to have subordinated his judgment to his "reverend friend," who, "as an ordained minister of Christ, must know better," and so forth. Nor is the mystery much explained when he at last writes:—

"In all these marginal notes since those on the first part of this pre-discourse, I have written in the character of a convert to Mr Irving's main κήρυγμα or tenet—the second personal coming of the crucified Son of Mary. What I object, therefore, is not objected against the doctrine but in support of it indirectly, at least by removing this or that obstacle, this or that unnecessary difficulty in the way of its reception. On this account and in this spirit I object to the protrusion of a (necessary, I admit, but nevertheless a) *dim* and *shadowy idea* in no part of Scripture asserted for its own sake, or as the proper and primary end and purpose of the text—an *idea* which there is no sure ground for supposing to have ORIGINATED in Revelation, but which we have strong ground to believe imported by the returning captives from Persia—an idea which may almost be described as oscillating between a dogma and a mythus. I object, I say, to the expediency of protruding this into the foreground of the argument, among, or rather at the head of, the most solemn, certain, and express articles of faith and facts of revealed history. Of those who *think* at all, there is probably no man who is in the habit of thinking half as freely as the author of the present annotations that goes equally far in the disposition to vindicate the objective existence of the devil, or that attaches so much importance to the primordial fall (ἀπόστασις) of the spirits. My whole system of divinity is distributed into στάσις, ἀπόστασις, μετάστασις, and ἀνάστασις. But still I would not make a hypothesis, however rational, coordinate with the firm foundations and corner-stones of the faith revealed (S. T. C.) Were my sense of the importance equal to my sense of its certainty, to my *doubtless* conviction of the truth,

there would be no position on the truth of which I would more readily stake my life and reputation than on the Satan in Prologos of Job being no evil personage at all; and this is the primary sense of the Hebrew Satan, and doubtless its sense in this not improbably most ancient book extant, *Circuitor* or minister of police and public accuser—combine the French Minister of Police and our Attorney-General in one functionary—the repeating angel. He acts throughout strictly *in character*. He nowhere calumniates Job, in no point exceeds his king's express commission; but only (as the dramatic propriety demanded) replies to the king's question in the appropriate and very far from unreasonable answer. In all my rounds of inspection I have detected nothing amiss in Job, but yet I dare not assert the positive integrity of his principles, or his inward righteousness, since hitherto he has been beyond all men preserved from temptation. This may not be as amiable as the reply which this sacred dramatist would have given to the excusing or guardian angel, but as surely it is neither malignant nor slanderous. He performs his part and *exit*.

"Then come poor Job's devils—viz., his wife and his kind friends and comforters. It absolutely bewilders me to explain to myself how a man of Irving's genius and free spirit can possibly immolate so evidently true and genuine an interpretation to the idol of rabbinical fabling. Warburton, too, received, without thinking about it, the same fancy. But he saw clearly that then the book could not have been written before the Captivity, and was thus led to the monstrous figment of its having Ezra for its author!"

In conclusion, Coleridge breaks out into this remarkable prayer:—

"O Almighty God, Absolute Good, Eternal I Am! Ground of my being, Author of my existence, and its ultimate end! mercifully cleanse my heart, enlighten my understanding, and strengthen my will; that if it be needful or furtherant to the preparation of my soul and of Thy Church, for the advent of Thy kingdom, that I should be led into the right belief respecting the second coming of the Son of Man into the world, the eye of my mind may be quickened into quietness and singleness of sight."

A volume of sermons by John Miller, presented to Coleridge by their author, and dated 1830, is annotated in a more liberal spirit. Miller, dismissing some argument as metaphysics, Coleridge breaks out with—

"This is *metaphysics*, and that ominous word is the magic *anti sesamè* to fling the door of the mind in the face of the reasoner—yea, to bolt and bar it against all entrance. Strange infatuation! Metaphysics, that is, *μεταφύσικα*, truths that transcend the evidence of the senses! And this is a *terriculum* to a professed believer in a God, a Redeemer, a responsible will, and a birth in the spirit to Him who saith, I am the resurrection and the life—the life everlasting! Infatuation indeed! Yet scarcely to be called strange, inasmuch as it may be easily explained by the straw and froth which the idols of the age, Locke, Helvetius, Hume, Condillac, and their disciples, have succeeded in passing off for metaphysics. But is it not mournful that such commonplace stuff, scummed from the mere surface of the senses, should have superseded the works of Luther, Melancthon, Bucer—yea, of Bull, Waterland, and Stillingfleet—in the libraries of the clergy, and in those who have and use libraries? I do not mention Richard Baxter, because—though of all divines the nearest to the opinions of the serious ministers of our present Church—he is numbered among the Dissenters with about as much right as I might charge a man with desertion, whom I had thrown out of a window in the hope of breaking his neck. But this I will say, that in Baxter's 'Catholic Faith,' and others of his works, there is enough to shame, as well as supersede, whole shelves of later divines and metaphysicians, French, Scotch, and English. God knows my heart, there may be, and I trust are, many among our clergy who love, prize, and venerate our Church as earnestly and as disinterestedly as *I* do. But that any man

on this side idolatry can love and prize it more, or more sincerely, it is not in my power to believe. For those, however, who suppose, like the Master of Trinity [Wordsworth], or he who wrote on 'Eikon Basilike,' that the character of our venerable Church is identified with that of those diseases of the age—Charles I., Laud, and Sheldon, I must submit to be scowled at, as an alien and an adversary.

"12*th September* 1830."

About the same time dates Coleridge's perusal of Jahn's 'History of the Hebrew Commonwealth,' which was translated by an American, who often rouses Coleridge's ire by his curious use of words. "Obligated" elicits from him a fierce comment: "Is this gross vulgarism," he asks, "naturalised in America, that even men of learning adopt it?" To the account of Saul's deposition he appends the following shrewd and common-sense remark:—

"God forgive me if it be an evil thought! but had I read the same account in any profane history, I should not have scrupled to consider this deposition of Saul as the result of the theocratic party's jealousy of their own diminishing influence. How much less heavy do these transgressions of Saul seem than those related of David!"

Coleridge's keen sense of fun breaks out in the most unexpected places; and even when he is most abstruse, he still remains a practical Englishman. This feature comes out strongly in his philosophical notes, though at times he allowed himself to be caught in the meshes of idle words. To Jurien's 'History of the Council of Trent,' Coleridge makes another of the arch criticisms of that common-sense character that has been so well defined as "uncommon sense."

"A beech rises in a columnal trunk to the height of twenty feet from the ground, and then it divides into two as the Samian Y. A river flows from its fountain in one widening stream over a vast tract of country, and through various soils, till it reaches a bed of rocks, over and between which it twists, foams, roars, eddies, for a while 'shatters its waters abreast, and in merry tumult bewilder'd rushes dividuous all, rushing impetuous onwards,' till it is met by a vast compact breastwork of rock which divides the stream into two diverging channels, and obtains the name of the Rock of Separation. Which of the two limbs shall call itself the beech-tree and retain the name of trunk? Which of the two streams, the south-west or the south, shall call itself *the* river? Is not the question palpably absurd? What if the genii or naiad of the one channel should, with an angry sneer, ask the sister naiad, Where were you and your stream before rock separation? Might not the latter reply, Exactly where you were, sister. To be sure I have deposited a good deal of the mud and the filth which our waters had contracted during their long journey. I wish, sister, you would make use of my filtering machine. To the same purpose was the answer of —— to his Catholic neighbour, who had asked him, Where was your religion before Luther, then? 'Where was your face before you washed it this morning?'"

While having great sympathy with the Germans, Coleridge appears to have entertained an irrational dislike to the French. He sums up Desmoulins's 'Histoire Naturelle des Races Humaines' with—

"This work is the quintessential Frenchman, and Desmoulins the pure and intense Frenchman. No other nation could have produced the author of this work."

Then, endeavouring to confute some of his views, he says:—

"To M. Desmoulins I must not speak of God or Providence. Well, it shall be Nature, then."

A remark which shows his preconceived bias the more; because,

had he turned the next leaf and read the dedication, he would have found that it began with "À toi que Dieu m'a donnée."

Clearly Coleridge was not free from prejudices. While reading a translation of the Abbé Dubois's work on India (dated 1817),—a farrago, by the way, of falsehood and misstatements,—he is constantly attacking French reasoning. Dubois writes :—

"The education of these people [the Indian natives] corresponds to the meanness of their origin. Their mind is as uncultivated as their manners; and everything seems to justify the small esteem in which they are held."

This rouses Coleridge, and he exclaims—

"Truly French, and so far justifiable. For a Frenchman feels that he is born a Frenchman: he is the *peccatum originale* of the *vis vitæ plastica* of the planet, which there reappears in the link which connects the Frenchman as its highest result with the spiritual life—namely, in man. So much vice in the primary impulse, so much Frenchman."

After reading on a while, however, even Coleridge is obliged to admit that there are some excellencies in the work, though he shows that his acquaintance with French writers cannot have been wide when he ascribes to them unconnectedness of thought.

"This is the honestest book of its kind as written by a *Frenchman* that I have ever read; but still the Frenchman is conspicuous in the utter unconnectedness of thought. There is throughout not so much a confusion as a contradiction between the opinions of the writer (*ex. gr.*, in his eulogy on Caste) and the facts which prove the effects to be equally horrible and degrading."

His anger once more breaks out when Dubois calls Spinoza a materialist. "Nonsense!" writes Coleridge; "Spinoza was no materialist." He goes on to show that neither are the Buddhists materialists, as Dubois would have them, and then makes this remarkable observation :—

"I question whether there was ever exact knowledge of geometry in India to render a pure materialism possible."

It is to be deplored that Coleridge did not proceed to show how geometry leads to materialistic views.

Here are a few more annotations, culled as they will bear dismemberment from the text :—

"The Buddhists seem to have referred all knowledge to sensation in the first place, as Locke (as far as he was consistent with his premisses), Hartley, Condillac, &c., have explained the palpable difference between knowledge and sensation, or in a proposition by the *partiality* of the sensation. In short, the result would be *as usual*, that the philosopher had called Jack, Tom, and Tom, Jack; but *barring* that, was no greater fool (and no greater Solomon) than his neighbours."

"There is something revolting in capital punishment upon the mere principle of civil and political economy—upon the principle of general consequences, and the *law of human happiness*, as set forth in the case of forgery, for instance."

"Everywhere the atheism, which is the groundwork of *all* polytheism, peeps out—*i.e.*, intellect is falsely taken as the result of *limitations*, that is, the finite mind. Vishnu, ignorant of tactics, is taught by the apes."

Dubois, writing that he holds it probable that Pythagoras derived his system of transmigration of souls from India, calls down on his head this rebuke :—

"It might have been as well if it had been first proved that Pythagoras really taught the doctrine of transmigration relative to the soul or reason

of man. In any other sense we might as well call a chemical treatise on the nature of manure a doctrine of metempsychosis."

But one of the most acute, most characteristically Coleridgean remarks, is that which he makes when Dubois states that even Socrates, who had arrived at just ideas of the Deity without the assistance of revelation, had lapsed into idolatry at his death. The Abbé founds this charge upon the fact that the philosopher, after he had taken the hemlock, whispered to his disciple Crito to offer a cock to Æsculapius in his name.

"Assuredly there was some meaning, some hint or doctrine, which Socrates meant to convey by this enigma, *possibly* that the sacrifice of the first annunciator of a revolutionary truth was necessary to heal the feverous state of the public mind, and by the natural reaction of human feelings the most certain means of spreading the truth. The cock=the morning herald. By the by, how coolly this Roman Catholic speaks of 'their only Lord'! Have not his own religionists lords many, and gods (*divi*) many? The idolatry of the Romanists is not so foul, but it is equally gross."

Argens's 'Lettres Cabbalistiques,' which Coleridge read in a German translation, gives him another opportunity to abuse the French. Argens often quotes Spinoza. Coleridge says:—

"This coxcomb Frenchman probably never looked into the Ethics of Spinoza, but certainly did not, could not, understand a sentence of it. What is matter in Spinoza? One of the two modes of contemplating the Divine Being, into which all other modes are reducible—viz., Thought and Extension. The system is false indeed, for Spinoza had no right to include Power, Life, and Will under Thought; but so far from being materialism, it is evidently a dogmatic idealism: its radical error consists in its dogmatism, in its identifying *Hoc videtur et hoc est.*"

To one of his reasonings he says contemptuously:—

"Just such a proof as this: in a long and intricate calculation, A made a mistake which B detected—*ergo*, there is no certainty in arithmetic."

Mesmer's first work appears to have much interested Coleridge, but he makes few notes on it, and winds up with—

"I think it probable the animal magnetism will be found connected with a *warmth sense*, and will confirm my long, long-ago theory of volition as a mode of double-touch."

But by far the most interesting, as throwing light on Coleridge's mind, are his notes to the philosophical authors. He especially admired Kant. A complete set of the sage's works are copiously annotated — annotations, unfortunately, too strictly philosophical to be in place here, but which should be examined before they vanish, as they are rapidly doing. How much more thoroughly he comprehended Kant than the men who proposed to walk in his footsteps, this note will show:—

"Kant had a good deal of the Englishman in him, and of all people the English are the least tolerant of charlatanism in any but admitted charlatans. Now that Leibnitz, with all his acknowledged genius and merits, had a *dash* of the Rosicrucian in his compound, cannot be denied."

Kant, he says elsewhere,

"wrote *for* his age, not *with* it, or with it only as far as the *form* and *method* extend. Kant had, first, to overthrow; secondly, to build the best possible temporary shed and tool-house, both for those ejected from the old edifice, and for the labourers, &c.; lastly, in this shed to give the hints and great ideas for the erection of a new edifice. What since Kant is not in Kant, as a germ at least?"

Kant's "heavy and buckram" style, as Heine defines it, has de-

terred the general reader from his works; and hence few of them are aware that there exists from his pen a most attractive and readable book, written within the comprehension of all men. This, the 'Anthropologie,' seems to have delighted Coleridge, as it must all who peruse it. His notes upon it cannot, however, with one exception, be quoted intelligibly without the context. This exception applies to the passage where Kant discusses the origin of formal speech, such as when the kings say "we" in lieu of "I." Kant traces the cause to egoism, condescension, and feudalism. Coleridge, on the other hand, says:—

"Rather from a relique of democracy, retained by the policy of Augustus, who, merging in one the most important magistracies, would be addressed, not as a person, but as a proxy of the majority = majestas. We, *i.e.*, the Tribunes, the Pontif. Max., and the Princeps Senat."

Kant's criticism on Herder, in his collected writings, calls forth all Coleridge's admiration. He writes:—

"A perfect model of a review! Kant takes the ground with all the ease and courtesy of a gentleman and a veteran, places his mortal strokes with so sure yet so light a hand, compliments the fallen antagonist so handsomely, and, finally, inters him with all military honours. O poor Herder! thou art defunct as a philosopher, and all thy metaphysics and Calligones only prove thee a spiteful resentful ghost! Go, go, poor ghost, and keep company with Ajax and Dido!"

On the fly-leaf of this same volume, Coleridge has scribbled two aphorisms—

"*Judgment* is, when the rule has been given, to apply it to the particular case.

"*Wit* is to bring the particular under a general rule."

To the successors of Kant, and more particularly to the naturalists, Coleridge is much opposed, and can never resist a hit at their expense. And Coleridge uses a long lash when he uses one, and it stings! Though he has himself been accused of obscurity, he is perfectly alive to the vagueness and pretentious emptiness of the German philosophers and thinkers of that period, that their sentences were too often "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Little wonder that while reading them the impressionable Coleridge grew misty too, and acquired some of their phrases, so that at last he could lay himself open to the charge brought against him by Carlyle, who says of him, that he talked with solemn emphasis of matters of no interest, or got caught in the maze of technical phrases. While constantly complaining of mistiness in his authors, he is often just as nebulous himself. Still, ever and anon, his English sense of fun and clear-headedness break through. It is fearful to contemplate what Coleridge might have become with his natural leanings had he been born in Germany, and this some of these notes enable us dimly to apprehend. But being an Englishman, "in spite of all temptation to belong to another nation," he could speak like this of Schubart, who had been writing some transcendental inanity:—

"Ergo," says Coleridge, "a bright fire is the apotheosis of coal; and Mary, as fire-maker, a maker of black angels, and other beatified superplanetaries!

"While I laugh, I grieve in anger,—not that trash should be published in Germany more than in London, but that such *mawkish* trash should have a *name*,—be quoted as original genius; and that by such men as Tieck! I begin to be sick of all the post-Kantean philosophers."

But it is Heinrich Steffens, with his ardent idealisms,—his dreaminess, his poetical nature, his attempts to fuse natural history and philosophy in one crucible,—his geognostico-geological essays,—that Coleridge is most perplexed how to deal with. He does not seem to have escaped the personal fascination Steffens exercised over all who came in his path—and he tries sincerely to like his writings—but he is often forced to own that he cannot imagine what it all means, and once points out that, if the writer had translated his sentence into English or Latin,

"he could not have written such vague stuff, which, translated, proved rubbish,—though in German it sounds grandly vague, and as if it must have a deep meaning."

Again he says—

"*N.B.*—I do not object to the *thoughts;* but it is a mystical way of talking — an imposing manner; and whatever is imposing partakes of imposition, and is second cousin, if not cousin-german, to imposture. I don't like such cozening."

And yet again—

"Dichterisch schön! Verstehest Du aber dich selbst, theurster Steffens?"

And still once again—

"I have tried hard, and with sincere goodwill, to make some sense out of this, but I have not succeeded.

"I scarcely dare believe my eyes! Can this be Henry Steffens? Nay! it must be some changeling, left in the place of the stolen child, by Gentz, Schelling, or some other Jesuit. And the logic? The man who can contemplate all the horrors of war, famine, and pestilence—who knows that both himself and wife, with seven young children, must pass through the land so visited, and — not turn his left-leg stocking the wrong side out, and set his terrier at the first black cat he meets with,—&c., &c. — *aber klar, deutlich,* &c. O Lord! No,—he must be a mad fellow at the bottom!! and *can* such abominable trash be Steffens!"

For already then the Germans were preaching that godlike character of war — *i.e.,* brute force—which has recently found its supreme expression in the utterances of Moltke. Coleridge's peace-loving soul revolts against these doctrines. After reading Steffens's sophistical arguments, he exclaims:

"But what, in the name of common-sense, has all this to do with the necessity of national wars? If there be any force or meaning in the argument, a nation ought to be always at war. What if the Austrian and Neapolitan soldiers, instead of cutting throats, had joined in draining the Pontine Marshes? Does it follow that they would never think of death and the last judgment? *Erscheinung* comes in so on all occasions, that I don't know what I am to understand by it. Read the detail of the history of the wars of Louis XIV., and then say whether burning, murdering, massacring, starving, ravishing, desolating, &c., are not the *rule,* and Steffens's 'fairest, holiest, and grandest' the rare exception? And where is the proof that even in these the same agents might not have exhibited the same or equal nobleness in the pursuits of science or humanity in a time of peace? War may be, and probably is, a lesser evil in the present corrupt state of mankind; but to puff it up into a positive good is too bad! The Apostle James teaches a very different lesson—Whence comes war among you? &c. How sophistical, too, to make the accidental direction of a virtue (of the chivalrous spirit, for instance) the essence of the virtue, or the virtue itself."

In combating the German notion of the State as "a thing in itself," an almighty Ego, Coleridge annotates almost in the spirit of Herbert Spencer, when he says:—

"What is government but a certain number of men of rank, pretty fair representatives of the class from which they are chosen? I think the German

philosophers give too much to the State, and thus give to Cæsar what is God's."

At last he can stand these maudlin meanderings about the sanctity of the State no longer, and breaks out with—

"The abominable no-meaningness, yet slavish indifferentism of all this downright provokes me. The all-meaningness and thin-blown bladdery universalisms of the lectures generally is bad enough.

"I have so often teased myself with the question, What does Steffens mean? that I now begin to ask whether Steffens means anywhat?—*i. e.*, has any meaning. I am sure I as little understand what he is driving at in this passage as if it had been written in Sanscrit."

In Steffens's mystical account of the resurrection, written in the spirit of his school, that posed as very Christian, in order to please the authorities, and especially the King of Prussia, and which was at heart utterly indifferent to religious matters, Coleridge detects the false ring that could impose on Steffens's countrymen—

"All this palaver and parade of Biblical and liturgical phrases and dogma is essentially atheistic—atheism in a gown and surplice."

And elsewhere—

"Is this that Steffens? or *der heilige Stephanus?* not stoned, but boned to death. *Mea sidera!* But the resurrection is past with H. St., and I have got a crick in the neck with gazing at his ascension. Where can the meaning be gone to? A cloud, a black crow in a schoolboy drawing × a speck —'tis gone! and naught remains but my eye and the Dutchman's blue breeches!! It is a doleful consideration, which Steffens seems to have overlooked, that in consequence of the excess of phosphate of lime, the human bones have the worst chance of *all* bones of remaining for the Resurrection Trumpet! But in serious earnest, my dear G., is it not melancholy to hear a man like Steffens somniloquise in such a mystifying cant of Hylozoism, of Pickism, a hodge-podge of the grossest materialism, and the most fantastic yet maudlin moonery?"

Neither does Coleridge like Steffens's remarks, written in the servile spirit that strove to curry favour with the German Courts, also current in his day.

"To hear Steffens talk, one would imagine that by some pre-established harmony, some new refinement of predestination, a boorly soul was born a boor, and that all calm and lofty souls entered with the features of future Serene Highnesses. Oh fie! fie! What other equality but that which Steffens himself demands do the German patriots themselves require? the equality of power to develop powers subject to no other checks than the necessity of unequal possessions brings with it. These, God knows! are numerous enough, without any wanton additions on the part of the laws and Government. In short, I do not know what or whom Steffens is combating. A peasant does not wish to be a lord —no, nor perhaps does he wish to be a parson or a doctor; but he would have the soul of a slave if he did not desire that there should be a possibility of his children or grandchildren becoming such."

An incidental remark on the laws of property has been mutilated by the binder. So far as it is legible, it is interesting as showing that Coleridge's prophecy on this subject with regard to France has been falsified:—

"With exception of a few fanatics, who has ever doubted the expediency and even necessity of hereditary property in a civilised country? And the French nation will soon see the moral and political necessity of limiting the equal division of inheritance beneath, as of restoring the law of primogeniture."

Equally false is his prognostic with regard to gold, which Coleridge pronounces

"A mere temporary and conditional necessary that in England has *already been* proved to be dispensable, but, in the progression of the commercial system, will fall into the class of luxuries."

The word "schein," as used by the Schelling school, especially annoys Coleridge. He confesses that he cannot understand it:—

"There seems to me a confusion of *schein* with præterience or impermanence. How can a man *seem* to himself to have a fit of the colic?"

It would have been supposed *prima facie* that Coleridge would be in mental harmony with Herder, whose eclectic sympathies, conflicting elements of nature, restless tendencies towards the new doctrines and strong clingings to the old, had so much in common with Coleridge's own. To judge from the notes before us, this was, however, far from being the case. Unhappily Coleridge's notes to Herder's 'Kalligone,' which would appear to have been most entertaining, have had their life-thread cut short by the shears of Atropos the bookbinder. What would one not give to have the end of one where he speaks of Herder protruding his glossy-green and-gold-flesh-fly sting against the cuticle of the Königsberg sage? Some amusing words of Kant's, supposed to be thus stung, seem to follow, but they are too mutilated to be made out. A note, written on a sheet of note-paper, and bound into the volume, has happily escaped the Vandal bibliopegist. It is one of the few notes that are dated, and treats of Herder's unfortunate and ill-considered attack upon Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason':—

"MALTA, *Dec.* 19, 1804.

"And thus the book impressed me, to wit, as being rank abuse, drunken self-conceit, that, kicking and sprawling in the six-inch deep gutter of muddy philosophisms from the drainings of a hundred sculleries, he dreams that he is swimming in the translucent and the profound. I never read a more disgusting work, scarcely so disgusting a one, except the 'Metacritik' of the same author. I always, even in the perusal of his better works, —the 'Verm. Blätter,' the 'Briefe des Stud. Theol.,' and the 'Ideen zur Gesch. der Mensch.,'—thought him a painted mist, with no sharp outline; but this is mere steam from a heap of man's dung.

"If ever there was a = first syllable of the Latin for Thrush in a Bandbox, or meanness in millinery, it is realised in this diatribe of Herder's!! It disturbs my [illegible] to see a man transform the thoughts of a profound philosopher into poetic Whip-Syllabub, and then by affixing a different meaning to the same words, give himself the air of confutation and insult; *vide* p. 14, *et passim.* So important is Kant's distinction, that one of the surest characteristics of genius, as compared with talent, rests upon it. *Ex.* Alston and Jack Dawe are both employed each on a picture. The latter constantly meditates on the arbitrary consequence of his *Handlung* or business, the £300 promised. The former cannot work at all except as far as he removes this from his mind, and finds the end in the means and the true delight in the very labour."

Herder's theology would appear to have aggravated him yet more than his philosophy, and Coleridge's reasons for differing from him are of the most orthodox character:—

"It is hard under one name to designate Herder's faith, 'if faith it may be called, which faith is none.' It is, or seems to be, composed of contrary elements in the act of balancing each other, but not quite balanced, and thence substantial, and still glowing in restless vibrations, a *sensibility*, a certain refined Epicureanism of moral sense, a desire to possess the sympathies of a mass of Christians, and to govern them thereby, and yet an equal desire to be respected by the philosophers—the Intellectuals. He will linger in and about the camp of

the *Religious*, but there he will have, or will forge for himself, a ticket, a certificate from the philosophists, authorising him so to do. Alas! but is not this very like a spy? The most amusing thing in all Herder's theological tracts is the cool (*vornehm*) quality-like looking down upon all the founders of Christianity. 'Poor, simple creatures. Excuse them, gentlemen, they had very good hearts; and though they were somewhat silly, yet really put yourself in their place, —suppose that instead of our rank, education, and various immeasurable superiorities, we had been vulgar, ignorant Jews and blackguards, like Peter, John, &c.,—we should have thought and acted much the same.' And this is a defence of Christianity!!!"

That Fichte's manner of thinking annoyed Coleridge is less astonishing. Readers of Heine will remember how inimitably that writer ridicules the thinker who demanded that thought was to play the spy on itself while thinking. "This operation," says Heine, "reminds us of the monkey seated on the hearth before a copper kettle cooking its own tail, for (it urged) the true art of cooking consists not in the mere objective act of cooking, but in the subjective consciousness of the process of cooking." Coleridge has not said anything as just and witty as this. But he makes some acute remarks. Thus, reading Fichte's 'Bestimmung des Menschen,' after much marginal confutation and vain attempts to clear up Fichte's nebulous sentences, he writes, after the dialogue between the Ego and the Spirit:—

"Will = I x Thing.
On my word this is a most docile, easily contented *Ich*, and the Spirit is a *run* Spirit."

Having regard to Fichte's doctrine that the object is identical with and not independent of the subject, Coleridge writes:—

"Truisms may be so disguised in high words, that, to the common stock of man, woman, and child, they seem to be the property of an individual. If I adopt the Newtonian optics, I take for granted a picture in my retina propagated, I know not how, through my brain and my mind, so by means of this I see a *chair*. Now conscience, awful conscience, intervenes, and says, 'Though thou dost not really see the *chair*, but only a mode of thy own brain, yet I forbid thee to run thy shins against it.'"

When Fichte writes "*Aller Tod in der Natur ist Geburt, und gerade im Sterben erscheint sichtbar die Erhöhung des Lebens*," a fine sounding sentence without much sense to redeem it, Coleridge writes:—

"Mors vita vitalior—viz., a few grains of arsenic, or the bloody flux, or the morbus pediculosus!—and this man yet deems himself a critical philosopher, who came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law of his master, Kant? This man who, page after page, can rant away in the perfect silence of all human consciousness! grounding all on an equivoque of the word 'I.'"

When he has at length worked his way through the volume, Coleridge writes at the end of the book:—

"I propose to myself to consider the philosophising mind as gradually ascending, not a Jacob's-ladder, but a sort of geometrical staircase with several rests or landing-places, each invisible to those below it, but commanding them and their points of view; and on leaving any one to make it clear and lively why the mind in question could not but attempt to climb higher, and why so many remained behind them, and believed nothing above but clouds and the sky."

Fichte's 'Versuch einer Kritik aller Offenbarung' was clearly read more than once. To Fichte's remark that all founders of religion did not refer to reason, but to supernatural authorities to support their views, Coleridge writes:—

"Not true, for Christ refers to the *practische Vernunft* as the *highest* evidence. 'Do the will of my Father, and ye shall know whether I am of God.' To this note I add, ten years after the above was written, 'Nay, Fichte is in the right, for Christians appeal even to the practical reason on the authority and by the command of Christ.'"

But it is rarely he is thus in accord with Fichte, who is constantly rousing his combative spirit. Thus, for example, Fichte's two favourite expressions, "Der Trieb" and "Die Empfindung:"—

"I hold in much suspicion, I own, this *hypostasis* or *quasi* person yclept Der Trieb=Impulse, &c., and still greater this one, everywhere the same thing, called Die Empfindung,—and these my doubts are highly strengthened by the consequences here declared—namely, that 'the activity of the understanding in thinking, the high views and prospects which the reason opens out to us,' occasion the same kind of gratification as apple-pie and custard! I say, I hold the whole tribe of *Vermögens, graviter suspectum.*

Fichte's "Lectures on Eternal Life," delivered in Berlin in 1806, Coleridge considers a distinct falling off from his best manner:—

"Oh woful love whose first act and offspring is self! 'I,' and this not a present 'I am,' but a poor reflection thereof. In his better days, *I* taught a nobler dogma—viz., the generalisation of the I from the thou in all finite minds."

To this volume Fichte appended a petulant chapter, in which he quoted from reviews of his works, and said that he held that such remarks relieved him from the necessity of writing any more.

"How girlish! and because a reviewer or two attacked his weakness, therefore he must believe that the reading public have released him from the task and trouble of writing for them. Besides, Fichte's vaunt is downright outrageous. I, at least, should have considered such a review of a work of mine complimentary, however much I might regret that the reviewer had misconceived its scheme, and misrepresented my meaning in certain passages."

Tennemann's voluminous 'History of Philosophy' was conscientiously plodded through by Coleridge, who evinces a huge capacity for reading and assimilating all manner of mental food. We have selected a few of his most interesting notes for quotation. In the first, Schlegel's influence is visible, for he it was who divided the world into Platonists and Aristotelians.

"I have at times almost ventured to suspect that Plato saw early in Aristotle's mind an unfitness for certain more spiritual parts of his system, and therefore, in consistence with his principles, withheld them. We must not suppose that he made two sweeping divisions of his hearers, public and private, so that all were included in the second as one class who were not excluded as belonging to the first. I doubt not there were beside the esoteric οἱ ἐτιεσώτεροι, while the ἐσώτατον was perhaps intrusted to Speusippus alone. Tennemann was in the same grade as Aristotle; but from a reverence for Plato, which does honour to his moral sense, he unjustly charges the Stagyrite with misrepresentation, or rather with a direct falsification of Plato's doctrine in the very onset, which is incredible. He must have understood that Plato had meant something higher and other than *regulative.* Of this something he could make nothing out to his own mind but a sort of gods and goddesses. This he naturally rejected as mere fancy-work, so substitutes the regulative. How else could his system have been received as a diverse system in his own times, and controverted as such by the immediate successors of Plato? The poor trick attributed to Aristotle (that of stealing his master's horse, and then swearing it could not be his master's horse because that

was piebald) succeeded, I own, in the instance of Locke *versus* Aristotle, and Descartes, and of Horne Tooke *versus* the Dutch etymologists; and under a conflux of accidental aidances, from factions in Church and State, and from a general aversion to speculative philosophy, which cannot be supposed in Atticus at the period at which the Peripatetic school was founded."

"It half provokes one to see the *sang froid* and cucumber self-complacency with which Tennemann first makes out his own '*original* religion of Jesus,' and the 'all that Jesus taught or meant' (poor man, he little thought that a few striking cures in the course of his medical practice would be exaggerated into miracles, or a few unguarded metaphors be condensed into mysteries); secondly, having thus stripped Christianity of all its constituent and peculiar facts and doctrines, as coolly, and with the same mousing gravity, informs us, that '*das Christenthum als Göttliche lehre war zu beschränkt als das es den menschlichen Geist gehörig ausfüllen und beschäftigen konnte!*' &c. Oh this quiet prosy way of humming a man out of his religion, by bringing out the most arbitrary and paradoxical assertions as matters too plain and too long *settled* among men of sense to need more than to be merely stated, and with the air and tone of one into whose brain the very thought, that any one should think of denying or questioning his positions, had never once entered,—verily it is exquisite!"

"Divide mankind into two very disproportionate parts, the few who have, and who have cultivated, the faculty of thinking *speculatively—i.e.*, by reduction to principles—and the many who, either from original defect or deficiencies, or from want of cultivation, do not in this sense think at all; and you may then, according to my belief, subdivide the former class, the illustrious minority, into two species, scarcely less disproportionate in the comparative number of individuals contained in each—viz., the born conceptionists, the spiritual children of Aristotle, and the born idealists or Ideatæ, the spiritual children of Plato. The former system is comprehended in the latter, and therefore of admitted truth in all it affirms, and false, if false by denial only, of the distinctive tenets of the latter. The Aristotelian, therefore, is completely intelligible to the Platonist, while the Platonist is mere *sound—vox et præterea nihil*—to the Aristotelian. The Ideatæ are but somniloquent Ideotæ. The difference being innate, all controversy is hopeless; and could it be ascertained in any particular instance, useless. Supposing, however, that the Platonist is in the right, he alone is the philosopher, and the men of thought might be divided into philosophers and philologists."

"Montaigne's Essays are made delightful by their frank autobiographical vein, by his amiable whimsies, his love and admiration of Plutarch, and by a hundred finenesses that *quiver* one, and a hundred genialities that make one warm and comfortable. But of Charron, and half-a-score other books of the same sort, from H. C. Agrippa's De Vanitate to the last Methodist or monkish sermon, vanity of vanities, I must declare that they are to me almost as dull as obscenity. I have not words to express the chopped straw, lack-spittle, dry, chewing feel I experience in reading them. At one moment I feel a wish to kick the author for lying, and lying stupidly; at another a painful sense of the excessive and yet self-conceitful imbecility displayed in them,—as if the absurdity of supposing little lions and young rhinoceroses being born out of warm mud at the same moment that the same spot of earth swelled up into mud-breasts, with warm lion or rhinoceros milk oozing or spurting from the tops, were less an absurdity because Epicurus said so, or threw any doubt it would not otherwise have had on Plato's and Harvey's 'Omnia ex ovo;' or as if the elements of geometry were less certain to any one who had demonstrated the propositions, because Hobbes, in his utter ignorance of mathematics, was coxcomb enough to attack them. Add, too, the shallow sophistry of hauling together in one drag-net authors of all ages,—those who wrote in the infancy of a science

with those who flourished in its full manhood, those who wrote in barbarous ages, and before the main discoveries had been made, &c.; and lastly, their wilful blindness to the fact that the dissenting opinions become fewer and of less importance as the science, whatever it be, is more cultivated. *Ex gr.*, The chemical workers in the time of Boerhaave and Stahl, compared with the London, Edinburgh, Parisian, German, Swedish, and Italian chemists under the Davy and Wollaston epoch, the same remark applies in a less degree, but yet very strikingly to medicine; and yet from Sextus's experience to Hume, these are men who find especial favour, excite most interest, with Tennemann, who seems never to have enough of them, and respects the same trashy generalities and vacuities with the sober gout of a lewd Quaker, or Jenny ass. O Kant! Kant! thou hast much to answer for."

"The imaginative power—a multiform power which, acting with its permeative, modifying, unifying might on the thoughts, images, specificates of the poet; the swimming crimson of eve on mountain, lake, river, vale, village, and village church, the flashing or sleeping moonshine in nature's poesy, and which, exercising the same power, in moral intuitions and the representations of work or baseness in action as the essential constituent of what is called *a good heart*—this power cannot be given or taught. It is always an indigena of the soil. Therefore I ought not to wonder—and yet, from the sincere respect and *good liking* I bear to Tennemann I cannot help wondering—that he could give even the meagre and gritty account that he has given of poor Böhmen, without some sympathy with the strivings and ferment of a genius so compressed and distorted by strait circumstances and the want of all the aids and organs of speculative thought, as that of the visionary, or some admiration of the occasional auroras and streaming lights in his dark heaven. But no! I used the metaphor of a ferment—and truly Tennemann, without looking deep enough to ascertain of what liquor, noticed only the scum, the yeasty froth, and tossing on the surface. The single conception of the sameness of the strangling anguish or bitter source in the dark ground of nature, with the triumph and stringency of the joy in the light and its self-retracings as the condition of consciousness, after its out-sallyings, is physiologically worth a cart-load of Tennemann's favourites—the Pyrrhonists and Sceptics. As to Böhmen's ideas of the horology or innate time in all creatures, or the continued existing operation of a miracle by the word in counteracting the influence of the longitude and latitude on human language, which would otherwise be a foreign tongue every half-degree N. or S., these were out of sight and hearing for our critic. But I can forgive all—only not the '*verstellte Demuth;*' this is the bitterness of a proud priest sneering at the virtues of a sufferer for conscience' sake—this was unworthy of you, friend Tennemann!"

At length even Coleridge's patience, which would appear to have been long, comes to an end as the works of the many post-Kantean philosophers fall into his hands. He writes:—

"All that staid and sober dignity of logical arrangement which Wolf had introduced, all that austere beauty of method which Kant added, seem to have deserted the present German philosophers, who are sinking back rapidly into miscellany, and superfluent, and arbitrary—in short, into the style of oratorical lectures to ladies and grown-up gentlemen who have not time for reading.

"This degeneracy is, I grieve to say, too apparent in this work on anthropology, and which might more fitly have been entitled sketches of all manner of things about men, women, and children, Greeks and Romans, and Dr Gall of the New Testament."

"Self-conceit that christens itself *selbständigkeit* and vanity—that will be an original thinker and head-master, and tries to establish its claim by criticism—*i.e.*, picking holes in the coat of the philosopher last in fashion, and, lastly, the professional *auditoren-sucht*

—these are the factors to which the exhausted, effort-shunning, yet excitement-craving state of men's minds—the vast increase in the number of dressed people from shop, factory, and country-house, who must know something about everything—and the *multisciolus* reviewing spirit of literature generally, are the co-efficients. The effects—detraction mixty-maxty, stale and cold meat on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, warmed up in the Saturday squab-pie. New terms and new schemations. Add the pietistic cant of the Schleiermacher school, and you have the present state of philosophic thought of the Germans.

"But I feel convinced," Coleridge says at last, "that I misconceive Steffens and Co.; and therefore, according to my own golden rule, not understanding their ignorance, I conclude myself ignorant of their understanding."

Finally, Hegel's 'Logic' evokes from him the following cry:—

"A treatise concerning synonyms, &c., in any language, if accurate, is highly valuable to those who speak that language. But philosophy ought to be translatable into all languages. But here the definitions are not accurate, even as German! and yet, as German idioms they are plausible to Germans only."

We have omitted, as not suited to these pages, a large number of theological notes, that very specially illustrate the instability of opinion in Coleridge, to which we referred in the commencement. Indeed we have had to omit much more that we should greatly have liked to quote, but which the demands of space inexorably exclude. We have culled almost at random a few grains of gold from the treasure-heap. Two "fancyettes," as Coleridge names them, written at the end of a volume of Fichte, but having no connection with its text, we must, however, still quote. The one was very probably the rough sketch for a poem:—

"The two lovers hung over each other as fearfully, as lovingly, as the half-opened yet opening leaves of the moss-rose."

"Intensity and extensity combinable only by blessed spirits. Hence it is that lovers in their fresh state, incapable of fathoming the intensity of their feelings, *help* the thought *out* by extension—commute, as it were—and thus think the passion as wide in time as it is deep in essence—hence, *Auf ewig dein!*"

With the latter exquisite and penetrating remark we take our leave of Coleridge, wishing that all who deface their books may deface them to such good purpose as he.

FINANCE WEST OF THE ATLANTIC.

THERE are no States on the European continent, not even excepting France, the daily course of whose existence claims from an Englishman closer attention than does that of the United States and Canada. We speak of the two, momentarily, as though their position towards England was identical, and we do so because the purport of this article is rather politico-commercial than purely political; and, notwithstanding the genuine feeling of loyalty to the British Crown which exists in Canada, it cannot be doubted that the rulers of the Dominion will shape its financial policy in strict accordance with their ideas of the country's requirements, and will allow as little place for sentiment in their business transactions with the mother country as will any body of men who may control the Government at Washington.

There is an obvious reason why Englishmen should devote some special attention to the progress of the great States west of the Atlantic, because Canada and the United States form the least easily appreciable factor in the problem of how, if at all, England is to maintain her commercial primacy in the struggle with the rest of the world. It is true that at present we may do a larger trade with some European nations; but it is comparatively easy to appreciate the conditions under which we have to contend with them. It is possible to calculate with some accuracy the extent of their territory, resources, the maximum of the population each country can sustain, and the varying amount of pressure the development of each country's industries exercises upon our own enterprises. We know pretty well the products of each European country, and we know, humanly speaking, the improbability of any startling gifts of nature lying concealed and unsuspected by us in any foreign soil.

But on the western side of the Atlantic matters are widely different. Happily for themselves, neither the United States nor Canada—except in so far as the latter forms a portion of the British empire—has a foreign policy in the common acceptation of the term; and they can afford to devote the undivided attention of their Governments and the shrewd intelligence of their people to the sole task of commercial aggrandisement.

It is unnecessary to dilate on American ingenuity — it is proverbial. What is of interest to Englishmen is to know what policy fifty-five millions of shrewd business men, with a continent for their inheritance, with every conceivable variety of climate and productive of every species of wealth — animal, vegetable, and mineral—spurred, too, as they are to the maximum of exertion in the manufacture of toil-saving appliances by the scarcity and costliness of labour,—have deliberately adopted and are resolutely pursuing.

Let us first deal with the United States. It is useless for an observer to seek to disguise from himself the fact that the doctrine of Free-Trade is no longer even what is called a "live issue" in the slang of American politics. As late as ten years ago, when the writer of this article was first in the United States, the Free-Traders, though in a hopeless minority, still existed as a party; but the hard times from 1873 to 1878 killed them. Their

best chance of success lay in exciting the jealousy of the operative against the capitalist. So long as it was possible to hold out to the working man the spectacle of an employer manipulating the country's tariff in a fashion to secure for himself bloated gains derived from the taxation of his *employés'* necessaries of life, so long was it possible to hope for a revolt of Labour *v.* Capital. And the Free-Traders were aided by the fact that, until lately, they could rely upon considerable support from the Southern and Western States, which were formerly almost exclusively producers but not manufacturers.

The Free-Trade party has lost both its political and real advantages —the latter, at all events, permanently. During the hard times succeeding 1873, the manufacturing depression affected the operative as well as the capitalist. The mechanic went for a long time short of work and short of bread. With the revival of trade came a rise in wages; and the manufacturer did not omit to point out to the *employés* that the restoration of his business and wages-paying capacity was due to the national protective tariff. Further, the manufacturing interests insure the maintenance of a tariff favourable to themselves by the simple process of admitting a new interest within the charmed pale of Protection whenever the cry for tariff reform reaches a height menacing to their monopolies or vested interests.

What probability or chance is there, then, of such a Free-Trade movement as convulsed England a generation ago? In America the working man has just passed from a cycle of bad into a season of good years—*i.e.*, good wages, good and cheap food, lodging, and education —due, he is told, to a protective policy. Prominent Democrats and Free-Traders admit that one of the main causes of General Garfield's victory over General Hancock at the last Presidential election was the adoption of a plank savouring of Free-Trade in the latter's political platform; and the significance of the fact that the phrase "Tariff Reform" is taking the place of "Free-Trade" in Democratic electioneering speeches must not be overlooked.

But the cause of Free-Trade in the United States has another increasingly formidable obstacle to contend with. Up to a recent date the Southern and Western States might be counted on to furnish at least a large contingent of Free-Traders. Dependent as they were on the produce of their raw materials of cotton and cereals, and devoid of manufacturing power, it was to them the Free-Trader in England and America looked to put pressure on the East to secure the free admission of clothes for their backs or implements for their agricultural purposes. Even in the best of times, however (speaking from a Free-Trade point of view), there was a kind of commercial Chauvinism (not wholly ungraceful in a great nation) which led Southerners and Western men to be willing to make some sacrifice for the sake of rendering their country commercially independent of the Old World, whilst nowadays that sentiment is no longer needed to impress them with a belief in the merits of Protection. The ex-Free-Traders are now "plus royalistes que le roi." At this moment the Southerners are working tooth and nail to insure the success of a manufacturing exhibition to be held at Atlanta, Georgia. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and other Southern States, manufactures are being started almost daily; whilst in Chicago and the great

cities of the west, many branches of manufactures may be considered as fairly established. Every manufacturing house that establishes itself becomes an active propagator of Protectionist ideas; and there are no symptoms of corresponding accessions of force to the Free-Trade camp. One would naturally suppose that the mainstay of the last-named party would be found amongst the farmers in the Western States of the Union, who are undoubtedly injuriously affected by some of the provisions of the American tariff. For instance, the duty of twenty-eight dollars a-ton imposed on steel rails imported into the United States, constrains railway companies to recoup themselves the extra cost of the rails by an increase in their freight-rates for wheat and Western products; and the farmers of that region may be held to be most unfairly taxed for the benefit of the manufacturers of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Yet there is little sign of discontent in the West. The cardinal feature of American commercial policy is the control, and, as far as possible, the monopoly, of the home market. To secure and retain that market is their fixed idea, and their position in foreign markets is to them a matter of comparative indifference. To such a length have they carried this notion of self-defence, that there is actually a heavy import duty imposed on wheat coming into the United States from abroad —though, of course, as a matter of fact, not a dollar of revenue is derived from this source. The operation of this particular item of the American tariff is a striking commentary on the assertions of some of our Free-Trade *doctrinaires*, that the imposition of a duty on an article increases, by so much, the cost thereof. If the home market produces, as in the case of American grain, a supply equal to, or in excess of, the demand, the Free-Trader's argument is worthless. Wheat would not be a cent cheaper in the United States were the duty removed, because local competition and local produce render this and other items of their tariff dead letters so far as revenue purposes are concerned.

The Western farmer, then, is fairly content with the knowledge that the control of the home market for agricultural produce is assured to him. His crops are purchased by the great wheat-buyers of Chicago and other north-western cities, at an average price, be it remembered, frequently higher than that obtainable at Liverpool. When Englishmen complain of American farming competition, many of them are unaware of the fact that of the total amount of wheat produced in the United States, by far the largest proportion is consumed in the Eastern States, and that the wheat export business to England is only a matter of second-rate consequence to the farmer here. This circumstance, no doubt, aids him to bear with equanimity the threats of some English Fair-Traders to impose a duty on wheat. The view of such a proceeding commonly taken by Americans is, that it would, by raising the price of food and labour in England, draw Englishmen to this side of the Atlantic, and thereby ultimately materially benefit, rather than injure, the United States.

That there will be modifications in the United States tariff before long is pretty certain. For instance, the duty on steel rails, to which reference has been made above, will be reduced as soon as, *but not until*, the power of the American manufacturer to supply rails enough to meet the average yearly demand has been firmly established. The

present time is exceptional, and the demand for iron and steel for railway-work unparalleled. Even with the present prohibitive tariff, English steel and iron can hardly be kept out; and until the producing power of native manufacturers has overtaken the demand of the people, the latter, faithful to their motto, "America for the Americans," are content to foster growing manufactures to the fullest extent. No reduction on rails is probable till this commercial Monroe doctrine is thoroughly asserted. The American tariff is not solely a revenue tariff—it does not claim to be a mere revenue tariff; it is avowedly a protective tariff, deliberately adopted to make the United States independent of the Old World in every essential of existence. The immense surpluses which the Secretary to the Treasury annually disposes of are, so to speak, incidents of the financial policy of the country, and they will be applied hereafter to the reduction of internal taxation rather than to the lowering of the duties on goods entering United States ports from abroad. There is an ample margin for such reductions, as some $75,000,000 of national revenue are collected from a very few articles subject to internal taxation.*

It is not our purpose to criticise American financial policy favourably or unfavourably. We make no pretension to be an authority on such a subject, but we think it may be of use and interest to our fellow-countrymen to know the actual position of facts here. There is, however, one single misconception prevalent in England to which attention should be directed. Mr Gladstone tells us we must be chary of entering upon a war of tariffs with the United States—that if England taxes American imports they will retaliate, &c. No traces of any such idea is apparent in the speeches of men of all shades of opinion, from every part of America. They have all said substantially the same thing: "Our tariff is deliberately framed to keep out or so handicap your goods that your manufacturers shall not be able to undersell our own; the tariff effects that object; if you choose to follow our example and protect your home market we cannot reasonably object."

The policy of protection seems scarcely less firmly established in the Dominion of Canada. The late Administration were under the disadvantage of holding office during the cycle of bad years commencing in 1873, when Canada—a country infinitely poorer than her great neighbour—was reduced to a deplorable condition financially. Sir John A. Macdonald was shrewd enough to see and profit by the first symptoms of an improvement in the condition of the Dominion which the revival of trade in the United States was bound to bring about, and he came forward in 1878 as the champion of a so-called national policy, the basis of which was Protection for native manufactures. The impoverished manufacturer and unemployed operative flocked to his standard, and the Free-Trade party were signally defeated at the polls. Since Sir John's accession to power, Canada has been blessed with a series of good harvests, business is active, and there are no apparent signs of discontent with the Ministerial policy.

The resources of Canada are so undeveloped, as compared with those of her great neighbour, that

* President Arthur's message to Congress, published since this article was written, may be cited as a proof of the accuracy of the statement.

there is probably more discontent with some articles of her tariff, and the weight of taxation falls more heavily on the comparatively poor Canadian than on the wealthy American; but Ministerialists contend, and *apparently* the majority of Canadians believe, that a great influx of emigrants into Canada may now be expected; that increased population means increased wealth and increased ability to bear taxation; and that a system of taxation similar to that under which the United States have attained such vast wealth, will produce the same result in the Dominion. It is of course possible that an overthrow may await Sir John Macdonald in 1883, as unexpected as that sustained by his predecessor in 1878, or Lord Beaconsfield in 1880; but even should this be so, there is no reason to suppose that the advent of Messrs Blake and Mackenzie to power would have any other effect than a rearrangement of the Canadian tariff, from which the people of the United States would be as likely to profit as Great Britain.

The time, indeed, may not be far distant when the strongest political card the Canadian Opposition may have to play against the national policy will be commercial union with the United States. Loyalty to England, and a dread lest commercial should merge into political union, have rendered this policy unpopular; but a further bad term of years, or a failure to settle Canada's north-western territories, might bring this Zollverein question into prominence.

Any reference to Canada would at the present moment be incomplete without some allusion to the second great work of Sir John Macdonald's Administration — namely, the opening up of the north-west by means of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Up to 1870 the country was a *terra incognita* ruled over by the Hudson Bay Company, who, with the view of protecting the fur trade, studiously concealed its vast agricultural resources. But as soon as their territory was ceded to the Dominion, its wonderful fertility became apparent, and Liberal and Conservative Governments alike in Canada became alive to the fact that the carrying out of the bargain with British Columbia for a trans-continental railway might involve most substantial benefits to the whole country.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the causes which led to the failures of Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr Mackenzie respectively to construct the railway. The task became clearly one which could best be dealt with non-politically, and by a private company; and in the spring of 1881 such a company was formed, and a charter granted to them for the construction of the line. The company have vindicated the policy of the Government by the energy with which they have pushed their line. Although so recently incorporated, they have 800 miles of road in operation, and expect to reach the foot of the Rocky Mountains by the autumn of 1882. But what is of more importance is, that they are loyally co-operating with the Canadian Government in peopling the north-west—not only by affording railway facilities to settlers by the prompt building of the road, but by disposing of their land-grant of 25,000,000 acres of good land at the price of ten shillings an acre, with a rebate of one-half for cultivation. When we remember that this is land requiring no clearing, and stated to average from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre, the importance to English agriculture of this step of the Canadian Government and the great railway company, becomes apparent.

As a matter of fact, the Canadian Pacific Company have applications for 360,000 acres of land from individual settlers this year: their land agent estimates the demand for 1882 from the same sources at 500,000 acres, and the applications from colonisation companies amount to some millions of acres. Assuming the sale and settlement of Government lands to proceed *pari passu* with those of the railway company, the amount of wheat which, within the next few years will be added to the markets of the world, seems almost incredible.

It is difficult as yet to judge of the effect on Canada's financial policy of the development of these agricultural resources. The home market in the Dominion will hardly be able to absorb the wheat, and the United States tariff excludes them from competition with Illinois produce. If the Manitoba farmers are content to await the general growth of the Dominion, there are no climatic reasons why Canada should not become a great manufacturing country supporting a large population. But, on the other hand, if settlers cannot dispose of their wheat north of the United States boundary-line or in England, the growth of the north-west may be a powerful lever to work with towards an American Zollverein.

We think we have said enough to show that there is no foundation whatever for the sanguine expectations Liberal statesmen sometimes profess to entertain that America will see the error of her financial ways, and will one day open her ports freely to British produce. It is true, in one sense, that America is the greatest Free-Trade country in the world; but this arises from the fact that it is not a country, but a continent. Within its gigantic limits entire Free-Trade exists, and the development of its internal trade is a work of such immensity as to divert its commercial men's minds from foreign trade. That, and not its tariff, is the reason for the small show it makes in neutral markets side by side with England.

It is the comparatively small profit to be made out of shipbuilding that deters Americans from competing with England at present. They know we have the carrying trade of the world, and facilities for defending our hold thereon. The profits to be derived by an attack on our monopoly would be but small, as they would be exposed to our severe competition; and they find they can employ their capital more profitably elsewhere. The steady but comparatively small profits derivable from the carrying trade are not of a nature to tempt the speculative American people, so long as vast sums can be earned by the employment of their capital on the more brilliant, if more hazardous, enterprises of mining, railway building, or manufacturing. And the broad fact remains that they are satisfied as they are. Their economic position differs widely from ours; and from their geographical position they can do many things which, however lawful, may not be expedient for ourselves. But, should our present or any future Government decide to rearrange any portion of our existing financial regulations, it may be well for them to know exactly the line of action that is being steadily carried out west of the Atlantic.

THE IRISH RECEIPT FOR THE LIBERAL BLACK-MAIL.

When Mr Gladstone and his colleagues last dismissed Parliament, it may have been that they indulged in dreams of the triumphant feelings with which they would next be able to face the Houses. What delight to announce in a few well-turned paragraphs in the Royal speech the glorious results of the message of peace and justice and benevolence which the whole of the previous session had been spent in drawing up for Ireland! How Tory sneers and Whig misgivings would alike be dissipated by the report of a happy, contented country; of a peasantry that had beaten its Birmingham blunderbusses into reaping-hooks; of cultivators settling quietly down with grateful hearts to the cultivation of the acres that had once been their landlords'; of Fenianism banished beyond the Atlantic, and of Home Rule abandoned as a despicable profession for those needy members of Parliament who have no better means of subsistence; and of murder, cattle-maiming, fire-raising, and intimidation, as crimes no longer known in Ireland! As the prelude to such a declaration, a flourish of Liberal trumpets would have been pardoned as natural; and the majorities who returned a Gladstone Government at the last general election would then have been proud of the justification thus afforded to their choice.

It must be in a very different fashion that Mr Gladstone approaches Parliament to tell how completely his policy has miscarried, and his anticipations have been belied. He has the most direct and humiliating failure of any English statesman of modern times to make confession of. He has to admit that every hope which he himself built upon his Land Bill has been disappointed, while the worst prognostications of his opponents have been in every respect realised. He is reduced to the dilemma of having to acknowledge that he has either misunderstood the condition of Ireland, or did not adopt those means that were most calculated to counteract the anarchy now harassing that country. This much is certain, that Ireland itself exhibits no improvement upon its condition at the close of 1880; that crime is if possible more frequent and atrocious, and that the spirit of resistance to government and law is more bitter and determined, than it was twelve months ago. Making every allowance for the hostile temperament of the Irish people, which is now so plainly and painfully manifest, we can come to no other conclusion than that Mr Gladstone's Irish policy is a miserable failure; and no sophistry will succeed in convincing the country of the contrary.

But it is not merely the Premier himself who is compromised by the present condition of Ireland; he has inextricably involved his colleagues and his party in his own humiliation. They supported him for the most part by blind, unquestioning votes, taking the Land Bill at his own estimate, and acquiescing in the promises he held out that in its provisions were to be found the means of working out the regeneration of Ireland. The Liberal members now find that, with regard to Ireland, they have been made the dupes of their leader,

while they feel a keen sense of the responsibility for the present state of the country resting on their own shoulders. Of all the sections of Mr Gladstone's followers, the Bright-Chamberlain Radicals are perhaps the only party that can look upon the situation with complacency. They supported the Irish Land Bill in order that they might aid in dealing a blow at landed property; and they alone on the Ministerial side of the House have the satisfaction of thinking that it has answered their expectations. In fact, they may use the phrase of the Covenanting clergyman, who, when he saw Montrose's cavaliers brought to the scaffold, observed, "The wark gangs bonnily on." But what shall we say of the Whigs who have allowed themselves to be deluded into plundering the loyal part of the Irish population, to stay the unappeasable "earth hunger" of rebels to the constitution and enemies to the law? Can they still profess to believe that a policy of conciliation may avail with a race who have stubbornly set their hearts against being reconciled? Or will they much longer consent to identify themselves with an Administration that attains no higher aim than the dissemination of social and political anarchy? The Whig character has already suffered sufficiently from the Radical alliance, and we have now reached the point where it must either assert itself, or for ever be merged in a power which owes all its political force to the liberality of the Whigs themselves.

We shall doubtless be told that it is premature to judge the results of the Land Act until its provisions have been carried out, and that the present distracted state of Ireland is simply the dregs of the agitation raised by the now suppressed Land League, which have not yet had time to exhaust themselves. A brief glance at the condition of Ireland will suffice to dispose of both these arguments. In the first place, whatever healing merits the Land Act may possess in itself, it has been distinctly repudiated by a majority of the Irish people. "No rent! no landlords!" is a cry heard even louder than it was echoed during the winter of 1880-81. The demand is a perfectly intelligible one; but no British Parliament can grant it, and no Minister of the Crown ought to palter with it. The fact is plainly apparent, that the Irish tenancy grievances were but the expression of a hostility to landed property as an institution, and to landlords as a class, probably because they were the most direct representatives of British power with which the masses came in contact. This Mr Gladstone knew quite well before he framed his Land Bill; or if he did not know it, it says little for the perspicuity of his statesmanship. The problem that was before him this time twelve months ago was to restore the authority of the Crown in Ireland, which the Land League had succeeded in superseding, solely because his Government had refused to renew the Peace Preservation Acts, under which its predecessors had maintained order in Ireland. He had his usual choice of "three courses." He might have declared, with perfect justice, that the country was in too disturbed a condition for judicious legislation; that order must first be restored, with a firm hand if necessary; and that when this had been done, the grievances of the country would be inquired into and redressed. He might also have persevered in an unmixed policy of conciliation; and he had the middle choice of uniting both conciliation and repression,—the easiest course

for a Minister, but the one least likely to succeed with the people. He tolerated the Land League so long as its agitation was serviceable to his agrarian scheme; he gave free scope to its machinery of intimidation and violence, so long as it served to point an argument in favour of the measure which he was promoting; but as soon as its obstruction was opposed to the working of his Act, he proscribed the body with which his policy had hitherto mainly gone hand in hand. It is no wonder, then, that a course of such blundering should make the present Government detested, even by a people less resentful and jealous than the Irish. The popular mind has not the same delicate discrimination in degrees of morality that characterises the Premier's intellect; and we can easily understand that the Irish masses, having witnessed the Government plunder the landlords of a substantial portion of their property, see no reason why it should not have robbed them of all. No Government that seeks to gratify one section of the community by the spoliation of others, can hope to satisfy the former with any portion short of the whole plunder.

There can be no question, in spite of their lofty declarations to the contrary, that the Liberals now heartily regret having interfered with the Irish land at a time when the country was so unfitted for the reception of a sweeping reform. To the Irish, the Land Act seemed to be an admission of the justice of their rebellious position; but they were not prepared to accept it as a settlement in full of their claims. To the British electors, the Act appeared as an attempt to bribe the Irish to preserve some semblance of order during the few years that the Liberal Ministry might remain in power, leaving them to agitate their other claims when a Conservative Government returned to office. Both sides were agreed that some concessions were due to the Irish tenants, but they differed with regard to the manner in which these should be made. If any side was prepared to extend a judicious recognition to the disabilities under which Irish agriculturists were labouring, that side was the Conservative party; for, while the Duke of Richmond's Commission was reporting in favour of protecting the yearly tenant against an arbitrary increase of rent, consequent on the increased value that had been given to his holding by the expenditure of his own capital and labour, Mr Gladstone was, in his Mid-Lothian speeches, vaunting the superior benefits which the Irish agriculturists enjoyed under the Land Act of 1870, and seemingly thinking of anything but of superseding that boasted effort of statesmanship. And yet, in the course of a few short months, the Premier was precipitately throwing overboard the Act for which he had taken so much credit, and making a novel experiment in the resettlement of the Irish land on new and revolutionary principles. Only one result could follow the introduction of a Radical Land Act into the middle of a population half rebellious and thoroughly lawless, and that result is before us. It was not justice to Ireland for which the Land League was agitating; it was for injustice to a considerable portion of the community, for punishment to the landed classes. Mr Gladstone willingly offered himself as the instrument of the popular vengeance, and the Irish landlords were condemned and executed without a hearing—for anything like a fair and impartial inquiry was im-

possible in the distracted condition of Ireland. But Mr Gladstone legislated in haste, and left the country to repent at leisure.

If any doubt could have been felt at the time when the Land Bill was passing through Parliament that it was a one-sided measure, conceived exclusively in the interests of one section of the community, that doubt must have been already dispelled by the working of the Land Court during the short time it has been in existence. Its proceedings have been characterised by a general and indiscriminate reduction of rents. Even in cases where the rents had not been raised for a long series of years, or where they were admittedly below the fair market rental of the district, the opportunity has been seized to cut them down to a lower standard. From the Land Court down to its sub-commissioners, every official connected with the body seems imbued with the feeling that his mission is, not to effect a fair accommodation between landlord and tenant, and to establish an arrangement mutually equitable, but to gratify the agriculturist even in his most unreasonable demands. The work is carried on in a hurry-scurry, precipitous fashion, that forbids the supposition of a careful inquiry being made. Some of the instances which have been quoted in the newspapers afford ample evidence of the reckless way in which the Court's valuations are carried on. In one case a farm of 500 acres in the Golden Vale, with a rental of £800, which it had taken the landlord's valuator a day and a half to effect a hurried survey of, was inspected by the sub-commissioners in two hours and a half. Of course, when a body has foregone conclusions to act upon, material facts are of little consequence. But even though the Land Court was prepared to act upon principles of the strictest justice, it is manifestly impossible that its proceedings could be conducted with impartiality in the present disturbed condition of the country. The Land Court is exposed to the full brunt of the violence and intimidation that are at large in Ireland. Witnesses go before it at the peril of their lives, to offer any evidence that may tend to the favour of the landlord's interests; the mass of the testimony adduced is of a very suspicious character, and the oaths by which it is backed up are of a kind with which the Irish courts of justice are only too familiar. The cry of the Government is, Let the Land Act have a fair trial before pronouncing judgment either upon its present working or its ultimate results. The answer to this is, that the Land Bill cannot have a fair trial in the present condition of Ireland. If the Government really had the faith which it professes in the efficacy of its own remedy, it would secure a fair trial for the Land Act by suspending its operations until the country was reduced to order. It is manifestly impossible, in the present state of Ireland, to effect a settlement of the land upon any conditions that approach to equity. But if Mr Gladstone's intention is that the Court shall push the Act to its utmost extremity against the interests of the landlords, the present circumstances of Ireland are admirably adapted for facilitating his aims; and the commissioners and sub-commissioners are provided with excellent excuses for giving effect to his policy in the fullest possible degree. While the well-founded claims of peaceable tenants will receive curt consideration, the demands of the disaffected, backed

by the secret power of the Land League, and attested by unscrupulous witnesses, who alone have immunity in giving their testimony, will be amply conceded. The complaint is made that the "no rent" manifesto is counteracting the advantages which the Land Court offers to agriculturists. The remedy at once suggests itself,—Suspend the operations of the Land Court until the "no rent" agitation be fairly put under. The withdrawal of the boon will at once enlist on the side of the law all those who honestly wish to take advantage of the Land Act, in order that the Court may be enabled to resume operations; while the turbulent portion of the community will be deprived of the pretext that the working of the Act at present affords for sustaining the agitation. The brief experience which we have had since the Court commenced to work, is sufficient to show that no satisfactory resettlement of the Irish land can be effected hand-in-hand with the measures of repression which are necessary for re-establishing the authority of the law; and if the present course is persevered in, it can only lead to a ruinous depreciation of property in Ireland, to wholesale spoliation of the already injured landed classes, and to a greater and more dangerous disorganisation of society than any we have yet had to deal with. The Liberals are murmuring that Ireland has not proved itself grateful for the benefits which Parliament last session bestowed upon it. Let the country prove itself worthy of the Land Act before it is allowed to participate in its advantages. We do not say rescind the Act, although the great mass of the Irish people have pronounced against it; but we say, let the Act have a fair trial by being carried out only in the midst of an orderly and law-abiding population. It is directly in the interests of the Liberal Government themselves that the resettlement of the Irish land should be postponed until the spirit of sedition and turbulence which is now thwarting its provisions shall have been effectually bridled. The fair trial of the new law for which the Ministry clamours so loudly can never take place while Ireland is as it is; and all the Government's own arguments point to the necessity of postponing the operations of the Land Court until the repressive measures that are unfortunately necessary shall have wrought the desired effect.

We can conceive of nothing more damaging to the character of the Ministry than the fact that private citizens have been compelled to form themselves into an Irish Property Defence Association. Surely the protection of property is, next to that of the lives of the citizens, the first duty of every Government; and a Ministry that admits itself unable for the task, admits, by the same confession, its unfitness to remain in office. Yet Mr Gladstone not only recognises the existence of the Irish Property Defence Association, but takes it in rather a left-handed way under his patronage. But against what is Irish property to be defended? Why, surely, against the very forces that Mr Gladstone had set in operation on the Irish land. The fundamental principle of the Association is "to uphold the rights of property against organised combination to defraud, and to sustain freedom of contract and liberty of action." The Land Act, we know, was directly aimed against "freedom of contract" and "liberty of action" in regard to agreements between landlord and tenant. Accordingly, this body which

Mr Gladstone recognises in a half-hearted sort of way, must have been called into existence by the necessity of counteracting the effects of his own policy. One of the first persons to apply to the Association for assistance was a member of her Majesty's Government—an illustration of the wide diversity that exists between theory and practice in the present Administration. The growing sympathy which the Association meets with in the city of London and other parts of Great Britain, indicates the feeling which is rapidly springing up amongst us on the Irish land question. The sentimental views which some little time ago prevailed with regard to the Irish peasantry, and under favour of which Mr Gladstone was able to carry his Land Bill, have now been completely dispelled, and popular sympathy has been transferred to the landed and law-abiding classes. The country is rapidly realising the fact that a Government which leaves to private individuals the protection of property, cannot be very well suited to its position. And the fate of property in Ireland to-day may be similar in Great Britain at no distant date under a Government so loosely directed as the present Ministry; for Mr Gladstone has succeeded in creating an "earth hunger" in England and Scotland, as we warned him he would do, without being able to appease it in Ireland.

The latest Ministerial utterances on the state of Irish property are those of Lord Hartington, who has been visiting his constituents in North-east Lancashire. We do not know that we need look for much official information in the Indian Secretary's remarks, for at the present time any Birmingham bottle-holder of Mr Chamberlain can probably exercise more influence upon the views of the Executive than the titular leader of the old Whigs is possessed of. We turn chiefly to Lord Hartington's speeches to learn what the Government intends to say for itself. No one will blame Lord Hartington for the Ministerial policy in Ireland, or indeed for anything else except the pitiable weakness which has enrolled him among his present associates; and probably he is conscious that the defence of the Irish policy does not properly devolve upon him, for he has little to say beyond the assertion that the initiative in the defence of the rights of property properly devolves upon the owners and not on the Government. But the Government has thrown not only the initiative, but the whole burden of the defence, on the Irish landlords. Lord Hartington also tells us that the Government "are prepared, and they will continue to use all the powers which they possess either under the ordinary or extraordinary law, for continuing this conflict in which they are engaged against the great evil of disorder!" And this is uttered at a time when a daily increasing tale of murder and acts of violence attests the inadequacy of the means with which the Government is carrying on the conflict! If the Ministry has no stronger defence to put forward when Parliament assembles than that indicated by Lord Hartington, the feelings of the members who are expected to support it with their votes are not to be envied. But even Lord Hartington, from the depths of his despondency, cannot refrain from dropping broad hints of the chance of a dissolution being nearer than is generally supposed, thus betraying doubts whether the Irish policy is to be supported by

the full strength of a united Cabinet throughout the impending discussions.

A yet more painful commentary on the Irish policy of the Government is supplied by the necessity which has called into existence a fund for the relief of Irish ladies in distress through non-payment of rent. "The heartrending condition of the unfortunate ladies, some of whom have had to resort to the workhouse, seems to demand national interest in their behalf." In our opinion it demands something more. It calls for a retribution upon the heads of the Government by whose policy they have been reduced to such dire straits. We do not hesitate to charge the sufferings of these hapless women to the party tactics practised by Mr Gladstone, in refusing to renew the Coercion Acts at a time when these would have sufficed to check the machinations of the Land League. Thus, while very substantial benefits are conferred upon classes whose deserts at the best are very doubtful, estimable persons are reduced to unmerited poverty and distress.*

There is one consideration, however, connected with the movement for the relief of the Irish ladies, which will not, we trust, stand in the way of well-merited charity. As the distress of the landed classes lies directly at the door of the Government, it seems only just that efforts should be made to bring home to Ministers their immediate responsibility. The spirited letter which was published some little time back by the Duchess of Marlborough, must commend itself generally to the good sense of the country, coming as it did from a lady to whose benevolence and activity the Irish masses were mainly indebted two years ago for immunity from the horrors of famine.

"I fail," says the Duchess, "to see how temporary assistance can be of any use in arresting the present evil, or how private benevolence, though it

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* Here are two pictures side by side of the fruits of Mr Gladstone's policy, which do not require comment :—

"A lady, unmarried, aged 78, ill and infirm, out of an annual income of £120, has received £42 during this year. She says : 'Very lately my tenants wrote to me refusing to pay anything. I am the last member of my family, advanced in years, and physically unable to help myself. I am in debt for my lodging, and, in addition, have to meet doctor's expenses.'

"A lady, entitled to a jointure of £300 a-year, has received nothing on account thereof during the last two years, owing to the strike against rent. Her children, living with her, who are entitled to charges on the estate, have received no interest for three years. She has been totally without means all this time, and has been obliged to part with valuables, plate, and other property, to enable her to subsist."—*Maria La Touche in the 'Times.'*

"Test cases are no test at all. Two cases are specially referred to by your correspondents,—M'Atavey's in Monaghan, and Enright's in Limerick. It seems doubtful whether these cases should have been entertained by the Court. In the first, the tenant left his wife to scratch his farm, and went to a situation elsewhere. The second was not a farm, but a plot of less than four acres, held as a convenience not essential to his business by a substantial man living at a distance.

"The so-called test case of M'Atavey (who has become as famous as the needy knife-grinder) shows how the Act may work. A reduction has been made by the Court because the land will not yield the rent; forthwith a new tenant is ready to give what is practically a double rent for this worthless holding, the difference being pocketed by the outgoing tenant if he is willing to sell his interest, the landlord remaining with his rent reduced."—*Lord Longford in the 'Times.'*

may do something, will be sufficient, unless decisive measures are adopted by the Government to avert the ruin which is impending not only over poor ladies, but over whole families. It seems to me, if I may venture to say so, that nothing short of compensation from public funds will avail to save those whose incomes have almost disappeared in consequence of the action of the Land League, so long unchecked, and which, even if they recover the shock, will be again seriously impaired by the proceedings of the Land Courts. It is unnecessary to say more on this head, and I only passingly allude to it in order to prove my point—that the whole question is of far wider range than the mere eleemosynary assistance to one class of sufferers, however deserving of sympathy."

As the operations of the Court go on, transferring from the landlord to the tenant the property on which the former has previously depended for a livelihood, it is obvious that distress must be spread far and wide throughout Ireland among classes that have not hitherto been accustomed to straitened circumstances; and that a new problem will be added to the already inexhaustible number of difficulties connected with that unfortunate country.

Mr Gladstone last year devoted a whole session to the condition of Ireland; it seems at present as though the Irish, not to be outdone in generosity, are to give him another this year in return. It is quite clear that when Parliament meets, all other questions will be dwarfed in comparison with the pressing necessity that exists for bringing Ireland once more under the jurisdiction of the law. While assassination, arson, and intimidation continue to form the daily staple of Irish intelligence, the question of Parliamentary obstruction, or even the important question of Mr Bradlaugh's admission to the House, can well afford to wait. All parties in the House are now heartily ashamed of the standing reproach which Ireland casts upon our constitution, and are prepared for any course except to tolerate it longer. Britain is still ready to do justice to Ireland, but it is justice after the fashion of Sir George Jackson rather than after that of Mr Gladstone. No Ministry need come before the country with further proposals of conciliation until the Irish have been quieted, and disaffection permanently suppressed. We trust also that the Government will be called upon to take measures with regard to the promotion which comes from the United States to the rebellious agitation in Ireland. It is some time since the Fenian crusade in the United States passed the limits which Britain can well tolerate, and the period has arrived when the Republic ought to be reminded of the obligations which the good understanding between the two Governments involve. So long as the American Fenians inflame their countrymen in Ireland, there is little hope that any conciliatory efforts which our own Government can make will be crowned with success. In the trial and conviction of Most, the German socialist, for his eulogy on the assassination of the late Emperor of Russia, the Gladstone Government set an example of international obligation which it will do well to insist upon America following; and when the funds from the States shall have been cut off, and the inflammatory journals and mob meetings put under, the task of governing Ireland will be greatly simplified.

Throughout the whole of the Irish crisis the Conservative Opposition has conducted itself with

a generous consideration for the difficulties of the Government that stands out in the strongest possible contrast with the attitude which Mr Gladstone while in office took up towards Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. Both Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote have impressed upon their party the necessity of supporting the Government in its endeavours to grapple with the disaffected and seditious elements in Ireland. If the Conservative party has not followed this recommendation as far as it could have wished, it is because no opportunity has been afforded it by the Government. It is impossible to support a Government that sits with arms folded while a nation is going to ruin, or whose utmost exertion is the employment of half-a-dozen extra policemen to quell the discontent of a whole country. When the Goverment is empowered to act with energy and determination, the loyal support of the Conservative party is the surest assistance that it has to depend upon. But under the pretence of supporting the Government in the restoration of order, we must be careful not to be led into complicity with the Premier's Irish policy. Mr Gladstone will have to settle his own account with Parliament and with the country; and we cannot accept the misfortunes of his Administration as any atonement for the unrighteous, selfish principles on which his Irish policy has been based.

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ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS:

BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

V.—JULIET (*Concluded*).

31 Onslow Square, 1881.

"Trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."

Let me now try, my dear friend, to speak to you of the real Juliet as she filled my imagination when the time came for me to venture on impersonating her in London. In my first trials at Richmond I had ardour and self-forgetfulness enough; but I was too young, too close upon the age of Shakespeare's Juliet, considering the tardier development of an English girl, to understand so strong and deep a nature; neither had my imagination the power to grasp the whole scope and purpose of the play; and without this power no one can ever be qualified to embody one of Shakespeare's heroines. Hitherto I had only known the outward form of the poet's exquisite creation, and could not reach the deeper meaning that lies beneath it; indeed I never should have reached it, had I not subsequently been allowed to see a real Shakespeare instead of the mutilated copy, adapted for the stage, in which I originally knew the play. Now a new light broke in upon me. It was no longer only a love-story, the most beautiful of all I had ever read, but a tale in which, as in the Greek dramas of which I had seen some glimpses, the young and innocent were doomed to punishment in retribution for the guilt of kindred whose "bloody feuds" were to be expiated and ended by the death of their posterity.

But even then how little could I know! Although the torch had been put into my hand, I could only see what my small experience showed me. The wonderful proportion, the harmony, the loveliness and pathos, grew upon me only with my mental growth, and could not be grasped in unripe years. Besides, I needed above all things the

practice in my art, which to the artist is the greatest help towards developing the poet's meaning, and throws lights upon it which no study, however close, can give. In certain moods of mind the poet's intention may be read by you as plainly as in an open book. The inspiration of the scene makes clear what before had not been even dreamed of, but which, once shown, is never to be forgotten or neglected. I always tried to keep my mind open to such revealings,—tried not to repeat mechanically any part of a character, but always to go to it as though I had never acted it before. This was easy enough in Shakespeare's plays, but very difficult in those of some other dramatists.

With the complete play in my hands, I could not fail to see that the key-note was struck in the prologue, where the whole purpose of the poet is told within the compass of a sonnet. It speaks of the bitter feuds of "two households" for whose rivalry lives were being sacrificed, and for whose "ancient grudge" the followers of both were continually breaking into "new mutiny." To teach a lesson to the reckless leaders of those brawls, "bred of an airy word," it was necessary that each should suffer in his tenderest point, each losing his dearest hope, his only child—

"Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife."

Nor was the lesson to be read to them alone, but to those "rebellious subjects" also, those "enemies of peace," who helped by their advocacy of one side or the other to disturb the quiet and security of Verona's streets.*

As if to emphasise the purpose shown in the prologue, almost the last words in the play are those spoken by the Prince of Verona, whose kinsmen Mercutio and Paris had both fallen victims to a purely hereditary animosity:—

"Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punished."

With these passages before me, I started on my study of the play from a fresh point. Romeo and Juliet were no common lovers. In their persons they must be pure, beautiful, generous, devoted, and in every way meet, like the spotless Iphigenia, to be offered up a worthy sacrifice to the gods as an expiation for the past, a healing and propitiation for the future; and in such wise that the remembrance of their death should make impossible any after enmity—each party alike sharing in the woful penalty.

"*Capulet.* O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Montague. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!"

Very terrible has been the awakening of these two passionate old men to the miserable folly of their

* I considered this prologue of so much importance for the audience, that when I last played Juliet at Drury Lane Theatre, I spoke it with a domino thrown over my dress, and in front of a fine scene—painted many years before by Mr David Roberts—representing the Tomb of the Scaligers in Verona.

feud! At our first sight of them, they rush angrily into the *mêlée* of their retainers which opens the play,—no reason asked how it has arisen—Capulet shouting, "Give me my long sword, ho!" and Montague, held back by his wife, hurling defiance in the words, "Thou villain, Capulet!" At our last sight of them, we leave them standing remorsefully hand in hand by the dead bodies of their only children, each reading in the other's face the rueful lineaments of his own cureless grief.

It is only when the din of the street brawl has died down under the stern rebuke and threats of the Prince of Verona that we hear of Romeo. "Right glad am I," says Lady Montague, "he was not at this fray;" and then, in answer to her inquiry as to where he is, she is told by his friend and cousin, Benvolio, that he was seen an hour before dawn walking in one of his favourite haunts "underneath the grove of sycamore,"—which draws from his father the remark, that

"Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew."

Shakespeare, we see, has taken the greatest pains to show the kind of love-sickness into which Romeo has been thrown by the charms of the fair but icy Rosaline, who chose to be "forsworn to love"—that vague yearning of the fancy, that idle listlessness which finds vent in "sighing like furnace," and writing sonnets to his "mistress' eyelrow," and which is as unlike the love that is soon to absorb his whole soul "as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water is to wine." Much of it is but "according to the fashion of the time." Not only Romeo's habits, his very language undergoes a change from the moment he sees Juliet. It is no longer the fancy only that speaks, but the heart.

Shakespeare prepares us early for the coming tragedy in the foreboding reluctance with which Romeo allows himself to be persuaded by his friends to go to the "old accustomed feast" that night at Capulet's house. Destiny has begun her work. Some power constrains him against his will. He has no thought of enjoyment before him, for he says—

"Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mercutio. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Romeo. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

. . . . . .

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on."

Even although he has heard that the fair Rosaline is to be among the guests, he is unable to throw off a heavy misgiving of calamity "hanging in the stars," which is to date from "this night's revels," and to close in "some vile forfeit of untimely death." "But," he adds,

"He that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!"

—words which always remind me of those to the same effect spoken by the Lady in "Comus," when forebodings and anxieties perplex her—

"Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength!"

In every way happier than Juliet, Romeo is fortunate in both his parents. They are from the first loving, considerate, and sympathetic; and, had they known his wishes, they would have spared no pains to gratify them. Not so with Juliet. Although an only child,

there has been obviously not much tenderness lavished on her. "Earth," says Lord Capulet,

"Hath swallowed all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth."

This would lead one to believe that she was the cherished joy of his life. And when Paris presses his suit, he says—

"Get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part."

Yet this profession does not stand the proof; for when, later, his child entreats with all the earnestness of despair but to be heard, he is deaf as an adder to her appeal, his own will admitting of no question. Apart from this unreasonable despotism in his family, old Capulet is in every sense a gentleman. Observe, for instance, the manner in which he reprimands Tybalt when he would insult Romeo at the ball—

"Young Romeo is't? Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth;
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will.
Tybalt. I'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endured.
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
You'll not endure him?
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!"

Choleric and unreasonable as he is, yet I like him much better than his wife, who appears to me to be merely a piece of cold, formal propriety; of the type that would "with a hoard of shallow maxims preach down a daughter's heart." One can see that there is no sympathy between Lady Capulet and her daughter, although Juliet, her "loving child," as she calls her when she has lost her, would not question that she owed her mother all obedience, and would, when she first comes before us, never hesitate in showing it. With what bluntness this hard mother brings the sacred subject of marriage before the mind of her undeveloped, yet, as she ought to know, imaginative daughter!—

"Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?"

Juliet's simple faltering reply should teach her how far from her thoughts was such a subject—"It is an honour that I dream not of."

She stands bewildered, and a silent listener to all her mother has to say concerning the virtues, and beauties, and accomplishments of Paris, her panegyric echoed in the garrulous piling up of admiring epithets by the nurse—

"Why, he's a man of wax.
Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower."

Impatient at getting no word from Juliet after all this, Lady Capulet says—

"Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?"

Juliet, still startled and unprepared, takes up the word given to her, and says—

"I'll look to like, if looking liking move:"

but adds in all ignorant obedience—

"But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly."

Poor Juliet! With a father who loves her in a wilful, passionate way, and always with the understanding that when he has set his mind upon a thing her will shall bend to his; with a mother who, if she loves her, entirely fails to understand her nature, or to feel for her in a matter where even hard mothers are tender; and her only other friend, her foster-mother,—a coarse-minded, weakly indulgent, silly

woman,—over whom, since her infancy, she has ruled supreme, coaxing and tyrannising by turns,—not one of them having an idea of marriage beyond the good worldly match thought necessary for the rich heiress of the Capulets! Amid such surroundings has bloomed into early girlhood this creature, with a rich imagination full of romance, and with a boundless capacity for self-devotion; her dreams all of a future, with a love in store for her responsive to her own capacity of loving, inspired by an ideal hero possessing the best attributes of manhood,—a love in which her whole being should be merged, and by which her every faculty and feeling should be quickened into noblest life.

These dreams were even now to be realised in the person of him who was unwillingly making his slow way among the maskers to her father's festival, carrying his "heavy burden" of love along with him. He has not found it the "tender thing" which Mercutio calls it. No,—

> "It is too rough,
> Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn."

Following his friends into the ballroom he looks carelessly around, and lo! what do his eyes light upon? A vision of a beauty unguessed before!

No haughty coldness here, no measured stately movement. He watches entranced this lovely vision swaying to the rhythmic movement of the music, with unstudied grace, so noble, yet so childlike; looking for nothing, unconscious of admiring eyes, delighting in the simple enjoyment of the dance, with a bright and happy smile of amused delight at the novelty of the scene beaming in the lovely and innocent face.

What is this creature, this "snowy dove trooping with crows"?

> "What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
> Of yonder knight?"

he asks some strange servant; who replies—

> "I know not, sir.
> *Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
> Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
> Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Did my heart live till now? forswear it, sight!
> For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night."

All the wonder of this gracious creature's charm flashes swift as lightning upon him, and reveals to his awakened senses a something before which all former dreams and yearnings vanish and become as though they had never been. He feels instinctively that there is within this peerless form a soul as peerless, towards which his own rushes as towards its other self. The languid fantastic youth of dreams and whims becomes at once the man of purpose. He puts on his armour and begins the battle of life. No hesitation now, such as we have seen in him before,—no more, "my mind misgives me!"

Meanwhile, we may be sure that "yonder knight," who is no other than the County Paris, has been doing his best during the dance to excite Juliet's admiration. She has come straight from the recapitulation of his perfections, and knows well from her mother's words that, "like" him or not, this comely gentleman, "the valiant Paris," is destined by her parents to be her husband. She has therefore "looked to like," as she was told to do, but evidently to no effect on her part, whatever increase of ardour the meeting may have brought to Paris. Her heart and fancy are alike untouched, when, at the close of the dance, a stranger, in the dress of a

pilgrim, "with his cockle, hat, and staff," approaches to watch, as he says,

"Her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand."

During the dispute between Capulet and Tybalt, Romeo has made his way to Juliet. It is only the close of their conversation that we hear, when he asks, as the pilgrim, that his "unworthy hand" may be permitted to touch "this holy shrine," earnestly pleading that he may be allowed to atone for the roughness of his touch by the softer pressure of his lips upon her flower-soft hand. The touch is gentle, the words are few; but that touch of "palm to palm," those few words, have an eloquence more persuasive than volumes of passionate phrases. The tender beseeching eyes, the tremulous voice full of adoration and humility — have these not spoken? The heart's deepest meanings rarely find utterance in words.

The "dear saint" replies to the holy pilgrim's devotion in a playful manner, telling him that his lips, as a pilgrim, he "must use in prayer." Far too soon breaks in the Nurse, who no doubt likes not this talk with a stranger, and tells Juliet that her mother craves a word with her. Romeo takes this opportunity to ask, "What is her mother?" Upon which the Nurse replies that she is the "lady of the house, and a good lady," and that she herself had nursed her daughter, whom he had "talk'd withal," adding, in the true gossiping manner of her class:—

"I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt."

Benvolio hurries his friend away before, as he thinks, the fact of their presence has been discovered —and also wisely, while yet "the sport is at the best." Lord Capulet most courteously urges them to remain to supper, although he knows who they are; and finding they decline, he bids them good night, thanking them graciously for their company:—

"Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night."

Juliet naturally wishes to know Romeo's name, as he had wished to know hers. As the Montagues leave the room, each by turns saluting her, she asks and learns from the Nurse the names of Romeo's friends. He lingers last; and to her eager, "What's he, that follows there," she adds, to recall him more particularly to the Nurse's attention, what must have appeared very singular to herself, he "that would not dance?" But the Nurse has to inquire, and finds—

"His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Juliet. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy."

The tragic note is struck. There is no questioning of her feeling—no doubt, no hesitation. Like lightning love has shot into her heart and left its barb,—whether for joy or woe, time alone will show. This is, possibly, their last as well as first meeting. Such is Juliet's thought as the act closes. For what ensues Shakespeare prepares the audience in the words of the prologue to the second act.

"Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
. . . . . .
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet."

Romeo, taken reluctantly from the feast by his friends, who will not sup with their enemy, steals away from them immediately. Although the "snowy dove" is his fair enemy, his "unrest" causes him to hover near the place where he has found his true life. The foreboding of trouble may hang over him, but this is forgotten in the presence of Juliet. The whole man is changed. "With love's light wings" he overleaps the wall of Capulet's garden. No talk now of "sinking under Love's heavy burden." Indeed, no talk at all. No more confidences to his friends. This real passion makes him dumbly happy—is too sacred to be named and talked over.

Neither of the lovers can have any insight into the feeling of the other, when the same impulse, or destiny, which leads Romeo to find his way beneath his lady's chamber-window, despite all obstruction—"the orchard walls are high, and hard to climb"—urges Juliet to seek the freshness of the night air in the balcony or *loggia* leading from her room, to think over and indulge these new sensations of mingled happiness and pain, which had so wildly and entirely taken possession of her. The tumult of her feelings must find vent. What a new life has opened to her! The past seems swept away; her spirit has risen at a bound at some undreamt-of call. It has not been left to her will to determine how "deep she will endart her eye." The invincible and unknown Erôs has come upon her unlooked for, unannounced, in all his terror and in all his beauty. But he to whom she is prepared to "give up all herself" is separated from her by a bitter and impassable family feud of which she has been hearing all her life. Her throbbing pulses, the flush of the heated ball-room, make the cool moonlight air most welcome. She could not breathe within. Here she is alone, safe even from the silly prattle of the Nurse, whom she has left dozing in her chair. She will tell her secret to the soft night breeze,—whisper to it over and over the name which is so dear and yet so fatal,—adjure young Montague in fancy to renounce it,

"And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself."

Oh, how sweeter far than sweetest note of any nightingale must have been that soft, tremulous, half-inarticulate voice as it floated in the still air towards Romeo's ear! What ecstasy to learn, and *thus* to learn, that she, who "has wounded him so deeply, is by him wounded!" At first too amazed, too doubtful of his joy, he is fearful to interrupt her spoken reverie, but upon the offer of herself his restraint can hold out no longer, and he breaks in vehemently with—

"I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo."

Too terrified at first at finding she has had a listener, Juliet recognises neither voice nor words, and exclaims angrily—

"What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?"

In his reply he shrinks from repeating the name which is hateful to himself, "because it is an enemy to thee." With a thrill of rapture Juliet whispers to herself—

"My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound."

Yet she must be assured from his own lips how he came hither and

wherefore. Thus, when she tells him of the peril of the place,—no less than death, "if any of my kinsmen find thee here,"—he answers—

"Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity."

Delicious to her heart as this rejoinder is, it cannot still her anxiety for his safety.

"I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love."

Then she is full of amazement as to how he came there. Who could have guided him?

"By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love."

All love. Love is on his lips as in his heart.

"I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise."

Juliet, when partly pacified as to his safety—"I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight"—has time to think of how she has committed herself, in how unmaidenly a guise she must appear before him.

Women are deeply in debt to Shakespeare for all the lovely noble things he has put into his women's hearts and mouths, but surely for nothing more than for the words in which Juliet's reply is couched. Only one who knew of what a true woman is capable, in frankness, in courage, and self-surrender when her heart is possessed by a noble love, could have touched with such delicacy, such infinite charm of mingled reserve and artless frankness, the avowal of so fervent yet so modest a love, the secret of which had been so strangely stolen from her. As the whole scene is the noblest pæan to Love ever written, so is what Juliet now says supreme in subtlety of feeling and expression, where all is beautiful. Watch all the fluctuations of emotion which pervade it, and you will understand what a task is laid upon the actress to interpret them, not in voice and tone only, important as these are, but also in manner and in action. The generous frankness of the giving, the timid drawing back, fearful of having given too much unsought; the perplexity of the whole, all summed up in that sweet entreaty for pardon with which it closes. But I must quote the whole passage:—

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—'Ay,'
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered."

I considered this speech as one of the most difficult in the play, and loved it and dreaded it alike, always fearing to do too much or too little in it. But, indeed, the whole scene is a very fatiguing and anxious one.

How much must Romeo have felt the contrast between the gentle, ardent, yet deprecating tones he listens to so rapturously, and the unsympathetic voice in which the haughty Rosaline had told him she thought it virtue to give nought in return for love! What was her cold beauty to that which he was now watching in the waning moonlight? And here, too, there was so much besides the beautiful outside. All the frank innocence, the boundless generosity which told of the noble sweetness of the inner nature! He is spell-bound into silence, and cannot break the music of those words that flood his heart with happiness, until Juliet, by asking him not to think lightly of her love so frankly expressed, binds him to her by a tie never to be sundered. That passionate childlike loving queens her in his sight, and makes him her slave for ever. To his eyes, "being o'er his head," she appears as "a winged messenger of heaven." He would make the pure chaste moon, as being most like to her, the goddess to bear witness to his vows—"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear." But Juliet interrupts, and will not let him swear by

"The inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable."

He asks—"What shall I swear by?" She answers—

"Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee."

Oh, the rich resonance of those words! What scope they give the actress, by her delivery of them, to mark the enthusiasm and the devotion of Juliet's nature, which is so soon to develop into the heroic constancy that carries her, alone and unsupported, through a trial more fearful than death itself!

Suddenly she thinks that such joy as this cannot be lasting,—that this contract between them is

"Too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens."

But such a reflection is only momentary, for she directly adds—

"Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet;"

and to prove that no disturbing thoughts have real place within her, says, as she turns to leave him—

"As sweet repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!"

Naturally anxious to delay the parting, Romeo detains Juliet by the entreaty,—

"O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine."

How lovely is what follows!—

"I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it;
And yet I would it were to give again."

Romeo tremblingly asks—

"Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite."

At this moment the Nurse, awakening, misses Juliet and calls to her; on which, fearing the house may be disturbed and her love in danger, she bids Romeo a hasty adieu, with an eager admonition to "be true." Then, as it may be only the Nurse that has awoke, she adds,—"Stay but a little, I will come again." When left alone, Romeo cannot believe his happiness:—

"I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

So marked a change takes place in Juliet's manner and words on her return, that we are led to suppose the Nurse has questioned her on what she thought of Paris and of her approaching marriage with him. From such talk she breaks hastily away, and knowing how little likelihood there was of another meeting with her lover without peril to his life—dreading also that her parents may force her into a marriage with Paris, and having now no time to explain anything, she is obliged to say to Romeo abruptly, in "three words"—

"If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
When and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

Here the Nurse again calls—

"Madam.
Jul. I come anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—"

Another interruption comes from the Nurse, to which Juliet, almost past patience, cries—

"By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief."

Romeo has only time to say, "So thrive my soul,—" when Juliet leaves him with, "A thousand times good night!" The Nurse must have been quieted by what Juliet has imparted to her; for when, after Romeo's reluctant steps have taken him to some little distance, Juliet comes back once again to the balcony, there is no further interruption from her. Thinking Romeo gone, Juliet wishes

"For a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!"

The "silver-sweet" voice reaches his attending ear "like softest music," and brings him instantly back.

Why has she stolen forth again? Partly to learn the hour when she is to send to him—partly for the fond pleasure of listening to some few more words of that "tongue's utterance." Presently she says, "I have forgot why I did call thee back." Had she anything to forget? I think not. Only bewildered with her happiness—that "sweet repose and rest" which she found within her heart—she thought she had, and owns that she *shall*

"Forget, to have thee still stand there
Remembering how I love thy company."

Romeo will gladly stay—"Forgetting any other home but this;" but the "night's cloak" can no longer conceal him. "'Tis almost morning." They must separate. Juliet leaves him with—

"Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good-night, till it be morrow.
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!"

But Romeo wants no sleep. His

satisfied heart needs no refreshment. While yet

"The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,"

he seeks the cell of Friar Laurence, who would appear to be the Confessor of both families. Upon his "Good-morrow, father!" the Friar asks, "What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?" Romeo amazes the holy man by his confession that he has forgot the name of Rosaline, and explains how his

"Heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
. . . . . .
When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Friar. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!"

Romeo is made to listen to a homily for this fickleness; but the Friar ends with consenting to his request, under the impression that the marriage may possibly bring to a conclusion the long feud between their families.

"For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love."

Juliet, meanwhile, has had to take the Nurse fully into her confidence. The notion of a marriage, and a secret one, in which she herself has to play an important part, delights the heart of this conceited, silly woman. She gladly undertakes to be Juliet's messenger, and finds Romeo at the appointed hour with his friends Mercutio and Benvolio. Before her entrance, we see how entirely Romeo has cast aside the languor of the love-sick youth of the day before. When rallied by the brilliant Mercutio on his giving them "the slip" the previous night, he turns the tables on him—gives him jest for jest, so that this glib-tongued gentleman, "who loves to hear himself talk," has to call in Benvolio to help him—"Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail." Upon still getting the worst from Romeo, he says, "Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable; now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature." Mercutio, after wasting some of his wit on the Nurse, quits the scene with Benvolio. The Nurse, exceedingly angered and indignant at Mercutio, can hardly be brought to give to Romeo, who does all he can to soothe her, the message from her mistress—"what she bade me say, I will keep to myself;" but Romeo's fair words, and a handsome *douceur*, which she takes after a little coquetting, bring her round, and an appointment is made for her lady to come that afternoon to Friar Laurence's cell, there to be "shrived and married." Romeo also directs her to meet his man behind the abbey wall, and to get from him "cords made like a tackled stair," by which he may after dark ascend to Juliet's chamber. Before she consents to this, she is shrewd enough to require satisfaction on a very material point—

"Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?"

We may believe that the Nurse, loving much her own ease, has not, on this hot day, made her best haste back to Juliet. We hear she has been "three long hours" away—a period for which her short interview with Romeo could hardly account. We do not wonder, therefore, at Juliet's impatience. When at last the Nurse comes, Juliet can get but little from her. The Nurse

feels that she is mistress of the situation, and will make the most of it. She is "aweary;" her "bones ache;" she must have "leave awhile;" she will not speak to the point—"Do you not see that I am out of breath?"

"*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
. . . . . .
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance."

The Nurse remembering, no doubt, Romeo's handsome gift, now bursts into an eulogium upon him. He is in all points "past compare." Then the fear of having lost her dinner startles her—"What! have you dined at home?" "No, no."

Although at another time Juliet could never weary of hearing the praises of her lover, yet now a much more urgent matter is in hand.

"But all this I did know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?"

The heartless nature of the Nurse is here shown by the cruelty with which she keeps Juliet in suspense, and we cannot much wonder at the light in which she appears afterwards. It is for ever herself, herself—"Lord, how my head aches!" then her back,—reproaching Juliet for the time she has herself wasted "with jaunting up and down."

When Juliet has pitied and petted her enough, she thinks she has brought her to the point; but just as she is touching it, the Nurse breaks off again with, "Where's your mother?" At this, Juliet's patience gives way, and she replies angrily:—

"Why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!"

thereby only giving the Nurse fresh weapons to torment her. Juliet sees that she must still be humoured; and here occurs one of those passages which, with unerring instinct, Shakespeare leaves the performer to fill up by action—words being quite inadequate to carry on the scene. The caressing, winning kisses and loving ways of Juliet gradually subdue her tormentor. By this time, too, perhaps the thought of dinner becomes uppermost in the Nurse's mind; and in reply to Juliet's question, "Come, what says Romeo?" she replies, coming straight to the point at last:

"Have you got leave to go to shrift today?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;—
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
. . . . . .
Hie you to church; . . .
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell."

"Hie to high fortune!—honest Nurse, farewell!" exclaims Juliet, as with happy throbbing heart she hastens away to the rite which gives her to her lover, and after which she will be free "to follow him throughout the world."

No need to dwell on the short scene which follows, when the lovers meet at Friar Laurence's cell, where the poet shows what countless wealth of love each is ready to bestow upon the other. No forebodings now from either. The "bud of love" seems swiftly to have grown into a "beauteous flower" unhindered. The swifter blighting to follow is hidden for that blessed moment from them. The Friar, fearing these supposed enemies should be seen together at his cell, hurries them away into his chapel to perform the marriage rite; and "holy church incorporates two in one." After the Friar's benediction they part; but only until the moon shall again be "touching with silver all the fruit-tree tops," and

the nightingale shall again be "trilling her thick-warbled note" from the pomegranate-tree in a low sweet epithalamium. Why should their bliss be dashed by fear? They have both entire faith in the Friar, in his power to help them, and in good time to reconcile their friends to the marriage. He must look forward to this himself, or he would not otherwise have consented to it. Their parting, therefore, is as full of joy as their meeting had been, though of a more subdued and holier kind.

Alas for their next meeting! All seems fair; but Destiny now begins her woful work in earnest, and chooses her first victim in the person of the gallant, gay, high-spirited Mercutio, who is strolling about in the hot noon-day, despite the remonstrances of his friend Benvolio.

"The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring."

Presently comes Tybalt seeking Romeo, in order to insult and challenge him for having intruded the previous night into his uncle's house. Mercutio tries to provoke him to an encounter, but Tybalt will have none of him. At that moment Mercutio is not the man he seeks. For such a hot-blooded young gentleman he shows wondrous forbearance under Mercutio's taunts, and ends with, "Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man," as he catches sight of Romeo, who is coming straight from the Friar's cell after the celebration of his marriage. In this mood the world to him is made of love and amity, and even the disdainfully insulting address of Tybalt cannot move him. Besides, is Tybalt not the kinsman of his love? To a coarse greeting he replies with dignity and kindness:

"Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not."

Romeo's gentleness, even under renewed provocation, takes away the sting of Tybalt's wrath. He cannot as a gentleman add still further insult, but must perforce, for the time, be satisfied. Mercutio, however, who knows none of Romeo's reasons for desiring to be at peace with the Capulets, calls this a "dishonourable, vile submission," and feels that he must, on his own part, wipe out the discredit with his sword. He turns furiously on Tybalt, and in a second their swords are tilting at each other's breasts. Calling on his friend to help him, and reminding the combatants that "the prince expressly hath forbidden bandying in Verona streets," Romeo interposes and beats up their weapons. This gives Tybalt an opportunity to inflict a wound on Mercutio under Romeo's arm,—after which he leaves the scene with his followers. Mercutio knows at once that he has received his death-stroke—

"I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?"

With all his pain he never loses his wit and spirit. Romeo says:

"Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.

. . . . . .

Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me."

All the dismal consequences of this disaster, of which he is the

innocent cause, at once flash upon Romeo.

"This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel!"

Unluckily, while Romeo's grief is at its height, on hearing from Benvolio that Mercutio is dead, Tybalt comes back upon the scene. At the sight of the slayer of his friend, even Juliet is forgotten; and rushing with fury upon Tybalt, who has again insulted him with taunting words, Romeo kills him, and is hurried from the scene by Benvolio as the citizens rush in, presently to be followed by the Prince of Verona with the heads of both the rival houses.

The Prince, who has so lately issued his decree that if either of the conflicting factions should again disturb the quiet of the streets "their life shall pay the forfeit," upon hearing from Benvolio the provocation under which Romeo fought, is moved to pronounce a milder sentence—

"Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
. . . . . .
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill."

While all these disasters are taking place, Juliet, entirely unconscious of the difference in her fate, is revelling in joyful anticipation of the approach of night, which shall bring back Romeo:—

"Come, night!—Come Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
. . . . . .
So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news?"

Ah me! what news? The cruel, tiresome Nurse will only wring her hands and say—

"Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!"

Juliet, naturally thinking that Romeo has fallen by her kinsman's hand,—thinking too of the "little stars" which, she has just said, will at his death "make the face of heaven so fine, cries out"—

"Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!"

Maddened by these exclamations, which contain no explanation, Juliet cries—

"What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?*
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself?"

* These words bring back to me an evening in Mr Macready's drawing-room. The party was a mixed one of grown-up people and children. We had gone through many games and dances, when the game of "Proverbs" was thought of. "The devil is never so black as he is painted" was selected. The questioner, Mr Maclise, challenged me, and I had to bring in the second word in my answer. Imagine my

Not even the anguish Juliet shows at the bare thought moves this cruel creature, who goes maundering on—

"I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes."

Then Juliet asks no more questions—

"O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
. . . . End motion here:
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!"

When the Nurse continues—

"O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
. . . . . .
That ever I should live to see thee dead!"

—Juliet, seeing only more perplexity, more grief, exclaims—

"Is Romeo slaughtered? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearest lord?"

At last comes the dismal truth—

"Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banished."

In horror Juliet asks—

"Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!"

This bare fact, without the circumstances attending it, revolts Juliet; she exclaims—

"O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
. . . . O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!"

Then follows the Nurse's vulgar diatribe against the male sex—

"There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers."
. . . . . .
Shame come to Romeo!"

This word applied to Romeo arouses a fiery indignation in Juliet, who turns upon her instantly with—

"Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth."

Amazed at such a rebuke from one whom she has till now been treating as a child, the Nurse can but feebly ask—

"Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?"

In Juliet's answer we see that her intellect was as clear, her sense of duty to the position she had chosen as vivid, as her feelings were quick and strong.

"Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?"

Whoever is to blame, it cannot be her lord. She drives away her tears at the remembrance that her

"Husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?"

---

confusion, which, alas! every one seemed to enjoy. I was on the point of giving up, as I could think of no suitable reply to bring in the word. But when the general merriment and my despair were at their height, some one behind my chair whispered, "What did you say to the nurse last night, when she was keeping you in that cruel suspense?" In an instant I sprang up and said, "What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?" I suppose quotations were allowed, for I was applauded, and a great deal of merriment followed. I looked round for my friendly helper, and saw Mr Charles Dickens stealing away unsuspected by any one, and looking as though he had casually left his seat for no purpose whatever. When I thanked him afterwards for his help, he turned it off, saying the words must have come into my own head,—how should he have thought of them? This was the way he did his kindnesses—never so happy as when doing them.

Memory now brings back the dreadful word, which she would fain forget, "that murdered her."

"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo *banished;*
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts."

The very Nurse is touched by a depth of grief such as she had never seen, and could hardly understand, and she tries to find some means of consolation.

"Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell."

No word of blame, although he has killed her kinsman and destroyed their own happiness! She even sends a ring, as if desirous to bind herself more closely to him, and make a new betrothal in their affliction.

Juliet's despair has its counterpart in that of Romeo, as we next see him at the Friar's cell; nay, if not deeper, it is wilder in its expression, when he learns from the Friar's lips the Prince's doom,—

"Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. . . . . Be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say banishment."

Vainly does the Friar try to press upon him his

"Rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives."

The Friar can neither dispute with him of his estate, nor bring "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy," to help him.

"*Rom.* Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more."

Not even the arrival of the Nurse, as Juliet's messenger, can arouse him from the frenzy of grief in which he has flung himself upon the ground, "taking the measure of an unmade grave." When he becomes conscious of her presence, and learns the state of his mistress, since he has "stained the childhood of their joy with blood removed but little from her own," his first impulse is to draw his sword and destroy himself. But now the Friar's language rises to a higher strain:—

"Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
. . . . . .
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
. . . . . .
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threatened death, became thy friend,
And turned it into exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back."

Juliet's clear intellect quickly acquits Romeo of blame for having slain Tybalt, "that would have slain her husband;" but the Friar

has to reason this out for Romeo, who naturally is too generous to find excuses for himself. The Friar, moreover, proves no mere preacher of what the Nurse calls "good counsel." He is also a man of action. He bids Romeo keep the meeting with his bride.

"Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But look thou stay not till the watch is set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,"

where he is to live until the Friar can find a time, which he does not doubt of finding soon, to make the marriage known, reconcile the lovers' parents, turn by this "their households' rancour to pure love," secure the Prince's pardon and Romeo's recall.

"Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorry makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming."

The Friar knows human nature in all its varieties, and proves a most wise and comforting counsellor to Romeo. But his sagacity has no power to foresee what is now going on in the house of the Capulets to upset all his plans for the present and future happiness of the lovers. Remembering that it is already very late, and night setting in, he suggests to Romeo that if he cannot get away from his interview with Juliet before the watch is set, he should depart in disguise by the break of day. He promises that he will find out Romeo's man, and signify through him "from time to time every good hap to you that chances here." Romeo, repentant and deeply grateful leaves him, saying—

"But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so soon to part with thee:
Farewell!"

Shakespeare shows his wondrous skill in dramatic construction by the brief scene which he interposes here between Lord and Lady Capulet and Paris. They have been discussing the projected marriage of their daughter, which Paris is there to press, and have been sitting late in council. The result is, that Lord Capulet has determined it shall take place:—

"Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not."

To his wife, who has said she will know Juliet's mind early to-morrow, as "to-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness," he says—

"Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love.
. . . . . .
O' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl;"—

quite ignoring what he has said early in the play—

"But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice."

Poor Juliet! She is to be no exception to the truth, that troubles never come singly. What is thus in store is far deeper than even the anguish of parting from her lover-husband. This is a woful night indeed!—this so-longed-for, much-entreated, gentle, "loving, black-browed night"!

What a prelude is this scene of cold, worldly disposing of hearts and lives to that now enacting between the lovers, which Shakespeare makes to take place on the very balcony or *loggia* which was consecrated by the first avowal of their love! In that meeting what

extremes of rapture and of pain! The hour of parting has arrived. Juliet has been too much absorbed in their love and their woe to give a thought to the suit of Paris; but in this sad hour the remembrance of it must doubtless have come upon her, and seemed to separate her still further from her husband. She will not add to the burthen of his grief by confiding to him this trouble, and all the persecution that it may bring upon her. All is bad enough without; yet this adds a special terror to his going. It cannot be that day is so near at hand. The same nightingale, whose song had sounded so sweetly in their ears the previous night, had been singing in the same pomegranate-tree. Yet how different the sound! And now another strain strikes harshly on their ears. The lark, the herald of the morn, is carolling its glad note as it "mounts up on high." How cruel is its joy! Their days will all seem nights until they meet again. Seeing that

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops,"

Romeo sadly says—"I must be gone and live, or stay and die." Juliet will not believe in the so rapid approach of day. They seem hardly to have met.

"Yon light is not daylight; . . .
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone."

Romeo, who is willing to risk all to remain even for a short time near her, exclaims—

"I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye;
. . . . . .
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heavens so high above our heads.
. . . . . .
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day."

Upon the word "*death*," Juliet at once realises the risk he is running, and hurries him away—"O, now be gone; more light and light it grows." The Nurse comes to caution them that the "day is broke," and to tell Juliet that her lady mother is coming to her chamber.

Oh the cry of the poor forlorn heart when Romeo has descended the ladder of ropes and she sees him there, where the day before he had looked up in the rapture of hope under the same grey morning light! "Art thou gone so, love, lord—ay, husband, friend?" Ever, when I acted this scene, these words came from me like the cry of my own heart, and all that followed seemed the very voice of my own "ill-divining soul."

"*Jul.* O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

And it is thus alone that her eyes ever again behold him!

To add to her almost unbearable misery, now comes in her mother, who shows some surprise at finding her daughter up at so late an hour, and drowned in tears. "Why, how now, Juliet?" "Madam, I am not well." No sympathy comes from the cold mother, who only says, somewhat sarcastically—

"Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
. . . . . .

Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child—
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I looked not for.
. . . . Early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride."

Juliet, affrighted, amazed at this sudden woe and peril, replies angrily—

"Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet."

Probably a little doubtful how his young daughter may take the news of such hasty nuptials, but not questioning her assent in the end, even if he should have to delay them somewhat, Capulet follows with the Nurse to her chamber. To his amazement, his wife tells him that Juliet will not hear of the arrangement — "she will none" of it, adding, "I would the fool were married to her grave!" Does she think of this hereafter? Capulet's indignation knows no bounds.

"Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?"

Juliet on her knees entreats her father to hear her "with patience but to speak a word." But he grows hotter and hotter at finding determined opposition where he had looked for little. The Nurse is rebuked for taking Juliet's part and saying, "You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so." "And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue!" And he leaves Juliet with this threat:—

"Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn."

Juliet in her anguish cries out—

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?"

Then turns to her mother with the agonised appeal—

"O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies!"

Prophetic words, which might well have startled the formal mother's ears; but she replies in feeble imitation of her husband, and in language which sounds more shocking than his, because not spoken in hot passion—

"Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee."

And now only the Nurse remains. She at least is sure. She is her own, and never could desert her foster-child, whom she nursed, and who took the place of her own Susan, "who is with God." Juliet turns to her as her last but certain comfort—

"O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
. . . . . .
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse!"

Alas for Juliet! Comfort from a creature so shallow-hearted, so self-

ish, so untrue! We see that the Nurse has been pondering over the situation. The parents are not to be moved. To confess to them the part she has played in the secret marriage is not to be thought of. She would lose the home which she looks upon as her own for life, and be sent from it in disgrace. The young girl cannot help her; why should she, therefore, risk comfort and respectability on her account? She knows nothing of "the marriage of true minds"—of the heaven-given impulse, which has drawn the lovers together; the love "that looks on tempests and is never shaken;" the feeling that in Juliet consecrates her person, as it has bound her soul, to Romeo. No! The conclusion she comes to and the counsel she gives is, that

> "Romeo
> Is banished: and all the world to nothing,
> That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
> Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
> Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
> I think it best you married with the county."

Then, to reassure and encourage Juliet, as she stands in dumb astonishment,—

> "O, he's a lovely gentleman!
> . . . . An eagle, madam,
> Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
> As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
> I think you are happy in this second match,
> For it excels your first."

All my blood seemed to be forced back upon my heart as I listened to these words. I grew as stone when she went on to descant upon the praises of Paris in contrast with Romeo. What can be said in answer to such words, such comfort, such counsel? I have often been startled at the sad solemnity of my own tones, as I put the question, "Speakest thou from thy heart?" and in the very significant "Amen!" which follows her reply—"From my soul too, or else beshrew them both."

Juliet's hope, her trust in the one on whose devotion she felt assured she might rely, is at an end, and now she sees, as never before, the Nurse's character in its true light. Stolid as the Nurse is, and incapable of any finer feeling, yet we see, by her startled "What? what?" that she notes the difference in Juliet's tone and manner. For the first time Juliet assumes her position as mistress towards her, and after the half-sarcastic "Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much," orders her to go in and tell her mother that she has gone, having displeased her father, to Friar Laurence's cell, "to make confession, and to be absolved."

Alas, again, for Juliet! The familiar ground which she has trodden and trusted to all her life taken from under her, and she left standing alone — cast off by all within her home! Worse than cast away by the Nurse, who knows all her trouble, and would have her meet it in this despicable manner! She makes no remonstrance: no further appeal could be made to such a creature. Her tears are dried, and she stands erect in her desolation. Alone she must face the future — a future steeped in gloom. The child's trust in others falls from her: "her soul springs up astonished—springs full-statured in an hour." She is henceforth the determined woman. She will not condescend to bandy more words with the Nurse—who, being incapable of understanding her nature, does not deserve her consideration — yet when alone her pent-up indignation and scorn find a way to her lips—

> "O most wicked fiend!
> Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor—
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain."

Whatever happens, their lives are henceforth separate. Rather than follow such counsel she will die! In this supreme moment she has formed her resolution. "I'll to the friar, to know his remedy." Then remembering and possessing herself of the dagger which had been the toy of her happy hours, she adds—

"If all else fail, myself have power to die."

It is for the actress, in this marvellous and most difficult scene, to show, by her look and manner, how everything that is girlish and immature,—all that, under happy circumstances, would have marked the gentle clinging nature of youth,—falls off from Juliet, and how she is developed into the heroic woman as rapidly as Romeo, when possessed by a genuine passion, rises from the dreaming youth to the full stature of a noble manhood.

This difference is plainly marked in her dignified treatment of Paris, whom she finds before her at the Friar's cell. The Nurse's praises, still sounding in her ears, make him particularly unwelcome to her. He evidently thinks her father's sanction to their marriage is all-sufficient, and with self-complacent impertinence treats her as though she were already his property. Juliet's curt and somewhat sarcastic answers to his questions should have shown him how distasteful he was to her; but he believes himself an acceptable suitor for any lady. Even her evident impatience to get rid of him tells him nothing. He chooses to believe that her confession to the Friar is partly made on his account.

"*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me."

After a little more of this fencing, Juliet, seeing that he will not leave them, turns to the Friar—"Are you at leisure, holy father, now?" Such a hint cannot but be taken, and Paris leaves her with the promise—

"Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu!"

No sooner is the door shut upon him, than she finds that through Paris the Friar is already acquainted with her grief; "it strains me," he says, "past the compass of my wits." The Friar can hardly be prepared to find how rapidly the extremity which has so suddenly come upon Juliet has developed her character. The determined resolute composure which she shows could alone have encouraged him to suggest to her the desperate remedy which is the only "kind of hope" he has to offer her.

"*Jul.* God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

. . . . . .

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy."

The Friar must see how ready she is to sacrifice the life consecrated to her lover; and he at once explains that the only escape he had been able to devise was a desperate and terrible one. But if she be prepared, as she says, to face death itself, she may not hesitate to undertake "a thing like death to chide away this shame."

In her answer Juliet proclaims with passionate vehemence her readiness to face such terrors as he might think would affright her most, if only she may live "an unstained wife to her true lord." There is such proof of earnest purpose in this, that the Friar no longer hesitates to lay his device before her. She is in no way appalled by the thought of being laid for dead for a certain time in her ancestral tomb. Is she not assured that by the time she will awake, her Romeo, summoned by the Friar, will be by her side, and bear her thence "that very night to Mantua"?

"If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it."

"Give me, give me! O tell me not of fear," she exclaims, as she seizes the phial; "Love, give me strength!" What strength love gives her we are soon to see—love true and unwavering as that she plighted in the words—

"But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."

Lord Capulet, unused to be thwarted, must be in a fever of impatience to know what effect the Friar's admonitions have had upon his wayward daughter, in whom he now traces some of his own imperious will. His surprise and delight, therefore, know no bounds when she returns apparently contrite and ready to obey his will—nay, as willing as himself to expedite matters.

"Send for the county; go tell him this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
. . . . . .
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound up in him."

Juliet says—

"Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?"

Lady Capulet, wishing to keep to the original day, breaks in with—"No, not till Thursday; there is time enough." Lord Capulet, most anxious to take Juliet while in the vein, exclaims, "Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow." Still Lady Capulet remonstrates—

"We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.
Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up;
I'll not to bed to-night.
. . . . . .
My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed."

Juliet is now in her chamber, and has let the Nurse choose any dress she pleases for the intended ceremony on the morrow. "Ay, those attires are best." The same, doubtless, that she was really robed in for her grave. She must be at peace now, even with the treacherous woman who had so failed her in her utmost need, for this is their last meeting. She asks the Nurse to leave her,—

"For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin."

Lady Capulet comes in to inquire if her help is needed. Juliet replies that all is ready, and asks to be left alone, adding—

"And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business."

Lady Capulet, who sees nothing in her daughter's change of manner but what she considers natural in the situation — wrought in her, doubtless, by the good Friar's spiritual advice and counsel—bids her "good night" in the usual way, only adding, as she knew Juliet had been waking and weeping all the previous night, "Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need."

With what awe, with what dread fascination, I used to approach what follows! I always felt a kind of icy coldness and stillness come over me after leaving the Friar's cell which lasted until this moment. The "Farewell!" to Lady Capulet, — "God knows when we shall meet again," —relaxed this state of tension. When I knelt to my father, I had mutely, in kissing his hand, taken leave of him; but now my mother — the mother whose sympathy would have been so precious— was leaving me to my lonely despair. This breaking up of all natural ties of youth and home, the heart-sick feeling of desolation, overpowered me, and sobs came against my will. The very room looked strange, larger, darker, with but the faint light of the lamp, which threw the recesses of the windows and the heavy furniture into deeper shade. I used to take up the lamp and peer into the shadows, to try to take away their terror. Already I could fancy I had descended into the vault.

"I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life."

There was no enduring it: "I'll call them back again to comfort me;—Nurse!" No! I have forgot. "What should she do here?" No one must know,—"my dismal scene I needs must act alone." Hitherto all has been as the Friar ordered: his instructions have been faithfully carried out. Now Juliet stands, for the first time, alone, to think over and to face what is to follow. She does not waver, but she has to put before herself the dread realities which must be encountered in the way of the escape devised for her. The hush of the unaccustomed solitude is strange, for the Nurse has been always near her until this night. Things undreamt of take possession of her brain. A swift, sudden death, such as she had pictured to the Friar, would have no terror; but slow horrors seem now to gather round her.

"Suppose the mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?"

No! There is a remedy against that. The dagger is kept near her heart, and will find its place in it if necessary. Then again, it may be a poison subtly administered by the Friar, lest he should be dishonoured, "because he married me before to Romeo." This thought is put aside at once as unworthy— "for he hath still been tried a holy man." But now imagination conjures up a much more terrible vision, and such as might appal the bravest heart:—

"How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me?"

This is indeed "a fearful point"! She has seen the outside of the family vault; the space remaining cannot be large, it being already full of her kindred, who have been buried there for "many hundred years." Remembering the custom of burying the corpse uncovered on the bier, to fall bit by bit into decay, the air, such air as may find its way in, laden with the

odours of decaying mortality, may stifle her,—nay, the foul mouth of the vault is not large enough to let in the "healthsome air," and she will "there die strangled ere her Romeo comes." Or if not—if she should live—how is she to endure

"The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
. . . . . .
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud"?*

Horror accumulates upon horror. Wandering spirits resort to such spots. What with loathsome smells, the shrieks of mandrakes torn out of the earth, she will go mad

"Environed with all these hideous fears.
. . . . . .
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains!"

For the moment the great fear gets the better of the great love, and all seems madness. Then in her frenzy of excitement she seems to see Tybalt's figure start into life—

"Look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo! . . .
Stay, Tybalt, stay!"

At the mention of Romeo's name, I used to feel all my resolution return. Romeo! She goes to meet him, and what terror shall hold her back? She will pass through the horror of hell itself to reach what lies beyond; and she swallows the potion with his name upon her lips—"Romeo, I drink to thee!"

What a scene is this—so simple, so grand, so terrible! What it is to act I need not tell you. What power it demands, and yet what restraint! To be tame would be to make the words ridiculous. The voice must be as capable of variety of expression as are the words,—the action simple, strong, impressive. Certainly, repetition had no effect in making the scene less vivid to my imagination. The last time I played Juliet, which was in Manchester in 1871, I fainted on the bed at the end of it, so much was I overcome with the reality of the "thick-coming fancies,"—just as the first time I played the part I had fainted at the sight of my own blood, which, for the moment, seemed to make the scene all too real. I am not given to fainting, and indeed I have very rarely known the sensation. But the fascination which the terrible had for me from the first, it maintained to the last; and as the images which the poet suggests rose in cumulative horror before my mind, the stronger imagination of riper years gave them, no doubt, a greater power over my nervous system, and for the time overcame me. I know no scene in Shakespeare more difficult. Three such scenes for the actress in one play—the balcony scene, the scene when Juliet hears of Romeo's banishment, and this! Alas! who could hope to do them the faintest justice?

While the daughter of the house is contending with the horrors that crowd on her imagination at the thought of the "nest of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep," in which she is presently to be laid, Shakespeare, with a Rembrandt-like effect of contrast, lets us see a little of the busy life which is in the meantime going on in the background through the night in the bustle of preparation for these hasty nuptials. Day is breaking, yet Capulet has not been in bed:—

"Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock."

* I could never utter these words without an exclamation of shuddering disgust escaping with them.

While Lady Capulet and the Nurse are equally active in getting "spices and quinces" for the operations of the kitchen, servants are seen moving to and fro with spits, logs, and baskets—

"*Cap.* Now, fellow, what's there?
First Servant. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste! Sirrah, fetch drier logs.

. . . . . .

The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near."

The Nurse is despatched in haste to Juliet to waken her, and "trim her up." All this stir and bustle of festal preparation the prelude to the hushed solemnity of death! What a picture meets the eyes of the stricken parents, the faithless nurse, the assured and triumphant bridegroom! Knowing what Friar Laurence does of them and their poor victims, well may he cut short their selfish lamentations by the words—

"The heavens do lour upon you for some ill,—
Move them no more by crossing their high will."

The close of the fourth act leaves us in uncertainty, but still with a kind of hope that all these woes may serve "for sweet discourses in the time to come." There seems to be no necessity for a tragic ending. Romeo is safe in Mantua, awaiting, with all the patience he can, the news which the Friar is to send him through his man from time to time of "every good hap that chances here." Friar John has been sent to him with all speed with a letter apprising him of what has just happened—a letter which will bring him back on the instant to Verona. Juliet is safe from her parents' importunity in the "pleasant sleep" which is to end in such a happy waking. All seems to go well.

But now Destiny steps in again. The Fates are spinning, spinning out the doom of the lovers, and will not be thwarted.

The fifth act of this play has always impressed me as being wonderfully beautiful,—simple, human, and grand as the finest of the Greek plays; much finer, indeed—for the ancients knew nothing of the passion of love in its purity, its earnestness, its devotedness, its self-sacrifice. It needed Christianity to teach us this, and a Shakespeare in the drama to illustrate it. The Greek dramatists, as a rule, preserved the unities of time, place, and action. Shakespeare put them aside for higher purposes. His genius could not be so trammelled. Human lives and human minds he took to work upon, and made all outside matter subservient to his great end. Time, space, action, were his instruments, and he made them submit to him. He looked to the "beyond beyond," where no time is, and would not subject himself to mere days and hours, which at the best come and go unheeded, some flying, others dragging their weary length along.

In the opening of the act we meet Romeo in Mantua. Grief has matured, ennobled him. He is full of buoyant hopes because of a happy dream. In the first act, before he goes to the revels, he says, "'Tis no wit to go. I dreamt a dream to-night." This dream was of a kind evidently to set him against going to the house of his enemy. But, following on this dream of warning, comes the greatest joy of his life. The present dream supposes, curiously, that he, instead of his lady, was lying dead, and that her kisses breathed such new life into him that he "revived, and was an emperor." Now, in the climax of this joyful anticipation comes Balthazar with news from Verona. Has he brought letters from the Friar? No. Then,

"How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault."

Romeo's grief is of that overwhelming kind which finds no vent in words. He simply says, "Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!" But on the instant he sees his course. He gives a few brief directions to his servant to hire post-horses, and dismisses him with renewed injunctions—"and hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight." What a change the shock has wrought upon him in a moment is seen in Balthazar's words!—

"I do beseech you, sir, have patience;
Your looks are pale and wild."

Romeo asks no questions, seeks for no details. In the anguish of a sudden blow it is not the greatest sufferer who wants to know particulars. The "why?" the "when?" the "where?" come from others less deeply stricken. The thought may pass through Romeo's mind of the pale face he has last looked upon in the anguish of parting. "Dry sorrow" has indeed "drunk her blood" and snapped her life's strings.

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!"

Swift—too swift; for already Destiny had thrown the means across his path.

"I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells. . . .
Noting his penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
. . . . . .
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need!
. . . . . .
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee."

With what a subtle touch Shakespeare reveals to us the state of Romeo's mind during his hurried night-ride to Verona! for, as an exiled man, he must still use "night's cloak" to hide him from men's eyes. His man, thinking the details of what had happened in Verona deeply interesting, would fain tell him all,—spare his master nothing of the elaborate ceremony which he had witnessed of Juliet's entombment, or of the gossip which he has heard around of the unusual sadness of the event—of her youth, her beauty, and of the day on which she died having been appointed for her marriage with the rich County Paris. But Romeo heeds nothing. One all-absorbing thought possesses him—to hasten on and lie by Juliet's side in death.

The next scene shows us how the Fates have been at work, using the plague which was then raging in part of Verona as an instrument of their will. Friar John, while seeking the "associate" who was to accompany him to Verona, is found in a house suspected of infection, and is shut up there, so that he can neither send on to Mantua the letter intrusted to him, nor get it returned to Friar Laurence. He brings it back after this delay, when the time for it to be of use has long gone by. "Unhappy fortune!" says Friar Laurence; but as he evidently thought Romeo could not have heard what had happened through any other channel, he proposes to write again to him, and in the meantime to

bring Juliet away on her awaking, and keep her at his cell.

On Romeo's arrival at the churchyard, he finds Paris there before him, strewing the tomb with flowers. Paris has loved Juliet to the best of his nature, and mourns her in a gentle sentimental way:

"Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep."

He retires when his page warns him of the approach of Romeo; but on witnessing what he supposes to be desecration of the tomb of the Capulets, he breaks in with—

"Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee!"

Romeo proves his gentle, noble nature by showing the same forbearance to Paris with which he had met the insolence of Tybalt.

"Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me. . . .
I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury!—O, begone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither armed against myself."

Paris will not be persuaded, and Romeo is not to be balked. They fight, and it is only when Paris has fallen that he is recognised by Romeo as "Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris." Then something crosses his mind as to what his man had talked of on the road—

"When my betossed soul
Did not attend him on the road? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?"

To the man who would have been his foe alive, he can say in death—

"O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
. . . . . .
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light."

We may conceive the anguish of the cry that now breaks from him:

"O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty."

"The roses on her lips and cheeks," which under the first influence of the potion had faded "to paly ashes," have begun to return, as its effects are dying away. How much is the pathos of the scene deepened by the circumstance that Romeo sees nothing in this to make him hesitate! He thinks only that "beauty's ensign" is still "crimson in her lips and in her cheeks," and that for a while "death's pale flag is not advanced there." He now sees what she had truly pictured to herself, the body of Tybalt "uncovered on the bier" close beside her. Ever generous and forgiving himself, he turns to ask the forgiveness of his foe:—

"Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand which cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? . . .
Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.
. . . . . .
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
. . . . . .
Here's to my love!"

Even so had it been with Juliet before—"Romeo, I drink to thee."

While this is going on at the

tomb of the Capulets, and on the very instant of Romeo's exclamation, "O true apothecary, thy drugs are quick! Thus with a kiss I die,"—Friar Laurence enters at the far end of the churchyard, with a crowbar and all the materials for opening the monument. As he makes his way towards it he says, groping his way along,—

"Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves."

Romeo's man, who has been enjoined, at peril of his life, to keep aloof, tells the Friar of Romeo's advent at the tomb. The Friar's worst fears are aroused by this,—

"Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing."

He calls on Romeo's name; finds the sepulchre open, and at the entrance of it, "masterless and gory swords." Entering he sees—

"Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steeped in blood?"

Before he has recovered the shock of this discovery Juliet awakes "as from a pleasant sleep." Her first sight is of the Friar. This is as she was promised. Her brain is clear, her memory active.

"O comfortable friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?"

Noises in the distance tell the Friar that the watch is approaching.

"Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away."

Is it likely when he adds—

"Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead.
. . . Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming."

What a moment for Juliet! She has braved all the horrors which her imagination so vividly pictured, for the sake of him who now lies dead before her. She has wakened for this! She has no questions, no words. Her heart is bankrupt utterly. If she can think at all, it is that Romeo has found her dead, and, to follow her quickly, has taken poison. She finds the phial closed tightly in his hand. She utters no reproaches, except the loving one—

"O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after!"

The poor old Friar, in his grief and utter bewilderment at this "lamentable chance," finding all his efforts fruitless to tear Juliet from her husband's body, as the noise of the approaching crowd comes nearer, at last leaves her. Juliet, glad of the release, says, "Go, get thee hence, for I will not away." The noise comes nearer still. To be found alive would be to be separated from her lover. The dagger, which was to have been her friendly help to let out life, should the potion not have worked, is not at hand—has not been buried with her. Where can she look for help? Will her desperate hand have indeed to seek some kinsman's bone with which to dash out her brains? No! The "inconstant moon" is a friendly helper now; it breaks through the darkness, and shows the glittering of Romeo's dagger. Here is relief! To die by the instrument which had touched his own hand, had been part of his daily wearing and belongings—nothing could be more welcome. She snatches it from his body, exclaiming, as she stabs herself, "O happy dagger! this is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die."

Thus is the "fearful passage of their death-marked love" complete. Had Shakespeare only wished to show true love constant and triumphant throughout persistent evil fortune, he might have ended here. But, as I said in the outset, his purpose, I believe, was far wider and deeper, and is plainly shown in the elaborate close which he has written to the scene.

The play opens in the thronged streets of Verona,—perhaps in its picturesque and stirring market-place,—where, upon a casual meeting, the hot blood of the retainers of the Montagues and Capulets, made hotter by the blazing noon-day sun, breaks out into a bloody brawl, into the midst of which, when at its height, the heads of both the houses rush with a passion little suited to their years, and are reduced to order only by the intervention of their Prince. It closes in the chill midnight, in a churchyard. The actors in the first scene are all present except the kind Lady Montague, who has died of grief that very night for her son's exile; and there, locked in each other's arms in death, lie these two fair young creatures done to death by reason "of their parents' rage."

Too late—too late for their happiness on earth—do these parents learn the lesson of amity and brotherly love over the dumbly eloquent bodies of their immolated children. But they do, with stricken hearts, learn it, and try vainly to make expiation. All future generations also may learn it there, for never could the lesson be more emphatically taught, as of a surety

"There never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

There is in this play no scope for surmise, no possible misunderstanding of the chief characters or of the poet's purpose, such as there are in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." The chill mists and vapours of the North seem to shroud these plays in an atmosphere of mystery, uncertainty, and gloom. But here all is distinct and luminous as the vivid sunshine, or the clear, tender moonlight of the South. You have but to throw your mind back into the history of the time, and to let your heart warm and your imagination kindle with the hot blood and quick-flashing fancies of the Italian temperament, and the whole tale of love and woe stands fully revealed before you. Still, to judge Juliet rightly, we must have clear ideas of Romeo, of her parents, and of all the circumstances that determined her conduct. What I have written, therefore, has been written with this object. Would I might think that in my art I was in some measure able to express what my imagination had conceived of Juliet in her brief hours of exquisite happiness and exquisite suffering!

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

To Mrs S. C. HALL.

[The second of these letters was not completed when tidings of the death, after a very brief illness, of the dear friend for whom it was intended, reached me. She was present to my mind when I wrote it, and I dedicate it to her memory. The world knew her great talents and her worth; but only her friends could estimate her goodness, her charity in thought as well as in deed. Her kindness, like her sympathy, knew no limit. It was as constant and loyal, as it was encouraging and judicious. In loving grateful memory she lives, I doubt not, in many hearts, as she does in mine.]

THE FIXED PERIOD.—PART V.

CHAPTER IX.—THE NEW GOVERNOR.

"So," said I to myself, "because of Jack and his love, all the aspirations of my life are to be crushed! The whole dream of my existence, which has come so near to the fruition of a waking moment, is to be violently dispelled because my own son and Sir Kennington Oval have settled between them that a pretty girl is to have her own way." As I thought of it, there seemed to be a monstrous cruelty and potency in Fortune, which she never could have been allowed to exercise in a world which was not altogether given over to injustice. It was for that that I wept. I wept to think that a spirit of honesty should as yet have prevailed so little in the world. Here, in our waters, was lying a terrible engine of British power, sent out by a British Cabinet Minister—the so-called Minister of Benevolence, by a bitter chance—at the instance of that Minister's nephew, to put down by brute force the most absolutely benevolent project for the governance of the world which the mind of man had ever projected. It was in that that lay the agony of the blow.

I remained there alone for many hours, but I must acknowledge that before I left the chambers I had gradually brought myself to look at the matter in another light. Had Eva Crasweller not been good-looking, had Jack been still at college, had Sir Kennington Oval remained in England, had Mr Bunnit and the bar-keeper not succeeded in stopping my carriage on the hill,—should I have succeeded in arranging for the final departure of my old friend? That was the question which I ought to ask myself. And even had I succeeded in carrying my success so far as that, should I not have appeared a murderer to my fellow-citizens had not his departure been followed in regular sequence by that of all others till it had come to my turn? Had Crasweller departed, and had the system then been stopped, should I not have appeared a murderer even to myself? And what hope had there been, what reasonable expectation, that the system should have been allowed fair-play?

It must be understood that I, I myself, have never for a moment swerved. But though I have been strong enough to originate the idea, I have not been strong enough to bear the terrible harshness of the opinions of those around me when I should have exercised against those dear to me the mandates of the new law. If I could, in the spirit, have leaped over a space of thirty years and been myself deposited in due order, I could see that my memory would have been embalmed with those who had done great things for their fellow-citizens. Columbus, and Galileo, and Newton, and Harvey, and Wilberforce, and Cobden, and that great Banting who has preserved us all so completely from the horrors of obesity, would not have been named with honour more resplendent than that paid to the name of Neverbend. Such had been my ambition, such had been my hope. But it is necessary that a whole age should be carried up to some proximity to the reformer before there is a space sufficiently large for his operations. Had the telegraph been invented in the days of ancient Rome, would

the Romans have accepted it, or have stoned Wheatstone? So thinking, I resolved that I was before my age, and that I must pay the allotted penalty.

On arriving at home at my own residence, I found that our *salon* was filled with a brilliant company. We did not usually use the room; but on entering the house I heard the clatter of conversation, and went in. There was Captain Battleax seated there, beautiful with a cocked-hat, and an epaulet, and gold braid. He rose to meet me, and I saw that he was a handsome tall man about forty, with a determined face and a winning smile. "Mr President," said he, "I am in command of her Majesty's gunboat, the John Bright, and I have come to pay my respects to the ladies."

"I am sure the ladies have great pleasure in seeing you." I looked round the room, and there, with other of our fair citizens, I saw Eva. As I spoke I made him a gracious bow, and I think I showed him by my mode of address that I did not bear any grudge as to my individual self.

"I have come to your shores, Mr President, with the purpose of seeing how things are progressing in this distant quarter of the world."

"Things were progressing, Captain Battleax, pretty well before this morning. We have our little struggles here as elsewhere, and all things cannot be done by rose-water. But, on the whole, we are a prosperous and well-satisfied people."

"We are quite satisfied now, Captain Battleax," said my wife.

"Quite satisfied," said Eva.

"I am sure we are all delighted to hear the ladies speak in so pleasant a manner," said First-Lieutenant Crosstrees, an officer with whom I have since become particularly intimate.

Then there was a little pause in the conversation, and I felt myself bound to say something as to the violent interruption to which I had this morning been subjected. And yet that something must be playful in its nature. I must by no means show in such company as was now present the strong feeling which pervaded my own mind. "You will perceive, Captain Battleax, that there is a little difference of opinion between us all here as to the ceremony which was to have been accomplished this morning. The ladies, in compliance with that softness of heart which is their characteristic, are on one side; and the men, by whom the world has to be managed, are on the other. No doubt, in process of time the ladies will follow——"

"Their masters," said Mrs Neverbend. "No doubt we shall do so when it is only ourselves that we have to sacrifice, but never when the question concerns our husbands, our fathers, and our sons."

This was a pretty little speech enough, and received the eager compliments of the officers of the John Bright. "I did not mean," said Captain Battleax, "to touch upon public subjects at such a moment as this. I am here only to pay my respects as a messenger from Great Britain to Britannula, to congratulate you all on your late victory at cricket, and to say how loud are the praises bestowed on Mr John Neverbend, junior, for his skill and gallantry. The power of his arm is already the subject discussed at all clubs and drawing-rooms at home. We had received details of the whole affair by water-telegram before the John Bright started. Mrs Neverbend, you must indeed be proud of your son."

Jack had been standing in the far corner of the room talking to Eva, and was now reduced to silence by his praises.

"Sir Kennington Oval is a very fine player," said my wife.

"And my Lord Marylebone behaves himself quite like a British peer," said the wife of the Mayor of Gladstonopolis,—a lady whom he had married in England, and who had not moved there in quite the highest circles.

Then we began to think of the hospitality of the island, and the officers of the John Bright were asked to dine with us on the following day. I and my wife and son, and the two Craswellers, and three or four others, agreed to dine on board the ship on the next. To me personally an extreme of courtesy was shown. It seemed as though I were treated with almost royal honour. This, I felt, was paid to me as being president of the republic, and I endeavoured to behave myself with such mingled humility and dignity as might befit the occasion; but I could not but feel that something was wanting to the simplicity of my ordinary life. My wife, on the spur of the moment, managed to give the gentlemen a very good dinner. Including the chaplain and the surgeon, there were twelve of them, and she asked twelve of the prettiest girls in Gladstonopolis to meet them. This, she said, was true hospitality; and I am not sure that I did not agree with her. Then there were three or four leading men of the community, with their wives, who were for the most part the fathers and mothers of the young ladies. We sat down thirty-six to dinner; and I think that we showed a great divergence from those usual colonial banquets, at which the elders are only invited to meet distinguished guests. The officers were chiefly young men; and a greater babel of voices was, I'll undertake to say, never heard from a banqueting-hall than came from our dinner-table. Eva Crasweller was the queen of the evening, and was as joyous, as beautiful, and as high-spirited as a queen should ever be. I did once or twice during the festivity glance round at old Crasweller. He was quiet, and I might almost say silent, during the whole evening; but I could see from the testimony of his altered countenance how strong is the passion for life that dwells in the human breast

"Your promised bride seems to have it all her own way," said Captain Battleax to Jack, when at last the ladies had withdrawn.

"Oh yes," said Jack, "and I'm nowhere. But I mean to have my innings before long."

Of what Mrs Neverbend had gone through in providing birds, beasts, and fishes, not to talk of tarts and jellies, for the dinner of that day, no one but myself can have any idea; but it must be admitted that she accomplished her task with thorough success. I was told, too, that after the invitations had been written, no milliner in Britannula was allowed to sleep a single moment till half an hour before the ladies were assembled in our drawing-room; but their efforts, too, were conspicuously successful.

On the next day some of us went on board the John Bright for a return dinner; and very pleasant the officers made it. The living on board the John Bright is exceedingly good, as I have had occasion to learn from many dinners eaten there since that day. I little thought when I sat down at the right hand of Captain Battleax as being the president of the republic, with my wife on his left, I should ever spend more than a month on board the ship, or write on board it this account of all my thoughts and all my troubles in regard to the Fixed Period. After dinner

Captain Battleax simply proposed my health, paying to me many unmeaning compliments, in which, however, I observed that no reference was made to the special doings of my presidency; and he ended by saying, that though he had, as a matter of courtesy, and with the greatest possible alacrity, proposed my health, he would not call upon me for any reply. And immediately on his sitting down, there got up a gentleman to whom I had not been introduced before this day, and gave the health of Mrs Neverbend and the ladies of Britannula. Now in spite of what the captain said, I undoubtedly had intended to make a speech. When the president of the republic has his health drank, it is, I conceive, his duty to do so. But here the gentleman rose with a rapidity which did at the moment seem to have been premeditated. At any rate, my eloquence was altogether stopped. The gentleman was named Sir Ferdinando Brown. He was dressed in simple black, and was clearly not one of the ship's officers; but I could not but suspect at the moment that he was in some special measure concerned in the mission on which the gunboat had been sent. He sat on Mrs Neverbend's left hand, and did seem in some respect to be the chief man on that occasion. However, he proposed Mrs Neverbend's health and the ladies, and the captain instantly called upon the band to play some favourite tune. After that there was no attempt at speaking. We sat with the officers some little time after dinner, and then went ashore. "Sir Ferdinando and I," said the captain, as we shook hands with him, "will do ourselves the honour of calling on you at the executive chambers to-morrow morning."

I went home to bed with a presentiment of evil running across my heart. A presentiment indeed! How much of evil—of real accomplished evil — had there not occurred to me during the last few days! Every hope for which I had lived, as I then told myself, had been brought to sudden extinction by the coming of these men to whom I had been so pleasant, and who, in their turn, had been so pleasant to me! What could I do now but just lay myself down and die? And the death of which I dreamt could not, alas! be that true benumbing death which we think may put an end, or at any rate give a change, to all our thoughts. To die would be as nothing; but to live as the late president of the republic who had fixed his aspirations so high, would indeed be very melancholy. As president I had still two years to run, but it occurred to me now that I could not possibly endure those two years of prolonged nominal power. I should be the laughing-stock of the people; and as such, it would become me to hide my head. When this captain should have taken himself and his vessel back to England, I would retire to a small farm which I possessed at the farthest side of the island, and there in seclusion would I end my days. Mrs Neverbend should come with me, or stay, if it so pleased her, in Gladstonopolis. Jack would become Eva's happy husband, and would remain amidst the hurried duties of the eager world. Crasweller, the triumphant, would live, and at last die, amidst the flocks and herds of Little Christchurch. I, too, would have a small herd, a little flock of my own, surrounded by no such glories as those of Little Christchurch, — owing nothing to wealth, or scenery, or neighbourhood,—and there, till God should take me, I would spend the even-

ing of my day. Thinking of all this, I went to sleep.

On the next morning Sir Ferdinando Brown and Captain Battleax were announced at the executive chambers. I had already been there at my work for a couple of hours; but Sir Ferdinando apologised for the earliness of his visit. It seemed to me as he entered the room and took the chair that was offered to him, that he was the greater man of the two on the occasion,—or perhaps I should say of the three. And yet he had not before come on shore to visit me, nor had he made one at our little dinner-party. "Mr Neverbend," began the captain,—and I observed that up to that moment he had generally addressed me as President,—"it cannot be denied that we have come here on an unpleasant mission. You have received us with all that courtesy and hospitality for which your character in England stands so high. But you must be aware that it has been our intention to interfere with that which you must regard as the performance of a duty."

"It is a duty," said I. "But your power is so superior to any that I can advance, as to make us here feel that there is no disgrace in yielding to it. Therefore we can be courteous while we submit. Not a doubt but had your force been only double or treble our own, I should have found it my duty to struggle with you. But how can a little State, but a few years old, situated on a small island, far removed from all the centres of civilisation, contend on any point with the owner of the great 250-ton swiveller-gun?"

"That is all quite true, Mr Neverbend," said Sir Ferdinando Brown.

"I can afford to smile, because I am absolutely powerless before you; but I do not the less feel that, in a matter in which the progress of the world is concerned, I, or rather we, have been put down by brute force. You have come to us threatening us with absolute destruction. Whether your gun be loaded or not matters little."

"It is certainly loaded," said Captain Battleax.

"Then you have wasted your powder and shot. Like a highwayman, it would have sufficed for you merely to tell the weak and cowardly that your pistol would be made to go off when wanted. To speak the truth, Captain Battleax, I do not think that you excel us more in courage than you do in thought and practical wisdom. Therefore, I feel myself quite able, as president of this republic, to receive you with a courtesy due to the servants of a friendly ally."

"Very well put," said Sir Ferdinando. I simply bowed to him. "And now," he continued, "will you answer me one question?"

"A dozen if it suits you to ask them."

"Captain Battleax cannot remain here long with that expensive toy which he keeps locked up somewhere among his cocked-hats and white gloves. I can assure you he has not even allowed me to see the trigger since I have been on board. But 250-ton swivellers do cost money, and the John Bright must steam away, and play its part in other quarters of the globe. What do you intend to do when he shall have taken his pocket-pistol away?"

I thought for a little what answer it would best become me to give to this question, but I paused only for a moment or two. "I shall proceed at once to carry out the Fixed Period." I felt that my honour demanded that to such

a question I should make no other reply.

"And that in opposition to the wishes, as I understand, of a large proportion of your fellow-citizens?"

"The wishes of our fellow-citizens have been declared by repeated majorities in the Assembly."

"You have only one House in your Constitution," said Sir Ferdinando.

"One House I hold to be quite sufficient."

I was proceeding to explain the theory on which the Britannulan Constitution had been formed, when Sir Ferdinando interrupted me. "At any rate, you will admit that a second Chamber is not there to guard against the sudden action of the first. But we need not discuss all this now. It is your purpose to carry out your Fixed Period as soon as the John Bright shall have departed?"

"Certainly."

"And you are, I am aware, sufficiently popular with the people here to enable you to do so?"

"I think I am," I said, with a modest acquiescence in an assertion which I felt to be so much to my credit. But I blushed for its untruth.

"Then," said Sir Ferdinando, "there is nothing for it but that he must take you with him."

There came upon me a sudden shock when I heard these words, which exceeded anything which I had yet felt. Me, the president of a foreign nation, the first officer of a people with whom Great Britain was at peace,—the captain of one of her gunboats must carry me off, hurry me away a prisoner, whither I knew not, and leave the country ungoverned, with no president as yet elected to supply my place! And I, looking at the matter from my own point of view, was a husband, the head of a family, a man largely concerned in business,—I was to be carried away in bondage—I, who had done no wrong, had disobeyed no law, who had indeed been conspicuous for my adherence to my duties! No opposition ever shown to Columbus and Galileo had come near to this in audacity and oppression. I, the president of a free republic, the elected of all its people, the chosen depository of its official life,—I was to be kidnapped and carried of in a ship of war, because, forsooth, I was deemed too popular to rule the country! And this was told to me in my own room in the executive chambers, in the very sanctum of public life, by a stout florid gentleman in a black coat, of whom I hitherto knew nothing except that his name was Brown!

"Sir," I said, after a pause, and turning to Captain Battleax and addressing him, "I cannot believe that you, as an officer in the British navy, will commit any act of tyranny so oppressive, and of injustice so gross, as that which this gentleman has named."

"You hear what Sir Ferdinando Brown has said," replied Captain Battleax.

"I do not know the gentleman,—except as having been introduced to him at your hospitable table. Sir Ferdinando Brown is to me—simply Sir Ferdinando Brown."

"Sir Ferdinando has lately been our British Governor in Ashantee, where he has, as I may truly say, 'bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.' He has now been sent here on this delicate mission, and to no one could it be intrusted by whom it would be performed with more scrupulous honour." This was simply the opinion of Captain Battleax, and expressed in the presence of the gentleman himself whom he so lauded.

"But what is the delicate mission?" I asked.

Then Sir Ferdinando told his whole story, which I think should have been declared before I had been asked to sit down to dinner with him in company with the captain on board the ship. I was to be taken away and carried to England or elsewhere, — or drowned upon the voyage, it mattered not which. That was the first step to be taken towards carrying out the tyrannical, illegal, and altogether injurious intention of the British Government. Then the republic of Britannula was to be declared as non-existent, and the British flag was to be exalted, and a British governor installed in the executive chambers! That governor was to be Sir Ferdinando Brown.

I was lost in a maze of wonderment as I attempted to look at the proceeding all round. Now, at the close of the twentieth century, could oppression be carried to such a height as this? "Gentlemen," I said, "you are powerful. That little instrument which you have hidden in your cabin makes you the master of us all. It has been prepared by the ingenuity of men, able to dominate matter though altogether powerless over mind. On myself, I need hardly say that it would be inoperative. Though you should reduce me to atoms, from them would spring those opinions which would serve altogether to silence your artillery. But the dread of it is to the generality much more powerful than the fact of its possession."

"You may be quite sure it's there," said Captain Battleax, "and that I can so use it as to half obliterate your town within two minutes of my return on board."

"You propose to kidnap me," I said. "What would become of your gun were I to kidnap you?"

"Lieutenant Crosstrees has sealed orders, and is practically acquainted with the mechanism of the gun. Lieutenant Crosstrees is a very gallant officer. One of us always remains on board while the other is on shore. He would think nothing of blowing me up, so long as he obeyed orders."

"I was going on to observe," I continued, "that though this power is in your hands, and in that of your country, the exercise of it betrays not only tyranny of disposition, but poorness and meanness of spirit." I here bowed first to the one gentleman, and then to the other. "It is simply a contest between brute strength and mental energy."

"If you will look at the contests throughout the world," said Sir Ferdinando, "you will generally find that the highest respect is paid to the greatest battalions."

"What world-wide iniquity such a speech as that discloses!" said I, still turning myself to the captain; for though I would have crushed them both by my words had it been possible, my dislike centred itself on Sir Ferdinando. He was a man who looked as though everything were to yield to his meagre philosophy; and it seemed to me as though he enjoyed the exercise of the tyranny which chance had put into his power.

"You will allow me to suggest," said he, "that that is a matter of opinion. In the meantime, my friend Captain Battleax has below a guard of fifty marines, who will pay you the respect of escorting you on board with two of the ship's cutters. Everything that can be there done for your accommodation and comfort,—every luxury which can be provided to solace the president of this late republic,—shall be afforded. But, Mr Neverbend, it is necessary that you should go

to England; and allow me to assure you, that your departure can neither be prevented nor delayed by uncivil words spoken to the future governor of this prosperous colony."

"My words are, at any rate, less uncivil than Captain Battleax's marines; and they have, I submit, been made necessary by the conduct of your country in this matter. Were I to comply with your orders without expressing my own opinion, I should seem to have done so willingly hereafter. I say that the English Government is a tyrant, and that you are the instruments of its tyranny. Now you can proceed to do your work."

"That having all been pleasantly settled," said Sir Ferdinando, with a smile, "I will ask you to read the document by which this duty has been placed in my hands." He then took out of his pocket a letter addressed to him by the Duke of Hatfield, as Minister for the Crown Colonies, and gave it to me to read. The letter ran as follows:—

"Colonial Office, Crown Colonies, 15*th May* 1980.

"Sir,—I have it in command to inform your Excellency that you have been appointed Governor of the Crown colony which is called Britannula. The peculiar circumstances of the colony are within your Excellency's knowledge. Some years since, after the separation of New Zealand, the inhabitants of Britannula requested to be allowed to manage their own affairs, and H.M. Minister of the day thought it expedient to grant their request. The country has since undoubtedly prospered, and in a material point of view has given us no grounds for regret. But in their selection of a Constitution the Britannulists have unfortunately allowed themselves but one deliberative assembly, and hence have sprung their present difficulties. It must be, that in such circumstances crude councils should be passed as laws without the safeguard coming from further discussion and thought. At the present moment a law has been passed which, if carried into action, would become abhorrent to mankind at large. It is contemplated to destroy all those who shall have reached a certain fixed age. The arguments put forward to justify so strange a measure I need not here explain at length. It is founded on the acknowledged weakness of those who survive that period of life at which men cease to work. This terrible doctrine has been adopted at the advice of an eloquent citizen of the republic, who is at present its president, and whose general popularity seems to be so great, that, in compliance with his views, even this measure will be carried out unless Great Britain shall interfere.

"You are desired to proceed at once to Britannula, to reannex the island, and to assume the duties of the governor of a Crown colony. It is understood that a year of probation is to be allowed to those victims who have agreed to their own immolation. You will therefore arrive there in ample time to prevent the first bloodshed. But it is surmised that you will find difficulties in the way of your entering at once upon your government. So great is the popularity of their president, Mr Neverbend, that, if he be left on the island, your Excellency will find a dangerous rival. It is therefore desired that you should endeavour to obtain information as to his intentions; and that, if the Fixed Period be not abandoned altogether, with a clear conviction as to its cruelty on the part of the inhabitants generally, you should cause him to be carried away and brought to England.

"To enable you to effect this, Captain Battleax, of H.M. gunboat the John Bright, has been instructed to carry you out. The John Bright is armed with a weapon of great power, against which it is impossible that the people of Britannula should prevail. You will carry out with you 100 men of the North-north-west Birmingham regiment, which will probably suffice for your own security, as it is thought that if Mr Neverbend be withdrawn, the people will revert easily to their old habits of obedience.

"In regard to Mr Neverbend himself, it is the especial wish of H.M. Government that he shall be treated with all respect, and that those honours shall be paid to him which are due to the president of a friendly republic. It is to be expected that he should not allow himself to make an enforced visit to England without some opposition; but it is considered in the interests of humanity to be so essential that this scheme of the Fixed Period shall not be carried out, that H.M. Government consider that his absence from Britannula shall be for a time insured. You will therefore insure it; but will take care that, as far as lies in your Excellency's power, he be treated with all that respect and hospitality which would be due to him were he still the president of an allied republic.

"Captain Battleax, of the John Bright, will have received a letter to the same effect from the First Lord of the Admiralty, and you will find him ready to co-operate with your Excellency in every respect.—I have the honour to be, sir, your Excellency's most obedient servant, HATFIELD."

This I read with great attention, while they sat silent. "I understand it; and that is all, I suppose, that I need say upon the subject. When do you intend that the John Bright shall start?"

"We have already lighted our fires, and our sailors are weighing the anchors. Will twelve o'clock suit you?"

"To-day!" I shouted.

"I rather think we must move to-day," said the captain.

"If so, you must be content to take my dead body. It is now nearly eleven."

"Half-past ten," said the captain, looking at his watch.

"And I have no one ready to whom I can give up the archives of the Government."

"I shall be happy to take charge of them," said Sir Ferdinando.

"No doubt,—knowing nothing of the forms of our government, or——"

"They, of course, must all be altered."

"Or of the habits of our people. It is quite impossible. I, too, have the complicated affairs of my entire life to arrange, and my wife and son to leave;—though I would not for a moment be supposed to put these private matters forward when the public service is concerned. But the time you name is so unreasonable as to create a feeling of horror at your tyranny."

"A feeling of horror would be created on the other side of the water," said Sir Ferdinando, "at the idea of what you may do if you escape us. I should not consider my head to be safe on my own shoulders were it to come to pass that while I am on the island an old man were executed in compliance with your system."

Alas! I could not but feel how little he knew of the sentiment which prevailed in Britannula; how false was his idea of my power; and how potent was that love of

life which had been evinced in the city when the hour for deposition had become nigh. All this I could hardly explain to him, as I should thus be giving to him the strongest evidence against my own philosophy. And yet it was necessary that I should say something to make him understand that this sudden deportation was not necessary. And then during that moment there came to me suddenly an idea that it might be well that I should take this journey to England, and there begin again my career, — as Columbus, after various obstructions, had recommenced his,—and that I should endeavour to carry with me the people of Great Britain, as I had already carried the more quickly intelligent inhabitants of Britannula. And in order that I may do so, I have now prepared these pages, writing them on board H.M. gunboat, the John Bright.

"Your power is sufficient," I said.

"We are not sure of that," said Sir Ferdinando. "It is always well to be on the safe side."

"Are you so afraid of what a single old man can do,—you with your 250-ton swivellers, and your guard of marines, and your North-north-west Birmingham soldiery?"

"That depends on who and what the old man may be." This was the first complimentary speech which Sir Ferdinando had made, and I must confess that it was efficacious. I did not after that feel so strong a dislike to the man as I had done before. "We do not wish to make ourselves disagreeable to you, Mr Neverbend." I shrugged my shoulders. "Unnecessarily disagreeable, I should have said. You are a man of your word." Here I bowed to him. "If you will give us your promise to meet Captain Battleax here at this time to-morrow, we will stretch a point and delay the departure of the John Bright for twenty-four hours." To this again I objected violently; and at last, as an extreme favour, two entire days were allowed for my departure.

The craft of men versed in the affairs of the old Eastern world is notorious. I afterwards learned that the stokers on board the ship were only pretending to get up their fires, and the sailors pretending to weigh their anchors, in order that their operations might be visible, and that I might suppose that I had received a great favour from my enemies' hands. And this plan was adopted, too, in order to extract from me a promise that I would depart in peace. At any rate, I did make the promise, and gave these two gentlemen my word that I would be present there in my own room in the executive chambers at the same hour on the day but one following.

"And now," said Sir Ferdinando, "that this matter is settled between us, allow me most cordially to shake you by the hand, and to express my great admiration for your character. I cannot say that I agree with you in theory as to the Fixed Period, —my wife and children could not, I am sure, endure to see me led away when a certain day should come,—but I can understand that much may be said on the point, and I admire greatly the eloquence and energy which you have devoted to the matter. I shall be happy to meet you here at any hour to-morrow, and to receive the Britannulan archives from your hands. You, Mr Neverbend, will always be regarded as the father of your country—

'Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.'"

With this the two gentlemen left the room.

CHAPTER X.—THE TOWN-HALL.

When I went home and told them what was to be done, they were of course surprised, but apparently not very unhappy. Mrs Neverbend suggested that she should accompany me, so as to look after my linen and other personal comforts. But I told her, whether truly or not I hardly then knew, that there would be no room for her on board a ship of war such as the John Bright. Since I have lived on board her, I have become aware that they would willingly have accommodated, at my request, a very much larger family than my own. Mrs Neverbend at once went to work to provide for my enforced absence, and in the course of the day Eva Crasweller came in to help her. Eva's manner to myself had become perfectly altered since the previous morning. Nothing could be more affectionate, more gracious, or more winning, than she was now; and I envied Jack the short moments of *tête-à-tête* retreat which seemed from time to time to be necessary for carrying out the arrangements of the day.

I may as well state here, that from this time Abraham Grundle showed himself to be a declared enemy, and that the partnership was dissolved between Crasweller and himself. He at once brought an action against my old friend for the recovery of that proportion of his property to which he was held to be entitled under our marriage laws. This Mr Crasweller immediately offered to pay him; but some of our more respectable lawyers interfered, and persuaded him not to make the sacrifice. There then came on a long action, with an appeal,—all which was given against Grundle, and nearly ruined the Grundles. It seemed to me, as far as I could go into the matter, that Grundle had all the law on his side. But there arose certain quibbles and questions, all of which Jack had at his fingers'-ends, by the strength of which the unfortunate young man was trounced. As I learned by the letters which Eva wrote to me, Crasweller was all through most anxious to pay him; but the lawyers would not have it so, and therefore so much of the property of Little Christchurch was saved for the ultimate benefit of that happy fellow Jack Neverbend.

On the afternoon of the one day which, as a matter of grace, had been allowed to me, Sir Ferdinando declared his intention of making a speech to the people of Gladstonopolis. "He was desirous," he said, "of explaining to the community at large the objects of H.M. Government in sending him to Britannula, and in requesting the inhabitants to revert to their old form of government." "Request indeed," I said to Crasweller, throwing all possible scorn into the tone of my voice,—"request! with the North-north-west Birmingham regiment, and his 250-ton steam-swiveller in the harbour! That Ferdinando Brown knows how to conceal his claws beneath a velvet glove. We are to be slaves,—slaves because England so wills it. We are robbed of our constitution, our freedom of action is taken from us, and we are reduced to the lamentable condition of a British Crown colony! And all this is to be done because we had striven to rise above the prejudices of the day." Crasweller smiled, and said not a word to oppose me, and accepted all my indignation with assent; but he certain-

ly did not show any enthusiasm. A happier old gentleman, or one more active for his years, I had never known. It was but yesterday that I had seen him so absolutely cowed as to be hardly able to speak a word. And all this change had occurred simply because he was to be allowed to die out in the open world, instead of enjoying the honour of having been the first to depart in conformity with the new theory. He and I, however, spent thus one day longer in sweet friendship; and I do not doubt but that, when I return to Britannula, I shall find him living in great comfort at Little Christchurch.

At three o'clock we all went into our great town-hall to hear what Sir Ferdinando had to say to us. The chamber is a very spacious one, fitted up with a large organ, and all the arrangements necessary for a music-hall; but I had never seen a greater crowd than was collected there on this occasion. There was not a vacant corner to be found; and I heard that very many of the inhabitants went away greatly displeased in that they could not be accommodated. Sir Ferdinando had been very particular in asking the attendance of Captain Battleax, and as many of the ship's officers as could be spared. This, I was told, he did in order that something of the *éclat* of his oration might be taken back to England. Sir Ferdinando was a man who thought much of his own eloquence,—and much also of the advantage which he might reap from it in the opinion of his fellow-countrymen generally. I found that a place of honour had been reserved for me too at his right hand, and also one for my wife at his left. I must confess that in these last moments of my sojourn among the people over whom I had ruled, I was treated with the most distinguished courtesy. But, as I continued to say to myself, I was to be banished in a few hours as one whose intended cruelties were too abominable to allow of my remaining in my own country. On the first seat behind the chair sat Captain Battleax, with four or five of his officers behind him. "So you have left Lieutenant Crosstrees in charge of your little toy," I whispered to Captain Battleax.

"With a glass," he replied, "by which he will be able to see whether you leave the building. In that case, he will blow us all into atoms."

Then Sir Ferdinando rose to his legs, and began his speech. I had never before heard a specimen of that special oratory to which the epithet flowery may be most appropriately applied. It has all the finished polish of England, joined to the fervid imagination of Ireland. It streams on without a pause, and without any necessary end but that which the convenience of time may dictate. It comes without the slightest effort, and it goes without producing any great effect. It is sweet at the moment. It pleases many, and can offend none. But it is hardly afterwards much remembered, and is efficacious only in smoothing somewhat the rough ways of this harsh world. But I have observed that in what I have read of British debates, those who have been eloquent after this fashion are generally firm to some purpose of self-interest. Sir Ferdinando had on this occasion dressed himself with minute care; and though he had for the hour before been very sedulous in manipulating certain notes, he now was careful to show not a scrap of paper; and I must do him the justice to declare that he spun out the words from the reel of his memory as though

they all came spontaneous and pat to his tongue.

"Mr Neverbend," he said, "ladies and gentlemen,—I have to-day for the first time the great pleasure of addressing an intelligent concourse of citizens in Britannula. I trust that before my acquaintance with this prosperous community may be brought to an end, I may have many another opportunity afforded me of addressing you. It has been my lot in life to serve my sovereign in various parts of the world, and humbly to represent the throne of England in every quarter of the globe. But by the admitted testimony of all people,—my fellow-countrymen at home in England, and those who are equally my fellow-countrymen in the colonies to which I have been sent,—it is acknowledged that in prosperity, intelligence, and civilisation, you are excelled by no English-speaking section of the world. And if by none who speak English, who shall then aspire to excel you? Such, as I have learned, has been the common verdict given; and as I look round this vast room, on a spot which fifty years ago the marsupial races had under their own dominion, and see the feminine beauty and manly grace which greet me on every side, I can well believe that some peculiarly kind freak of nature has been at work, and has tended to produce a people as strong as it is beautiful, and as clever in its wit as it is graceful in its actions." Here the speaker paused, and the audience all clapped their hands and stamped their feet, which seemed to me to be a very improper mode of testifying their assent to their own praises. But Sir Ferdinando took it all in good part, and went on with his speech.

"I have been sent here, ladies and gentlemen, on a peculiar mission, — on a duty as to which, though I am desirous of explaining it to all of you in every detail, I feel a difficulty of saying a single word." "Fixed Period," was shouted from one of the balconies in a voice which I recognised as that of Mr Tallowax. "My friend in the gallery," continued Sir Ferdinando, "reminds me of the very word for which I should in vain have cudgelled my brain. The Fixed Period is the subject on which I am called upon to say to you a few words; —the Fixed Period, and the man who has, I believe, been among you the chief author of that system of living,—and if I may be permitted to say so, of dying also." Here the orator allowed his voice to fade away in a melancholy cadence, while he turned his face towards me, and with a gentle motion laid his right hand upon my shoulder. "Oh, my friends, it is, to say the least of it, a startling project." "Uncommon, if it was your turn next," said Tallowax in the gallery. "Yes, indeed," continued Sir Ferdinando, "if it were my turn next! I must own, that though I should consider myself to be affronted if I were told that I were faint-hearted, — though I should know myself to be maligned if it were said of me that I have a coward's fear of death,—still I should feel far from comfortable if that age came upon me which this system has defined, and were I to live in a country in which it has prevailed. Though I trust that I may be able to meet death like a brave man when it may come, still I should wish that it might come by God's hand, and not by the wisdom of a man.

"I have nothing to say against the wisdom of that man," continued he, turning to me again. "I know all the arguments with which he has fortified himself. They have travelled even as far as my

ears; but I venture to use the experience which I have gathered in many countries, and to tell him that in accordance with God's purposes the world is not as yet ripe for his wisdom." I could not help thinking as he spoke thus, that he was not perhaps acquainted with all the arguments on which my system of the Fixed Period was founded; and that if he would do me the honour to listen to a few words which I proposed to speak to the people of Britannula before I left them, he would have clearer ideas about it than had ever yet entered into his mind. "Oh, my friends," said he, rising to the altitudes of his eloquence, "it is fitting for us that we should leave these things in the hands of the Almighty. It is fitting for us, at any rate, that we should do so till we have been brought by Him to a state of god-like knowledge infinitely superior to that which we at present possess." Here I could perceive that Sir Ferdinando was revelling in the sounds of his own words, and that he had prepared and learnt by heart the tones of his voice, and even the motion of his hands. "We all know that it is not allowed to us to rush into His presence by any deed of our own. You all remember what the poet says,—

> 'Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!'

Is not this self-slaughter, this theory in accordance with which a man shall devote himself to death at a certain period? And if a man may not slay himself, how shall he then, in the exercise of his poor human wit, devote a fellow-creature to certain death?" "And he as well as ever he was in his life," said Tallowax in the gallery.

"My friend does well to remind me. Though Mr Neverbend has named a Fixed Period for human life, and has perhaps chosen that at which its energies may usually be found to diminish, who can say that he has even approached the certainty of that death which the Lord sends upon us all at His own period? The poor fellow to whom nature has been unkind, departs from us decrepit and worn out at forty; whereas another at seventy is still hale and strong in performing the daily work of his life."

"I am strong enough to do a'most anything for myself, and I was to be the next to go,—the very next." This in a treble voice came from that poor fellow Barnes, who had suffered nearly the pangs of death itself from the Fixed Period.

"Yes, indeed; in answer to such an appeal as that, who shall venture to say that the Fixed Period shall be carried out with all its startling audacity? The tenacity of purpose which distinguishes our friend here is known to us all. The fame of his character in that respect had reached my ears even among the thick-lipped inhabitants of Central Africa." I own I did wonder whether this could be true. "'Justum et tenacem propositi virum!' Nothing can turn him from his purpose, or induce him to change his inflexible will. You know him, and I know him, and he is well known throughout England. Persuasion can never touch him; fear has no power over him. He, as one unit, is strong against a million. He is invincible, imperturbable, and ever self-assured."

I, as I sat there listening to this character of myself, heroic somewhat, but utterly unlike the person for whom it was intended, felt that England knew very little about me, and cared less; and I could not but be angry that my name should be used in this way to adorn the sentences of Sir Fer-

dinando's speech. Here in Gladstonopolis I was well known,—and well known to be neither imperturbable nor self-assured. But all the people seemed to accept what he said, and I could not very well interrupt him. He had his opportunity now, and I perhaps might have mine by-and-by.

"My friends," continued Sir Ferdinando, "at home in England, where, though we are powerful by reason of our wealth and numbers——" "Just so," said I. "Where we are powerful, I repeat, by reason of our wealth and numbers, though perhaps less advanced than you are in the philosophical arrangements of life, it has seemed to us to be impossible that the theory should be allowed to be carried to its legitimate end. The whole country would be horrified were one life sacrificed to this theory." "We knew that, — we knew that," said the voice of Tallowax. "And yet your Assembly had gone so far as to give to the system all the stability of law. Had not the John Bright steamed into your harbour yesterday, one of your most valued citizens would have been already—deposited." When he had so spoken, he turned round to Mr Crasweller, who was sitting on my right hand, and bowed to him. Crasweller looked straight before him, and took no notice of Sir Ferdinando. He was at the present moment rather on my side of the question, and having had his freedom secured to him, did not care for Sir Ferdinando.

"But that has been prevented, thanks to the extraordinary rapidity with which my excellent friend Captain Battleax has made his way across the ocean. And I must say that every one of these excellent fellows, his officers, has done his best to place H.M. ship the John Bright in her commanding position with the least possible delay." Here he turned round and bowed to the officers, and by keen eyes might have been observed to bow through the windows also to the vessel, which lay a mile off in the harbour. "There will not, at any rate for the present, be any Fixed Period for human life in Britannula. That dream has been dreamed,—at any rate for the present. Whether in future ages such a philosophy may prevail, who shall say? At present we must all await our death from the hands of the Almighty. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

"And now, gentlemen, I have to request your attention for a few moments to another matter, and one which is very different from this which we have discussed. I am to say a few words of the past and the present,—of your past constitution, and of that which it is my purpose to inaugurate." Here there arose a murmur through the room very audible, and threatening by its sounds to disturb the orator. "I will ask your favour for a few minutes; and when you shall have heard me to-day, I will in my turn hear you to-morrow. Great Britain at your request surrendered to you the power of self-government. To so small an English-speaking community has this never before been granted. And I am bound to say that you have in many respects shown yourselves fit for the responsibility imposed upon you. You have been intelligent, industrious, and prudent. Ignorance has been expelled from your shores, and poverty has been forced to hide her diminished head." Here the orator paused to receive that applause which he conceived to be richly his due; but the occupants of the benches before him sat sternly silent. There were many there who

had been glad to see a ship of war come in to stop the Fixed Period, but hardly one who was pleased to lose his own independence. "But though that is so," said Sir Ferdinando, a little nettled at the want of admiration with which his words had been received, "H.M. Government is under the necessity of putting an end to the constitution under which the Fixed Period can be allowed to prevail. While you have made laws for yourselves, any laws so made must have all the force of law." "That's not so certain," said a voice from a distance, which I shrewdly suspect to have been that of my hopeful son, Jack Neverbend. "As Great Britain cannot and will not permit the Fixed Period to be carried out among any English-speaking race of people——"

"How about the United States?" said a voice.

"The United States have made no such attempt; but I will proceed. It has therefore sent me out to assume the reins, and to undertake the power, and to bear the responsibility of being your governor during a short term of years. Who shall say what the future may disclose? For the present I shall rule here. But I shall rule by the aid of your laws."

"Not the Fixed Period law," said Exors, who was seated on the floor of the chamber immediately under the orator.

"No; that law will be specially wiped out from your statute-book. In other respects, your laws and those of Great Britain are nearly the same. There may be divergencies, as in reference to the non-infliction of capital punishment. In such matters I shall endeavour to follow your wishes, and so to govern you that you may still feel that you are living under the rule of a president of your own selection." Here I cannot but think that Sir Ferdinando was a little rash. He did not quite know the extent of my popularity, nor had he gauged the dislike which he himself would certainly encounter. He had heard a few voices in the hall, which, under fear of death, had expressed their dislike to the Fixed Period; but he had no idea of the love which the people felt for their own independence, or,—I believe I may say,—for their own president. There arose in the hall a certain amount of clamour, in the midst of which Sir Ferdinando sat down.

Then there was a shuffling of feet as of a crowd going away. Sir Ferdinando having sat down, got up again and shook me warmly by the hand. I returned his greeting with my pleasantest smile; and then, while the people were moving, I spoke to them two or three words. I told them that I should start to-morrow at noon for England, under a promise made by me to their new governor, and that I purposed to explain to them, before I went, under what circumstances I had given that promise, and what it was that I intended to do when I should reach England. Would they meet me there, in that hall, at eight o'clock that evening, and hear the last words which I should have to address to them? Then the hall was filled with a mighty shout, and there arose a great fury of exclamation. There was a waving of handkerchiefs, and a holding up of hats, and all those signs of enthusiasm which are wont to greet the popular man of the hour. And in the midst of them, Sir Ferdinando Brown stood up upon his legs, and continued to bow without cessation.

At eight, the hall was again full to overflowing. I had been busy, and came down a little late, and found a difficulty in making my

way to the chair which Sir Ferdinando had occupied in the morning. I had had no time to prepare my words, though the thoughts had rushed quickly, — too quickly, — into my mind. It was as though they would tumble out from my own mouth in precipitate energy. On my right hand sat the governor, as I must now call him; and in the chair on my left was placed my wife. The officers of the gunboat were not present, having occupied themselves, no doubt, in banking up their fires.

"My fellow-citizens," I said, "a sudden end has been brought to that self-government of which we have been proud, and by which Sir Ferdinando has told you that 'ignorance has been expelled from your shores, and poverty has been forced to hide her diminished head.' I trust that, under his experience, which he tells us as a governor has been very extensive, those evils may not now fall upon you. We are, however, painfully aware that they do prevail wherever the concrete power of Great Britain is found to be in full force. A man ruling us,—us and many other millions of subjects,—from the other side of the globe, cannot see our wants and watch our progress as we can do ourselves. And even Sir Ferdinando coming upon us with all his experience, can hardly be able to ascertain how we may be made happy and prosperous. He has with him, however, a company of a celebrated English regiment, with its attendant officers, who, by their red coats and long swords, will no doubt add to the cheerfulness of your social gatherings. I hope that you may not find that they shall ever interfere with you after a rougher fashion.

"But upon me, my fellow-citizens, has fallen the great disgrace of having robbed you of your independence." Here a murmur ran through the hall declaring that this was not so. "So your new governor has told you, but he has not told you the exact truth. With whom the doctrine of the Fixed Period first originated, I will not now inquire. All the responsibility I will take upon myself, though the honour and glory I must share with my fellow-countrymen.

"Your governor has told you that he is aware of all the arguments by which the Fixed Period is maintained; but I think that he must be mistaken here, as he has not ventured to attack one of them. He has told us that it is fitting that we should leave the question of life and death in the hands of the Almighty. If so, why is all Europe bristling at this moment with arms,—prepared, as we must suppose, for shortening life,—and why is there a hangman attached to the throne of Great Britain as one of its necessary executive officers? Why in the Old Testament was Joshua commanded to slay mighty kings? And why was Pharaoh and his hosts drowned in the Red Sea? Because the Almighty so willed it, our governor will say, taking it for granted that He willed everything of which a record is given in the Old Testament. In those battles which have ravished the North-west of India during the last half century, did the Almighty wish that men should perish miserably by ten thousands and twenty thousands? Till any of us can learn more than we know at present of the will of the Almighty, I would, if he will allow me, advise our governor to be silent on that head.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it would be a long task, and one not to be accomplished before your bedtime, were I to recount to you, for his

advantage, a few of the arguments which have been used in favour of the Fixed Period,—and it would be useless, as you are all acquainted with them. But Sir Ferdinando is evidently not aware that the general prolongation of life on an average, is one of the effects to be gained, and that, though he himself might not therefore live the longer if doomed to remain here in Britannula, yet would his descendants do so, and would live a life more healthy, more useful, and more sufficient for human purposes.

"As far as I can read the will of the Almighty, or rather the progress of the ways of human nature, it is for man to endeavour to improve the conditions of mankind. It would be as well to say that we would admit no fires into our establishments because a life had now and again been lost by fire, as to use such an argument as that now put forward against the Fixed Period. If you will think of the line of reasoning used by Sir Ferdinando, you will remember that he has, after all, only thrown you back upon the old prejudices of mankind. If he will tell me that he is not as yet prepared to discard them, and that I am in error in thinking that the world is so prepared, I may perhaps agree with him. The John Bright in our harbour is the strongest possible proof that such prejudices still exist. Sir Ferdinando Brown is now your governor, a fact which in itself is strong evidence. In opposition to these witnesses I have nothing to say. The ignorance which we are told that we had expelled from our shores, has come back to us; and the poverty is about, I fear, to show its head." Sir Ferdinando here arose and expostulated. But the people hardly heard him, and at my request he again sat down.

"I do think that I have endeavoured in this matter to advance too quickly, and that Sir Ferdinando has been sent here as the necessary reprimand for that folly. He has required that I shall be banished to England; and as his order is backed by a double file of red-coats,—an instrument which in Britannula we do not possess,—I purpose to obey him. I shall go to England, and I shall there use what little strength remains to me in my endeavour to put forward those arguments for conquering the prejudices of the people which have prevailed here, but which I am very sure would have no effect upon Sir Ferdinando Brown.

"I cannot but think that Sir Ferdinando gave himself unnecessary trouble in endeavouring to prove to us that the Fixed Period is a wicked arrangement. He was not likely to succeed in that attempt. But he was sure to succeed in telling us that he would make it impossible by means of the double file of armed men by whom he is accompanied, and the 250-ton steam-swiveller with which, as he informed me, he is able to blow us all into atoms, unless I would be ready to start with Captain Battle-ax to-morrow. It is not his religion but his strength that has prevailed. That Great Britain is much stronger than Britannula none of us can doubt. Till yesterday I did doubt whether she would use her strength to perpetuate her own prejudices and to put down the progress made by another people.

"But, fellow-citizens, we must look the truth in the face. In this generation probably, the Fixed Period must be allowed to be in abeyance." When I had uttered these words there came much cheering and a loud sound of triumph, which was indorsed probably by the postponement of the system, which had its terrors; but I was enabled to accept these friendly noises as having

been awarded to the system itself. "Well, as you all love the Fixed Period, it must be delayed till Sir Ferdinando and the English have —been converted."

"Never, never!" shouted Sir Ferdinando; "so godless an idea shall never find a harbour in this bosom," and he struck his chest violently.

"Sir Ferdinando is probably not aware to what ideas that bosom may some day give a shelter. If he will look back thirty years, he will find that he had hardly contemplated even the weather-watch which he now wears constantly in his waist-coat-pocket. At the command of his sovereign he may still live to carry out the Fixed Period somewhere in the centre of Africa."

"Never!"

"In what college among the negroes he may be deposited, it may be too curious to inquire. I, my friends, shall leave these shores to-morrow; and you may be sure of this, that while the power of labour remains to me, I shall never desist to work for the purpose that I have at heart. I trust that I may yet live to return among you, and to render you an account of what I have done for you and for the cause in Europe." Here I sat down, and was greeted by the deafening applause of the audience; and I did feel at the moment that I had somewhat got the better of Sir Ferdinando.

I have been able to give the exact words of these two speeches, as they were both taken down by the reporting telephone-apparatus, which on the occasion was found to work with great accuracy. The words as they fell from the mouth of the speakers were composed by machinery, and my speech appeared in the London morning newspapers within an hour of the time of its utterance.

BISHOP THIRLWALL'S LETTERS.

"THE world," says the author of 'Philip van Artevelde,' "knows nothing of its greatest men." That thoughtful writer meant to say that the men who come distinctly to the front in the struggles of this life of ours, whether literary, political, or warlike — the men of whom the world knows most—are not really the greatest. This paradox is, in many cases, undoubtedly true,—sufficiently true at least for a poet, though scarcely to be maintained as a general assertion. The men who have in them the largest elements of greatness are often, as the poet says, those

> "Whose lives are but a fragment, known to few."

But there is another sense in which the world may be said to "know" very little indeed of those men whom it willingly acknowledges as among its greatest. It sees and knows them only from the outside: it knows something of their actions, their opinions on great questions, their public utterances. It recognises the able statesman, the successful soldier, the eloquent divine, the true poetical genius, the master-mind in science. Its judgments of men from that point of view, though by no means infallible, are more correct in the main than disappointed candidates for fame are willing to allow. But of these men themselves the world knows very little, or, like Homer's comic hero Margites, knows a great deal, and knows it all wrong. The poet, the general, the politician, the ruler, are known to us as such; but the man, in each case, is known only to a few intimates. If the hero's valet sees in his master no hero, but a mere ordinary being with all the wants and weaknesses of mortality, it is possible also that he may see in him something which the world outside cannot see, not heroic, but a simple goodness and kindness of heart which is better than what we call heroism. There is a current phrase which describes a man of varied attainments or wide sympathies as "many-sided;" but in truth most men—and perhaps what we call great men especially—are many-sided in a somewhat different sense, and the sides they present to different beholders, and under different circumstances, are very unlike indeed. The "four-square" man of whom Aristotle spoke as his ideal of a perfect character—who had all sides alike, and who would be found the same take him from what point you would—is, like all perfect ideals, unfortunately rare.

The recently published correspondence of two men who were very much in the eye of the world in their public character, furnishes a remarkable illustration of this truth. The world thought it knew them pretty well, and formed its estimate accordingly; and taken from the side which alone was publicly known, such estimate may have been in no way unjust. The men of whom we speak are William Whewell, the well-known Master of Trinity College, Cambridge;* and Connop Thirlwall, late Bishop of St David's. It so happens that they were inti-

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Letters, Literary and Theological, of Connop Thirlwall, edited by the Very Rev. J. S. Perowne, D.D., and the Rev. Louis Stokes: Letters to a Friend, by Connop Thirlwall, edited by the Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D. Bentley: 1881.

* Life of W. Whewell, D.D., with Selections from his Correspondence. Kegan Paul & Co.: 1881.

mately connected in their academic life—both Fellows of the same great college, and associated in its work; for Thirlwall, who was the junior by only three years, was for some time assistant-tutor on Whewell's "side," as the Cambridge phrase is,—*i.e.*, he was one of the tutorial staff attached to that division of the undergraduates of which Whewell was tutor-in-chief; and they were leading members of the same debating society in the early but glorious days of the Cambridge "Union." Both were men of exceptional ability and high personal character. Whewell stood far above any contemporary head of a college in either university; Thirlwall was confessedly the ablest prelate on the bench. But it is no disrespect to the memory of either to say that neither of them was popular in his high office; that they left on the minds of those who were brought into official contact with them an impression of hardness, want of sympathy, and perhaps, in the case of the Master of Trinity, of arrogance; and that this impression was justified in great degree by their official acts and words, and perhaps still more by their outward bearing. Of this fact the editors of both these great men's correspondence—partial as such editors are bound to be—are plainly conscious: they feel that the private letters which they have now given to the world are more or less a new revelation of character. "To general readers," says Dr Whewell's biographer, "these letters will probably show a side of the character of which they were previously unaware;" and so also the editors of Bishop Thirlwall's correspondence more than once admit that to the outward world he was by no means always the same man that his few intimates knew and loved.

Of Dr Whewell's public life and character there is no intention or occasion here to speak. He was—and looked—a king among men; but these letters of his show what a very human heart was beating under that lion-like exterior. Sarcastic epigram and unflattering anecdote concerning him were current during his reign at Cambridge; but all the while there were gentle and loving words passing to and fro, between the high-handed master and unpopular vice-chancellor, and the simple relatives and connections (his father had been a master carpenter) whom he loved with an unchanging affection. And the letters written to his wife's niece, Kate Marshall (afterwards Mrs Summer Gibson), show that, like Thirlwall, he found his chief rest and refreshment from the grave cares of business in communicating his intimate thoughts to a gentle and refined woman. So intensely unpopular was he at one time, that when a remark was made as to his splendid hospitality on some public occasion in the hearing of one of the Fellows of his own college, the reply was that "he had all the virtues of the barbarian." Yet we find this stern and unbending ruler writing the kindest letters to his half-educated sister, sending her books and recommending her what to read for her improvement; explaining gravely and gently that the historic "Lady Margaret" who founded the divinity professorship was *not* the modern Mrs Somerville, who was just then creating a sensation; and asking for "her prayers as well as her good wishes" on his appointment to the mastership of Trinity and his marriage. During the tumult in the senate-house on the degree day just before the University election of 1856, soon after the death of his first wife, when he added to his general unpopularity

by the strong but necessary measure of excluding the undergraduates from the house, he tells his niece in one of these letters :—

"Tears were trickling down my face great part of the time; so unlikely a thing in a vice-chancellor in his chair that possibly nobody saw it —I hope so. And now, darling, I tell it to you that I may not feel so very lonely, nor life so very worthless."

The pet dog which had belonged to his wife was cherished by him ever afterwards with a sorrowful affection. The poor creature had fits, and once he had to stop and nurse her while she was following him home over the "Pieces." "I suppose," he writes, "people thought it an odd sight to see the vice-chancellor sitting on the grass coaxing and nursing a crazy dog, for they gathered round in a circle to look."

But it is of the private letters of Bishop Thirlwall that we have now particularly to speak. Of these there have been two volumes lately published,—a welcome supplement to those "Remains" in the shape of sermons, episcopal charges, and literary articles, which appeared some years ago. Each volume has a distinct interest of its own: and in point of fact, though published simultaneously, each is complete in itself, and has its independent editor and preface. One collection, and to us much the more interesting, has been for some time in print, though its publication has been delayed from the wish that both volumes should make their appearance together. It is edited by the late Dean Stanley, with a brief preface from his pen, and consists of letters addressed by the Bishop to a single correspondent, a young lady belonging to an old Welsh family with which he had contracted an intimate friendship, and dated at intervals during the last ten years of his life. The letters contained in the other volume, edited by Dean Perowne and Mr Stokes, are described as "literary and theological," and were addressed to various correspondents at successive periods of his life, beginning from the time when he was a boy of thirteen at Charterhouse. Mr Stokes has embedded these letters in a running biographical memoir, tracing Thirlwall's career briefly, but perhaps as fully as could be done from materials which he laments as scanty and imperfect, from his school-days at Charter-house, his undergraduateship at Cambridge, and his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn, to his return to Trinity as resident Fellow and assistant-tutor, his appointment to the rectory of Kirby-under-Dale in Yorkshire, and his nomination by Lord Melbourne, at the early age of forty-three, and considerably to his own surprise, to the bishopric of St David's. But the most charming memoir, brief as it is, and covering only the later years of his episcopal life, is that which Dean Perowne inserts in his preface as the reminiscences of "one who knew him intimately," whom we may venture here to identify with the lady-correspondent to whom the letters in the companion volume are addressed. To the picture there furnished of the great bishop's later years, when time had no doubt toned down some asperities, and developed, as it inevitably does in all great and good natures, larger sympathies and more indulgent judgments, we shall have occasion to refer hereafter. At present we must say something generally of this correspondence itself. Dean Stanley, in the brief preface with which he introduces the Bishop's letters to his young friend, speaks of the impression

produced by them on his own mind, which will be confirmed by all who read them.

"They supply a side of the Bishop's character which was not sufficiently appreciated in his lifetime, and which the correspondence with his own contemporaries does not adequately represent. They disclose the kindly, genial heart which lay beneath that massive intellect; they show the tender regard for the sufferings of those with whom he was brought into contact by the circumstances of ordinary life; they exhibit the playful affection for the tame creatures which formed almost part of his household; they are full of the keen appreciation which he felt for all the varying beauty of the natural seasons; they show the immense range of his acquaintance with the lighter as well as the graver forms of literature; they indicate the enthusiastic delight which he, no less than his correspondent, took in the language and traditions of the Welsh diocese and country which he had adopted as his own."

Dean Perowne, who knew him long and well, speaks to the same effect. "Men thought him stern and severe because they did not penetrate beneath the mask of reserve; he was in truth the warmest and most sympathising of friends." And he adds the following testimony from the writer of the "reminiscences" already mentioned:—

"Although the intellectual side of the Bishop's character was generally admitted, and, in the main, justice has been done to the memory of his great acquirements and the singular strength and fairness of his judicial mind, there was another side as precious, which few recognised—that which represented the qualities of his heart, his affection, his sympathy, his tenderness. This failure of recognition, it must be allowed, was partly due to his own belief that he was, owing to what he thought defects of manner, unattractive, and without power to interest others in himself; thus he had often an appearance of reserve, through which acquaintances who knew him slightly found it difficult to break, and he therefore passed through life for the most part misunderstood, and was credited with a coldness and indifference entirely opposed to his true nature. In reality, no one valued affection more deeply than he, or returned it when given with greater truth and intensity of feeling. All that concerned a friend was to him as personal as if it related to himself individually, so completely did he identify himself with the lives and thoughts of those dear to him."

All who knew Bishop Thirlwall in his public character—who could not but admit the existence of this apparent reserve and coldness, amounting almost to hardness—will be thankful for this new revelation of one whose great intellect and wise judgment filled them with admiration and respect; while the few who had the privilege of knowing him intimately will rejoice that the gentle side of his nature should be even thus late disclosed. The affectionate friendship which subsisted for so many years between him and his young correspondent is of itself a testimony to the lovable qualities which Thirlwall must have possessed. Unlike his fellow-collegian Whewell—who was twice married, in each case very happily, and suffered in all the depths of his strong nature from two successive bereavements—the Bishop of St David's was never married, and his nature and habits were essentially those of a bachelor and a recluse. But in the friendship of a refined and accomplished woman he seems to have found, as other great men have found, the chief crowning charm and solace of his life. It would hardly be fair, perhaps, to draw aside even slightly the veil in which his correspondent has preferred to shroud herself; but were we permitted to do so, much might be

said in proof that the Bishop's partiality was neither singular nor misplaced. One longs continually to see the other side of this correspondence, which has been so modestly withheld. "You have an inexhaustible fund" (writes the Bishop) "of news, anecdotes, and strange adventures, which is constantly replenished by your correspondents, even when you are not yourself stirring." It is tantalising not to have even a glimpse at a single one of those charming epistles—for charming they must have been, which could draw in reply from the pen of so grave a critic such words as these:—

"However natural it may be for you to fancy that anybody could grow weary of your letters, I beg you to be assured that, in the simply selfish and commercial point of view, I consider myself as the gainer by the exchange, and know that the time I invest in it could not be more profitably employed. So far, indeed, as I am a recipient, all on my side of the account is unmixed pleasure and substantial benefit. But as to my active share in the correspondence, a word of further explanation may be required. I must own that I am not fond of letter-writing in the abstract; that, on the contrary, by far the greater part of the time I spend on it is a most irksome sacrifice to duty. The case is wholly different—indeed quite the reverse—when I am writing to you."

And again—"You are not content with making all your letters delightful, but seem bent on making each one more delightful than the last." In this age of laconic notes and post-cards, one would like to know something more of a real letter-writer who "amazes" her correspondent by "the calmness with which she propounds the most astonishing paradoxes as indisputable truths." Unless they had been clever paradoxes, that most logical of bishops would hardly have wasted words on them. He remarks again—"How quietly you drop into your postscript a few words raising some of the most difficult questions in theology and moral philosophy!" It is true that a lady's postscript is said generally to contain the pith of her epistle; yet we cannot help asking, if such were the postscripts, what were the letters themselves? But no mistake could be greater than to imagine in this correspondent anything approaching to what is known as a learned or "strong-minded" woman. It was probably the absence of any such pretensions, together with so receptive an intellectual nature, which attracted a mind like Thirlwall's.

Such letters must indeed have been very different from those which came to his breakfast-table every morning filled with the endless queries and tiresome complaints, or still more tiresome compliments, of those unfortunate Welsh clergy over whom, to his and their embarrassment, he had, by the irony of fate and Lord Melbourne, been set in authority. Seldom was there a less happily assorted union than that between the great Cambridge scholar and his Welsh diocese. Dean Perowne says "no man governed a diocese better;" and certainly if government consists, as some nations have held that it does, in keeping the greatest possible distance between the governed and the governor, Bishop Thirlwall's episcopate was a model of propriety. Not that there was any lack of good intentions on his part. The mere fact that he set to work at once to learn a language as "abhorrent" to the Saxon lip and ear as the Roman names were to the Carthaginian, will always stand in evidence of his honest desire to understand and to be understood by his clergy and their flocks. He learnt Welsh thoroughly, no doubt,

as he would have learnt anything, and he preached, and read, and confirmed in that language frequently; but when Mr Stokes says that he did so "with a correctness and purity of accent that made the people insist on claiming him as one of their own race" (he had, as a matter of fact, a strain of Cymric blood in him), we must remind the editor that the Cymry, like their relatives the Irish, are an exceedingly polite people, and much fonder of saying the thing that will please than the thing that is. To hear a "Saesneg" bishop preach in Welsh at all, was the nearest approach to a miracle within their own experience. Their mental verdict must have been something like Dr Johnson's criticism on the dog that stood on his hind legs—"It is not done well, sir, but the wonder is that it is done at all." The effort was noble, and well deserved a generous recognition; the Bishop's Welsh was doubtless correct and scholarly; and we must remember, after all, it was perhaps quite as intelligible to a Welsh congregation as the dictionary-English which is so complacently addressed, Sunday after Sunday, to our rustic church-goers on this side the Severn. He rode miles and miles over the Brecon and Radnor mountains to visit out-of-the-way churches, where a bishop had never before been seen. His contributions in money to the many and various wants of his necessitous diocese were munificent; he was able to say, a year before his death, that he "had devoted between £20,000 and £30,000 to the Incumbents' Sustentation Fund" alone. Part of this was from the surplus income which he had succeeded in retaining beyond the limit fixed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; but his private liberality was great, and he died, to his lasting honour, a comparatively poor man. But all this did not make him a good bishop,—especially for a diocese like that of St David's. He would have been a firm and dignified ruler for a see like London; but among the half-educated clergy of South Wales he was utterly out of place, and must constantly have felt himself so. He was too great for them; they were naturally afraid of him; and he had not the art, as some great natures have, of making himself "all things to all men," or the gift which a late lamented brother-prelate declared was as needful as any of the more apostolic graces—the patience to "suffer fools." "There was a solitary majesty about him," remarks Dean Perowne; and solitary majesty is by no means the ideal of a modern bishop. But the remark is true, to the very letter. We could almost fancy that the very reverend editor who makes it had formed one of a company of awe-stricken Welshmen who once met him officially, in the earlier days of his episcopate, in a village churchyard in a remote district to which he had dutifully travelled for some purpose of consecration or confirmation—for much of the scene has become somewhat dim to us through lapse of years. Not so the figure of the Bishop. There he stood, somewhere in the centre of the churchyard,—in "solitary majesty." How he got there was, we think, unknown to most of us at the time, and certainly not now to be discovered. It was sixteen miles from a town, and there were no railroads. But so awful was his presence to some of that company, that it would not perhaps have surprised them to hear that he had come by some mysterious conveyance, open to bishops only. There he stood: a chaplain, or

some such lesser luminary, slightly in the rear. The episcopal hands were clasped behind his back, and there was the dawn of a not ungracious smile upon his countenance. But the rector, or vicar, had not yet arrived; and beyond a bow, no one ventured to claim the Bishop's acquaintance. There he stood, and the others in a semicircle at a little distance, — all parties, no doubt, equally embarrassed. How long the absurd scene lasted we cannot now say. Reading Thirlwall's character by the light of these private letters, it seems clear enough that if any one of the party had boldly advanced, and engaged him in conversation on any of the commonest topics of the day, it would have been almost an act of charity, and welcomed as such by the Bishop himself. But here lay the difficulty of the position; with the majority of his clergy he could have had no common topics of conversation at all. Jokes are not, in our view, the highest exercise of an episcopal mind, though they have found favour with the bench of late years: but on this occasion a joke might have broken the ice. But Thirlwall's jokes must have been always learned, or such as flowed more readily from his pen than from his lips,—wilful, not spontaneous.

It must have been this insuperable difficulty of adapting himself to the conversation of his Welsh clergy which brought upon him the charge of an inhospitality probably very foreign to his real nature. It was remarked that in company he commonly addressed himself by preference to any laymen who happened to be present, and that the youngest ensign in a marching regiment was likely to enjoy more of the Bishop's conversation than the respectable rector who sat on his other side. Most bishops, indeed, are somewhat apt to affect this; and possibly they are so far right, that it is desirable to widen the narrow circle of episcopal influence. But there were complaints also, by no means unfounded, of a want of that practical hospitality which has always been recognised as an episcopal duty. Men rode some twenty or thirty miles over the wild mountain district that lay between their parish and the palace at Abergwili to see their diocesan on business,—and rode back again without having been asked to break bread. It could not have been that the kind-hearted bishop grudged them anything he could give; it must have been his dread of having to entertain personally those reverend but uncouth Joneses and Williamses at luncheon. If he could, with any sort of decency, have offered them a guinea each, and relegated them to the hotel at Carmarthen, let us hope he would have done it.

Only a conscientious sense of responsibility could have enabled him to discharge even so well as he did the engrossing duties of an office for which he was unsuited, and which he had certainly never coveted nor sought. The "plague of business letters which required answers"—the very sight of which he confesses he sometimes hated—was nevertheless answered in due course. The answers were sometimes brief and caustic enough; for if there was one proverb of Solomon's which he thoroughly appreciated, it was that which recommends us to answer a fool according to his folly. Very many of his clerical correspondents were probably armed so strong in self-complacency or dulness, that the shafts of their bishop's fine irony fell on them harmless. Sometimes, even in cases where rebuke was well deserved,

the weight of his words was somewhat disproportioned to the occasion. But an anecdote which we have heard told of him on good authority shows how generously he could acknowledge a mistake of this kind. Some complaint had been made to him against one of his clergy of implied intemperance, or at least scandal—the frequenting of public-houses, or something of that kind. The evidence appeared to the Bishop tolerably conclusive; and he addressed to the offender a letter containing some very strong expressions. In point of fact, the circumstances had been much exaggerated, and the accused clergyman resolved to defend himself. Taking counsel with a clever friend, he extracted from his diocesan's missive some of the most emphatic phrases, and placed these at the head of his letter of defence, with some such comment as this: "I would ask, my lord, is this the language in which a father in God should address one of his children?" The Bishop, it is supposed, recognised his own expressions, and felt that they had been somewhat harsh: at any rate, he at once wrote a second letter, in which he begged to apologise freely for having employed language which he now saw might be interpreted in a more condemnatory sense than he had intended. The first letter might have been written, perhaps, by many men in authority who do not always stop to weigh their words; the second none but a great bishop could have afforded to write. It would probably have more effect in reclaiming the errant sheep (if such he was) of the episcopal flock than the sterner missive. It was remarked that from the date of that second letter the Bishop had at least one sturdy champion amongst his rural incumbents. But the generous nature of the man is shown by a letter, similar in spirit, though written under very different circumstances, which is to be found in the collection now edited by the Dean of Peterborough. Thirlwall had been driven to resign his assistant-tutorship at Trinity in consequence of an imprudent though conscientious and outspoken pamphlet in favour of the admission of Dissenters to the university, in which he had spoken of the compulsory attendance of the undergraduates at chapel as anything but favourable to the growth of true religious feeling. Dr Wordsworth, then Master of Trinity, considered the public avowal of such sentiments incompatible with the duties of one who, as tutor, was charged in a certain sense with the religious education of the undergraduates. The action of the Master in insisting on Thirlwall's resignation became the subject of warm discussion among the Fellows of the college; and amongst others, Whewell published some "Remarks" which Thirlwall considered unfair. He remonstrated in a private letter, and Whewell explained. Upon this the future bishop—though it is evident from other letters that he was smarting under what he considered an injustice—at once writes as follows:—

"I cannot suffer a moment to pass without thanking you for your kind letter. I see by it that the greater part of my own was written under an erroneous impression that your language, in the opening of your second pamphlet, referred to the nature of my opinions on the chapel-service, whereas I now see that it related only to the propriety of publishing them. . . . I am willing to hope that I am the only person who labours under this mistake, or, at all events, that I have attached undue importance to it." *

* This correspondence is given in full in the 'Life and Correspondence of Whewell,' already noticed.

It may seem very easy—and it ought to be easy—to confess that one has written a warm letter "under an erroneous impression," but in the heated atmosphere created by a war of pamphlets, such an admission is very rarely made. "It is satisfactory to know," remarks Thirlwall's biographer, in giving this correspondence, "from their after-intercourse and letters, that this friendship [between Whewell and Thirlwall] remained unbroken to the end."

It is impossible to read these letters of his and doubt his genuine kindness of heart. There is an instance of this in the stories still told of him in his old parish of Kirby-under-Dale:—

"He once sent a mother with her little daughter in his own gig to the seaside, about twenty miles from Kirby, to try whether the change of air would save the poor child from consumption. His remarkable dignity and purity of character were fully recognised by his flock; and the impartial manner in which he kept himself aloof from the petty quarrels and scandals of the place was well expressed by an old parishioner, who reported that the rector's invariable answer to complaints was, 'I never 'ears no tales.'"

This kindness of heart showed itself in his fondness for animals generally, and his sympathy in their sufferings. "The cases which I sometimes hear of," he says, "of cruelty to animals, haunt me and disturb my rest." When he revisited the Zoological Gardens, which he "had not seen for two years," he expressed himself much pleased with some new arrangements "for the greater comfort of the monkeys." He protests against the systematic destruction of small birds under the pretence of their doing injury to agriculture: "One longs for a world in which colossal robins, armed with bow and arrow, shall shoot the murderous farmers." The wholesale massacre of sea-fowl,—"involving the starvation of many more myriads of their bereaved young,"—in order that their feathers may ornament ladies' bonnets, fills him with grief and indignation: "I conjure you never to wear a single feather that has been so obtained, and to use all your influence to dissuade your friends from doing so." His fair correspondent had a favourite old horse, which it had been proposed to despatch from a motive of humanity, as he was supposed to be only dragging out existence wearily. This is how the Bishop writes on the subject in two successive letters:—

"I left some things unsaid which I had meant to say. I can now only remember one. It is to beg that you will not be in a hurry in deciding on the fate of poor dear Llamrei, on the supposition—so very difficult to verify—that his life has become a burden to him. It must be remembered that, though so much less happy than at the outset, it is his only one. . . . His case deserves careful consideration. I think it should be remembered, in the first place, that, as to the internal condition of all the lower animals, we know absolutely nothing with certainty. So utter is our ignorance, that I have heard my brother of Oxford maintain, with every appearance of earnest conviction, that they are not sensible to pain, only to fear. My own belief is, that the truth is just the reverse—viz., that they feel pain just as we do, only without the aggravation of fear. Still, this is only a belief which I am unable to establish otherwise than by questionable analogy. But this ignorance seems to me a strong reason for abstaining from any proceeding grounded on a mere presumption that life has become a burden, unless in cases where, reasoning from analogy and from all visible indications, you feel sure that the creature is suffering intense and incurable pain,—as under vivisection, when no doubt you long to despatch the patient almost as much as to shoot the operator. But I am not at all satisfied

from your description that Llamrei does 'live wearily,' or that, if he had the choice given him between prolongation and termination of his present existence, he would hesitate a moment to decide for length of days. I believe that to the whole animal creation life itself is a source of pleasure. I have no doubt that a cow ruminating enjoys herself very much like a man smoking his cigar after dinner. The pleasure is of course in proportion to the state of health and spirits; but an invalid does not cease to enjoy life, and would only be induced to wish for death by acute chronic pain or mental suffering. From the latter Llamrei is happily exempt, and most probably from the former; and if so, I cannot think that he is at all impatient to be released from his present condition."

No one enjoyed the ruminative satisfaction of "a cigar after dinner," or after breakfast, more than the good Bishop.

The pet geese in his ponds, which he usually visited and fed after breakfast, were never neglected by him when he was at home, whatever might be the state of the weather. "How am I to get to my geese?" he plaintively asks, writing in a storm of wind and snow. "I know what you think of my going to them on such a day; but when, if not now, can they be glad to see me, and miss my coming more?" When a still heavier fall of snow has shut him up in the house, he writes that his "only exercise has consisted in spreading crumbs for the dear little birds." The ferocity of some animals towards each other seems to have pained him almost as much as the cruelties inflicted on them by mankind.

"In a small pond in the grounds, which had neither inlet nor outlet, three pike were kept. One morning when the Bishop went to see them he found but two; not long after, on his next visit, one alone remained. He observed to a friend, it was impossible to take any interest in a creature who could devour his own family; and added, 'I never looked at him again.'"

If the school of vivisectionists would have found in him an uncompromising opponent, they would have at least admitted his consistency; for he had very little sympathy with the field-sports, which, it is argued, are separated by only a conventional line from cruelty. A friend was relating to him the adventures of a foreign gentleman while stalking lions in Algeria:—

"For forty nights he had watched for them in vain. On the forty-first night, having small hope of better success, he took but one charge in his gun, and stationed himself under a great fragment of rock. Soon, to his surprise, he heard the roar of a lion, which presently came out of the jungle, and went close by him. He fired and wounded, but did not kill it, and it retreated with cries of pain. The lioness, who was at hand, hearing them, rushed out after the lion, leapt the rock beside which Count Z—— lay concealed, and, in leaping, touched his shoulder with one of her paws. At this point of the story the Bishop was heard to say, with emphasis and under his breath, 'The dear lamb!' But happily the Count, who received no sympathy, did not need it, for he escaped unhurt."

But his particular affections were reserved for cats. Many an awkward Welsh curate, introduced into his lordship's library to be licensed, or not impossibly lectured, found the terrors of that awful presence intensified by the rushing upon him of two or three pet dogs, harmless probably as the Bishop himself, but whose wild yelps and barkings, if meant for welcome, sounded very much like the reverse. And it was well if, as he escaped from these, he did not in his nervousness stumble over a basket in which a favourite cat and her young family were reposing in the neighbourhood of the episcopal chair. One privileged tabby in particular was al-

lowed to sit upon his shoulder while he was at his studies or his meals —a position which, as the Bishop remarks, "enables him to check any rash motion of your pen, and, if you are at dinner, to intercept any morsel which seems to him likely to go in a wrong direction." He is almost as glad to receive a promising new kitten as a promising new book. But he has a great respect for the vested interests of old occupants. He would have accepted the "kind offer" from his correspondent, on one occasion, of "a good tortoise-shell, which are very rare, with pleasure and gratitude, had he been catless;" but, he goes on to say, "I do not venture to introduce a second cat into the family without the express consent of the one now reigning, which I do not expect him to give." At another time he sends her three numbers of the 'Spectator,' recommending to her special attention some articles relating to cats, "in which, perhaps for the first time, some degree of justice has been done to the moral qualities of those much-traduced and often-persecuted creatures."

The Bishop is best known as an author by his 'History of Greece,' —a work which rose far above all previous attempts in the same direction, but which may be said to be now practically superseded by the more exhaustive volumes of Grote. But his reputation may be more safely rested on those comprehensive, liberal, and far-sighted charges delivered by him as bishop, and lately republished amongst his 'Remains,'—a title which suggests more than a regret that he left only those few isolated productions of his later years. There were some 'Remains' of his, however, the unripened fruit of his boyish days, which had survived to his own great annoyance. A small collection of his literary productions at the early age of ten had been somewhat unwisely, but not unnaturally, committed to the press, and circulated by an admiring father; and when the boy had become a bishop, the little volume, when it could be picked up, was naturally valued as a curiosity. Let the Bishop tell his own story of the effect produced upon his own mind by this bringing to remembrance the sins of his youth:—

"I am sure that if you knew the point in my foot which gives me pain, you would not select that to kick or tread upon; and I am equally sure that, if you had been aware of the intense loathing with which I think of the subject of your note, you would not have recalled it to my mind. When Mrs P——, in the simplicity of her heart, and no doubt believing it to be an agreeable topic to me, told me at dinner on Thursday that she possessed the hated volume, it threw a shade over my enjoyment of the evening; and it was with a great effort that, after a pause, I could bring myself to resume the conversation. If I could buy up every copy for the flames without risk of a reprint, I should hardly think any price too high. Let me entreat you never again to remind me of its existence."

The "hated volume" was unearthed again, no doubt with the kindest intentions, and in ignorance of its author's views on the subject, after his death, by an Edinburgh Reviewer. It is easy to understand the Bishop's feeling, though some of the contents are wonderful as the productions of a mere child.

It is by no means certain that the author, if he could have been consulted, would have consented to the appearance in print, amongst his letters "literary and theological," in one of these volumes, those which he wrote to a young friend when a boy at the Charter-house. They are, it is true, very remarkable as coming from a lad of thir-

teen; but there is, to our notion, a degree of priggishness about them, which makes them anything but pleasant to read.

His love of books was a passion, and his appetite for reading at all periods of his life insatiable and omnivorous. Those who remembered him in his rectory at Kirby-under-Dale say that "sixteen hours out of the twenty-four were spent in his study and among the books that overflowed into every room in the house." If he indulged in any personal extravagance, it was in the multiplication of these silent companions and friends,—"whose beloved faces I shall never see again," he pathetically writes to his friend, when he was leaving his palace at Abergwili, where he had spent so many happy years, and where he had collected round him such a wealth of literature. Here is a description of the library there, known to his intimates as "Chaos," where books overflowed as they had done in his country personage:—

"Who that has seen it will not remember 'Chaos'? Its quiet light, its dim recesses, the cat purring on the hearth, the chairs all unavailable until cleared of the books and pamphlets with which, like the tables, they were crowded; the drawers full of unarranged letters, papers, MSS., into which the Bishop, opening them, looked with pitiful and perplexed eyes, yet when offered help, would invariably answer: 'I can seldom find anything in them now; but if they were set to rights for me, I should certainly find nothing then.' And, over all, the presence that made peace and pleasantness, the life in its outward seeming eventless—within, how eventful!"

When the infirmities of age were fast creeping on him,—for he grew very deaf and blind towards the last,—he makes no moan over his increasing deafness; indeed, one well-authenticated story which his lady-correspondent tells of him gives a very characteristic reason for his patience under that particular affliction. Some one having made in his presence a remark about the weather, which had to be repeated to him several times before he could catch its meaning, when he had at last caught it, he said to himself musingly, unconscious that he was thinking aloud, "Strange, how little one loses by being deaf!" It is when he feels blindness coming upon him that he pities himself with a simple pathos. "The time is rapidly approaching when my reading will be absolutely confined to books relating to my work. . . . It is very sad to find myself deprived for the rest of my life of my chief source of enjoyment."

Books of all sorts contributed to the materials of Chaos; and, like Macaulay, Thirlwall read a great many novels. The criticisms of so acute and yet generous a critic are really valuable, and many readers will be delighted to find their appreciation of their favourites endorsed by his weighty judgment. The several instalments of 'Middlemarch' were a periodical delight to him, from the first part to the last.

"It stands quite alone. As one only just moistens one's lips with an exquisite liquor, to keep the taste as long as possible in one's mouth, I never read more than a single chapter of 'Middlemarch' in the evening, dreading to come to the last, when I must wait two months for a renewal of the pleasure. The depth of humour has certainly never been surpassed in English literature."

Novels in which a complicated skein has to be unravelled (he is speaking at the moment of 'Armadale') he reads sometimes, because his curiosity leads him on, but with very little sense of enjoyment.

Most sensible novel-readers will applaud the Bishop's verdict:—

"On the whole, I consider this class of novels as an unhappy invention, creating an insatiable demand, which must be met by less and less wholesome food, and absorbing a great deal of ability which might be much better employed."

He was one of the first to note the germs of future excellence in Mr Blackmore's earliest story of 'Cradock Nowell,' published in 'Macmillan's Magazine,'—a wild and uneven production, with an utterly improbable narrative, but, as the Bishop remarks, showing "a power of description of very rare quality." Many will be surprised, on the other hand, to find that a reader who could conscientiously say of himself, "When I sit down to a book, I very seldom omit a single word, unless I am forced to give it up before I come to the end, which has happened to me with a few works of fiction," should have found himself driven to do this in the case of Miss Wetherall's 'Wide Wide World,' which, in spite of its somewhat peculiar religious tone, is not generally found dull reading. Not only French novels of the better type, such as George Sand's 'Homme de Neige' and Victor Hugo's 'L'Homme qui rit' (of which he notes the absurdities), were read and commented on as though they were his favourite literature, but any German story that was worth reading found its way to Abergwili; and it was owing to the Bishop's encouragement that Keightley translated the pleasant little tale of Dutch country life, 'De Pastorij te Mastland'—'The Manse of Mastland.'

His opinion of Thackeray, expressed at the time of his death, shows that he thoroughly appreciated both the man and the writer:

"I, as you know, always thought his character was most noble, and his heart full of kindness. I see it is stated that he was much annoyed by what always seemed to me the dulness of the people who, unable to appreciate his humour, talked of him as 'cynical.' I believe that nobody loved more everything and everybody that deserved loving. But what would have been the value or merit of such love, if he had not keenly perceived and felt the difference between that which was to be loved and that which was to be hated, or had shut his eyes to the dark side of the world?"

The impression made upon so acute a mind by the preaching of Edward Irving is perhaps worth recording, though the remark was made when Thirlwall was a young man of twenty-four: "One of the very small number of powerful and original thinkers I have heard from the pulpit, and whom I should be willing constantly to attend."

But Thirlwall's judgments, as expressed in this correspondence, seem always to have been kindly. Such a view, however proper and becoming in a bishop, is almost more than we could have looked for from the keen critic, whom his brothers on the bench certainly regarded with a degree of nervous awe when he sat in council with them. Of Carlyle—who has had his turn of unfair abuse, as well as exaggerated admiration—he says:—

"I do not know whether people in general have a notion that he is deficient in feeling; I was always sure of the reverse. I also believe what the late Lord Ashburton used to say of him, that he is a profoundly religious man. You know he passes for an atheist with some people."

'Ecce Homo,' about which good churchmen were shaking their heads, has the Bishop's kind word,—"though theologians are in doubt about the orthodoxy," he thinks it, as Mr Gladstone did, "a much-wronged book." Of Froude's new

versions of English history, which his fair correspondent evidently looked upon as utterly heterodox, the Bishop speaks with a temperate fairness which is in strong contrast to the tone indulged in by some of that writer's many critics :—

"What has led you to put your question about Froude in such a shape?—'Is he fair?' My question would be, 'What reason is there to suspect him of being unfair?' I know absolutely of none, except it be that he has made up his mind very decidedly on sundry historical questions, as to which opinions have been divided. But when a man takes the trouble to study the original documents which contain the history of the period he writes about, and fortifies every assertion that he makes by the very words of the most authentic witnesses, it seems rather hard that he should be charged with unfairness because he accepts that which he finds."

And again :—

"What an odd idea that was of yours to complain of Froude for making Queen Elizabeth disagreeable! As if he was writing a romance, and had liberty to make her say and do what he would!"

It is worth while, also, to note the views taken by one who possessed so strongly "the judicial mind" that many have thought he would have been better placed on the legal than even on the episcopal bench, as to those characters which have furnished hotter disputes than any others in English history—Charles I., Cromwell, and Mary of Scotland.

"I believe that Charles was quite in earnest in all the convictions he professed as to his own divine rights, but that this earnestness was just the cause of all his practical duplicity. His end was, in his eyes, holy enough to sanctify means in themselves wrong. But he was only adopting a maxim which has governed the practice of excellent and even holy men. You know—or maybe you do not know—how strenuously St Chrysostom insists on the (not *right* but) *duty* of deceiving people for their good.

"On the other hand, it seems impossible for any impartial person, even if he has not read Carlyle, to consider Cromwell as a Tartuffe. I firmly believe that his convictions were deep, and his general aim high and pure; but of him also it may be said that the intensity of his earnestness was the very cause of his insincerity. He lived habitually in a state of exaltation which could not be constantly sustained, and so I am afraid he often fell into conventionality and self-deception, which seem to be inseparable from fanaticism.

"Mary I believe to have been a bad, heartless creature, quite capable of the worst that has ever been imputed to her; but as to her actual share in the murder of Darnley, though Froude has made it highly probable, I should not like even to make up my mind without having read the recent apologies, particularly Hosack's."

Poetry, when he could find time for it, was a source of great delight to him. His appreciation of Tennyson may be taken for granted. Amongst other modern poets, Morris seems to have been his favourite.

"Morris is one of those poets who will always be true to themselves. . . . Some of my very pleasantest hours last summer were spent in Morris's 'Earthly Paradise.' I am a great admirer of all that I have seen of his. . . . He is the author of the 'Life and Death of Jason.' That was exquisite poetry, and yet I think this is even more delicious. It comes out quite as a godsend when I can take it out on the grass and read it while the haymakers are at work. The 'season' is not complete without such a reading in harmony with it."

He gives it as his opinion, in a letter to a young friend as to the choice of books, that "our writers of the eighteenth century are too much neglected." He recommends

Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke as well worth reading; "but," he goes on to say, "I know of none so full of amusement and instruction, conveyed in purest and raciest English, as Swift."

One delightful letter (a New-Year's lecture) to the friend already so often mentioned, must be given entire—so far, at least, as we have it in the printed volume.

"Though not in accordance with common practice, it will be a surer proof of my regard for you if I take you to task and scold you a little, this New-Year's Day, in the hope that you will now turn over a new leaf, and break yourself of the only fault that I have hitherto been able to perceive in you.

"It is not that which you lay to your own charge, but rather just the reverse. You talk of *distrusting* yourself, and this is evidently a cause of real unhappiness to you. But the fact is that you trust yourself a great deal too much, while exactly in the same degree you distrust all your best friends. Will you never be persuaded to rely a little less on your own judgment, and to place a little more confidence in theirs?

"Why will you think so lightly of them as not to give them credit for being able to discern your character better than you can yourself? Is it not universally admitted that to know one's self is the most difficult of all things, and that if we differ in our appreciation from those who have the best opportunities of knowing what we really are, it is quite certain that they are in the right and we in the wrong? Why will you insist on making yourself out to be an exception to the general rule, and keep on suspecting and accusing yourself, when all your friends are thoroughly agreed that they know of no one more deserving of their love and honour? . . . Now, do listen to my paternal admonitions; correct this fault, be a little more humble and modest, think better of your friends, and submit to their judgment—trust your own only so far as it agrees with theirs. You will certainly be rewarded for this improvement in your conduct by a notable increase of tranquillity and cheerfulness in your view both of the past and of the future; and in the hope that you will be buxom and good, I conclude my New-Year's lecture."

He had the love of life which is common in strong natures, and he does not shrink from honestly expressing it.

"Surely life is a good thing, unless it be embittered by some quite exceptional suffering, without compensation or alleviation—a case which probably never occurred. Life, I say, is a good thing, whether it be long or short. But even if that might be questioned, there can be no doubt that to love and be beloved is one of the very best of things—the most solid blessing that earth or heaven itself can yield."

His own life was prolonged to the age of seventy-eight. He died in 1875, having resigned his bishopric in the previous year, owing to his increasing infirmities. But all his mental faculties remained unimpaired to the last; and in his retirement at Bath, he amused himself by translating from Sanscrit, Italian, French, Portuguese, and German, as read to him by the several younger members of his nephew's family. "His patience and gentleness touched the hearts of all about him." "The end came suddenly and peacefully;" and those who knew him best, knew that there had passed away from us not only a great intellect, but a kind and good Christian man.

PENTOCK.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—PENTOCK POINT—MORNING.

SOMEWHERE on the west coast of England—the exact spot the reader can settle for himself—a long narrow promontory runs out into the sea. It boasts no beauty of outline or colour; it is not even grand in its ugliness, for it rises nowhere more than a hundred feet from the sea-level. Yet, in spite of this, it has a character of its own at once striking and picturesque. The wild thyme, and all the minute flower-life in the short turf which covers it near the land, fails to relieve its dulness of colour; but it goes down abruptly on all sides to the sea, and the jagged rocks and bare end that pushes itself far out into the bright water are black and grim, and scowl heavily where the sea breaks up against them—its green waves turning into clouds of white foam. It is a place to set one thinking of the ceaseless struggle of land and sea—where, bolder than its fellows, the rugged promontory holds an advanced post, and in all the tumult of strife at its base—through the nights and days of the old world's life—has never given way an inch before its untiring foe. And the sea is there, an untamed monster, lashed by the winds of the Atlantic: even on the stillest summer day one can detect the long rolling waves in the gentle swell. A fearful sea in winter, or during the equinoctial gales — and the Point an "ugly place" for a ship to weather, as the sailors knew too well.

The little village of Pentock that lay eastwards of the Point on the edge of the shore, bred up a hardy fisher race, to whom the sea was a rough foster-mother in their childhood, round whose feet they played; in later life they found in her their means of support, often their grave. From their early childhood they knew the terror of that cry at night that sent every man and woman from their houses out to the Point, where some fated vessel had gone on the rocks. In childhood it was but the memory of a confused movement — a noise of voices mingling with the roaring of the sea and howling wind, and the rain thrashing against the windows as the squalls drove it on. Later on a more vivid and fearful memory might be theirs. They were a poor race—no prosperous harbour had given them lighthouse or lifeboat. All they could do was to take advantage of a natural creek, which ran in so deeply as nearly to divide the Point near the extreme end, and, blasting under what remained, make a passage by which a boat could pass through in safety to the little haven, guided by a skilful hand. To the Pentock men it had already done good service; but few others knew of its existence, or, had they known, could have steered their boats in safety through the surrounding rocks. Many a gallant vessel had met her doom there, and, land-locked in the bay, had driven on the cruel reefs as she tried to weather the Point.

But no trace of storm or wreck marred the sunshine and calm of a June morning some years ago. Sky and sea were blue and shadowless,—little white wisps of cloud were chased along overhead up in the breezy sky, and below the wind curled the crisp waves over till the small white flecks of foam mimicked

the sky above. The Point lay like some antediluvian monster basking in the sunshine with the sheep asleep upon it, or seeking a penurious livelihood in the close spiky grass. The prospect was serene and peaceful; but once again man was doomed to disturb the peace, and be "vile,"—man, aged six years, and clothed in curious apparel that, belonging originally to mankind at a more advanced stage, now appeared reft of its proper length—a mutilated trunk of clothing. Out of this came stalwart brown legs, and above a round roguish face peering out of a thick crop of black hair. On this occasion this youthful representative of his species was accomplishing his destiny by a furious onslaught on the sheep, which he chased with much vigour and pertinacity, considering the length of limb which nature had so far bestowed on him, and the heat of the day. This was not done without such accompaniment of whoop and and shriek as seemed to befit the occasion. The sheep and their tormentor had undisputed possession of the Point, except that, nearer the mainland, a girl was employed over a net stretched upon the turf. Rising, and putting her hand over her eyes, she turned to look at the child.

"Joe, Joe, let them be!" she called, but called in vain. A sleeping ewe, much embarrassed with the heat of her winter clothing and family cares, had let her pursuer come within a few yards, and a shower of stones rewarded her immobility. The girl walked quickly along the slope, and again shouted to the child.

"Let them be, Joe! Farmer Gregory will be after you. You come to me." The child stood laughing out of reach. "Come, be good, my son," she called again, "or I'll never give you the cakes, you know, nor make yon things again. How did you come up here?"

"Come after my dad," said Joe, still keeping his distance.

"Is your father down to the Point?"

"Es."

"Well, you be good and go home, or I shall have to tell him if you don't give over chasing the sheep."

But Joe's attention had wandered before she had reached this point. With a yell of triumph he had headed the flock, and was racing down to the end of the Point, driving them before him. With a movement of impatience, the girl threw down the twine with which she had been working, and strode down the green. "The lad's right enough," she said to herself, "but 'tis a shame, Joe Hoyte is so stubborn about him, and lets him run so wild. He won't thank me, but I must tell him."

She walked down the slope with a firm quick tread, a fisherman's daughter by her occupation and dress. Her short blue serge barely reached her ankles, showing the coarse black stockings and shoes worn by the women in that part of the country. A green sun-bonnet, faded and washed into a pleasant colour, half hid her face, but could not wholly conceal the clear dark eyes, and rather large but expressive mouth. A striking face one saw it must be, and the unusual beauty of the lithe active figure could not be disguised by the coarse dress. She stopped at the edge of a shelving rock and called down—

"Joe Hoyte, here's your boy after the sheep again, and 'tis Farmer Gregory's time, or near it."

Presently a man's head appeared below, and then the whole figure stood out on a projecting rock—a fisherman in the prime of life, heavily built, whose black hair un-

covered by any hat, suggested his relationship to the small Joe. There the likeness stopped. The hard weather-beaten face with strongly marked features that scowled up at the girl, had no similarity with anything childlike, nor had the muttered curses, that seemed to include girl and child alike as disturbing causes. If the girl heard them, they seemed to affect her very little; no shade crossed her face, though the doubtful tone of her next speech might perhaps have been caused by them.

"He could come home along with me in an hour if you'd like it."

The man's only answer was to begin slowly ascending the rocky path with a growling undertone, in which "a good hiding" played a prominent part.

"Come, don't be hard on the lad; it isn't so much his fault if he is a bit wild," said the girl as the fisherman reached the place where she stood. He turned short round on her with a flash of anger in his face.

"I suppose it's *my* fault you'd say."

If she had been silent before, it was clearly not from indifference or fear, for now she looked straight into the lowering face before her as she said—

"Well, maybe I *do* think it's your fault the lad's not at school, especially with our young lady so kind about it; but though that's true enough, I was thinking then that boys must be at mischief with none to play with them."

The shade on the man's face grew deeper as she spoke. He turned without another word and made his way back down the steep side of the headland. The younger Joe, too, was out of sight. After a rapid look round her, the girl went slowly back to her work along the rocky edge. Her thoughts went back to the time, six months ago, when Joe's schooling had been under discussion. That was before her dear young lady had left Pentock, and gone away over the sea. She had been so set on little Joe's going to school; but his father was so crooked and unreasonable, he would not have it; and she thought, with a hot feeling rising in her heart, that he was the only man in all Pentock who could be surly with her young lady. But there was no understanding Joe Hoyte, and if he had made up his mind, why so it must be,—though it was a sad pity a boy like Joe should grow up so wild.

She had reached a creek where another path led down to the sea, when a shout made her stop and look down. It was the younger Joe again, grinning up at her, and then returning to his new avocation of throwing stones into the water.

"He'll come to some harm; I'd better take him along," she thought, and began quickly to make her way down the narrow path. She was not too soon. A stone bigger than the rest had overbalanced the child, and he fell with a loud scream into the water. The girl was on the rock in a moment, and slipping into the water, a stroke or two brought her to the boy, who was only a few yards from the shore. In scarcely three minutes the accident was over, and the girl was standing on the rock dripping with water, and holding the screaming child in her arms. Trying vainly to hush his cries, she carried him up the steep way, her wet clothes hanging round her dismally enough.

Joe Hoyte was at the top. He snatched his boy from her and clasped him passionately to him for a moment; then, ashamed of the

momentary emotion he had betrayed, or rather perhaps that another should have seen it, he shook him roughly, rated and chid him in no gentle terms, and warmly renewed his promises of bodily chastisement. It mattered little to Joe what cruel fate was in store for him,—he was thoroughly frightened for once, and wept on unheeding.

"Shall I take him home?" asked the girl.

"Lizzie's is nearer, I'll take him there," said the man curtly, and strode off, dragging the child by the hand.

The girl moved as quickly along the opposite side of the Point. She looked vexed, as was indeed natural. She was fond of the boy: to see him fall had alarmed her, but there all danger had ended. To one of the best swimmers in Pentock, five yards of smooth water was only enough to wet you very thoroughly from head to foot, and forbade the slightest tinge of excitement. It was not pleasant to drag herself along encumbered with heavy clinging clothes,—and her morning's work, too, was lost. For this she had received no thanks, which was irritating, even from Joe Hoyte. "It was right down sour of him, and I wish he'd had to go in himself," was her thought.

The elder and younger Joe were now disappearing into a little stone house of one storey, which stood low down where the Point joined the mainland, and rather apart from the village, which lay further to the east on the edge of the bay.

"'Tis odd his going to Lizzie's," said the girl to herself. "Anyway, he'll be dried right enough there."

Her way took her through part of the village street, but few were stirring in it. A neighbour here and there exclaimed on seeing her dripping clothes; but the brief explanation—"Joe Hoyte's boy fell in the water" excited no surprise. Comments there were on the perversity of the male in general, and Joe Hoyte in particular, and a uniformity of opinion that neither he nor the boy would come to any good.

Joe Hoyte was an institution in Pentock. It had its presiding genius of good and evil. Of its better angel, "our young lady," we shall have to speak again. Joe Hoyte was the Pentock representative of evil. Yet the village would have found it hard to justify their choice. He was not the worst man there, certainly; indeed, for some years before my story begins, it would have taxed the powers of the most ingenious of the Pentock gossips to lay any great sin to his charge. "But did you ever hear any one say a good word for him?" would have been their inconsequent but perhaps telling retort. No; nobody had a good word for him. He was the dark spirit among the fishermen. Saturnine, silent, forbidding and swarthy in looks, independent of his neighbours, living his solitary life apart from them where he could—"keepin hisself to hisself" in a way utterly antagonistic to all the traditions of the place—and terrible in his anger if interfered with, he had won for himself a solitary place among his fellows, and was the object of general fear and dislike. He had a past, too, and over it there lay a shadow which grew deeper and more mysterious as time went on; and many a dark whisper went from mouth to mouth of the Pentock gossips. He had been a hard drinker, that was certain, though with his wife's death came a sudden and utter break to the habit. Never again had he entered the Golden Lion. Indeed there had grown up a darkly hinted suspicion that there was more connection between her death

and his wild fits of drunkenness, than had appeared at the time. It was true the doctor had given no sign; but he was not so young as he was, and who knew, too, what would befall the man who thwarted Joe Hoyte? His wife was well remembered,—the brightest, cheeriest little woman in the place. That was an additional mystery, and it was still more portentous that he had appeared good to her when the drink was not on him. Certain it was, that since her death a change had come over him. Though scarcely thirty, and in the full strength and vigour of manhood, there had come over his face a look of age, and the shadow of a heavier, darker mood. He was one of the strongest men in that part of the country, and had been terrible in his drink. One or two of his early quarrels, which had ended in fights, had earned him a reputation which was yet respected in the Pentock community. For the rest, he worked hard, taking no pleasures, and neglecting the gatherings at the "Public" and wrestling-matches where once he was chief. He had brought up the little Joe after a method of his own—roughly, but it seemed kindly enough; for there was much affection mingled with parental awe in Joe's small mind. Wholesome neglect seemed the ruling principle, if there existed one, in his education; no schooling, whatever parson and the young lady might say, and no interference from officious neighbours. "He'd done well enough for six years, and he might go on as he was for a year or two more," his father said.

Late on the afternoon of the same day, father and son were sitting together in the cottage. Tea was just over. Joe Hoyte the elder was sitting thinking—turning something over in his mind—while the younger was wandering aimlessly about the room, hitting furniture and walls indifferently with a wooden tray. He reached the door and struck it. Glorious! This was the proper noise. He waxed more energetic.

"Stop that," said his father. Whatever it was he had in his mind, it evidently must be turned over again. Joe the younger, disconsolately leaving his employment, crept up a chair, and pulling a large apple out of his pocket, began silently eating it. No; here we err, for in his case the eating was noisy. Presently his father looked up.

"How came you by that?" he asked, rather sternly, his mind evidently misgiving him as to Joe's strict adherence to the eighth commandment.

"Kate Mitchell give it me," said Joe junior. There came a moment's pause.

"Has she ever given you anything before?" asked the father.

"Yes, a'most every day—when I'm good," said the son, between terrific bites. "Not a big un like this, though."

Silence on the part of the father, who, with a puzzled look on his face, was watching the small figure perched on the black, high-backed chair, eyeing his apple with his head sideways between the bites. Encouraged by the silence, he went on in the intervals of his occupation.

"This was a perticlar big un, 'caus I was perticlar good. 'Tis most always cake. I think I likes cake best," concluded the child with a sigh, as he swallowed the last morsel.

"How were you particlar good?" asked his father at length.

"'Caus we come ter th' end of th' alphabet."

"The end of *what?*" asked his father, aghast.

"Why, th' alphabet."

Joe Hoyte rose and came nearer to the boy.

"Do you mean she *learns* you?" he asked.

The small Joe looked up. Why was his father looking at him like that? While he was thinking, the question came again, sharply.

"I dun know," said the child. "We does the letters."

"What the devil——" growled the man to himself. Then, turning to the boy, he said, cheerfully—

"Well, you needn't do it no more—do you hear?"

Wonder gave way to grief, and Joe began to sob.

"What are you kicking up that row for," said the man, sharply. "You don't *like* the learning, do you?"

"I dun know," sobbed Joe; "but I likes Kate, I does, and I wants to go again."

Here was a predicament for an honest man to be put in by the folly of officious neighbours. Here was the child actually crying because he was told he needn't learn. "He'd be wanting to go to school next," thought the man, with an inward curse, "and who knows where it would stop? D—— the girl! why couldn't she mind her own business?" And yet it wasn't so bad of her to be kind to the little chap. Never said a word about it, either. He didn't know if she wasn't a good sort, that girl, if she wasn't so d——d opinionated! But as for the learning, he didn't believe much of that. She'd played with him, but he didn't believe Joe could know the letters.

Meanwhile Joe, dwelling in anticipation on the cakes and ale that might have fallen to his share in an otherwise arid world, was weeping bitterly. Presently his father called to him to stop that, and come to him. He had taken down the large Bible that formed part of the staple furniture of the cottage. "I don't know that I'm much of a scholard myself," thought the man, "but we shall see that." Small Joe was hoisted on to his knee, and triumphantly passed through the ordeal, forgetting his sorrows in rapidly turning over leaves in search of the large letters. Yes, he knew his alphabet, and liked it—a thing like that needed reflection. "It beat him to know how she'd done it."

"She always gives you something to eat, don't she?" asked he.

"Es,—when I'm good."

"And when are you bad, eh?"

Joe shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Pretty often, I guess."

"Did she give you that apple to-day?"

Joe shook his head.

"How, was you bad to-day?"

There came a pause. Joe was tying knots in his pinafore with much intensity. His father repeated the question more sternly.

"It was the sheep she saw," muttered Joe, and clambered down from the chair.

"Ah, yes—darn yer! I'd forgotten I'd promised you a good hiding for that; but if ever I catch you at it again, you'll have it, and no mistake. You can tell Mrs Johns she can right up, and put you to bed. I'm going out."

He took down his pipe and filled it slowly. He was puzzled. Whatever it was he had in his mind, he must turn it over again, it seemed. He lit his pipe and went out. For some minutes he leant against the door. "I'm darned if I can make her out," he said to himself. "Anyway, she needn't go out to-night, and I'll step down and tell them Bob can go. Young Jim's handy enough a fair night like this." He stayed a minute or two longer, silently smoking, with his eyes on the ground, and then moved slowly away.

CHAPTER II.—KATE MITCHELL.

Meanwhile we left Kate Mitchell on her way home. She stopped at a white stone cottage that helped, with its fellows, to form the straggling uneven village street, pushed open the door, and went in. Her father sat by the fire—June though it was—a fine old man with dark bright eyes, but he looked ill, and the paper and pipe lay unused by his side.

"What! home already, my girl?" he said as she came in. At the same moment an elderly woman came in at another door, her arms full of clothes from the wash-tub.

"Gracious me, child!" she exclaimed, "how ever have you got so wet? Why, you're dripping!"

"'Twas little Joe got in mischief again," said Kate, "and fell in the water."

"And you went in after un?" said the old man quickly, his face lighting up.

"Yes, my dad; but it was but a yard or so," answered Kate, as she put her wet hands on his and looked up in the face so like her own with an answering smile. From the end of the room came the mother's voice.

"Come, child, why ever don't you take off them wet clothes? Be quick, and I'll dry them along with the rest. As for that Joe Hoyte, to leave the boy to get into what mischief he likes; but there —'tis no use talking." For all that the stream of talk flowed on—the topic was an inexhaustible one.

If you looked at the faces of the father and mother you knew at once that Kate was the father's girl; and indeed they were close friends. Richard Mitchell and his wife had differed in one thing—as to how Kate should be brought up —and the father had had his way. He had seen enough of the girls around, he said; Kate should be different. So Kate was bred up hardy with the boys. He taught her to row, to manage the fishing-boat, above all, to swim. There were few, man or boy, he used to affirm, who could beat her in that. Her mother could teach her what she liked in the house, and the young lady could learn her, but he saw to the rest of her bringing up. And what had been the result? She was healthy and strong, and had none of the silly ways with her the rest of them had, but cared for the fishing and sensible things. And now she was the prettiest lass in all the village, and a good girl too—in short, she was his pride and delight.

Mrs Mitchell had her own views, and held to them nevertheless. Her father must have his way, but she would do her duty by the child and see that she did what she ought in the house. And she was proud of Kate too, and was sorely troubled now and then by the thought of what the neighbours would say. Kate herself went her way happily enough, enjoying the freedom of her father's work all the more for her mother's somewhat strict rule within doors.

Just now there was again a collision of opinion between the parents, but one that never went beyond the spoken word. Richard Mitchell had been seized, and not for the first time, with an attack of rheumatism, and could not go out as usual to the fishing with the eldest son. There was plenty of fish in the bay, and all hands were already employed taking advantage of the bright fair weather. There was some trouble in the house to know what to do, and Kate had suggested to her father that, as the nights were fair, she

might go till he was better again, —it would only be a day or two. Pride that she should be able to take his place, and reluctance to let her do the work, contended for some time in his mind. Pride gained the victory; it was fair weather and the work light; she might go. Her mother was much disturbed. Such a thing as a girl going out was unknown in Pentock, and that her girl should do it was a real distress to her. It was time that Mitchell gave up the fishing, she considered, at his time of life, and let William have a partner. She spoke often and at great length with her husband to move him to this; but the thought that he was past work had been too bitter for him to face as yet. Meanwhile Kate should not go out above a week, and by that time he would be able to get to work again.

But crippled up in his arm-chair through the sunshiny June days, he began to think that perhaps after all the mother was right, and William ought to have a mate. When Kate came down again into the kitchen he was alone. She knelt down on the hearth and asked him how he did.

"Better, Kate, better," said the old man cheerily.

"You'll be round again soon," said she; "but you mustn't go out too soon, dad,—'tis cold on the water."

"Ay, ay, I shall have my health right enough soon; but I've been thinking, child, that your mother's right, and Will had better have a mate to turn to when I can't go. You see winter-time I mightn't be able to go always."

The girl laid her hand on his, but said nothing. She knew he could not go again through the rough bleak winter, but she knew, too, that the thought must be bitter to him.

"I've been thinking about the mate, you see," the old man went on. "There's Dick Truscott, the likeliest lad anywhere about, and close with Will. 'Twould be a start for him, and I like the lad."

What made the colour come up under the clear dark skin and Kate so busy with the fire?

"Why, bless the girl, we don't want such a fire as that!" came the mother's voice, as she walked briskly into the room. "What were you thinking of, child? Yes, that'll do, and quite enough. You're not going out again to-night?" she added, in a tone of remonstrance. She knew Kate was going very well, but the question was a tacit protest, and it was her duty to father and child to make it.

"I've a word to say to you, wife, by-and-by," said her husband; and she knew then William was to have a mate, and that she need say no more.

"How came Joe's boy in the water?" she asked.

Kate told the story, and her mother went on.

"Of course—and is it likely a boy left to himself all day is to be good. Why, your brother was never dry, feet or legs, of his age, and going to school regular. But I'm out of all patience with that Joe Hoyte. Why can't he be like other folk, instead of going around with as sour a face as one may see? Mrs Tregar do say there is something queer with him; and why else he should live as he does, and never give a body a decent word, I don't know. His luck with the fishing, too, 's more than natural—heaps of money they do say he has in that cottage of his, and the boy never with a decent coat to his back. Depend that boy 'll live to make him repent never sending of him to school. How ever his wife could have married him I never could think; not but what there's always women to like a man, how-

ever black at heart they is, and however they uses them. They do say he's taken up with Lizzie now, and——"

"Taken up with Lizzie?" said the girl, quickly; and then, with a flash of anger in her eyes, she turned abruptly to her mother: "*Who* says such things? I don't believe it; Lizzie's given her word."

"Oh, as for that, there's more than one; and what other house does he go to in the village but hers? and he can't go there for nothing. It's no use, Kate, your being angry. When you're an old woman you'll know that them as puts their feet on the wrong road doesn't often turn round and seek the right. I misdoubted about Lizzie from the first, and I wish our young lady may hear no more of her."

Kate's head had sunk down as her mother's speech had gradually unwound itself. Could it be true? No, it was impossible. But why, why did Joe take the boy in there to-day if there was no truth in it? A sickening feeling crept over her.

"Is it just talk, mother, or have they seen him go there much?"

"Talk! why, there's no smoke without a fire, and the less you have to say to her the better. He goes there, they say, most every evening before the fishing."

The old man laid his hand on the girl's shoulder as he said, "Well, I can't say but what Joe's a queer chap, but I don't know much real bad of him when it comes to that."

"Talk of the devil——" Here the cottage door was pushed open, and the tall massive figure that stood doubtfully on the threshold was Joe Hoyte himself. Astonishment for a moment overpowered every other feeling in the minds of all there. Then the "Is't you, Joe? why, come in man," from the old fisherman, broke the spell. The mother put a chair for him near her husband as she wished him a brief "good evening." As he came in, — awkwardly enough, — Kate thought she had never seen his face so dark. She had risen with a feeling of anger growing in her heart, and stood behind her father's chair without a word. Wasn't it enough that he had made himself hated through the village, without this devil's work with Lizzie? Joe had declined the proffered pipe. He sat awhile uneasily on his chair, but at last the words came—"I called in about the fishing; I heard you was ill; I've no use for Bob this next night or two, if you'll let him help with the boat."

The words came evidently with difficulty, and the scowl on his face seemed to deepen as he waited for the old man to speak.

"Thank you, 'tis very good of you, to be sure," at last he answered; "but you'll be wanting him I'm thinking, fair weather or foul, with a boat your size. And we've done very well, Hoyte, very well; we've an extra hand here, you know. Kate's been out in the old dad's place, hasn't you, Kate?" and the old fisherman pulled her proudly to his side.

"I know," said Joe, gruffly, "but there's no call for her to go again. I'm not taking Bob any way, and he'll be doing nothing if he don't go. I'll tell him to be down to Point maybe;" and he rose as he spoke. The mother had been listening to every word, though apparently absorbed in ironing at the other end of the room. The offer had elicited an inaudible "Well, to be sure, but that's neighbourly for him." Now she came towards the group.

"And I thank you, Mr Hoyte," she said; "and if my husband makes so bold as to accept your offer, I shall be very glad—not

that my girl has any need to go, help or no help, but 'tis her father's fancy."

Kate had been looking eagerly at her father, waiting for his answer. Her face fell as her mother spoke.

"I'd rather go," she said very low. Joe Hoyte gave a quick look at her. He took his hat in his hand, and then waited, as though he had not said all. The process of speech seemed one of immense difficulty. The hat was turned several times before he said—

"I didn't thank you for pulling the boy out, Miss Kate. If you hadn't been so handy, it would have been all up with him; and —and, if it'll pleasure you, he can go to school."

It was over, and he wasn't beholden to her any longer. No one, Joe thought to himself, should guess what it cost him. But he wished the girl wouldn't stand looking like that, but would say something and have done.

But in that short pause a battle had been going on in Kate's mind. With the sudden transition she was bewildered for a moment. First, the bad angel had offered them a kindness—a kindness which had touched her pride and had stung her. She saw he thought she ought not to go, and had made the offer on that account. She would certainly go: he was blacker than ever. Then he had done the very thing he had been most crooked about, and done it to pleasure her. After all, he must have some good hid away in him somewhere. Could he be so bad about Lizzie after all? She would speak straight out to him about it, and risk it. She didn't care what he thought, nor how angry he was, if only she could save Lizzie. He had reached the door, when she turned quickly to him and followed him to the porch. There he stopped, waiting till she should speak. She looked more earnestly than she knew into his face, as though she would read her answer there. The words were on her lips, but something in his eyes made her falter; she could not do it.

"Were you going to say anything?" he asked, and his voice was lower than usual.

"It don't matter," said Kate, hurriedly. "'Tis very good of you about Joe's schooling, and I take it very kind of you. Good-night," and she turned back into the cottage.

"Well, I'm real glad you've no need to go to-night; and it's not amiss in Joe Hoyte, though I say it," her mother was saying.

"But I'd rather go, mother," she interposed. "There's no occasion to be beholden to any one." And her father nodded his head approvingly, and added—

"You leave it, my dear. I've something to say about it by-and-by. Kate shall go to-night, any way."

Kate did go. A little later she was walking quickly away from the cottage. She was thinking of Lizzie, and as she passed the little solitary cottage near the Point, she knocked at the door. "Lizzie," she called. There was no answer. She called again, and then, going to a window at the side, tapped lightly against the pane.

"Who's there?" came a voice.

"It's me — Kate," she called, softly.

"Well, what ever do you want now?" The voice was rather sharp and querulous.

"Oh, nothing," said Kate; "I'm off to the fishing, and thought I'd come and see you on my way. Good-night."

There came no answer, and Kate was disappointed.

"There's something wrong, I'm afeard," she said softly to herself as she walked on.

"Them as puts their feet in

the wrong road doesn't often turn round and seek the right." This was half Lizzie's story. The poor unstable feet had gone wandering down the wrong road, led by the warm impulsive heart, and unchecked by the flimsy understanding and feeble moral sense. Betrayed and ruined — that would have been the world's verdict. But Lizzie was true to the one part in her that beat in unison with a higher than herself. Only too ready to believe herself ruined, she would never own she was betrayed. But there was one in Pentock who had saved her from herself when all had left her alone with her wretchedness, and life seemed too troublesome to brave. No one could understand what made the young lady care about such as her; and when it was known that she had gone into the dreary cottage, Pentock held up its hands. "What an example!" sighed its comfortable matrons. They did not indeed pay any regard to that Charley Bate's story of looking in through the window and seeing our young lady with her arms round Lizzie's neck. Charley was a shocking little liar. But though her ways were often mysterious to them, the Pentock folk believed in their good angel, and they learnt to look on with only a good-natured feeling of incredulity as they saw the guiding hand held out to lead Lizzie back once more into the toilsome right way. The contest was cruelly unequal, the way so hard, the strength such feebleness; and when the helping hand, the cheering voice were gone, what then? Would the way be kept? Lizzie had given her word, and Kate was to be good to her and help her, our young lady said, and let her hear from time to time. It was not a hard task to Kate; Lizzie had been her playmate, and the loves of childhood have a strange tenacity.

That night, as she looked over the dark still water which the moonlight silvered to the east, Kate was thinking it over. How to give the helping hand, to overcome the lurking envy, to still the querulous discontent. Her thoughts went back, and she seemed, as the water rippled under the keel, to hear her young lady's cheery voice again,—"Be good to her, Kate: you care for her, I know; let her see it. If you can make her love you it will be all right. You don't care? Oh, well, do it for my sake to begin with, then." Ah, if only *she* were here it would be right enough! her voice set everything going. Kate thought she would talk about her to Lizzie, that would be the best way; she could not have bad news to send.

But her work called her away from watching the quiet water and the thoughts that had been so busy within. As she helped her brother, and the takes turned out more than usually successful, her spirits rose, and she broke out into snatches of song that, echoing along the water, sounded pleasantly to the toilers in the other boats. "So Kate Mitchell's out again," said one to another; "she brings good luck with her."

The hours wore on and the daylight began to come back with a grey shiver in the east, and the dusky sails stood out against the sky. The quiet of the night had been broken, now and again, by a cheer from some distant boat, and the others knew they had the luck with them again. The night seemed short to Kate, though theirs was one of the last boats to beat back again into the little harbour. She was too busy with rope and tiller to see that the group of fishermen who had landed before them had all dispersed, with lighter hearts for the load they carried. All but one, who leant whistling against

the wall, with his eyes following every movement of the active figure in the boat as it neared the slip. He could not be more than three or four and twenty, slightly but strongly built, with a face no way remarkable but for its honest, frank expression, and the merry grey eyes. Even now there was a flash of fun in the face as his whistling dispersed itself in a smile, and he came to the head of the narrow steps leading from the landing-slip, while Kate and her brother were busy below. Presently Kate began to toil up the steps, a basket heavy with fish on her arm. She had almost reached the top before she caught sight of the figure that stopped her path. She started a little, but then pushed on without looking at the young fisherman who stood laughing before her.

"Now then, Dick, get out of my way!" cried Kate briskly, as she came to a stand before him.

"That's a nice sort of speech to make, Miss Kate," said he, not offering to move, with the laughing eyes still bent on her face.

"Come, make haste, do," she said, impatiently. "I don't want to stand here for ever."

"That's odd, now," said the obstacle, contentedly. "I don't feel as though I'd mind."

The girl's face flushed a little. She rested the heavy basket on the step, and looking down at the water, said in an indifferent voice—

"What sport have you had to-night?"

"Why, poor, it seems—so far," replied the man, the smile broadening on his face.

"I meant the fishing," said Kate, sharply, lifting up her basket and trying to make a fresh start; but her tormentor showed no sign of giving way. She looked up angrily as she said, "Don't be a fool, Dick—let me by. Here's Will 'll be coming in a minute."

"Then we'll wait for him," said Dick, with a laugh.

"I'd push you into the water if I could," said the girl, more angrily.

He only answered imperturbably—"Well, I don't know if I'd mind your trying."

It was in vain that she lifted up a glowing face and eyes flashing with anger—the fun that sparkled in the other was irresistible; that, and something else, perhaps, that mingled with it, made her anger die away.

"Come, now, Dick, you'll let me by—won't you?"

"Why, that's better now," he said, cheerfully. "Come, that's more like the way to speak to a chap. Yes, I'll let you by; and," he added, with a side look at the girl's face as he moved away,—"and I'll walk home with you, what's more; so just give me that basket."

Silence gives consent, we are told; but his waiting for consent in any form seemed improbable. He shouldered the basket, and the two moved on together—neither very loath, as it seemed to Joe Hoyte, plodding along alone behind them.

CHAPTER III.—PENTOCK'S GOOD ANGEL.

Pentock's good angel was not of the modern conventional type—indeed conventional she was not in any sense. The happy little lady, with her funny childish voice and busy ways, would have found the part a difficult one to play. She was the "parson's" daughter, and the parson was much respected in Pentock—even amongst those whose souls required the more highly flavoured doctrine to be found in

Bethlem Chapel. He had married late in life; his wife had died not many years afterwards, and he clung with an absorbing tremulous love to the one child left to him. From her earliest childhood, Carrie Gray had grown up surrounded with an atmosphere of love that falls to the lot of few children. From old Bessie, the faithful nurse, to the rough fishermen and their wives, all had a welcome for her, and a place in their hearts for the winning, motherless child. Was it any wonder that, to a nature like Carrie's—happy and loving itself—the love she met with should all seem in harmony and part of life itself? Not an event happened in the parish but Carrie knew of it; not a ceremony but she had a hand in it. The babies could not be christened, nor folks married, without "our young lady," who brought luck with her in the sunshine of her presence. Nor was she a fair-weather angel alone. The simple love that prompted her visits when death or sorrow came to a house, made her presence there endurable at first, and then a comfort. Her tears were as quick as her laughter, and there was little need for speech when the small hand coaxed itself into the work-worn one, and our young lady was "sorry" with those who sorrowed. She was an active police-officer, too, notwithstanding her small form and childish ways—looking up laggards at school and class, and hunting down the truants with indefatigable energy and cheerfulness. No one could be angry with her long; she had grown into the hearts of the Pentock folk with the years that changed her from a child to a girl, with a woman's sympathy in the child's light heart.

This had been Pentock's good angel,—had been, for a change had come to it all, how or when no one exactly knew; but the little lady laughed less and then was seen seldomer, and the Pentock folk put their heads together to know who had brought trouble to her. There had been visitors at the Parsonage—not from the country round, but strangers. What good could be expected from *that?* Pentock, to one man, believed the strangers to be at the bottom of it. Did Mr Gray himself notice anything? they asked each other. Perhaps he did. It seemed he did; for the day Carrie came to him, and, putting her head on his arm, after the two had been sitting for some time together in silence, had said—"I think, father, I'll go away for a little. I think if I went away for a month or two I could come back and be happy in Pentock again,"—the old man had only kissed her silently, and with a "God bless you," stumbled out of the room.

So she went away, and now months had gone by and Pentock was wondering when they would see their good angel again. Up in the Parsonage were two faithful hearts to whom the time grew very long: the solitary old man in his study below, where the scent of the sweet-peas and stocks came in through the window from the garden; and up-stairs, in Missy's own little room, the faithful nurse.

There she sat one of these bright June days, the worn lined face leaning on one hand, an unfinished letter open on the table before her, and from time to time the lips moved, and then more slowly the hand traced out the words, and the letter grew. The master was well, and there was nothing wrong in the house or village, so why did the old eyes look so often out of tears as the letter went on? Here it is.

"Pentock Parsonage.

"My own dear Missy,—How can I ever thank you enough for

writing such long beautiful letters to your old nurse? My dear Missy, when the letters come it is almost like seeing you, and I put them on the table and have a good talk to you when they come. What you says of the lemons is very strange: why, you can't get them in the village under 2d., and Mrs Hardwick asked me 2½d. for one all dingy; but you knows her ways and what is to be expected of her. I can't understand them growing out of doors at all, and you must be careful not to eat them, as Mrs Davis's boy up to Squire's conversetory, and was in bed, and Dr Brown sent for. The master is very well, though a week back he had a bit of a cold going to old Job Hunter of a chilly night. Poor Job's been taken at last, and a blessed relief; but the Lord knows his own time. The eggs has been very poor; whether the hen's moulding or not I don't know, but two poor this week and three last.

"I don't think there is much news in the village, dear Missy. Mrs Treddal has her baby, and a fine boy, and the other only christened a twelvemonth back, but a fine child, and they'll miss your dear face to the christening, One bit of news will please you, I know. Joe Hoyte's boy's to school at last. There is some talk of his falling into the water, and Kate Mitchell fetching him out, and Joe done it to please her, and time enough——"

The face was resting once more on the hand. "I'll not tell her the talk of Lizzie; no, 'twould only fret her," she said to herself. Here there came a tap at the door, and as the old woman turned slowly round on her chair it opened, and Kate Mitchell came in.

"Mary told me to come up, and I thought I should find you here Mrs Gooding," she said, with a smile, as the old woman greeted her warmly.

"And where else should I be?" she answered, "when I am writing to her, but in her own room, bless her, and I wish she was safe in it again. And a lovely letter I had from her Sunday, such writing; but there, who writes like Miss Carrie? But you'd like to read it, Kate. What have I done with it? Dear now, it was here a minute ago! and my spectacles gone too! Where are they? Well, well, the times she's said the same thing, I seem to hear her, 'Bessie, you dear old stupid'—that's what she calls me —'look,' she says, 'you dear old stupid on your own nose and you're sure to find them.' But you'll read it aloud, won't you?"

So Kate read the letter. When she came to the end she laid it down with a sigh. "Be sure to tell me," it ended, "of Lizzie when you write."

"Ah, dear," said the old woman, half aloud; "but where's the use of her fretting over it?"

"I've been thinking," said Kate, slowly, "if our young lady was to write a line to Lizzie it might do good."

The old nurse looked at her sharply.

"Is anything wrong, then, with Lizzie?" she asked.

"No, Mrs Gooding, not that I know of; but she's unsettled again, and complaining the old way. I was there yesterday."

"And was she glad to see you?" asked the nurse.

"No, Mrs Gooding, I'm afraid not." And Kate moved uneasily in her chair. The old woman pushed up her spectacles and looked hard at the girl. Kate rose and walked to the window, and after a minute or two of silence she went on.

"I don't know what to do, Mrs Gooding. You know these new tales. She had little Joe there, and she was kissing and making much

of the child. I told her folks were talking, but I said I didn't believe them, as she'd given her word; but she turned to complaining they were all against her, the old way, and said if I'd come to worrit her I'd best be gone, for she meant to do as she chose. I saw she wouldn't listen," Kate went on, after a little pause, "and I couldn't somehow go away like that, so I went on with some clothes she'd been wringing. She didn't seem to notice, and went on with her talk with the child. 'Don't you believe them if they talk evil of your father,' she kept saying,—'he's a good man, a good man;' and she'd say it over and over. Do you think he is, Mrs Gooding?" said Kate, suddenly, facing round on the old woman. She took off her spectacles and slowly wiped them.

"When it comes to that," at last she said evasively, "there's goodness and goodness, and men is queer creatures. There was my poor husband, an honester man never wore shoe-leather, and yet what I forbore with him in the house, and his quick tempers, you'd never know; and forbear it is we are commanded, and no more than my duty, and others easy-going as brings wives and families to ruin. As for Joe Hoyte, he's lived here, man and boy, all his life, and hardly a friend to say a good word for him, but I don't know anything particular bad against him. But did you say nothing more to Lizzie, Kate?"

"Yes," she said, "I thought as I wrung the clothes what I could say not to turn her against me more, and nothing would come; and she went on talking with the child, and never looked my way at all. And I got thinking to myself if only our young lady was here she would make Lizzie right again, and that set me thinking I might talk of her, and perhaps Lizzie would remember a bit. So I told her I'd had a letter, and I began reading it. She didn't listen much at first, but she was quiet after a bit; so I just wished her good-bye and came away. I hadn't gone far when she was running after me. 'You'll be writing those tales to her,' she said, quite fierce. 'No, Lizzie,' I said, ''twould fret her so, I couldn't write them; you'll never do a thing would pain her again, Lizzie, our young lady, and so far away.'"

The girl's voice shook, she turned to the window, and the old woman rose and came to where she stood.

"Well?" she asked.

"I don't believe she will, Mrs Gooding," said Kate at last; "she didn't say much, but I don't believe she will. But if our young lady would write, I was thinking——"

"You're a good girl, Kate," said the nurse, "and I'll manage it; you leave it, and I'll put it so it will be right."

So Kate went her way, and the letter was finished.

"Kate Mitchell has just been here," it went on; "she's a good girl, and her father better, but not up to the fishing, and Kate out herself, and not fit work for her. And she thought Lizzie would be pleased with a letter if the little Missy will write her one. And wishing God bless you, my dear Missy, and send you soon home again.—I remain your loving and dutiful nurse,

"Bessie Gooding."

Kate had not gone very far before her attention was attracted by a wail of mingled sorrow and anger, and she soon caught sight of a little figure draggling along in front of her, whose crimson cheeks put up a signal of the strife raging within the small heart. It was

Joe again, and Kate, instantly suspecting trouble at school, soon overtook him and asked him what was the matter. A fresh burst of weeping turned his speech into a hoarse roar of anguish, and Kate, lifting the child up on a low bank by the wayside, sat down beside him to wait till the paroxysm had subsided. After much convulsive sobbing, and repeated wipings of the small eyelids and cheeks, Joe found utterance: "I'll never go there no more," sobbed he.

"Why, what's wrong, my son?" asked the girl. With renewed weeping and anger the trouble came out.

"She whipped me, she did,—and I hates her, I *do*,—and I'll never go there no more, no-o-o — o, I wo-o-o-n't."

Kate looked vexed. She foresaw encouragement from the paternal Joe, and her hopes for the child's advancement once more clouded over.

"Now, look here," she said, quietly; "what had you been doing, Joe? What had you been up to, eh?"

"I hadn't done nothing," wailed Joe, "and I hates her."

"Was it you didn't know your lessons?" asked the girl.

"I dun know," said Joe, sullenly, "but 'twarn't that."

"Now, what was it?" asked Kate again. "You'd been up to some mischief, Joe, I know well enough. Tell me what you'd done."

But the tips of his boots had suddenly become an object of absorbing interest to the boy.

"Had you played her some trick?" asked Kate, cheerfully. There came a little twitch to the corners of the child's mouth. "Was it a joke, Joe?" said Kate, softly. A little laugh came in the midst of the storm.

"She *was* in a rage," said Joe at last, "when they come out and was over the books and stuff, and one got into th' ink and walked about after!" and the young offender began to hug himself with delight.

"What was it?" asked Kate, very quickly.

"Why, crabs!" said Joe.

"And you put them in her desk?"

"Yes," said the boy, excitedly; "and some in that box by the side; such heaps, I kep' 'em in a pool till I had enough. O Kate, you should have heard her screech!" And now the remembrance was too much for Joe, and he tumbled down off the bank. Kate's face showed the conflicting feelings that the story had raised. It was thoroughly vexing; it wasn't much more than she had expected from Joe's former career; but meanwhile his father would probably stand by him, and there would be an end to Joe's schooling and consequent advancement. Then she was still fresh enough from school herself to enjoy thoroughly the thought of the rather prim mistress, under whom she also had suffered, and that sudden plague of crabs. With difficulty she prevented the boy seeing her join in his unholy glee, and said cheerfully—

"Well, Joe, you got your fun, and had your hiding, and deserved it. It wasn't good of you, you know: if you were good with her she'd be very kind to you; and you mustn't do that sort of thing again, you know, or she'll think you a little heathen. But it's over now, and you must try and be a better boy when you go back."

"But I won't go back," said the young rebel, stoutly.

"Then you'll be a coward," said Kate. "You'd never be a coward, Joe?"

"What's he going to funk?" suddenly broke in another voice;

and Joe was lifted suddenly up in two stout arms, turned head over heels, and deposited somewhat confused upon the ground again.

"Why, Dick, take care!" cried Kate. "It's nothing, is it, Joe? You'll not funk?" There came no answer to this appeal.

"What's wrong?" asked Dick Truscott again, for it was he.

"He was thinking of flinching school," said Kate, "because he got into a bit of trouble; but it's going to be all right now, isn't it, Joe?"

Still no answer came, but the child began slowly to move away down the lane.

"'Twas luck meeting you, Miss Kate," said the young man. "I've just been to your place, and I swear your father's the best man out. He's a regular good un, that's what he is," he ended, warmly. Kate looked pleased.

"Was it about the fishing?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dick; "I'm to be Will's mate, and I only hope I may do your father a good turn one of these days. Are you glad of it?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Kate, with a smile. Dick's face fell, he looked hurt and said nothing. The girl saw it, and added hastily, "I don't like to be turned out of the boat, and it's my place you're taking, Dick." Dick looked cheerful again; 'twasn't work for womenkind, in his opinion.

"And I suppose you asked your father to have one of the other chaps instead?" he added, as they began to walk towards the cottage.

"Perhaps I did," said Kate.

"But your father told me he knew what I was worth," said Dick, proudly.

"So do I," said the girl, gravely. Her companion turned eagerly to her.

"Do you?" he said. "Why, what now?"

They had come where a sign-post stood by the way, covered with large letters.

"*That*," said Kate, pointing to an O.

"What do you mean?" asked Dick, looking very puzzled.

"Have you forgotten your arithmetic so that you don't know what that stands for?" laughed the girl. A light seemed to break in upon him.

"Well, I don't care," he said at last. "They're to have games and dancing down to Point to-morrow," he added after a time. "You'll be there, Miss Kate?"

"Well, perhaps I may," said she; "but I don't know if I shall."

"If you cared about it as much as I do you'd be there," said the young fisherman, kicking savagely at a stone.

"Oh, I know you're fond of the dancing," said Kate, with a laugh.

"You know well enough it isn't the dancing I'm fond of," said Dick, with some emphasis; but he added cheerily, "I knows you'll come, Kate; you're never so bad as your words."

"Oh, if my words are bad," said Kate, laughing again, "why, you've had enough of them, so good-bye!" and she was gone into the cottage while the young fisherman was calling to her to wait a minute.

"She takes one up so short," he said to himself as he turned away; "but she'll come, I'm thinking."

And he was quite right, for Kate was there.

ROMANCE IN BUSINESS.

THERE is more romance in the world than ever there was, though it changes its aspects and becomes popularised as society grows older. Any keen-sighted bystander at one of the great London railway stations can hardly doubt it, as he watches the crowded morning trains discharging their loads on the bustling platforms, and traces the deep-worn signs of the never-ending struggle for existence on faces sharpened by intelligence that are sickly, anxious, or excited. And what a freight of hopes and cares, of doubts and eager ambitions, is carried out of port in each ocean steamer that puts forth from our shores for America or the colonies! Material might be found in the feelings or passions of the passengers—to say nothing of the actual stories of the older of them—for any number of sensational studies of character by such an analyst of human nature as George Eliot. The emigrants who go abroad to seek their fortunes are of all ranks; and the more ignorant or unsophisticated they may happen to be, the more apprehensive they may feel of the unknown that lies before them; while enterprise goes hand in hand with education, and the great majority of the middle classes are forced into a battle of life in which the prizes are to the intelligent, the enduring, and the fortunate. Most of them, it is true, must be content to scrape along as best they can. Yet even careers that are apparently the most uneventful are often sufficiently checkered; while to counterbalance some brilliant triumphs, there are failures which are simply unmitigated tragedy.

As for the stirring romance of the olden time, it chiefly took the form of warlike adventures. Yet even then there were striking exceptions, and the story of trading under difficulties from the earliest ages might furnish abundant material for a most fascinating work. Great gains by commerce were only to be got at extreme personal risk. Any peaceful trader with the reputation of wealth was likely enough to lead the life of the lucky digger among the roughs and refugees of a mining camp in the Sierra Nevada; and the moneyed minority of the helpless middle class went in perpetual terror of violence and exactions. In the way of personal adventure, think what yarns the forecastle-men in the Phœnician fleets must have had to spin, when, after their interminable cruises to Tarshish and elsewhere, they came home with their holds full of apes and ivory. Everything seen by those primitive navigators and their successors was new and strange: ruthless savages were everywhere in waiting for them on the inhospitable coasts they skirted without a compass; monsters were known to lurk in the currents and whirlpools of the ocean; and rumour, distorted by unfamiliar tongues, magnified mysterious perils till the wildest tales took form and substance. As to the feats of the seamen of antiquity, fancy might have to fill in the meagre outlines supplied by sacred or secular writers; but if we leave the hazes of semi-mythical story for the adventures of the middle ages, we emerge into the clear light of history. The Italians, succeeding the Greeks and their Roman ancestors, have inherited the empire of the seas. We see the men of Pisa and Amalfi, the Venetians and the

Genoese, fitting out expedition after expedition for the gorgeous East, storming cities, settling colonies, making wars and alliances with kings and emperors,—and all, be it remembered, in the way of trade. Chivalrous soldiers, like the "blind old Dandolo," or Embriaco, the dashing crusader of Genoa, might be carried away by the thirst for fame, and seek to emulate the exploits of the martial heroes of feudalism. But it was the policy of their States that furnished them with the means of fighting, and that policy was steadily directed to opening up profitable markets. The Genoese in particular, warlike as they showed themselves, were traders *par excellence*—so much so, that when the fanaticism of the Crusades, fanned by the preaching of zealots, was plunging half Western Europe into insolvency, they never lost their heads for a moment. Peter the Hermit would have thundered to heedless ears had he set up his pulpit in a Genoese piazza. They sent their fleets to Palestine, it is true, but only to carry freights of Crusaders; and the leaders who chartered their galleys had to pay handsomely, either in hard cash, or concessions of mercantile privileges. So it was all in the way of business that they hired out the famous crossbowmen who served against the Montforts in Brittany, and fought for the unfortunate French monarch at Crecy.

We have merely indicated some of the most stirring episodes in medieval trade; and its chronicles of active adventure are scarcely so thrilling as the stories of sustained endurance by money-getters. The whole history of the Jews is sensational, from the time they were singled out as the chosen people; but nothing concerning them seems more wonderful than the tenacity of resolution with which they would persist in growing rich, though their reputation for wealth and their helplessness must have made their lives wellnigh intolerable. The Jew had no protection from the Church, which was almost the sole shelter of the feeble from the tyranny of the strong. On the contrary, the superstition of the age, which otherwise put some check on violence and exactions, was all enlisted against him. Kings curried favour with the clergy by plundering the common victim, and, by consecrating a share of the spoil, made easier terms with their confessors. Each rapacious baron and robber-knight was always on the look-out to lay hands on the wandering Israelitish trader, and to hold him to ransom. If the Jew were rich, he had to bleed his money-bags freely before the castle-gates were unbolted for him. He might be penniless and an object of charity to his kinsfolk, but no one believed his asseverations of poverty: he was put to the torture all the same, till possibly he expired in agony. The scene in the dungeons of Torquilstone, which Scott has depicted so vividly, was no imaginary one. In the cities, the Jew had to wear the meanest clothing when he went abroad; though probably at family festivals, when the house was shut up, his women were dressed in the most costly garments and jewellery. So he had not even that vain satisfaction of display in which his enfranchised descendants are fond of indulging. Then, where there was a Jewish colony in a city, the inhabitants were locked up like wild beasts in their quarter after certain hours. Nor was the humiliating confinement altogether unwelcome, since in a measure it assured their safety. Yet every now and then would come an outbreak of popular fanaticism, when the mob insisted on having their share in the spoil,

which was ordinarily monopolised by their betters. Any improbable fable of Jewish bigotry served for the pretext; and the general form of these fables showed that churchmen were more or less at the bottom of the movement. It was a Christian child stolen and sacrificed with horrible rites, or an insult to the sacred wafer that had been sanctified in transubstantiation. The ready credence given to those malignant reports showed the horror with which the infidel Jew was regarded; and yet the people who held him practically at their mercy, had more substantial grievances against him. For he throve by usury, more than by ordinary trade; and we may be sure that his terms were sufficiently extortionate. In the first place, having monopolised the medieval loan and discount business, he could deal with the impecunious very much as he pleased. He knew that he made an enemy when he placed a loan, and the speculations on which he staked his life were risky enough to justify him in charging usurious interest. The acquisitive and greatly enduring race had just as much precarious protection as it chose to pay for: it had to resign itself to a fluctuating percentage of sacrifices; and the perpetual apprehension of ruthless exactions must have been more trying to covetousness than the bitter reality. Yet they persisted in the worship of Mammon with the same constancy with which they clung to their creed, and suffered for the sake of their money with the sublime heroism of martyrs.

Passing on to times comparatively recent, we have the romantic perils of the Southern trade, when Moorish corsairs swept the Mediterranean, and when the captive merchant or mariner had to languish in captivity till his friends could forward the amount of his ransom; when the ailing succumbed to the hardships of the *bagnio*, and the strong who were unredeemed were chained to the benches of the galleys, and had to face the Christian shot while mercilessly flogged to their tasks. Many a fiction that falls far short of the reality has been composed on the miseries of these floating hells; on the desperate sea-fights of the pirates with the cruisers of the Christian Powers, and those that were manned by the warlike knights of Malta; on the scenes that were witnessed when the church-bells and the signal-fires announced a descent on some unguarded bay of the Mediterranean. Not that the Grand Turk and his Moorish tributaries had a monopoly of piratical trading. The buccaneers, who succeeded the gentlemen-adventurers, and were the precursors of the modern privateersmen, called themselves traders after a fashion. The money they invested in swift-sailing ships brought them in great profits and quick returns, though the risks were proportionate. With a courage worthy of nobler objects, they made it their business to seize the harvests that others had gathered in. In their own wild way, like the vindictive Frenchman De Montbar, they set up for redressers of wrong and ministers of righteous vengeance; and so they speculated in the capture of Spanish galleons, and of the strongly fortified seaports that were the treasure-houses of the Indies. And some of these early adventurers may be said to have been among the original promoters of joint-stock enterprise. Not only did they club their means to fit out their ships, associating their crews with them on the co-operative system, but they found sleeping partners among respectable merchants, who were content

to pocket a handsome though uncertain percentage, while closing their eyes to questionable proceedings. *Non olet* was the British Solomon's "most princely answer" when informed by Master George Heriot that the money procured for his necessities came from an Alsatian usurer of indifferent repute. *Non olet* was the motto of many a decent church-goer in the good cities of London or Bristol when he built up the foundations of some family of landed gentry with the gold that had been stained with the blood of Indians and Spaniards, or with the more infamous gains of the cold-blooded slave-trade.

But modern joint-stock enterprise may be said to have been fairly floated with the gigantic bubble companies of the eighteenth century. Strangely enough, the sums risked in the infancy of those undertakings were relatively out of all proportion to anything that has been witnessed in our own times, which are generally believed to be the days of speculation *par excellence.* Nor, so far as the romance of widespread suffering and ruin was concerned, are they ever likely to be surpassed. The Scotch, though energetic and enterprising enough, have a well-earned reputation for "canniness,"—yet Scotland actually went mad over the Darien scheme; and the difficulties interposed in the way of the enterprise, only urged the Scots to foolhardy and desperate persistence in it. Disowned by the king who had granted their charter; intrigued against by his servile representatives abroad, who closed the foreign bourses and our colonial markets to them; deserted by the wealthy subscribers in England, Holland, and the Hanseatic cities,—they still pressed forward the Darien venture on their own account, sending expedition after expedition on forlorn-hopes to a pestilential territory infested by savages and menaced by a powerful civilised enemy. We may measure the hopes that were doomed to crushing disappointment by the fact that half the coin then circulating in the northern kingdom had passed into the coffers of the ill-fated Company; while the mortality among the miserable adventurers shows figures still more melancholy.

When Paterson dazzled his country-people with visions of his Darien El Dorado, he addressed himself to their intelligence as well as to their cupidity. The site of the proposed colony had commanding commercial advantages; and had it not been for an outbreak of English jealousy, the scheme might have been a grand success. Even the English "South Sea bubble" had a certain solid foundation. But it was another Scotchman, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, who proved the grand magician of speculative finance. Undoubtedly William Law enjoyed opportunities which must be the envy of his ambitious modern imitators. The materials his constructive genius went to work upon were a lavish, embarrassed, and almost arbitrary Court; a needy aristocracy that had pledged their expectations beyond reasonable hope or even possibility of redemption; and a trading class whose narrow notions of growing rich had been hitherto limited to drudgery and economy. He appealed alike to the shrewd, the half-educated, and the ignorant. The magnificent faith he professed in the boundless resources of credit made ready converts among statesmen who had ideas without information, and were only too eager to be dazzled by golden illusions. Adventurer, gambler, and enthusiast as he was, Law might have been a sound though daring financier had he been gifted with

greater discretion or self-control. We may understand how difficult it must have been, even for men of judgment unguided by experience, to draw the line between the practical and the fantastic in his programme, and to resist the seductive sophistry of his eloquence when it was apparently backed up by tangible results. The prudent Duke of Savoy listened, was tempted, and reluctantly held back. He had no objection to offer to the specious arguments of the projector, except that "he was not rich enough to ruin himself." The more reckless Regent Orleans could "plunge" with the Scottish projector with greater confidence. If he had not capital, he had what seemed to represent it, in his power of issuing those peremptory decrees that created a spurious currency and opened to the State a fictitious credit. Had the Regent contented himself with moderate profits, his authority, with Law's ingenious audacity, might have made an excellent thing of a temporary partnership. But it was not in the nature of the brilliant spendthrift to draw the stakes and realise, so long as fortune befriended him. Besides, excitable and impoverished Paris had fairly lost its head; and it was easier to set such a ball rolling than to arrest it. Then were witnessed such scenes of financial excitement as the world has never seen before or since. There was a rush to the Bank of France, to exchange gold and silver for empty promises. There was a crush of escutcheoned carriages in the Rue Quincampoix, where the magician had his hotel; and his *levées* were crowded day after day by nobles and ladies of the highest quality. The heads of the great hereditary houses of France had become the courtiers of the *parvenu*, and jostled each other in their obsequious servility. Nor, although rank and position had their advantages in the way of securing preference in applications, was there any jealous exclusiveness of classes. Anybody who had scraped together a handful of livres could buy some scrap of the scrip in the open market. The purchase effected, the gain was sure, for the inflated scrip was going up like a balloon. The Prince of Conti took advantage of the convenient situation of his hotel, and a Bourbon prince was seen hiring out booths in his gardens to vociferous stockbrokers at fancy ground-rents; while a hunchback is said to have done even a more ingenious stroke of business, by offering his hump as a writing-desk to the mobs in the Rue Quincampoix. Nor was it only French treasury-paper that was offered for sale. In the Mississippi project, which was affiliated to the credit schemes, Law anticipated the idea of recent projectors who have palmed American silver-mines on sanguine English investors. He had to deal with a public who were even more ignorant of geography, if not more confiding. And so, on the faith of golden ingots, falsely guaranteed as genuine by being displayed at the Bank of France, a league of swamp or forest in Louisiana, poisoned by fever and overrun by savages, came to sell readily for 3000 livres. Considering the novelty of the whole idea, which based a lucrative joint-stock enterprise, with shares duly numbered, allotted, and registered, on the wild dreams of such a delusive El Dorado as had lured so many English adventurers to their ruin, it is difficult not to admire the magnificence of the swindle. The inevitable day of reckoning came, when, owing to the ingratitude of the great nobles, whose avarice outstripped his liberality, the enchanter's wand was to

lose its virtue prematurely. A run for money on the Bank, originating in the malice of the Prince de Conti, precipitated panic and universal ruin; while Law, who was with difficulty protected from the rabble, disappeared ignominiously from the scene of his triumphs. We have dwelt at some length on his career, because he was undoubtedly the greatest and most original of "city men;" although we must confess that his dying poor after all, leaves an indelible stain on his reputation. It would almost appear as if he had succeeded in deluding himself—a sure indication of weakness. He left his realised capital behind him in France, having actually locked away a great part of it in landed property. Had he lived in our days, he would have taken the obvious precaution of insuring against misfortune in the Dutch and English funds—if, after consultation with the most eminent Parisian jurists, he had deemed it unsafe to make magnificent settlements on his wife.

Speculation was a novelty in Law's time, and great fortunes made in trade or commerce were far from common. No doubt there were cases where some English merchant showed abilities and energy that carried him out of the beaten track, and many another great house beside that of the De la Poles had been built up upon dealings in the warehouse or over the counter. But it is singular that trade had fallen out of favour with our higher classes since the Wars of the Roses and the reigns of the Yorkish princes, when members of the aristocracy and dignified churchmen, buying and selling by accredited agents, had regular business relations with French and Flemings. Business had come to be held in contempt; the grandson of the trader, who had possibly been ennobled, lived among the landed gentry, ignoring his mercantile origin; and the gentry, who might be envious, as they were certainly contemptuous, professed to hold money-making in any shape as ignoble. They would draw no nice distinctions between the petty tradesman who lived over the shop, and the merchant who traded to the Levant or the Indies with his argosies floating upon every sea. So that even success in trade became a social disability. The wealthy son of the great Turkey house longed to cast his city slough, and shine in the circles his business closed to him. But as his money was the surest card he had to play, where his father had been frugal he was apt to turn spendthrift; or else he bought a high-born wife with the paternal gold, and made a fresh start in life on the strength of his noble connections. Now we have changed all that, though the process has been a gradual one. The old social barriers have been breached in so many places, that they may be said to be practically broken down. The younger sons of dukes and marquises get a respectable living out of cottons and sugars; peers of good descent, who may be Cabinet Ministers as well, are sleeping or active partners in famous mercantile firms; while we know, of course, that no big joint-stock company has a chance of success without the countenance of the aristocracy. But above all, there are moneyed houses of colossal means and connections, which form in themselves a select financial aristocracy, with such an influence as no mere landed magnate could ever boast. It is true that we can point to many a great nobleman or prelate in history who for the time has made himself practically omnipotent either by commanding gifts as a statesman or by his obsequiousness as a Court favourite. But his influ-

ence, great as it may have been, has died with him, if circumstances did not put an end to it in his lifetime. While such an ascendancy as that of the Rothschilds, for example—we make no apologies for mentioning by name a family which has asserted an absolutely unique position—is extended over all the world without exception, and seems as solidly established as anything can be in the precarious conditions of mortal existence.

The rise and progress of the Rothschilds is certainly the most remarkable chapter in the personal romance of business. The old Judengasse of Frankfort, though it has always teemed with shrewd and scheming brains, never sent forth a more quick-witted lad than the progenitor of the line of mighty millionaires. Beginning as an errand-boy, we believe, and raising himself steadily, he made many losses as well as profits in his time; but he was never known to miss an opportunity. He possessed dash, prudence, and extraordinary calculating powers in an almost perfectly balanced combination. The pet of fortune, he never presumed on her favours; and the troubled times in which his lot was cast, marvellously served his extraordinary sagacity. Europe was convulsed from one end to the other, and the funds everywhere were rising and falling with the changing fortunes of successive campaigns. Rumour, with its innumerable tongues, was mingling truth with falsehood in almost inextricable confusion, and making the wildest forecasts of probabilities. At first Rothschild felt his way cautiously with an extraordinary tact. With constant practice his tact developed into a genius which seized the occasions for its exercise when less prudent men stood hesitating, and so missed the golden chance. As his speculations turned steadily to gains, he played his game with increasing assurance, by securing exclusive and early information. When once a man can make his game upon certainties, his gains are only to be measured by his credit. And the daring speculator's reputation for probity kept pace with his financial successes. Never did a life better point the moral that honesty is the best policy, than that of the original Rothschild. When half the princes of Europe were running for their lives, to borrow Mr Bright's kindly observation on the troubles of the Irish landlords, more than one of these potentates, like the Prince of Hesse, intrusted the shrewd Hebrew with the treasures they had to abandon. Though there were no legal means of "checking his intromissions," he accounted for everything to the uttermost farthing. No doubt he was richly paid by commission, as he deserved to be; but his best reward was in the character for integrity which has been bequeathed to his representatives and successors. Yet though Rothschild was scrupulously upright in his dealings, he is said to have been formidable to remorselessness. He went ordinarily on the principle of "live and let live;" nor was the Leviathan known to have done any injury to the smaller fish who did not wantonly interfere with him. But no aspiring rival ever directed an attack on him without having bitter cause to repent it. Tales are told of the fatal though legitimate traps laid by the long-headed old man as he stood under his favourite pillar. For a brief season the course of the stock-markets would seem to have turned against him, and the securities it was his interest to "bull" would be handed over to the mercies of the "bears."

The turn of the markets was only delusive: when his adversaries were fairly involved at a considerable temporary sacrifice, the many strings he pulled would mysteriously tighten, and the exulting gang of enemies would be "cornered" and crushed.

Bon chien chasse de race; and it is remarkable how the heirs of the family have taken after their founder. Their Jewish blood may have had something to do with it, and the pride of a position absolutely unique. Baron James, who died the other day in middle age, was one of the rare exceptions. He loved the arts for their own sakes, in place of simply patronising them as one of the duties attaching to a millionaire's position. But even in Baron James the hereditary instincts came out so far that he attended assiduously to the business he never cared about. The Rothschilds, till lately, have married among themselves, keeping their vast accumulations in the family, and making the firm a close corporation; while no one of them seems to have been tempted by the possession of unlimited means to fritter away his time and talents in dissipation. Nor are their habits of steady application in any way surprising; for, setting aside their natural business aptitudes, the interest of such a connection as theirs must be almost inconceivable. Not only are they colossal financiers, but necessarily cosmopolitan politicians on the grandest scale. Before now they have put their veto on a European war by closing their strong-boxes to an emperor's application. If funds are indispensable to the regeneration of a struggling country, and to the pleasant understanding of the Powers who are concerned in its fortunes, it is the Rothschilds who are appealed to for the necessary advance. When once an appeal of the kind is made, they are very much masters of the delicate situation. Should they decline for any reason, when the refusal is published minor capitalists are shy of entertaining proposals which are already prejudiced in the opinion of the public. Should they accept, their very name launches the loan handsomely. So it is in a lesser degree with mines, railways, land-schemes, or anything else; for unlimited credit is an irresistible force, and money must necessarily breed money. So when the active members of the firm go on progresses abroad, they are *fêted* by princes of the bluest blood, in defiance of antiquated state ceremonial; while they drop into dinner in an off-hand way with the presidents and past ministers of brand-new republics. We may conceive the delicate flattery paid to the omnipotent financier by the host who is meditating on future loans for the schemes that are associated with his dearest ambitions. Nor is it merely on such a magnificent scale that the Rothschilds carry on their lucrative business. The avowed establishments of the great firm are the head-centres of innumerable ramifications. From Hamburg to the Havanna, from San Francisco to the Spice Islands, we understand there are leading local firms which in reality are anonymously affiliated to the Rothschilds, and which, being on the spot and thoroughly conversant with the local trade, are on the outlook to avail themselves of profitable openings.

For money must go on gathering like the avalanche, which accumulates more rapidly the longer it rolls. The undertakings of a house of European reputation may be measured by its energy or ambition rather than by its actual resources.

Everybody is ready and eager to deal with it, knowing that its co-operation in any rational speculation almost suffices to insure success. When we are tiding through times of financial agitation, it has reserves to meet any conceivable strain. The vessel is not only well found, but strongly manned and ably commanded; and when the storm has swept over and the air has cleared, it profits by the shipwrecks of its weaker rivals. We remember how the Count of Monte Christo, in Dumas's famous money romance, expressed his views to Danglars the banker as to fortunes of various classes. So there are houses of the second and third rank, of the highest respectability or something more, that work smoothly along in the old grooves, and transact an extensive business on the hereditary traditions. In these there is very little romance, though their profits fluctuate with the conditions of trade. As partners die or withdraw, they bequeath their interest to their representatives; and the reversion to a share may be a more reliable asset than the prospective succession to a large landed property nowadays. Occasionally, nevertheless, there is a disagreeable surprise and a dramatic catastrophe. People rub their eyes one fine morning over a paragraph in the City articles, announcing the stoppage that spreads dismay among confiding creditors. The books have been placed in the hands of a distinguished firm of accountants whose names have sinister associations with many similar disasters, and the stereotyped assurance is expressed that the liquidation will prove favourable. The hope carries little consolation for the initiated. Now that the mine has been sprung, they understand all the melancholy story by intuition, and are as much surprised as disgusted at their blindness. There are almost invariably reasons for such a crash, which it ought to have been almost impossible to keep secret. Large sums had been paid out on the death or retirement of moneyed partners, and the business had been unduly drained; or it had passed into the hands of men of a younger generation, too enterprising to walk in the ways of their fathers. The gentlemen who have gone into the 'Gazette' are no doubt to be blamed, and possibly they may have come to grief under aggravated circumstances; yet even then it is difficult not to pity them. If sufferings can atone for faults and follies, they must already have wiped out a heavy instalment of their moral liabilities. We can hardly conceive a more wearing life than that of a man of naturally honourable nature who has been clinging desperately to a slippery ledge with the abyss of dishonour yawning beneath him. While making efforts as desperate as discreditable to avert the evil day, he fully realises the fate that awaits his confiding business connections, and his tormenting conscience refuses to be silenced. In the fear that any show of retrenchment will irretrievably shatter his credit, he resigns himself to lead the life of a swindler. The dinners at which he entertains his victims, his equipages, the expensive education and allowances that are suited to his children's imaginary prospects, are all become parts of a shameful system of imposture. He dare not take the wife of his bosom into his confidence, though she begins to be troubled by ominous forebodings, as she listens to his mutterings in restless dreams, and marks him in the gloomy moments of reaction that follow his ghastly attempts at

joviality. The sufferings he has endured and the sacrifices he has submitted to, show the importance he attached to maintaining his position; yet it is almost a relief when the crash comes, and he breathes more freely when the mask has been dropped. The worst of it is—and he has been lamenting it when too late—that he has cast his character after his fortune. But in a worldly point of view, unless he has been driven into overt criminality, it is likely that he comes off better than he deserves. For creditors in the City, under circumstances of the kind, show themselves strangely lenient and forgiving, — partly, perhaps, because they have a sympathetic sense of the temptations to which their defaulting comrade has succumbed, but chiefly because they have no idea of throwing good money after bad by wasting valuable time in vindicating public morality. They write off the loss, and all is said, excepting by some irrepressible outsider with limited means, who, unluckily for himself, happens to be beggared.

But frequently of late years, under circumstances very similar, the circle of outsiders has been indefinitely enlarged; and the transfer of a well-known business to the promoters of a joint-stock company, seems to us to be always *prima facie* suspicious; so far suspicious, at least, that a prudent investor should always make searching inquiry before applying for shares. There are many cases where the business and goodwill have proved worth the purchase-money, as reference to the share-lists will show. But at best, as the sellers best know their value, they cannot possibly be worth more; and if the prospectus holds out expectations of high profits, that only proves that the concern is essentially speculative. One can merely buy into it, as you purchase the shares of a flourishing bank—where, though original holders may be drawing 20 per cent or more, at current prices the returns may represent about a quarter of that. We take it, then, to be a simple axiom, and no want of charity to assume, that those who turn a private concern into a public one have made a good bargain for themselves. They have estimated at a fancy price "potentialities of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," and probably have exacted a handsome consideration for hazardous liabilities that began to make them uneasy. They may be honestly sanguine, though anxious. They "show their good faith," as the prospectus intimates, by consenting to accept a portion of the price in paid-up shares, and by giving their invaluable assistance to the board in the capacity of managing directors. Schemes of the sort are not the less dangerous that the public is likely to be seduced by well-sounding names and plausible figures. Perhaps the company has been floated in a time of general confidence, when money is plentiful and speculation buoyant. As it receives an influx of capital, it has a fresh accession of business. For a year or two it pays wonderful dividends, and the shares go on mounting in proportion. The great annual meetings are scenes of general congratulation; and any inquisitive shareholder who asks inconvenient questions is civilly sneered down or summarily silenced. Anything that tends to depreciate the market-value of the shares revolts the best feelings of the assembly. The hands of the managing directors are strengthened by

cordial votes of confidence, and they are encouraged to increase the stakes and go on extending their operations. But times grow bad, and money tightens. The high-pressure income can only be maintained by doing business that becomes more and more risky, while engagements are renewed on onerous terms. But the dividends must be kept up by hook or crook; for any sharp drop in the shares means the collapse of indispensable credit. If time were no object, and the City kept calm, things might work round. But similar operations are being carried on simultaneously in innumerable quarters; over-confidence has engendered a rotten state of trade; and the City is on the eve of one of its periodical panics. It must be remembered, too, that the tendency to such panics is far greater than formerly. Now, with the general diffusion of speculation, London is but one of many speculative centres; and causes operating in Paris, Berlin, or New York, communicate themselves directly in English enterprise. Confidence is shaken; money is called in; doubtful paper is subjected to the most searching scrutiny, and can only be negotiated on ruinous terms. Ugly rumours circulate freely, and respectable reputations are whispered away. Trifling failures are succeeded by others of growing consequence, till some conspicuous establishment like that we have been alluding to, suddenly comes to the ground with a crash that shakes everything in the neighbourhood. So the panic is in full swing, and the Stock Exchange in frenzied agitation.

The most disastrous of all panics happened fifteen years ago, when Overend, Gurney, & Co. closed their doors. Nor have we even now recovered altogether from its consequences, though it may be feared that its lessons have been in great measure forgotten. No one who witnessed it will be likely to forget the aspect of the City on that memorable Black Monday. Men were slow to realise the extent of the disaster; but when once it had come home to them, they lost faith in everything. "Overend's," or the "shop at the corner," as it was familiarly called, had been a typical house. It had been built up carefully by cautious Quakers; the names of its successive partners had been synonymous with philanthropy and probity as much as with substance and safe trading. When it had been transformed into a limited company, its shares had been taken up by shrewd capitalists, and its transactions were known to be more extensive than ever. Few people suspected that, before it changed hands, the character of the management had also been changing. Experience and prudence, or the reverse, make all the difference in bill discounting, between handsome returns and desperate risks. And it is a golden rule in money-dealing as in cobbling, that a man should stick to his last and not meddle with promiscuous irons. Thanks to neglecting some elementary rules, the great establishment at the "corner" came down while the mass of City folks still firmly believed in it. It was rumoured, as it might have been taken for granted, that the most strenuous efforts had been made to avert the catastrophe. The managers were said to have taken a cabful of their books to the parlour of the Bank of England; but the Bank directors had not seen their way to lending the needful assistance. It was not to be expected that the national loan establishment should have stretch-

ed a point to assist competitors who had been in the habit of systematically underbidding it. But it was argued, in ignorance of the circumstances, that where Overend's failed to find accommodation, other credit-houses must seek it in vain; and there were those who went so far as to say that the Bank itself might be in difficulties. And in fact there was some slight foundation for that assertion—inasmuch as, soon afterwards, on the question of the discount rate, the associated joint-stock banks put pressure on the old lady in Threadneedle Street by threatening a combination to exhaust her reserves.

All that serves to explain the frenzied state of mind into which the great failure had thrown the City. Operators on the Stock Exchange saw their opportunity, and hastened to avail themselves of it. Never did the "bears" have a better time; and the faces of legitimate investors who flocked eastwards to look after their property, and who had thought of cutting short probable losses, were so many pitiful studies in the tragic and grotesque. It was then that the ignorant who had been investing so lightly began to realise the full meaning of "limited" liability. It was then they began to suspect the policy of the brokers' favourite maxim, which warned them against putting all their eggs in one basket. The feelings of the father of a family who held shares in a single shaky credit-establishment were by no means enviable; but in cases where he had "distributed his risks," excitement was wrought up to agony-pitch. It was not simple ruin that stared him in the face, but he might be saddled with a load of contingent liabilities which he could not shake off in a lifetime. Next to the immediate victims of the crisis, their professional advisers were perhaps most to be pitied. For hardly could the profits of innumerable sales recompense them for the worrying scenes they had to pass through; while the bitterest reproaches were heaped upon their heads for advice they had lightly given and forgotten. They had little hope to hold out; and the dens of the stock-broking firms during business hours in these evil days resembled the consulting-rooms of the popular consumptive doctors, who in the course of one busy morning's work may despatch their death-sentences by the dozen.

Meanwhile in the Stock Exchange, on the other side of the way, business was going cheerily forward. Speculative selling was so far absolutely safe, for everything was tending steadily downwards. The droop, in some instances, was astounding, and men made hundreds or thousands in the scratching of a pencil. The danger to be avoided was the being "stuck" for shares that were worse than useless; for the sudden stoppages took the very people by surprise who had been labouring for them remorselessly. Many failures were inevitable, no doubt, but more were the work of villanous combinations. Bands of conspirators leagued themselves to "pepper," as it was pleasantly termed, some particular class of investments. Of course the credit-associations were chiefly selected for attack, as being most susceptible to sinister influences. The Indian banks especially had a bad time of it. The Indian trade had been bad since the close of the American war, and the collapse of the ephemeral prosperity of the great East Indian cotton-port had affected all

who had commercial relations with it. The new banks that had been bolstered by the Bombay cotton-bales were in difficulties already, and this English crisis administered their *coup de grâce.* Then the wreckers turned their attention to the new financial establishments, which, by going in wholesale for reckless promotion, had hitherto paid fabulous dividends, and seen their shares at fancy prices. They had lent out their capital to subsidiary establishments; and now all these affiliated societies were in difficulties. Picture the feelings of the family investors of the day, who had been receiving their interest regularly for a couple of years or so, at the rate of twenty per cent or upwards, and had been counting on the future accordingly. When the shares were issued, they had received allotments for a fraction of those they had applied for, as a matter of favour, from influential friends. We can recall many cases where the allotments had been only assigned on the understanding that shares were to be held for permanent investment. The shareholders with available means, besides, had made the most of the privilege of their preferential claims to an allotment of the scrip of subsidiary companies. So the clergymen and the widows, the half-pay officers and the maiden ladies with a few thousands for their portions, found themselves indefinitely entangled in "securities" that were practically unsaleable. Then the romance of city business in its most tragic aspects was brought home to thousands of struggling households. We may fancy the palpitation of the heart and the trembling fingers with which the arrival of the post was expected in many a melancholy breakfast-room. The stock-brokers' curt letters brought little consolation, with their news from the falling markets, where quotations were often nominal. At last suspense would be relieved by a line or two in conspicuous type in the journal, announcing the collapse of a company. The Discount Association or the Financial Corporation had succumbed, and the cherished scrip, which was the symbol of the family prosperity, represented something much worse than so much waste-paper.

The excitement of suspense is bad enough; but if we wished unwary investors in speculative insecurities to realise the risks to which they carelessly expose themselves, we should like to impress them with the lingering torments of liquidations. If you lose a large sum of money, there is an end of it; and the healthy mind begins to recover its elasticity, or at all events learns to resign itself. But with a failure under limited liability, you are only at the beginning of the end; and the end, which may be indefinitely deferred, is involved in doubts and darkness. Except in an exceptionally bad case, like that of the City of Glasgow Bank, the first formal circulars of the official liquidators are pretty sure to minimise the misfortune, and they lighten the first despair with fallacious gleams of hope. The Company was brought to a stoppage by stress of circumstances, but time is all that is needful to realise assets that are locked up. In fact, your shares still represent the reversion to a valuable property, and possibly you are encouraged to believe that time may set you all on your legs again. Anxious still, but plucking up heart, you hurry off to the city to attend the first meeting of the shareholders. Nothing can seem

pleasanter than the party assembled on the platform, and your spirits begin insensibly to go up as you contemplate their serene and smiling faces. The liquidator is smiling, as he well may, for your misfortunes have let him in for an excellent thing. The directors appear serene, because they have screwed up their courage to the sticking-place, knowing that they must make the best of awkward disclosures. While the secretary and manager smile like the liquidator, —albeit, to the close observer, their grins have something ghastly in them,—because they have an uneasy suspicion that they are unpleasantly compromised, and may have laid themselves open to civil, if not criminal, proceedings. The liquidator's exposition of the circumstances would be more satisfactory did it not deal chiefly in specious generalities, which seem odd in a man who has been bred to figures. But you cannot complain that it has no point, and the sting lurks in the peroration. It may be hoped that all will come right in the end; but in the meantime a heavy call is indispensable, "to place the Company in an advantageous position for liquidation." A call! and all your money is locked up in companies that are already entered on the black-list. A call that must be paid, with the alternative of insolvency, and a certainty of pauperism or a future of privations. All your sense of independence is gone with your hopes in that unlucky speculation; and now there is nothing left you but to endure, or to appeal to the cool friendship of acquaintances. And call succeeds to call; for the first estimate of the ruined Company's future was coloured by the interests of those who had compromised it. It may be that the directors had disposed of the capital in flagrant contempt of the articles of association. There may be good grounds for an action for compensation against them. But even should they be worth powder and shot, no man of energy and business experience seems disposed to take a lead in the matter; for, as we said already, city men in such circumstances seem to have a kindly fellow-feeling for the gentlemen who have victimised them.

But the loss of one is the gain of another. If the confiding public were not periodically victimised, what would become of promoters and professional speculators? We have spoken of the great fortunes of such families as the Rothschilds and Barings. But side by side with these hereditary magnates of finance and commerce, we see the rise of a class of millionaire *nouveaux riches*, who have apparently for the time an even greater command of money, or who scatter it, at all events, with more ostentatious profusion. Some of these unscrupulous upstarts have made themselves sufficiently conspicuous; for they are often not only cunning men of business, but they aspire to shine before society as well. Though far from hiding their light under a bushel, they do their best to keep their business secrets; and so long as all goes prosperously and their ventures turn to profit, their gold gilds the scandals of their careers, and their profusion stifles rumours to their disadvantage. But occasionally over-confidence will bring them to grief: their doings become the subject of judicial proceedings; and so we can compile a tolerably faithful biographical sketch from the impartial charge of a judge and the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses. We hear, perhaps, of an ambitious tradesman

in a very small way, who recognises that he has a happy turn for finance. He keeps a "coffee divan," and is brought into friendly relations with the clever Bohemians, invariably out-at-elbows, who lounge away their time in his establishment. He has "a friend" who has a little money to turn over, and he puts it out for him on bills at exorbitant interest, though generally on pretty safe personal security. His establishment is in the city, in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange, and some of his shady clients are hangers-on of "the house," or fifth-rate solicitors struggling for a practice. All these needy individuals have dreams of growing rich, should fortune ever give them a cast of her favours. And the chance comes in a period of inflated speculation, when doubtful companies of all kinds are shooting up like funguses, and their letters of allotment are as good as bank-notes.

Our friend of the coffee-divan has his council of confederates, ready to scent out "good things," and to conspire to turn them to advantage. In picking and choosing among "rubbish" of purely ephemeral value, in deciding on the happy moment to realise, he shows himself possessed of keen financial sagacity. He gets talked of as a shrewd fellow—he forms friendships with the rather disreputable brokers he employs—till at last his advice is applied for by promoters in a small way. When he has once insinuated a finger into the city pie, the whole of both hands is sure to follow. For be it remembered that he is really gifted in his way, and no impostor as to his ability in "rigging companies;" and his self-confidence growing with a run of good-luck, his counsels come to be regarded as those of an Achitophel. He casts his slough, and sells the stock and goodwill of his establishment. He comes out in garments in advance of the fashion, wears flowers in his button-hole, and acts the *petit-maître*, though overdoing the aristocratic swagger of his manners. He gathers a good balance at his banker's: he is ready to venture with it boldly; and thenceforward his rise is assured. From being consulted by men of some character and position, he takes to getting up companies upon his own account. With the characters and connections he has made, that is by no means difficult; and he begins prudently in a modest way. He can find money for advertising and circulating prospectuses; and the investing public bear him out with the rest. Generally, there is something ingeniously plausible in the scheme,—at all events, he knows how to make a prospectus seductive, and how far he may take liberties with the public credulity. He selects his directors with judgment, so far as circumstances will admit, leavening the board of respectable dupes with a sprinkling of ready accomplices. His talents as a promoter come to be favourably regarded in speculative circles; and embarrassed members of the aristocracy who are looking out for directorships, pay him court as a promising patron. So it comes about that his enterprises develop with his opportunities. He sends safe emissaries across the ocean to draw up secret engagements, and secures concessions of undertakings, to be settled for after the shares are subscribed. He has his sumptuous offices, where a numerous staff of clerks is daily issuing prospectuses by the thousand; he has his luxurious reception-room, where he has his interviews with schemers of his own stamp, and the jackal-direc-

tors and "guinea-pigs" who act as providers; while, on the strength of his city triumphs, he becomes a sort of lion on the outskirts of society. Men talk of the Monte Christo-like magnificence with which he has furnished his residences in town and country. He entertains mixed companies with vulgar ostentation, and pays hack-writers in the press to chronicle his entertainments. He subscribes liberally to the advertising charities; he builds schools and restores churches; or he bestows public recreation-grounds where municipalities are willing to accept them. He has been making his game, in fact, with the money of the people whom we sketched as the victims of unhappy liquidations. Perhaps the day arrives when he is brought up with a sharp turn. Reaction following inflation has taken the wind out of his sails; his affairs are thrown into insolvency; he becomes the defender in numerous actions, brought with heavy damages by gentlemen who allege frauds, and seek to make him responsible for their losses; his establishments, with their contents, are in the hands of the auctioneers. But it is astonishing how one of these piratical navigators manages to weather the most appalling storms. He has made himself friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness; he has it in his power to make compromising disclosures; he has done his best to secure himself means of retreat; and he avails himself of the services of practitioners who are versed in all legal chicanery. As a rule, he slips through the toils that he has spread for himself, and he has hidden money out of the way in a reserve fund that eludes the perquisitions of his creditors. What is even more strange, though his character may have been torn into tatters, his reputation for financial adroitness still stands him in good stead; and before the scandals with which he is associated have been forgotten, he may be actively, though less obtrusively, engaged in business again. For it is a fact that, however a really capable promoter may have been blown upon, his services are still in request, though his name is no longer paraded.

The professional jobber and speculator on the Stock Exchange is a more commonplace character, though perhaps the qualities he should possess are even rarer. He is the last man in the world to lose his head, and he ought to be exceptionally gifted—mentally and physically. He must have a strong constitution to stand the constant wear and tear of excitement, and a strong brain to bear the perpetual strain on it. In forecasting the immediate future of a stock, he must be able to combine and analyse the circumstances that influence it. And it is scarcely necessary to add that he should have perfect self-command, and invariably assume an imperturbable countenance. Men know that he is in the habit of dealing largely, and generally to good purpose, so they keep a watch on him and his operations accordingly. Either on private information, or from the exercise of his judgment, he has decided that a certain stock should go up. If he went to the Exchange and gave his orders openly, the dealers would immediately raise the prices on him. The more eager he is, the less he shows it: he strolls quietly into the house with his hands in his pockets, drops some careless words of depreciation here and there, and probably makes a feint of selling. When he believes he has thrown the curious off his trail, he goes in earnest about the business he has in hand. It is evident that such an

operator must have few scruples; and though he may deal fairly according to his own ideas, he has his peculiar code of morality. Though possibly less lax than that of our friend the promoter, it is easy enough in all conscience. He sees no harm in circulating false intelligence, nor does it give him a twinge to think that the profits of his day represent losses he may have gratuitously inflicted on his neighbours. In fact, the anxieties of his own life must naturally tend to make him indifferent to the sorrows and misfortunes of other people: nor can we imagine a more miserable existence, from whatever point of view we regard it. He might take for his Bashi-Bazouk motto the line of Byron, "I think not of pity; I think not of fear:" his life of care never knows a holiday; and should he be fortunate enough to retire on a competency, he is as miserable without his stimulants as the reformed laudanum-drinker. But what chance in the long-run, we may ask, with such cold-blooded professionals as that, has the outsider who lightly ventures into the City, to win his loose hundred or two on one lucky deal of the cards?

Look at the inevitable odds against the latter. It may be assumed that he would find no professionals to deal with him, were they not morally certain of having the best of it in the end. He has to face better information and superior equanimity of temperament; and besides, to begin with, he must pay the broker's commission, which represents the fixed profit of the City gaming-table. There are minor circumstances he is apt to ignore, but which nevertheless may tell considerably. There are periodical seasons when the markets are sluggish, and slow to respond even to a decided impulse. In the first weeks of the year, for example, it is found that business is almost always dull; men are meditating over the Christmas balance-sheets or meeting Christmas liabilities, and are slow to commit themselves to new engagements. Then bad weather notoriously depresses the markets, and the operator may be caught in a downpour of rain, when the mud that is flying in showers from cart-wheels on the crossings disposes everybody to look at speculative prospects *en noir*. It is found in practice, moreover, that rises are for the most part very gradual, and are apt to be arrested by slight reactions, while some "bulls" are realising small profits. The outsider who has bought on a reliable piece of news, or on conclusions which are substantially just—a very rare case indeed—hopes, let us say, to clear five per cent on his purchase. But he finds that though things may be tending upwards, he is likely to have long to wait, and the settling day is approaching, when he must either close or carry over. While, on the other hand, some complication may upset his calculations; uneasiness tells far more quickly on sensitive stocks than hopeful expectation, and a fall of five or even ten per cent is nothing uncommon. It may be said, that being the case, that the outsider would do better to go in for "bearing;" but in fact, "bearing" is altogether antagonistic to his inclinations.

So we may imagine him retracing his way from the City, having effected a bargain for £5000 in one of those notoriously speculative railway-lines, the stock of which, though essentially sound, seems to be bandied about like a shuttlecock among operators. Perhaps he has acted on a happy inspiration; per-

haps on a chance paragraph in a newspaper; possibly on the whispered intimation of a pushing broker, that parties behind the scenes have been buying. What objects of interest the papers become to him from that moment! How closely he scans the share-lists in each new edition! For it may be assumed that our acquisitive friend is hard up, and that the stake he is playing is of vital interest. A fractional movement upwards excites his hopes; but the stock sticks there or thereabouts till the eve of the settlement. He hardly likes to pay a commission merely for a prolonged trial of his patience, and cabs off to take advice. His broker arranges to carry over on easy terms, and he takes out a fresh lease of expectation,—when one evening his appetite for dinner is spoiled by an item of intelligence in "our latest edition." It may be the announcement of an issue of fresh stock; an unfavourable estimate of dividend, given with judicial authority; or possibly a collision is set forth in glaring type, with a melancholy report of dead and maimed. The paragraph appeared after the closing of the markets, so he has to wait for the morrow to learn results. The bulletin of the opening sales is deplorable; and the later ones, with unimportant fluctuations, are going from bad to worse. The bears, who are always sniffing at the stock, come down upon it with the full weight of their paws, and the weak holders are alarmed. Our friend, who scarcely contemplated the chance of losses, goes through paroxysms of mental anxiety in his hesitation as to cutting them short, but finally resigns himself to a sacrifice which leaves him £300 or £400 out of pocket. Had he resources to fall back upon, he would have done better to hold on, as the effects are out of proportion to their causes; but for the moment he almost feels happy in having made up his mind to the worst—a mood which changes in a week or two, when he has the bitterness of noting the stock going up again. Being hit so hard is perhaps an extreme case, and may possibly prove a blessing in disguise if it drives the victim in disgust out of the betting-ring. If he merely burns his fingers, he has a craving to have his revenge; and when an embarrassed and excitable gentleman takes to gambling, we pity him almost as much as his family.

Speculative enterprise is one thing, and speculation in stocks is another; and the growth of both has been almost beyond calculation in the lifetime of the present generation. As to Stock Exchange dealings, it has been estimated on good authority, that barely one bargain in twenty in London is genuine; while the percentage of *bonâ fide* purchases on the Paris Bourse is probably even smaller. As for speculative enterprise, it necessarily expands as the world becomes richer; and the wealth of the world seeks outlets and remunerative undertakings, which increase it indefinitely when judiciously undertaken. So the one goes on reacting upon the other, and fresh centres of activity are opened everywhere. Take our own manufacturing and mining districts for example. In prosperous times they yield a flowing volume of superfluous capital which floods the stock-markets, seeking safe securities. That has been going on to such an extent of late years, notwithstanding periods of stagnation and depression, that now the stocks of the choicer railways scarcely give higher returns than consols former-

ly; while the funds of America and the leading Continental States have been rising till they no longer tempt the needy. So shrewd promoters have their innings periodically, competing for the employment of the plethora of capital, with schemes and concessions more or less plausible. On the solid foundation of the capital they can obtain, they rear a vast superstructure of credit that gradually becomes top-heavy. And as we already remarked, speculation is so diffused nowadays, that its hazards are vastly increased. Formerly, a man who stood heavily committed in London might content himself with watching the storm-warnings in the City. Now, the foul weather that breeds financial cyclones may be blowing up on the other side of the Atlantic, or on one of those *bourses* of Eastern Europe which are the creations of yesterday. As the activity of the volcanoes of Iceland and South Italy preluded the great earthquake of Lisbon, so the "cornering" of a Vanderbilt in New York, or the collapse of a Strousberg in Berlin and St Petersburg, may send a panic through the London Stock Exchange, and swallow up a shoal of small speculators.

In fact, the sudden commercial activity of the eastern Continental nations is one of the most suggestive signs of the progress of the world, and it presents some remarkable phases of business-romance. Not so very many years ago the greater part of Europe was still lying fallow, while the riches of the East were being leisurely *exploité*, chiefly by nations of hereditary traders, who confined their commercial pursuits to their own groups of colonies. The Continent was like an unimproved farm, partially cultivated with primitive simplicity by men who sometimes saved but seldom ventured. The scanty surplus of produce was almost worthless for want of communications; and the use of credit was almost confined to Governments that spent what precarious accommodation they could obtain on wasteful wars and the redemption of territory. The railways have changed that. People who never stirred from their homes have taken to travelling and picked up ideas. New wants have been created and new ambitions awakened, and the example of rapid money-making has proved contagious. There has been an energetic propaganda by Anglo-Saxon promoters, whose success has inspired a feverish jealousy, tempting the steady-going natives to turn speculators and take enterprise out of the hands of the foreigners. Notably our old friends the Jews have come to the front, working together, as is their habit, with the unanimity which is the characteristic of their race, and which has incited some of their Christian fellow-countrymen to fresh outbreaks of persecution. Great Powers, in spite of their crushing armaments, have found means to subsidise useful public works, which have proved sufficiently remunerative to encourage them in similar undertakings. The imposing architectural proportions of the new Bourses of Berlin and Vienna are the outward and visible signs of a financial revolution that has subverted social relations and levelled the old landmarks. Banking firms that have risen from inconsiderable beginnings, form syndicates to float promising schemes. Tradesmen whose fathers lived in dingy apartments over their unpretending shops, have pushed their connections, put plate-glass fronts to their establishments, and gone to inhabit handsome villas in the

suburbs; but nevertheless find money somehow to be turned over on the Stock Exchange. Nay, the great landed nobility who used to wrap themselves in the pride of their caste, leaving the management of their properties to land-stewards and "mayors of the household," no longer stand aloof from the vulgarity of traffic. Princes and archdukes have set the example of either transferring great stretches of country to land societies; of granting concessions of their forests and mines on condition of heavy "fines" and handsome royalties; or they have invested largely in the appliances of modern machinery, and become miners or manufacturers, stock-breeders or vine-growers, on a scale that reminds one of West American enterprises.

The *boursiers* began by encouraging the citizens to reconstruct their cities; and in fact it is in urban building operations that speculation has had its wildest swing. The stirring of the dry bones has been universal. Flourishing seaports, from Hamburg to Trieste, have received a vast accession of trade, because the volume of imports and exports from the interior has been swelling steadily. Decayed imperial cities, like Nuremberg, are resuming the activity that enriched them in the middle ages, and breaking through the picturesque girdle of their venerable walls, to the intense disgust of artists and antiquarians. Swampy tracts of the Hungarian plains, where herds of cattle and horses used to run wild, are smiling, year after year, with golden harvests; while the sheds on the quays of towns on the Danube are stacked with the agricultural machinery of our Howards and Fowlers. For even backward states, like Roumania, have not only entered on the race, but are already outstripping more powerful competitors. Yet this sudden awakening to activity has its dangers. Nations that had been in the habit of hoarding and looking closely to each shilling they spent, appreciate the excitement of easy money-getting, and are becoming dependent on unfamiliar luxuries. But they are nervous as ever about their savings, though they speculate freely, and a serious check will bring a severe revulsion at any moment. The great *krach* of Vienna, during the Exhibition year, shows how lightly even the comparatively sober Austrians become excited. We chanced to be in the Kaiserstadt at the time, and we shall never forget the abject panic that prevailed. Doubtless a great deal of risky business had been done, and the collapse of inflated stocks was inevitable. But the depreciation of intrinsically valuable building property and of solid land securities, was out of all proportion to the causes affecting them; while the credulity which took the wildest falsehoods for gospel, was simply inconceivable. And now Vienna and Berlin, even Constantinople and Cairo, are in the closest speculative relations with London and Paris,—a truth which cannot be too often repeated for the warning of our home investors. As for the present rage for financial speculation in France, which is said to be sending many lunatics each settling day to the Paris and Lyons asylums, we should hope that English eyes are open to its risks, as we believe it is carried on with foreign capital.

The Old World has been making marvellous progress, and rival nations running each other hard, have been amassing fortunes undreamt of by their fathers; but the United

States of America are, after all, the stage for dramatic business *par excellence.* They boast the broadest field, the biggest capitalists, and the boldest ventures. There would seem to be something in the climate and soil that breeds a certain quick-sighted daring, which is nevertheless tempered by caution and shrewdness. While not a few are attaining to enormous wealth, while many are making splendid competencies, multitudes are continually being ruined and beginning again, for hope springs eternally out of disappointments and misfortunes, nor is anybody inclined to resign himself to failure. The average American seems to turn to business as Charles Fox betook himself to the hazard-table. Making money is the greatest pleasure in life, but next to winning comes the excitement of losing. In fact, the Americans are perpetually playing at games of chance; from the agricultural pioneer who shifts westward from farm to farm, selling each successive holding in a vague notion of bettering himself; from the miner who goes prospecting for the precious metals in the wild solitudes of the Western territories, to the tradesman who starts his dry-goods store on credit, and the professional man who stakes his savings in railway stocks. Nowhere does money change hands more quickly; nowhere is retail trade brisker in good times; nowhere does any plausible schemer or inventor so easily find backers with dollars in their pockets. An American who has "made his pile" hedges against future ill-luck while making free with his capital. Should all continue to go well, he lives in luxury and dies respected as a "'cute" capitalist. Should his hopes proves fallacious and his business speculations unfortunate, he has the satisfaction of having had his fling and the zest of recommencing an animated struggle. Nay, even the ladies of go-ahead Chicago, as we see by the journals of that city, have left the parks and the ball-rooms to go upon the corn exchange, and have taken to gambling heavily in grain, which may or may not prove profitable to their husbands. While those magnates of finance who tower above the mass, have attained to the acme of financial enjoyment. They stand together in groups and "rings," intriguing and forming alliances, to monopolise the control of vast national undertakings, which fluctuate according to the results of their combinations. In fact they are the men who hold the national hazard-banks against all comers. And whatever may be the changing fortunes of individuals, the great tide of prosperity flows and swells, thanks to the inexhaustible natural resources of the mighty watershed it drains.

But, notwithstanding all the marvels of modern enterprise, the most sensational chapters of American commercial history were the earliest, and relate to the rivalry of Englishmen with the natives of the States. The name of Jacob Astor, the father of American millionaires, associates itself naturally with the fur trade; and we know nothing more thrilling in historical fiction than the lives of the trappers and *voyageurs* of the fur companies. When the greater part of the northern continent was an unreclaimed game-preserve, stretching from the icebergs that skirt Alaska and Rupert's Land to the waterless deserts in the old Spanish province of New Mexico; when the strength of the savage Indian tribes was still unbroken, as the countless herds of buffalo

were scarcely diminished, — the Indian trader of those lawless days literally carried his life in his hand, as he tracked his way into the pathless wilderness, laden with such seductive treasures as powder and fire-water. He risked his scalp on the doubtful guarantee of the self-interest of the "friendly" Indians he hoped to deal with. Yet the trader, though his scalp might be "raised" at any moment, at least made his journeys in comparative comfort. But the trapper had to skulk like the beasts he hunted, in a country swarming with hostile savages, who always kept their eyes "skinned" in search of "sign." Scalps at any time had an irresistible attraction for the wandering braves; and, moreover, they naturally gave no quarter to the intruders who scared the game from their hunting-grounds. So when some little knot of trappers was caught and "cornered," there was nothing for it but to sell their lives dearly. The chance of death had few terrors for them. But whether game was abundant or plentiful they still might have to endure terrible privations, for when they knew the Red men were around them on the war-path, they dare neither discharge a rifle nor kindle a fire. They followed the fur-bearing animals like the sleuth-hound, and though they never neglected immediate precautions, no fear of consequences stopped their advance. They committed themselves on brawling torrents flowing into unexplored wildernesses, to the frail canoes they constructed of birch-bark, and were swept down between walls of precipices and past coverts that might be alive with lurking enemies, to the rapids that sucked them towards plunging cataracts. Farther to the north, or in the depths of the winter, they had to endure such terrible extremes of cold, that even these men of iron often succumbed. Nor was it only with the savages and the elements they had to contend. Competing companies of merchants and respectable investors winked at the ruthless warfare of the people in their service, if they did not positively encourage it. It might have been supposed that the lonely white stragglers meeting in these inhospitable wastes, would have readily lent each other help and sympathy. Not a bit of it. In the territory of the United States, the American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Company—in the British Dominions, the Hudson Bay Company and the North-Western Company—perpetually carried on a remorseless warfare, subsidising for one side and the other, the tomahawks and scalping-knives of the tribes. In these circumstances the trading posts of the Companies, dotted over the wilds, and isolated in the winter by hundreds of leagues of frozen snow fields, were comparatively luxurious havens of refuge. Yet even in these, mere handfuls of roughly armed whites had to garrison imperfectly stockaded wooden shanties against mobs of savages, who, when they were brought together for the sake of trade, were maddened as a preliminary with drugged whisky. So there was hardly a fur robe in the palmy days of the fur trade, but was stained with the blood of the trappers who had toiled for it; hardly a beaver hat or bonnet that might not have bristled with the memories of some desperate mountain-fight or hair-breadth 'scape.

The history of the United States is emphatically that of a trading people. Other nations have emerged slowly into wealth and prosperity through ages of war, waste, and

ignorance, and in spite of the prejudices, indifference, or discouragements of the aristocratic castes that governed them. The Spaniards, who preceded our English emigrants in the New World, were a race of conquerors—literally men of blood and iron—who sacrificed their new subjects to their lust for silver, and left only garrisons behind them in their territories. The French settlers in Canada and on the Mississippi had few of the qualities of successful colonists, had the fortunes of war not gone against them. But the pilgrim fathers, and even the cavaliers who turned planters in the Southern States, carried mercantile and industrial aptitudes with them as the most valuable part of their freight. They found the grandest openings ever offered to agriculture and commerce, in an unlimited expanse of fertile soil, with every variety of genial climate. They had magnificent harbours, with an unrivalled network of water communications, that brought each fresh bit of country they broke up into cheap connection with their seaports. They had only to contend with wild animals and roaming tribes of savages, who could offer no appreciable resistance to their advance, and who were inevitably doomed to slow extermination. And when once they had fairly organised themselves together for their *élan*, their progress was as rapid as irresistible. Recruits swelled their hosts from the commercial nations of Europe; and the energy of the Englishman was backed up by the stolid resolution of the Dutchman, and the perseverance of the frugal German. Ireland has sent them legions of sturdy arms, though the mass of Irishmen there, as at home, seem destined to do the rough drudgery of the community. But the result of that blending of blood and races has been a people of feverishly earnest temperament, working with the restless force of a high-pressure engine, abounding in ideas they are bent on realising, grappling with the difficulties they are determined to vanquish, carrying business into their brief hours of relaxation, and making money one way or another, in season and out of season. Never has a nation lived faster in every sense; and their very distractions take the form of speculations and business enterprise. The lives of the careworn men who scramble through their meals, who pass their moments of conviviality standing up at refreshment bars, who sleep night after night in the railway or on the steamboat, travelling thousands of miles with nothing but a hand-valise, is typical of their pregnant national history. They can boast of no venerable associations, but already the country is one vast World's Fair, exhibiting on the grandest scale and in infinite variety the whole broad range of modern invention. Already the "New" England States, offshoots almost of yesterday from our Puritan England, have fallen behind in the race of enterprise, and are comparatively overcrowded. Already the town of San Francisco, whose "Golden Gate" was only yesterday an outlying postern, giving admission to the wildernesses and back settlements of the Union, has assumed such imposing proportions, and admits such a flood of traffic and population, that it seems likely to dispute with the Empire City the claim to be the principal entrance to the country. The rival railway lines, running parallel across the continent, are fast obliterating the picturesque memorials of the wild Western society of the last generation. Not a dozen years

ago the railway bridges had to be picketed by pairs of armed watchers, who earned inadequate wages on the understanding that their scalps might adorn an Indian wigwam. It was nothing unusual for a through-train to Truckee or Omaha to be brought to a standstill by a stampede of buffaloes. Now the last of the Sioux or Cheyennes have been relegated to their reserves, or lounge about the stations in the last stage of moral dilapidation, ready to lend the Palefaces a hand with their luggage. The buffalo have been wantonly massacred for their robes, and have retreated behind the Red River or to the confines of Texas and New Mexico. The Smoky Forks, famous in frontier warfare, are dotted over with farms and thriving townships; while the "Bloody Creeks," so named from the massacres of mountain-men, are moorings for fleets of canal-boats and grain-barges.

The scope that is offered to financial and industrial ambitions in developing and manipulating the resources of such a continent, with its inexhaustible water-power, is practically unlimited. How quickly may money be turned over, and how general must be the diffusion of wealth, when a cluster of wooden shanties in some favoured situation springs into a town in the course of a year or two, and grows by geometrical progression from a town to a great city! Steady men are placed in comfortable circumstances by ordinary industry or by the natural advance of legitimate investments. They buy land or building sites, and bide their time, till the price goes up with the spread of population, in the meanwhile raising money upon mortgage, which they turn to profitable account. Others with keener brains seize on one of the chances that are always presenting themselves in a new country, and originate some local industry that is the making of a neighbourhood, and yields fabulous returns. While others, again, who are pronounced still more fortunate, hit off a vein of silver, discover a coal-field or a copper-mine, or strike petroleum, probably selling the concession for millions of dollars to a company who can find the capital for gigantic works. What with the extraordinary impulse given to joint-stock enterprise; with the growth of the grain trade, the cattle trade, the pork trade—which not only supply fifty millions of home consumers, but flood the foreign markets; what with the constant construction of railways and other indispensable works,—a class of men have come into existence who are leviathan speculators *par excellence.* They have no fancy for locking up their money in land. They have no temptation to turn their attention to politics, except in so far as controlling the legislatures may serve their purposes. They have no ambition even to found a family, for those who come after them may take care of themselves, which generally they are very well able to do. They have, for the most part, few personal wants, and no extravagant tastes; and even their lavish expenditure, which has usually a practical object, bears an infinitesimal proportion to their fluctuating incomes. The one pleasure of their existence is making successful hits, and, to do them justice, they care less for the stakes than the excitement of playing for them. They have their friendships of convenience, and their bitter feuds, like those medieval barons who were always at daggers-drawn. They have their trusted retainers, too, and

their troops of dependants, who hold stock by their favour or in their name, and back them up at the board meetings. And, like the feudal barons, they are unscrupulous enough in their dealings, though they may have their peculiar notions of chivalry and honour. So the Vanderbilts and the Drews and the Jay Goulds, with many others whose names have been less familiarly known in England, using the spare millions which are really of little use to them except as counters, give a strange zest to their feverish lives, by devising combinations to the discomfiture of their opponents. Sometimes the war is waged openly, as when a concerted attack is opened on some combination of lines which has been appreciated by a group of rival capitalists. Or the snares are laid with such skill, that even a "long-headed" ring plunges headlong into them; and then the question is, whether they be strong enough to hold the victims. Only the other day a daring conspiracy of outsiders caught the knowing ones, almost without exception. An incident of this kind is of rare occurrence, and says more for the courage of the plotters than for their wisdom, unless they are satisfied with the *coup* they have made, and take their leave of Wall Street with their profits. The men who were victimised accepted the defeat with characteristic stoicism, saying as little as possible as to the extent of their losses. But, sooner or later, they are sure to take their revenge; and indeed it would be contrary to all the principles of successful operations, if so unparalleled a piece of audacity went unpunished.

Within the limits of an article, we can but cursorily indicate what might be matter, as we said, for a most entertaining work. Nor would it be an anti-climax, even after allusion to the gigantic speculations and colossal enterprises of the American continent, to end, as we began, with a reference to the life-romances of the humble business-folk who are toiling to keep body and soul together. For only genius with dramatic gifts of description could do sympathetic justice to the struggles that are sustained from day to day, and unbrightened by a gleam of either hope or excitement.

ELECTRIC PROGRESS.

LET no reader groan on seeing this title, fearing that he is to be treated to an *olla podrida* of scraps from scientific text-books, served up with a mysterious sauce of algebraic and technological spicing. There is no intention to set on the table any such indigestible and unsavoury compound. No dishes with long and incomprehensible names, more puzzling to the uninitiated than the things they profess to describe, will be thrust before him. No jargon of Volts, and Ohms, and Webers shall bewilder him. No magnetic molecules shall dance a maddening war-dance round his chair. Neither internal nor external "resistance" shall vex his soul. That mystic EMF over which scientific men gloat as schoolboys over plum-cake, will not be allowed to enter here. Polarisation and induction, tension and electrolysis, foot pounds of energy, anodes and cathodes, $A + B \cdot — X$ and $SO + HO^3$, with all their kindred, will find no place. The table is spread for natural and not for scientific palates. The bread is not to be cut in mathematical figures, as in Laputa, nor the food provided made hideous by being dissected before the eyes of the guests, with the scalpels of learning. "Ladies," said the Professor of Chemistry, on finding a screen before the fire, "I observe you are repelled by the caloric." "That 'saturated solution' of pedantry should be 'precipitated' down-stairs," was the prompt reply of the guest who followed him into the room; and who shall not say he was right?

Electricity has long been a subject which had little interest except for the lovers of scientific research. A generation has not yet altogether passed away in which all industrial use of electricity was unknown; and the only practical application of knowledge in regard to it was not one to apply it usefully, but only to check its powers of destruction. Fifty years ago, lightning-conductors were the only electric works in common use; and the proper construction of these themselves was so little understood, that to this day such appliances are constantly made and put up in the worst possible way for effecting their purpose. Now all this is changed. The thick network of wires that disfigures all our great cities is a daily demonstration to all of electricity being put to most important practical uses, and our means of communication are such as the most imaginative fairy-tale that ever was written could not excel for wonders. The putting of a "girdle round the earth in forty minutes," was a pretty flight of fancy; and Ben Jonson's Fortunate Isle, where

> "You have made
> The world your gallery, can despatch a business
> In some three minutes with the Antipodes,
> And in some five more negotiate the globe over,"

was intended to please mortals with a vision of the unattainable: yet such things are now done prosaically for a payment of so many shillings,—the G. P. O. Ariel, with his yellow envelope, bringing us tidings which have outstripped the sun; so that we know by noon what occurred in the evening of the same day elsewhere. But wonderful as has been the development of the telegraph, it appears likely that ere long we shall look upon it as but one,

and by no means the most marvellous, of countless applications of electricity. We seem to have discovered a giant whose powers are illimitable, yet whose strength can be applied to do the most delicate and subtle work,—who is always ready for duty, and whose energies can be drawn out in a thousand ways, — whose strength can be generated at one place, and carried to another for use, without serious loss,—who can accumulate his vigour, so that, if it is not employed for a time, he can then do work much harder than he could do continuously,—who will begin working, and stop working, at a touch,—who will bore our hardest rocks, and carry our gentlest whisper to a friend miles away,—who will be always docile, noiseless, untiring, never capricious, and ever on the alert.

No doubt many will say, and many do say, that the electrical world has got excited, and is promising too much; that insuperable difficulties will come in the way; that when the temporary excitement is over, electricity will not be found to be so much more advantageous than other forces after all: in short, there is plenty of pointing at cold water, and a good deal of throwing of it. Even scientific men are found now pooh-pooh-ing in a grandiloquent manner the future of electricity, magnifying difficulties and minimising advantages. But let the reader be patient in the reflection that it always was so, and always will be so. The greatest men are sometimes behind their age in practical matters. It is not much more than sixty years since the most learned men of the day gave evidence on the subject of gas which to us now seems almost comic. The Royal Society reported, in 1814, that no gasometer larger than 6000 feet capacity should be permitted. Such men as Sir Humphry Davy and Sir William Congreve gave evidence before a Select Committee that gasometers of 20,000 feet capacity were too large for safety; that they could not understand the "temerity" of the Parisians, who then were building one of 300,000 feet capacity, — Sir Humphry declaring that 12,000 was his limit, and that he would be uneasy if he lived near one of 20,000. Great fear was also expressed that if a street-lamp went out, the wind might *blow down the burner and cause an explosion in the main!* And other witnesses prophesied the most disastrous consequences from jets flaring up and setting fire to everything near them. In the same way, when the first steamer was launched, it was averred that no steam-vessel could ever cross the Atlantic; and later, when the screw was introduced, one of the largest and most successful Atlantic shipping companies was satisfied, on full investigation, that no screw-steamer could ever make an Atlantic voyage. That same company but a few years ago possessed the only remaining paddle-ship on the American route, and has lately launched the largest screw-steamer in the world for the Atlantic traffic, —the Great Eastern, though larger, being both paddle and screw.

But it is in the history of electricity itself that the most extraordinary instances are to be found of the narrow-mindedness and want of foresight, even of learned men, in regard to the practicability and usefulness of discoveries and inventions. The man who first suggested an electric telegraph, in a letter to the 'Scots Magazine' in the year 1745 — Charles Marshall — was looked on as having dealings with the Evil One, and had to leave his native country and go to America.

When Ronalds, about the year 1817, laid his plans for an electric telegraph before the Government, they would not even take the trouble to investigate the matter. An under-secretary, in the usual official style, informed him that he was "directed by his Majesty's Secretary of State, &c., &c., to inform Mr Ronalds that a telegraph is of no use in time of peace, and that in time of war the semaphore then in use was quite sufficient for the purpose." The full effect of this sapient deliverance will be understood if it is imagined that it were proposed now for the first time to introduce the electric telegraph, and Sir William Vernon Harcourt should intimate to the inventor that no telegraph was required, as we were not at war; and that, if war should break out, Mr Childers could use things like the signal-posts with the projecting arms, which we see on railways, put up at distances of a few miles, and by waving their arms about into different positions, telegraph news quite rapidly enough. Again, after the electric telegraph had been established in this country, the French Government refused to have anything to do with it, unless it could make the same signals as the semaphore with its waving arms; and an ingenious clock-maker had to invent an instrument by which the electric current waved about the arms of a miniature semaphore into the required positions. And when Mr Cooke, who had successfully introduced the telegraph in England, went over to Paris and proposed the erection of an electric telegraph between Paris and Havre, the idea was laughed to scorn as being Utopian and impossible, and he came home disgusted.

Coming to the present time, it is easy to find instances of the same tendency to put aside with contempt things that are destined to effect enormous changes in our daily life; and in no branch of science has the wisdom of the Yankee—"Don't you prophesy unless you know"—been so strongly exemplified as in the case of electricity. In 1878, a French *savant* declared that when the Exposition of that year was over, the fanciful mode of lighting by electricity would disappear, and we should hear no more of it. In 1879, scientific men declared it would be found impossible to adapt electric lighting to dwelling-houses or small rooms. In the same year one of the most able and experienced electricians of the day stated, before a Select Committee, that he did not think the telephone would be very much used in this country, giving such reasons as the following:—

Query 539.— . . . "Do you consider that the telephone will be an instrument of the future which will be largely adopted by the public?—I think not."

Query 540.—"It will not take the same position in this country as it has already done in America?—I fancy that the descriptions we get of its use in America are a little exaggerated; but there are conditions in America which necessitate the use of instruments of this kind more than here. *Here we have a superabundance of messengers, errand-boys, and things of that kind. In America they are wanted.*"

People in all positions in life sometimes speak nonsense; still it may safely be said that no one but a scientific man would have uttered such folly as this.

Another extraordinary instance of similar narrowness of mind on the part of scientific men is to be found in a most admirable electric treatise, in which the author gives a description of modes by which two messages can be sent at once along the same telegraphic wire, or

cross messages sent from opposite ends of the same wire at the same time. He concludes his description by saying:—

"Both these systems of telegraphing in the opposite directions, and of telegraphing in the same direction more than one message at a time, must be looked upon as little more than 'feats of intellectual gymnastics,' very beautiful in their way, but quite useless in a practical point of view."

This was written so late as 1869; yet now telegraphing is practically carried on not by two messages only on the same wire, but by four, and sometimes even five and six.

But perhaps there is no instance so remarkable of this want of foresight and practical grasp which is often displayed by the most able and learned men, than what was said about gaslight when it was first introduced, particularly as what was then said of gas is almost word for word the same kind of thing as some are now saying of electric lighting.

In 1819, Desormes wrote of gas:—

"The light is of a disagreeable colour, entirely different from the red and warm gleam of our oil-lamps. It is of a dazzling brightness; its distribution will be impossible and irregular, and it will be much dearer than oil-lighting; and even if it should be improved, it will still remain much dearer than those lights which we already possess."

Substituting the word "gas" for "oil," and reading the passage as if electricity were being spoken of instead of gas, the kind of criticism which is now being made on the electric light is exactly reproduced —"cold, dazzling, impossible to distribute it, irregular, dear."

The moral of all this is, that the public, while not adopting any new developments of electricity until they are practically and economically useful, should refuse to allow the pessimist croaking of men, even though they be learned and scientific, to deter them from giving encouragement to the development they must see going on all round them. And the aim of this paper is to give to the non-scientific public some notion of what has been accomplished already, from a practical point of view, in electric development; and also to endeavour to point out how recent discoveries and inventions may be extended in the future, not by way of prophesying what will be accomplished, but of indicating what seems likely. But of this at least the reader may be assured, that if at any point what is said may go beyond that which is actually to happen, what is within that point embraces marvels beyond the wildest imagination possible a generation ago, and practical applications of these which will be beneficial everywhere and in countless ways.

Till lately, the practical applications of electricity were limited to those appliances which could be worked without very much power. No means had been discovered for producing electric energy in powerful form and in large quantity with ease and cheapness. The modes in use were cumbrous and expensive when applied on a large scale; so much so, as to debar their use for work requiring great power. But in those departments in which a moderate quantity could be made use of, enormous progress was made from the time when the first great practical use of electricity was begun in the establishment of the electric telegraph. It seems to us now almost incredible, with our tens of millions of telegrams yearly, that the importance of this great step in science was so little understood, that on the opening day of the first Electric Telegraph Company in the world, in London,

only two messages were handed in for transmission during the whole forenoon. But when the success of the telegraph in securing the arrest of Tawell, the Quaker murderer, drew public attention to its value, a great stimulus was given to interest in electrical subjects, and rapid strides were made in such industrial inventions as could be worked with the moderate quantities of electricity that could then be obtained. Still, all that could be done was but as the twitching of the finger of the sleeping giant, compared to what men who understood the subject knew they might expect, if only means could be discovered by which electricity could be developed on a large scale cheaply and easily. This difficulty has at last been overcome, and machines have been constructed which produce electricity in enormous quantity, no other appliance being necessary to cause the machine to produce, than rotary motion obtained from a steam or gas engine, or a water-wheel or windmill, or even from horse or hand labour. This has effected a perfect revolution in the electric world: it has brought electricity from the field of scientific research and delicate appliance into the field of actual mechanical labour; and this not only as a substitute for other modes of doing mechanical work, but in another infinitely more valuable character —that of a vehicle by which such power can be carried at small expense, and practically without loss, from any place at which there is the means of producing it, to any other distant spot where it may be desired to apply it. A very simple illustration will make this plain. A windmill is the cheapest of all sources of powerful mechanical work, if wind is always available. But as there is generally most wind high up where there is no shelter, while the work has to be done on the plain, windmills are rapidly disappearing. Now, however, that electric power can be produced on a large scale, the fact that it can be transmitted along wires makes it possible to use the prevailing wind on the top of the hill to produce electricity, and to use its power at the bottom of the hill to do the useful work required. In the same way there may be great water-power at a spot where no mill can be built, and where the labour and expense of bringing material to be worked in it would be too great. But now the water-power can be used where it is found, and its strength, converted into electricity, conveyed to a mill erected in any convenient place, to do the work required.

This, then, is the first giant stride that has been made in matters electrical. But its full importance cannot be estimated by considering the power to do mechanical work above described. It has other and enormous advantages. Power in the form of electricity is not only as useful for the kinds of mechanical work which other powers, such as wind, water, steam, or horses, can perform—and convenient from the ease with which the power can be carried to any required spot to do the work required, — it will produce a great number of practical results which cannot be obtained from any of the other mechanical sources of power without its aid, and many which can be obtained from others it will produce in a more easy and efficient manner. Take once again the illustration of a water-wheel. In former days, such a wheel could give power to grind our corn, or weave our cloth, or make our paper, or crush our quartz, provided the materials could be conveniently brought to the water-power. Now, not only can such water do the

same work miles from where it is running, by its power being used to produce electricity; not only can it work our clocks, drive paterfamilias's lathe and mater's sewing-machine, pump the water, turn the spit, work the dinner-hoist, in our private houses, and thresh, grind, spin, weave, and calender in our factories,—it can with ease do much more that the water-power could not do, even if close at hand and with the most complicated appliances. It can make the running water far away ring our bells, regulate our clocks, rectify our alcohol, plate our spoons, gild our ornaments, multiply our engraving-plates, make permanent our photographs, and work our ploughs and our tram-cars. These are but illustrations of what can be done and is being done. But even here the wonders do not stop; for not only will power such as water, when employed to produce electricity, be available at a distance from the place where it exists, and for purposes which it could not of itself fulfil—strange as it may sound, the power of water will produce by its new application heat and light. A water-wheel, by being employed to generate electricity, may light our rooms, cook our dinner, and ripen our peaches. We can have light from it by which we can work as easily at night as in the day,—a light which will neither consume our fresh air, nor vitiate it with foul gases, nor smoke our ceilings and destroy our curtains; which can set fire to nothing; the globe of which can be hooked to an invalid's bed-curtain without risk, or attached to flexible wires and taken into the most confined corner to give light to a workman, without danger of fire. It would fill a volume to state at length all the practical advantages which this development of electricity has opened up already, and more than a volume to state all that it may be expected yet to accomplish. Let it also be understood that while the foregoing illustrations have been stated in relation to water-power, they are equally true for any other power, such as steam-engine, gas-engine, horse-power, or human labour. The fixed engine on a farm can do the ploughing hundreds of yards off. The gas-engine that pumps water by day, can light the house at night. The horses that drag coal-carts for many miles to work a steam-engine in some outlying place, can be used at home instead to work an electric machine, with no loss of time, and in many cases with less waste of labour. The convicts on a treadmill can be doing work by it at any part of, or even outside, the prison. In a word, the power for work can be generated by any ordinary means, and at any place where the means exist, and can then be economically conveyed to the spot where it is to be usefully applied, without loss of time, and practically in full strength. The tide on the shore can do work inland; the stream in the mountain-gorge can do work on the hill-top; the windmill on the eminence can do work in the valley; the horse in the yard, or the man in the outhouse, can do work inside the dwelling. And with all its power, and its universality of application, this new servant which science has supplied us with is the most docile of menials. A touch of a lady's finger will bring into action a power which a thousand men could not resist; another touch will stop its action or reverse it in a moment.

But even this is not all. This power, that can be thus used for a thousand different practical purposes, and with countless varieties in the mode of application, can

not only be obtained freely, and at a moment's notice, at any place, and in illimitable quantity; it can also be stored up when needful for future use. It may be said that our genii will not only come at the rubbing of the ring or the lamp, but that they can be bottled up harmless, like the *jin* hauled ashore in the copper vessel by the fisherman's net, and yet remain in full vigour, ready to stand up in his strength when liberated. It is almost literally true that the lightning can not only be seized and made do our work, but that it can be bottled up and stored, and carried from place to place at pleasure. Within the last few years the problem of producing electricity, and storing it up ready for immediate use, has been practically solved; so that Sir William Thomson could in Glasgow perform powerful mechanical work by electricity which had been generated in Paris, and brought ready for instant application from Paris to Glasgow, just as a clock wound up abroad could be brought to this country and set going here. Of course it will be understood that this is only a popular description of the operation—the reader being presumed to be at present only interested to know what can be done. A scientific explanation of the process would be out of place here. The fact it is desired to impress upon the reader is, that not only can the force of electricity be carried far from the generating source for immediate use by being conducted along wires, but that it may be bottled up in movable vessels, which can be carried like any other goods to a distance, and at once made available for any purpose for which the electricity could have been used at the spot at which it was first produced. Electricity can be stored in square cases, which can be conveyed by hand or carriage to any spot where it is required. The doctor can take his bottled electricity to the sick-room under his arm to perform an operation. The lecturer can bring it stored up to the lecture-table. The aeronaut can carry it stored up in his balloon. The owner of a boat with a screw can convey electricity in a wheelbarrow to the water's edge, place the cases in which it is stored in the bottom of his boat as ballast, and turn his propeller with it. The lady can have it delivered at her door as the milk is, and work her sewing-machine with it. The tricyclist can put a case under his seat, and run by it. Lamps can be lighted, clocks can be worked and regulated, safes secured, spoons plated, copper-plates made, by electricity stored up in cases. Indeed any operation within the power of electricity to accomplish otherwise, can now be done by stored electricity.

Still there is something more. Not only can we control this power to do work, whether directly or after storing up. The storing up does not merely enable our genii to come out of their bottles at any time ready for work; we can roll a number of weak genii into one of enormous strength. We can apply the power we possess for producing electricity in a concentrated form by the aid of the discovery of the means of storing it. The *jin* of the 'Arabian Nights' was no stronger when he left his copper bottle than he was when he entered it; but the one who is now impressed into our service excels all those of the Thousand and One Nights in this, that if we choose we can work up his strength for hours, so that in the next hour he shall be many times stronger than he was. If he was strong enough to lift a ton in one hour, we can

store up his strength for six hours, and use him then to lift six tons. We can store up his strength all night, so that he can do twice the work he would otherwise be able for during the day. In other words, we are not limited to using this power at once to its full extent when it is generated, or allowing it to go to waste; we can store it up, and apply it as concentrated power afterwards. This, it will be seen at once, is an incalculable mechanical advantage. It very often happens that there is power available and work required, but that the power available is too weak for the work to be done. One horse is useless if a weight to be moved requires the strength of two; but if a man who owned only one horse could by any means get it to do the work of two horses for one hour, instead of doing its own work for two hours, he could then with one horse move a weight that at present it requires two horses to move. This is practically what can now be done. A source of power which can only produce electricity in very limited strength, may have what it does produce accumulated, so that it can do work requiring great strength. A feeble fall of water which would only keep up one electric light continuously, can, by the power it develops during the day being stored up, keep several lights up for a few hours at night. A steam-engine or gas-engine of limited size, kept constantly going, can enable work to be performed for a short time that could only be done by a very much larger engine of the same kind.

But if our giant is thus a prodigy both of strength, and of application and concentration of strength, let it not be supposed that he resembles other giants in an unfitness for work that is refined and delicate. He is no lumbering clumsy mass of power merely, too rough handed for work that requires sensitive touch, and too gross in perception to be able to separate the coarse from the fine. Powerful as he is from the merely mechanical point of view, his powers in regard to minutiæ are quite as marked, and, if possible, more marvellous. The hand that is so weighty has a touch as fine as the most delicate woman. It can catch up and repeat along a long conductor the most minute vibrations caused by the human voice, reproducing them with most perfect accuracy. It can grasp and magnify the vibrations of the movements of the tiniest insects, so that they become audible to the human ear. It can detect the most infinitesimal speck of metal in any substance, and disclose its presence unerringly. It can record permanently the rhythm of the feeblest pulse. It can measure, in degrees so close that it is difficult to put them down on a scale, the variations in the heat of a body. It can detect a trace of moisture to which a drop is as the Pacific Ocean. It can act with such rapidity, that by its aid a photograph can be taken in the 5000th part of a second, so that several distinct pictures of a horse can be taken in the successive stages of one bound. It can correct clocks long distances apart to the tenth part of a second. It can move in motions so minute and rapid as to resemble the vibrations of an insect's wings. It can take a cast of the most delicate moulding without losing a shade of its perfection. It can record the variations of the speed of a bullet from the time it moves from the breech till it leaves the muzzle of the gun. There is almost no limit to the minuteness of its action, or the refinement to which it can be brought.

The extraordinary development of this wondrous force of nature which has taken place during the last few years, has led to the subject of electricity being more popularly treated than it formerly was, and to exhibitions devoted to electrical science only being opened to the public. The very great interest which these have excited, will doubtless stimulate the development of the industrial appliances of this power to a greater extent than ever, and may lead to still more interesting and useful discoveries in regard to it. But already the day is gone by when electricity was a thing of mystery, associated with telegraph rooms sealed to the public by the "No Admittance except to the Company's Officials" placard. It is becoming rapidly our servant in the social region, as it has been for some time in that of business. The interesting pet of the *savant*, the amusing child of the amateur, has developed itself into a youth of promise, already doing great things, and giving certain hope of still greater.

The recent Exposition in the Palais de l'Industrie at Paris, enabled many thousands to form some idea of what is being done in this comparatively new field for invention. The building, originally erected for an International Exhibition of the industries of all nations in all departments, was filled from end to end with machinery and models all relating to the subject of this paper. A visitor might wander about in the Palais for weeks, and find every day some new marvel to astonish and interest him. Whatever his tastes might be, he could not fail to encounter something congenial to them from time to time. Those interested in the culture of plants might inspect greenhouses in which shrubs and flowers were growing freely without any other light than that supplied from an electric source. Lovers of art could see the operation of reproducing in metal, with the utmost delicacy of finish, statues or bas-reliefs. Students of photography saw pictures of exceptional excellence taken by electric light. Meteorologists could watch the variations of the barometer and thermometer, and the speed and pressure of the wind, being automatically recorded from minute to minute. Tradesmen had recommended to their use electric tills in which every payment was recorded. Millers gazed with astonishment at electric rollers sorting bran from flour. Nautical men saw M. Trouvé steering his boat, driven by electricity, in the basin of the fountain. Aeronauts were encouraged to hope for balloon navigation by M. Tissandier's model balloon driven by stored force. Members of Parliament were shown how their weary journeys through division lobbies on obstructionist motions might be saved by electrical voting-machines, each member's vote being recorded by pressing a button marked Aye or No. Crowds heard the performances of the Opera or Comédie Française by telephones connected with the theatres. People who require to have their premises guarded at night, saw how their watchman could be checked on his rounds as often as desired. Soldiers could inspect the appliances by which communication is kept up between the divisions of an army, and a telegraph erected or taken down as rapidly as the column can march. Those interested in gunnery saw how the speed of shot, both within the bore of the cannon and during their flight in the air, can be recorded. Divers were shown lamps which they could take to the bottom of the sea, requiring neither air nor trim-

ming. Owners of coal-mines had demonstrated to them how it was possible to light the underground workings without risk of explosion, and to know at once in a manager's office if there was a tendency to accumulation of fire-damp in them at any spot. Quarrymen could see the hardest rock being bored, and apparatus for blasting, by which the shots can be fired from a distance. Musicians were amazed to see at work an instrument by which they will be enabled to sit down at a pianoforte and improvise for any length of time, and find all that they have played recorded at length. Ladies gazed in wonder at sewing-machines which seemed to go of themselves, and at a pace which no human foot could keep up. Travellers saw in all directions most ingenious devices for preventing collisions on railways. Lovers of punctuality rejoiced at the sight of clocks automatically regulated to fractions of seconds. Timid people were offered burglar-scarers and thief-detectors of most ingenious construction. Invalids had a choice of scores of medico-electric appliances, bands, baths, rubbers, and coils for curing all manner of nervous disorders. Surgeons could find many ingenious instruments for diagnosis and operation. Lovers of billiards were shown tables provided with appliances by which the game could be scored on the marking-board without leaving the table. Persons going to or from the Palais could ride at twelve miles an hour in a carriage driven by no visible agency. Pumps going as unaccountably raised tons of water to a height. Lifts by which people could ascend and descend by electric agency were at work. Electric ploughs cut deep and well-turned furrows. At night the scene was like fairyland. Hundreds of brilliant lamps made the Palais far lighter than it had been at the brightest period of the day. Pictures were to be seen lighted by the electric lamp, demonstrating successfully that the colours are not changed by it, but remain as they were during daylight. Saloons, more perfectly lighted than they could possibly be by gas or oil, were as cool, and the air in them as pure, as when no lamps were burning in them.

But it would take pages even to state all the wonders of brilliant discovery and invention already made, far less to speak of what may be expected to follow. One final illustration in relation to recent sad events which have horrified the world, may give some idea of what can and will be done with this power as now developed. Within the space of a single year, two tragedies have occurred,—one in the Opera House at Nice, and the other in the Ring Theatre at Vienna,—in which the loss of life has been appalling in its extent, and sickening in its details. So strong is the impression on the public mind by these harrowing events, that in all countries those in authority are anxiously considering what can be done to diminish the risk of occurrence of fire, and of its becoming serious when it does occur—fire being the primary cause of these catastrophes—and to prevent the panic which results from alarm of fire, which is the chief cause of the loss of life in such cases; and should there be panic, to minimise the evil resulting from it.

To all these most desirable ends electricity can give most important help. A theatre can now be lighted in such a way that the lamps require no fire to be applied to light them, nor can they set fire to anything. The lights in the body of the building and in the passages can be freed from all connection

with those in the parts devoted to the performance, and can be so adjusted that any accident affecting a portion of them cannot influence the rest. Matters can be so adjusted that pressure applied to any one of a number of buttons placed in different parts of the house will at once lower an iron screen dividing the building, throw open every door (ordinary and extra), summon the fire-brigade and the police, and raise instantly a powerful pressure of water.

An enterprising manager of a London theatre has already fitted up his house with electric lights, both behind and before the curtain. That his example will soon be followed is not doubtful. Even were the light very much more expensive than it is, the additional expense would be by no means a costly insurance for all large public buildings, where not merely loss of property, but terrible loss of life, is the result of fire. And it is reasonable to expect that, as the march of invention goes on, cost of production will be substantially diminished. But when to safety from danger there are added the advantages of freedom from heat, non-consumption and non-contamination of air, and absence of smoke, the advantages of the new invention are seen to be such as to make it certain that its general adoption for use in all large buildings is only a question of time.

If what has been already accomplished in this now rapidly expanding region of practical science is so wonderful, the future prospect is still more so. A few years may bring about a state of things in which men will be astonished that they ever could have thought the appliances of 1860 practical and convenient, and the wonders of the steam-engine be to us as the loom of old days was to those in whose generation the Jacquard was introduced. That the development will be the more rapid and the more useful in proportion to the general interest taken in it by the public is sure; and it is hoped that what has been said may tend to promote such a feeling of interest in a subject which is daily proving itself to possess substantial benefits for all.

IRELAND'S FATE—BRITAIN'S WARNING.

IRELAND is ruined!

Kingdoms rise again in time from their ruins, and a resurrection is, we hope, in store for Ireland. But to this generation, and to the next—we will not at present concern ourselves with a remoter future—that kingdom is ruined.

Evil government, like a blight, has come upon the unhappy land, has aggravated its diseases, has taken away all hope of present healing, and the result is ruin.

The main disease of Ireland is poverty—poverty which frequently reaches the stage of famine. This is a complaint which appears to belong to the soil: bad government has not produced it, but recent bad government has made a way for its fearful increase.

The disease next in importance is the failure of all confidence in the ruling powers, and of all confidence between man and man there—social dissolution.

By these two Ireland has been ruined!

It requires no argument, we think, to prove that poverty is the mortal complaint underlying, and probably causing, the other complaints. To superficial observers the ailings have seemed to be religious, or political, or agrarian; but these ailings were only the forms in which the bane showed itself. Poverty was the fatal malady. Poverty caused discontent; and discontent once aroused, was quick to clothe itself in the likeness of a specific grievance. If the proposition be assented to—as we expect that it will be—then the obvious corollary is, that to benefit Ireland substantially, her physician must find means of creating or introducing, and of distributing, wealth in her provinces. Capital from some source must be profitably used so as to provide steady employment for native labour, to develop the resources of the island, and to improve the population morally and physically.

The above being admitted, it requires but another step to show that the action of the present Government has operated to the impoverishment of Ireland, and therefore in the direction of its ruin; for every omission and every action of our present rulers has been an efficient cause of driving away what little means were yet remaining. The crime which became prevalent eighteen months ago, and which has never yet been stopped, the unlawful greed and the dishonest sentiments which were disseminated at the same time, and which have been a moral poison ever since, wrought powerfully in destruction of property, and in prevention of improvement or repair. The Government has failed—we will not say to suppress, but failed even to check the ruinous crime, the evil desire, the unjust doctrine; and by its omission to perform its duty in this respect, has encouraged the aggravation of the fatal poverty. By mere wanton and lawless destruction, which a capable Government would have prevented, the means of the country have been seriously diminished.

But the mischief which the Government has culpably tolerated, is light in comparison of that which it has directly caused. The notorious Land Act, the remedial power of which its authors and admirers so confidently predicted, has worked already, is working, and must continue to work, towards the scaring away of capital. The confiscation of rents, and the crea-

tion of tenants' rights in land, have disabled and disinclined landlords to spend a farthing on the improvement of the soil: more than this, they have induced every man with money at command to rescue it from Irish connection, and to transport it to regions where it may be safe from plunder, and where it may be put to profitable use.

In writing as above, we have not forgotten that means torn from the landlords and given to the tenants only change hands—they are not necessarily abstracted from the available wealth of the community. They rest in many pockets instead of in one, but they still are there to be spent. The country is neither richer nor poorer by the transfer. We have not forgotten this, we repeat; but we cannot refuse to accept what we believe to be the opinion of all who know the Irish well, and have studied the question. That opinion is, that the rents which have been taken from the landlords will not be applied by the tenants to the improvement of estates, or in any way to the general benefit. The transfer will simply lead to increased idleness, thriftlessness, and discontent. When there is little or no rent to pay, it will be possible to keep up the old amount of squalor, filth, and pig-companionship with less labour and care. If this be true,—and unfortunately there is only too good witness to its truth,—then the deductions from the rents are so much deducted from the fructifying wealth of the land. In other words, the direct action of the Land Act is towards impoverishing the country.

The marvellous perversity with which the Liberal Government has chosen to sympathise with the disaffected, violent, and criminal part of the Irish people, and to shut its ear and heart against the innocent and the law-abiding, has operated to the detriment of Ireland in a degree which is not yet apparent, but which must show itself with fatal certainty. It has created a general feeling that all property held in Ireland is insecure. That which the law has not yet reappropriated it may reappropriate speedily. Only a little more clamour, only a cry altogether that there is a "hunger" for some species of property, and a law will be made to seize that property and to throw it to those who are an hungered. Such a feeling may be unjust to the Ministry; but the mere existence of it, whether just or unjust, is sufficient to do incalculable damage. The disposition of every man who can control any property now in Ireland is to take it, or its value, away from thence. The disposition of every man who possesses property outside of Ireland is to keep it outside.

Whether Ministers do or do not intend to tamper more with property in Ireland, certain it is that their past conduct explains and justifies the general distrust to which we have called attention. The man who bought Irish land in reliance that he would possess it in peace under the Land Act of 1870, finds that he is despoiled by the Land Act of 1881. How can any one fail to apply this truth to present times, or to feel that he who may put money into Irish property in 1882 will be despoiled by an Act to be passed a few years later? No belief can be more hurtful in a trading or an agricultural community than the belief that the Government is ready at any time, and for any temporary purpose, to disturb the laws which affect property. Yet this belief generally obtains with regard to Irish property; and Ireland must and will smart for it.

If, then, poverty be the ruinous

disease of Ireland, and if the conduct of the present Government has aggravated that poverty, then is the Government one of the most unfortunate doctors that ever were allowed to prescribe for patients sick to death. It cannot escape from conviction of gross incapacity. And here one cannot but pause a moment to marvel at the infatuation which induced our people to allow the present Government to prescribe for Ireland at all at this time. The same Government signally failed when contending with the same disease in 1870: the mere fact that another Land Act was wanted in 1881 was a glaring proof that the treatment in 1870 was unsound; and surely this should have been a warning to the electors not to commit unhappy Ireland again to the bunglers who had already shown so much incapacity with regard to the same patient. None of them would act thus as the head of a family. None of them, having a member of his house dangerously ill, would think of making over the sufferer to a doctor who had shown himself on a former occasion totally incapable of dealing with the case satisfactorily. It would be inhuman, it would be criminal, to do so; but he would not do it—he would know better!

Not only has the course followed by Government produced ruin; it has so demoralised the people, it has so loosened the bonds of society, that it will be impossible in this century to raise the country from its ruins. The work of destruction has been done so effectually, that neither those who did it, nor any who may succeed them, can within a reasonable time accomplish a restoration. Agitation has been rewarded: that alone must be for years the cause of political disquiet, for the belief is now confirmed that agitation is the sure way to the attainment of any favourite object, good or bad; and it will be only after long time and much suffering that men will cease to seek the gratification of their desires by that method.

Again, confusion has been created between justice and injustice. The old wholesome ideas regarding property have been ruthlessly assailed—not in theory merely, but in practice. The law has not disdained to separate itself from justice in this matter, or to declare that it will side with the expediency of a moment, and set at naught principles, maxims, and precedents. One class of men has been stimulated by success to fresh efforts for the prevalence of iniquity; another has been taught to regard the law of the land as its inexorable enemy. Property is prostrate and helpless; rapine is triumphant. Society, in a proper sense, cannot exist in such circumstances.

We have been shown how contracts, deliberately and lawfully made by the parties thereto, can be arbitrarily annulled. The contracts hitherto dealt with have been concerning land alone; but the pernicious example has operated so as to detract from the sanctity of covenants generally. Consequently, man can have little or no faith in his brother man: he looks not to law and order for security, but to cunning and force. Business is paralysed; effort is seen to be useless; mere selfishness must be every one's guide; and where that dominates, knavery alone can thrive—thrive at the expense of the commonwealth, or, more properly, the common poverty. The chief cry of the moment comes from the ruined landlords; but it cannot be long before we shall hear the whine of the dishonest tenant, and of the starving

labourer. Ruin may be retrieved while society is united and sound at heart; but when the ruin proceeds from the dissolution of society, how shall the land recover? The very elements which, acting in harmony, might have stayed the plague, are in their greed and selfishness intent upon sinking the impoverished community to lower depths!

Startling facts come to light at intervals, confirming the accounts transmitted to us, and pointing morals more impressively than any preacher could do. Here is an instance. The Director of Army Contracts stated in December last that he had called for tenders in Ireland for the supply of stores to be consumed in that country. He was, it seems, in making this statement, replying to complaints that the supplies for Ireland were furnished wholly or principally by tradesmen in Great Britain. He called, as he said, for tenders in Ireland itself; his invitations extended over four months, during which period only five persons made inquiry regarding the supplies, and of these five, two only sent tenders. Does not such a revelation as this speak volumes as to the condition to which business has been reduced in the unhappy country,—as to the decay of enterprise, the non-existence of means? The Director's advertisement for tenders brings to mind the challenge of Sennacherib to Hezekiah: "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them."

The Land Act has not simply failed to produce less bitter relations between landlords and tenants; it has created jealousies and disagreements where none had ever existed before. Tenants who never in their lives had had a dispute with their landlords, have been led by the prospect of reduced rents which the Act opened up to them, to apply to the courts, and to enter into judgment with those between whom and them there had always before been confidence and harmony. A strange outcome this of a law which was trumpeted as a healing Act and a message of peace!

Conspicuous among the causes of the ruin which we see, are the tolerance which the Government extended to crime during the first months of disturbance, and the feebleness and incapacity which they have shown in dealing with it since they have been armed with special powers for that purpose. From the summer of 1880 to the commencement of 1881, it seemed as if protection to life and property were no concern of Government—as if murders, arsons, and hideous cruelties to men and beasts were not worthy to occupy the thoughts of those whose souls were intent on the higher objects of stimulating agitation by concession, of fomenting injustice and greed by the gratification of them, of ruining the wealthier and more educated portion of society by alienating its property.

There may have been instances in former days of so-called Governments which, while rebellion and crime were raging and increasing to a torrent and bursting all bounds, sate with folded arms *dum defluit amnis*—passively awaiting the end. But if such Governments have been, we have no acquaintance with them. Since the world began until now, government and crime have been things by their very nature opposed to each other, as far as our knowledge goes. There have been at different epochs different opinions as to what constituted crimes; but to those acts which the laws declared to be crimes Governments have always been uncom-

promising opponents. The very word "anarchy," when applied to a state of utter disorder such as now obtains in Ireland, witnesses to the general belief among mankind, that where crime and licence are unchecked, there can be *no government.* The idea seems to have been quite unknown of a Government which by choice would give violence and vice their heads.

Now if the attitude of the British Cabinet towards Ireland be altogether unprecedented, it is difficult to predict exactly what the result of that attitude may be, because we are without the historical parallels which alone could furnish a presentment of it. But if we know thus much—namely, that it is an attitude which is directly at variance with the wisdom, nay, the instincts, by which in all ages of the world Governments have been moved—then we may with confidence expect that it will end in evil of some kind,—in such disaster as its presumptuous, and at the same time fatuous, character invites. Yet we need not foreshadow the future for proof of the perilous course on which we are embarked. The present shows only too plainly the effect of this arrant dereliction of duty. The innocent suffer in all quarters, and call in vain on the Executive for help. Peaceful possession, freedom of action, are things altogether out of the mode. It is the criminals only who have a good time—who murder, and wound, and burn, and destroy, not simply with impunity, but with reward and encouragement at the hand of the law, — not simply unmolested by those who bear the sword, but knowing themselves to be, and known by others to be, the peculiar *mignons* in whom the rulers are well pleased.

While things have been rapidly surging onwards to the present horrible condition, the members of the Cabinet have endeavoured to keep the public mind quiet by promising and bragging. For fifteen months the assurance has been given at intervals that the Government would not fail to make life and property secure, and that it was only delaying its action in order that its wonderful healing measures might have a clear field, and work their great cure without the imputation of their having been assisted by force. Then it was boasted some four months ago by the head of the Government, that he would cut the ground from beneath the feet of the leaders of rebellion. The people have waited and waited. So far has the promise to protect life and property been broken, that both are in a manifold degree more insecure than they were when the promises were made. Assassins and destroyers of property worked before in darkness and in silence; now they openly defy the laws, turn out in mobs by thousands, and commit their crimes under the eyes of the police and military—the latter being, as it may be presumed, set in array to ornament the scenes, and to make the ascendancy of the rioters more signal.

As to cutting the ground from beneath the agitators, the history of the past quarter of a year has shown how vain, how contemptible, was that boast. The agitation has taken up a new cry and established a new wrong. Its answer to the flourish of the Prime Minister was a proclamation ordering "no rent" to be paid, where before it had allowed a reduced rent. It has maintained, and is maintaining, practice in accordance with this proclamation. It is waxing stronger by perceptible degrees. Its actions are more insolent and less guarded. It shows that it regards the opposition of Government as scarcely

worthy of notice. There is not a sign of the ground being cut from under it, but rather of it rapidly gaining ground of which it has no uncertain foothold.

The promises, then, have been mere delusions. And this must be remembered when further promises are offered (as they will be) to render the people of Great Britain still patient, while additional ills are being prepared for, and inflicted on, them. If it be true, as the Radicals have so often told us, that *force is no remedy*, is it not time that they should exhibit some remedy which may be better than force—which may eclipse all the arts of government that have been propounded by the most subtle and inventive of rulers since the dawn of history? They profess to be scandalised and horrified at the thought of their standing upon the old ways. Is it too much to require of them that they should show us ways that are more excellent than the old? A country brought at railway speed to ruin is not good standing evidence that it has been governed with superior ability.

Wilfully to depress a prominent and unoffending class of the community, even though the depression be effected by the agency of a law; persistently to force a whole nation down to ruin; obstinately to withhold from loyal subjects adequate protection for their persons and property,—these are something more than mere defects in governors; they are crimes, heinous wickednesses, and they deserve to be punished as such. The innocent blood which, through the default of our rulers, has been poured out, may righteously be required of them. Occupying the position which they do, they are as guilty as if they had themselves shed this innocent blood. Virtually they are murderers—cold-blooded murderers. Their leader, when last year it served his purpose to do so, canted about blood-guiltiness as a burden which his pious conscience shrank from with horror. The burden of blood-guiltiness incurred by neglect of his duty towards Ireland does not seem to weigh him down, though we see him dyed red from head to foot. And this is the man who, when railing against the late Government, charged them, above all other errors, with "*wickedness.*" Surely the charge may be retorted now, with justice, on the blood-stained wrong-doer who is causing utter misery to thousands. Surely sin lies at the door of him who has callously destroyed a nation!

But now, if Ireland be already ruined, as we say that she is, her case is past present remedy; and for what practical purpose are we at pains to set forth her miserable case, and to point to the authors of it? Do we desire simply to make moan over the irretrievable calamity; or are we calling down vengeance on the criminal agents of destruction? Our answer to this is, that we have not written without a practical object in view. It may be that we have been fain to wail over ruined Ireland. Who can restrain his sorrow for her? It is certain that we should gladly behold retribution overtaking her destroyers. But our main motive in writing now has reference to the future more than the past: it is to urge our countrymen to save—to save without loss of time — the parts of the empire which are still comparatively sound.

When we think of the appalling pace at which misgovernment has wrought in Ireland, we are sick with apprehension of the short time in which similar ruin may be wrought in Great Britain. It has taken our most fatal rulers only about twenty months to physic the

life out of Ireland. Twenty months ago their leader described her as "little troubled by crime, in comfort, and satisfied:" look at her now, after less than two years of his mismanagement! Should not the fate of Ireland be a warning to us—a summons to stop his ruinous career while there is yet time? Such is his talent for humbling a nation to the dust,—so rapidly can he change a "guiltless and contented" land into a pandemonium which the rudest foreign States may thank God on,—that there seems to be not a moment to lose if we would not be brought into the same condemnation as Ireland. His demolition brings to mind, by the rapidity of its action, the devastating powers of nature—the hurricane, the volcano, and the lightning-bolt. It is electric ruin. While we hesitate, while we consider, his crimes and his blunders may be initiating a havoc in England or Scotland, which, once begun, it may be difficult or impossible to stay. If the country would avert from itself the fate which now punishes Ireland, it must act at once. Not a day is to be lost!

It has been laid to the charge of Irish landlords that they might by prompt action have warded off the calamities, or some portion of the calamities, that have fallen upon their country—that a quicker apprehension of agitators' real objects, a firmer protective union, a bolder line of action, might have stemmed the torrent. We are not about to decide as to the justice or injustice of these accusations, neither would it be profitable to do so, for the punishment of the Irish landlord is already upon him,—his ruin is accomplished. We quote the charges only as a caution of solemn import to British landlords, and indeed to all holders of property in Great Britain. There can be no doubt that their trial is coming. Let it never be said that apathy, disunion, pusillanimity, forbade them to make a becoming stand for their goods. Before all things, let it not be objected that they suffered for procrastinating.

> "There is a light cloud by the moon—
> 'Tis passing, and will pass full soon;
> If by the time its vapoury sail
> Have ceased her shaded orb to veil,"

they have not taken some order for checking the revolutionary government, for repressing rapine, for preserving the laws in a condition worthy of respect, and for commanding respect for them, they must prepare for their fate, which will not be long in overtaking them.

Only twenty months, be it remembered; it took Mr Gladstone only twenty months to ruin Ireland!

This should prove that hesitation or procrastination may be fatal. While men linger, he will be laying and preparing to fire the train which is to bring us even to the same condition in which we see Ireland. In order that they may linger, he will play the game which he played last autumn, of promising and bragging. If we listen to the promises and boasts, we are lost. The "resources of civilisation" will no doubt be trumpeted again (perhaps under a newly invented name), as the means by which the transformation-scene will be effected, and everything be made to look radiant, peaceful, and delicious. It will again be affirmed that the ground shall forthwith be cut away from beneath the feet of the Land League. If we are induced to pause—if we put the slightest faith in the boasts—if

> "Man will hearken to his glozing lies,"

we lose precious opportunity, and "all the voyage of our lives" will be "spent in shallows and in miseries."

Ireland will have been sacrificed in vain if her sad example fail to warn us off the whirlpool in which she is tossed and twisted, and from which she has not yet been stranded a lifeless wreck. It is necessary, we repeat, that we turn a deaf ear to Mr Gladstone, whether he may attempt to delude us in the character of an evangelist, an apologist, or a braggart.

More than once it has been pointed out in these pages that Mr Gladstone is a luxury, and that those who would enjoy the vain pleasure of having him for their leader, must be content to pay a fancy price for him. He has cost us pretty heavily of late, and the account is not closed yet; he will cost us much more, even if we dispose of him now before February is out. Commonwealths are not fit subjects for visionaries to toy with. The price of newfangled theories of government which outrage all the wisdom and experience that men have amassed, is perdition. It is one thing to speak fluently and well; it is quite another thing to govern with sagacity, judgment, and justice. Those who have the choice of their own rulers may choose such as are showy, plausible, eloquent, impressive, and destructive; or they may prefer men with fewer or less remarkable ornamental qualities, but with some prudence, forethought, experience, and common-sense. In the former case the pleasures of the imagination will be chilled by substantial loss; in the other prosperity may go far towards enhancing satisfaction with gifts that are less striking.

One stumbling-block there is which we fully expect to see thrown in the way of those who would save their country by deposing Mr Gladstone, and that is the accusation that they will be only manœuvring to bring the Tories into office. Now, the answer to this is—first, that it is by no means certain that the present Government, if broken up, must be followed by a Tory administration; secondly, to take office at the present time, even if their duty should compel them to it, would be anything but pleasant or advantageous for the Opposition. Their game—if they were intent only on party gain—would be to let Mr Gladstone flounder on in the quagmire to which he has wandered, and to wait quietly until he should have become a hissing and a reproach to the whole land—until he should hear a deceived and desperate people curse the day when they listened to his insidious speeches. But Conservatives dare not play such a game—their patriotism would not admit of it. They know well that while they should be waiting for his thorough exposure and discomfiture, Mr Gladstone would be undermining the strength and prosperity of Great Britain. If this island be prosperous and contented now, that is no reason why it should not be turned into a region of rebellion and crime in twenty months; and he is the man to so transfigure it. The reason, then, why to strike effectively we must strike at once is, not to punish Mr Gladstone, who would in the long-run be much more severely punished by being allowed to remain where he is; not to gain power for the Tories, who would infinitely rather decline to take up the management of affairs which have been brought to such a depth of confusion and wreck; but to save—while yet she may be saved—this other island from the destruction which he has brought upon Ireland!

The Prime Minister has been reticent of late—a sure sign that he perceives the strait to which

his Government has brought itself. All of us know well his belief in the power of words well twisted, and of phrases ambiguous and suggestive, of truth suppressed, and of fallacy speciously presented, to warp opinion, and to make the worse appear the better cause. All of us know that if there be to him a cruel self-denial, it is holding his tongue—refraining from the delight of hearing his own voice while he addresses an assemblage regarded as fit subjects for the experiments of his oratory. If, then, he compel himself to silence, be sure that he perceives the case of his Government to be so bad that even his practised and unscrupulous advocacy is likely to do it harm rather than good. He is shrewd enough to see that his present best policy requires that attention should not be drawn towards the state of the country, or towards his past expressions and acts. But we shall do well to look carefully into them, nevertheless, and to mature opinion rapidly and to act promptly, whether he may speak or hold his peace.

The day, however, is fast approaching when for Ministers reticence will no longer be possible. They must speak, and yet they have nothing but disaster and failure to point to as the result of their conduct. In this unhappy case they will certainly beg for time. They will tell us once more how their wise and beneficent policy has been temporarily obstructed by unforeseen causes which prevent it from bearing as yet its blessed fruit; that this fruit nevertheless is ripening, spite of adverse chances, and will certainly be brought forth, twenty, sixty, or a hundred fold before long; and that therefore it is our duty to wait patiently for the glorious harvest, even if it tarry. But when thus appealed to, we must recollect that there is not the smallest sign as yet of anything but confusion and misery in Ireland; and that Ireland was "satisfied and but little criminal" twenty months ago, while now she is the distracted, ruined, God-forsaken land that we see her. Time, therefore, is what we must by no means give—time to set Britain by the ears—time to make a chaos in this island. It cannot be if we have any sense of the benefits which we enjoy. It cannot be if we have minds to perceive what has happened to Ireland!

Owners of property are, no doubt, sufficiently alarmed; but alarm will not help them: it is more likely to incapacitate them. Action, prompt and vigorous, is what they must resort to, if they would avert from themselves revolutionary horrors. It will be too late after projects of laws shall have been announced for making over half of their means to the tenants of their lands, or the workmen in their factories. When once confiscation shall have been definitely conceded by Ministers, the appetites of those who are to share the plunder will be quickened to a degree in which all sense of justice, all moderation, all chance of compromise, will be hopelessly lost. Let the scramble but begin, and it will never stop until that dreadful day when, everything having been overturned — blood having flowed like water, wealth having been dissipated, and democracy having rushed to such excesses that it must be saved from itself, and that a few embers may survive to found a new nation — some Napoleon may be entreated to point his cannon on the uproarious residue, and make them leave off to throttle each other, when there shall be nothing left but the pleasure of the strife as an incentive to murder.

The above, as we well know, may be sneered at as wild writing.

What an idea that Britain—steady, cautious, commercial Britain—should ever be in a condition to justify the last sentence in the foregoing paragraph! Howbeit the words have been written in sorrow, not in wantonness; after long deliberation on the aspect of affairs, not as a flourish of pessimism. Events march at such a pace in these days, like stones set to roll down inclines; unwise government and unwise laws so rapidly multiply their momentum, that almost "ere men have time to say *Behold*," the dire consequences have trodden on the heels of the ill-designed acts. Fourteen months ago there appeared in this Magazine * some remarks on the condition of Ireland, and suggestions of remedies which might (had they been adopted) have averted ruin. These were objected to as far in excess of what the occasion required—as making mountains of molehills; and yet, since then every one of the recommendations therein set forth has been discussed by the press as a possible remedy, now that it is too late to save the country; and the sad and rapid change of circumstances has completely justified our premonitions. Let no man flatter himself that, because we are here steady and secure to-day, buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, the plagues that are written in this paper may not be upon us in 1883 if we refuse to take warning and to take order for our own safety. The example of Ireland is for our instruction, like Moses and the prophets. Let us not shut our understandings to the signs of the times, waiting till one arise from the dead to convince us!

It is quite true that Great Britain to-day is very unlike what Ireland was when she was pronounced to be "contented and in comfort." Ireland at her best was but an inflammable, badly welded community, with her ear open always to the fables of the agitator,—ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-housed, idle, whisky-stricken, turbulent. There is a far less excitable race to deal with on this side the water. But then it must be remembered that the treatment which has destroyed Ireland has not been without its effect upon Britain through the eighteen months last passed. Britain has not burst into flame yet; but she has been deeply impressed with the fact that she has an impotent Government; that the law may now be used for unjust purposes which in a law-abiding community could not be spoken of; that violence may be resorted to, almost with impunity, to enforce illegal edicts, and to swell the ranks of the discontented. Above all, she knows by precept and example that by law-breaking and terror almost any political project may be realised!

It must be remembered also that the monstrous doctrine, *Force is no remedy*, was never proclaimed in Britain until somewhere about a year ago. It is a direct invitation to the ill-disposed to break the laws. It offers an immunity to those who may incline to use force against established order, against life or limb or property, and it contains an assurance that Government on its part will never seek to uphold the law by force. Such a maxim published by an executive government sounds very like a proclamation of anarchy. A people which might conduct itself on the whole very soberly under other circumstances, could hardly help being

* See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for December 1880—Art., "Ireland our Reproach."

demoralised and stirred to violence by so mad an advertisement. For in every—even in the staidest—commonwealth, there are always some bad spirits capable of doing wide-spread mischief; who are kept quiet by the dread of certain punishment as long as there is a vigorous executive, but who, once that dread is removed, incite to mischief. This baneful doctrine has probably conduced in a high degree to disorder. The men who uttered it possibly did not mean to do ill—probably did not by those words express exactly what they meant; yet the vast evil of their speech is not lessened on that account. Says the Scripture—"Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly."

Force is not a desirable or a satisfactory remedy; and nothing is lost by letting it give place to a better, when a better and an efficient one can be found. But that force *is* a remedy there can be no doubt. Sometimes, too, it is the only available remedy; and when this is the case, to hold that it must not be resorted to because it is distasteful, is to talk nonsense. It is generally a less evil than the disturbance which is to be put down. And so, as the minor of two unpalatable things, it ought certainly to be used.

Perhaps nothing weaker was ever spoken than the argument used last month by Mr Bright to the effect that it is unwise to use force, because those against whom it may be employed will afterwards retain a bitter feeling against the Government, which will rankle in their minds, and make reconciliation difficult or impossible after the coercion is past and gone. Certes, they who have felt the stroke of the law's arm will not "be senseless of the bob," will not think very kindly of ordinances or of officers. But if this argument be of any weight, it must tell as strongly against flogging the garotter, or sending the burglar to penal servitude, as against striking and keeping down the rebel by main force. Every one of these offenders will to the end of his days bear the law a grudge for what he may have suffered at her hands. But will any sane man consider that a good reason why all criminals should be coaxed and not punished? Punishment has, at any rate, the merit of effecting its purpose—*i.e.*, of awing and subduing the criminal, if it does not conciliate him. Mr Bright's method of dealing with Irish rebels neither subdues them nor conciliates. They laugh at his remedy, and curse the laws all the same!

The declaration of the Government against the use of force to uphold the law is, we repeat, in itself a heavy blow to order, and furnishes one good reason why we must not judge the Britain of to-day by the Britain of former days. The unwholesome influences of the kingdom have, so to speak, been unchained by the announcement, and will not be slow to use the licence that has been accorded to them. Everything indeed looks, at present, against the continuance of order even in Great Britain.

Such warnings as we have given above address themselves clearly to the owners of property. But, as we are by this time pretty well aware, much of the political power of the State is in the hands of persons who do not possess land or capital. Much pains have been taken to persuade this large and influential class that injustice practised against the propertied classes must be advantageous to them—cannot, at any rate, be detrimental to them. We have seen with what uproarious delight all Irish meetings receive the proposal that landlords shall disappear altogether from

among them. And we are not likely soon to forget the rapturous satisfaction with which Mr Bright contemplated "the landlords running for their lives."* It may gratify feelings of envy, hatred, and malice, certainly, to behold an unfortunate class hounded from their own, and violently turned forth as beggars. Plainly, such a spectacle affords sport to many. And, so far, it seems simple sport, quite unconnected with the wellbeing of those who enjoy it. Nevertheless it is dangerous. It will prove to be, like Mr Gladstone, a luxury, and a very expensive one. For of one fact we may be quite certain, since all history confirms it. It is this: LANDLORDS AND CAPITALISTS CANNOT SUFFER ALONE!

The idea of those whom we may call the Optative, as opposed to the Possessing, classes is that capital may be neatly and without much deterioration torn from those who now hold it, and transferred, either in the lump or by distribution, to those who hunger for it. But this is merely the prompting of appetite. All recorded examples tell against such a result. Capital forcibly torn from the owners does not pass entire, or without serious diminution, to the new recipients. It has an inveterate tendency to disperse during the transfer. It has already, by the first robbery, lost the magic protection which had been given to it by law; many feel bold to pick and snap at it; the successful spoiler will probably think it wise to spend and enjoy it while he can. Thus it is not the same power, nor anything like the same power, that it was to the former possessor. It is not likely to fructify: it is very like to be wasted. Possession will altogether disappoint expectation. When in a tempest or a mutiny at sea Jack breaks into the spirit-room, he does so under the idea that inexhaustible felicity will be at his disposal. Yet it is wonderful if he gets more than one debauch—one brutal revel to take him blind drunk to Davy Jones, or whithersoever the uncared-for ship may drift to. Should he survive to be once again a sentient being, he will probably find that the rum for which he risked everything has been allowed to run during his ecstasy, that it has all disappeared, and that he is literally worse off in respect of liquor than he was when the purser kept the tap; for puncheons of fine spirit have gone to waste, and will never gladden a soul. It is much the same with plundered property, which very soon becomes wasted property. It is found that the workman cannot thrive without the capitalist, that the two are necessary the one to the other, and that the destruction of the capitalist will quickly lead to the ruin of the workman. Workmen, before they allow themselves to be carried away by revolutionary illusions, should endeavour to discover for themselves whether what we have just said is borne out by all examples, or whether it is not.

For those who will look and learn, unhappy Ireland affords at this moment an example of what is likely to ensue whenever we may take to legal plundering in this island. Irish tenants have been by law permitted to despoil the landlords of a large fraction of their rents, and have been presented with a right—a saleable property—which

* Shakespeare's *Jack Cade* appears to have been very much of the same humour as Mr Bright, for he says—

> "We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
> Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon:
> For they are thrifty, honest men," &c.

they had not before, and which they have not acquired by any honest effort or outlay of their own. In addition to this they have, in a vast number of instances, helped themselves to the reduced rents which the law yet reserves to the landlords. But do Irish tenants appear to be in the slightest degree better off than they were before the Land Act was passed? Is there the least sign of their thriving or being made happy by their gains, lawful and unlawful? Is it not a truth that every dishonest tenant is otherwise occupied than in attending to his land—that he is alert watching his neighbour, and applying to his neighbour all kinds of unlawful pressure, lest he should act like an honest man? Is not the country thoroughly disturbed from one end to the other? and is not the tenant, with all the advantage that he has gained, an object of pity rather than of envy?

The answers to these questions are all readily obtainable in the present; but we are greatly mistaken if the future be not big with answers, which will be understood without any examination,—which will force themselves on our attention. We err greatly if within a very few months we shall not hear that the tenants who have gained so much are absolutely impoverished by the process, and that they, along with the great body of their countrymen, are once more suffering from want, the result of paralysis of business, of the absence of confidence between man and man, of the idleness caused by political excitement, and of the withdrawal of capital from the island,—causes which are now in operation, and which must be intensified as the seething of the Irish caldron increases ever towards its catastrophe.

And we cannot here refrain from making a remark concerning the many Irish ladies who have been reduced to absolute pauperism by the non-payment of rents. Their cases have been so deplorable, that the charitable part of the British public has come forward and given from their own means for the relief of these indigent ladies. It was well that in their distress they had the charity of the larger island to appeal to. But what will English ladies do when their turn shall come? There will be no larger island for them; and their turn will come if we delay.

How swiftly the desire to confiscate and to rob is spread, how unholy desires allowed to ripen and to be gratified in one locality wing their way to another, was exemplified on the 16th of January of this year, when a meeting of a society, calling itself the Land Nationalisation Society, was held in London. The objects of this association may, in brief, be stated as the dispossession of every landowner in the kingdom, without compensation, and the seizure of the land for the use of all the population in common. It is probably as yet not a powerful organisation, but it is a spark wafted from the burning house across the water. The band of would-be robbers is quite as strong as the Land League was when it began its agitation. The Nationalisation Society cannot but be mightily encouraged by the history of the Land League. It no doubt believes itself to be the grain of mustard seed which in a few months will have become a tree, and will overshadow the land, forcing the Government to work its will, and spreading terror and ruin till we have the Irish tragedy, with perhaps a few variations, repeated in the English and Scotch counties. We know that when it

shall begin, we have no help to expect from the Radical Government. Rebellion will be allowed to have its way, cheered probably by Ministerial sympathy; while its victims will be held up to censure as criminals, on whom a just retribution has at length descended. According to their programme, the society would be good enough to leave the land in the hands of the families who now own it for this and the next generation; but we doubt whether, if they should once feel themselves to be in the ascendant, they would wait so long before taking the spoil. The mention of the two generations is probably only a bait for getting the project more readily considered.

We say, then, that it is the part of every man in Great Britain, above the condition of a pauper, a criminal, or an outcast, to resist with all his might the further proceedings of Mr Gladstone's Government—and this independently of duty, but regarding self-interest merely. What public plunder really means is the dissolution of society: and those who allow themselves to be made tools to work out that result, are not the men who will gain anything when the disruption comes. Let each elector, before he is induced to acquiesce longer in the present dangerous state of things, ask himself what Irishmen have really gained by the present anarchy, and whether he would himself like to drag along a life subject to the terror of Leagues of many kinds, with capital and employers fleeing from his vicinity, with law paralysed, and with the trust of man in man extinguished. Few of them, we are sure, would desire or would endure such a state of things. But if they would avert it they must not pause, they must not hesitate, far less must they tolerate any first tamperings with property. They must act at once, or the enemy will have mastered positions from which it will be impossible afterwards to dislodge him. They must remember how in eighteen months Ireland came to her death-blow.

We have been told, we know not with what degree of correctness, that, in the Session of Parliament which is about to commence, many members who have been returned to the House of Commons as Liberals will think of their country before their party, and forsake Mr Gladstone and his fatal measures. Should any of them thus assert themselves in order to save Great Britain, their service at Shrewsbury may somewhat gild over their exploit on Gad's Hill — their rescue of this island may be some set-off against the facility with which they allowed themselves to be used for ruining the other. They must perceive by this time that Mr Gladstone is not a person to whom they may surrender their own judgments. They committed that fault last year with regard to Ireland, and they see now how incompetent a guide he was. Had they aided him to make only a harmless experiment, the failure of his plans would have condemned his followers. But they did far worse than that. They supported him in doing what they knew to be an act of cruel injustice, the only apology for which would have been that it had resulted in the pacification of Ireland. It has resulted in the aggravation of disorder and disaffection there, and in the appalling increase of crime. For these grave consequences they must see that they are responsible. To all of them who have anything to lose, the consciousness must have come that the measure which they so weakly assented to for others may now be measured to them again. If they would make atonement for

the wrong, if they would secure their own goods, they must check this revolutionary mania before it is a month older. Plausible representations and specious promises will no doubt be made for the purpose of holding them steady in their error; but they ought to know by this time what credit to give to these. They have heard such before.

We fancy that we see symptoms of a design to cajole by assurances that, let things look as they may, there has in reality been a great diminution of crime in Ireland; and this may be accepted as proof that the Queen's authority is once more regaining the ascendant, and that the efforts of the Executive may yet be crowned with success. More than one of the small deer of the Liberals have piped gently in this key, anxious, no doubt, to ascertain whether or not this is a tune to which people are likely to dance.

Now, in the first place, all evidence to which the public can attain tells for the increase in quantity, degree, and boldness of crime; and friends of the Ministry will have great difficulty in showing that the decrease of which they speak is real. Secondly, supposing even that so many crimes had not been committed during the last week or two, what would that prove? That the Queen's authority was reviving in the miserable country? By no means: it would only be a sign that the behests of the Land League were being generally obeyed, and that it is no longer necessary for that conspiracy to enforce obedience to its edicts by violence. Murders and outrages go on only as long as some remain loyal and honest. It will be nothing for the Government to boast of, if these crimes are less frequent because all men have joined the party of disorder.

Neither will it be any reason why men in Great Britain should pause an instant before taking steps to insure themselves against Ireland's fate. While they see Mr Gladstone afraid to move from place to place without a body-guard, they will be slow to believe that the reign of violence is over, or that he supposes it to be over. No matter with what persistence crime may show itself, Ireland is disintegrated for many a day.

It is a curious fact, though one not without parallel, that even now, while all around him appear the evidences of his failure and our bitter damage, there are fond partisans who can yet see no imperfection in Mr Gladstone. Those hearts which once truly loved, and can never forget, are ready to-day —and, we believe, without the least sense of irony or sarcasm—to proclaim that he never at any period of his career occupied a grander or more honourable position. The wreck of Ireland, the imminent peril of Britain, are lost upon these idolaters. He won their goodwill by his unscrupulous tongue in the past, and he bids them disbelieve their own senses in the present, and confide in him, and dismiss all care for the future—

"And they believe him!—Oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

This admiring chorus will probably be hymning in its constant and only key on the day when the flood shall come and take us all away. It knows no other note than

the note of admiration, and will be as unchangeable as the cuckoo. The devotees are past argument, past reflection, past even ridicule. They must be left to their devices. "Cry aloud, for he is a god!"

Europe looks on astonished, while the British Empire is falling to pieces. The nations, seeing the incomprehensible follies to which we allow ourselves to be deluded, fancy that we are possessed by evil spirits, and ready to rush together down a steep place into the floods. They cannot understand how a country which has attained to unexampled prosperity, and which has always been able to ward off peril from without, should be impatient of its blessings and labour for its own undoing! It is undoubtedly a strange spectacle, that of a nation well-to-do, and the envy of its neighbours, whose boast it lately was that it had grown great by following the guidance of plain common-sense, and by turning away from fair-seeming impracticable speculations, now the victim of unproven theories, lending itself to dreams and fancies, and choosing for its guides and governors, not cool hard-headed men of the world, but some of the most reckless crotcheteers that the world has ever seen.

'Maga's' counsel is, Ward off the blow: do not wait for it to fall. Put away our present Ministers as the greatest danger of all that beset us. Let them not ruin Great Britain as they have ruined Ireland: let them not even begin their experiments on her. A year and a half ago they promised great benefits. We have received no benefit, but we have suffered a large amount of evil. Let us profit by the eighteen months' experience. Ireland lies there close at hand to prove to any man who will see, how deadly—how rapidly deadly—they can be. If the friends of order do not know the value of time, the friends of disorder know it well, and will utilise every moment.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death!"

Our choice must be made at once, whether we will simply be broken (which is already our case) or whether we will be ground to powder. It is for Britain to choose. For 'Maga,' she has delivered her soul.

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WESTERN WANDERINGS: THE NEWEST AMERICAN RAILROAD.

In the south-west corner of the United States territory of New Mexico, and about twenty miles from the frontier of Mexico, lies Deming, a village of mushroom growth, which owes its importance to the fact that it is the point of junction of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroads, and that it aspires to be a terminal centre of a system of Mexican railways which are intended to connect the United States with the sister republic. Whether these hopes are destined to be realised or not, will, however, depend upon the result of the contest in which Deming is engaged with its formidable rival El Paso in Texas, the town to which I was bound when, on the evening of the 21st of last December, I descended from the sleeping-car in which I had journeyed from San Francisco. Not many months previously the change of cars at Deming had been attended with some risk. It was not an uncommon thing for a gang of "rustlers"—as the lawless desperadoes who abound in Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas are called—to surround the passengers on the platform, order them to throw up their hands so as to prevent their having recourse to their revolvers, and empty their pockets. As, however, the railways have brought law-abiding citizens into the country, and the town has assumed more respectable proportions, and enjoyed the advantage of a succession of fearless sheriffs, these outrages have diminished to such an extent that a whole fortnight had elapsed prior to my arrival without any serious disturbance of the public peace having taken place; and on this occasion the incident was one which was scarcely deemed worthy of notice. An inebriated "cow-boy," who had come up from his "ranch" to enjoy himself, by way of bringing his "spree" to a satisfactory conclusion, decided to ride through the ladies' waiting-room with a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other. He had just completed this feat, and was now looking round for some human target to his taste, when he was accidentally met by the intrepid sheriff, who happened to be carrying a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot, and who then and

there—so I was informed by an eyewitness—"blew a hole in his heart as big as your fist," thereby immensely increasing the confidence which he already enjoys in the community, and still further establishing that sense of security which has caused Deming to become the envy of its less fortunate neighbours. The local paper, describing the incident, says that "the man fell, remarking that he was a dead man." There is something peculiarly suggestive of the coolness alike of the cow-boy and the rest of the community in this sentence. With his latest breath he uttered no unworthy cry or exclamation. He simply remarked, as a casual fact, "that he was a dead man." I have heard the number of summary executions which the energetic official who now preserves order at Deming has promptly effected with his own hand put as high as twenty-five during his comparatively short tenure of office; but although he has no doubt kept an accurate score, as he is a pious church-member, he is said to be reserved on the subject, and to evade a too rigid cross-examination. The total number of men killed on the line by acts of violence during the year 1881 was put at two hundred and fifty; and I saw in a local paper with strong Hibernian tendencies a comparison between the agrarian crimes in Ireland and the miscellaneous outrages of Arizona and New Mexico, proving that the proportion of murders was much larger in those territories than in Ireland, and arguing therefrom that it was an infamous libel upon the Green Isle to stigmatise it as being in a lawless and disturbed condition. There can be no doubt that if a few trenchant officials of the type of the sheriff of Deming were scattered over the "proclaimed" districts in Ireland, the Land-Leaguers would soon share the demoralisation which is rapidly overtaking the cow-boys of New Mexico. After all, these latter are a comparatively harmless class as compared with the "rustlers." The former shoot not for gain, but for sport, or in self-defence, when their rough play leads to retaliation. They delight in taking pot-shots at the cigar of the unwary smoker, in startling him by boring a hole in the brim of his hat with a bullet, or making him dance by aiming at his toes on each foot alternately; but if he takes these amenities in good part, they do not desire his life-blood. It is only when they are in unusually high spirits that they ride pell-mell down the village street, taking shots right and left; and then it is that the indignant citizens form vigilance committees and ride in pursuit, neither party giving or receiving quarter. In all this the sordid love of pelf plays no part. It is only when they are, so to speak, outlawed, that they take to the life of the "rustler," and, like Billy the Kid or the James Brothers, become celebrated for daring acts of robbery, keep a tally of the murders they have committed by making notches on their revolvers, and form gangs which are the terror of the country, until some man as desperate as themselves, —like Wild Bill, or Garrett, who shot Billy the Kid the other night in his bedroom by moonlight,—breaks up the gang by causing the most of them to "hand in their checks," or, in other words, take their departure for another world, when a delighted and appreciative public instantly elect the self-appointed champion of order sheriff. Hence it happens that these law-preservers are for the most part as daring men and as expert shots as the law-breakers; and the in-

adequacy of courts of criminal jurisprudence to deal efficiently with existing social conditions has become universally recognised.

At Deming I transferred myself from the Southern Pacific to the new line called the "sunset route," which is intended to connect that spot with Galveston in Texas, by way of San Antonio de Behar, and which at this period was only open for passenger traffic as far as El Paso, Texas, at which town I arrived in the small hours of the morning. I had no need to be informed by a chance acquaintance whom I met at the hotel, that it was "booming." Signs of the "boom" were apparent everywhere,—in the demolition of the low Mexican houses with their pillared verandahs, which were giving way in the principal street to brand-new American stores with sloping roofs and plate-glass windows, and in the busy crowd of nondescript and rather rough-looking characters who thronged the hotel entrance, whose talk was principally of mines, ranches, and stores of groceries and dry goods. I have never visited a place more typical of American progress during wanderings which have taken me through every State in the Union; and I felt so much infected with the spirit of rush and enterprise and speculation which characterised it, that, if I had not already paid somewhat dearly for a similar experience on a former occasion, I should have been sorely tempted to invest. A fellow-traveller who was on his way from an Arizona mining city to Boston, and who intended to continue his journey with me, informed me a few hours after our arrival that he had given up his eastern journey, and was on his way to a lawyer to sign a deed of partnership with a friend whom he had accidentally met, and who had already persuaded him to go into the grocery business with him. It is this extraordinary versatility and readiness to abandon plans, form new combinations, and make prompt decisions, which enables the pioneer of civilisation in the West to rise and fall with such remarkable rapidity. The present population of El Paso is estimated at over 3000, of whom probably about two-thirds are American, and the remaining third Mexican, who lounge listlessly at the street-corners watching the stir and enterprise which have overtaken their once sleepy village, without apparently being stimulated thereby to take part in the competition for sudden wealth which has been excited.

Numerous hack-waggons with canvas tops, and drawn by seedy mules, ply between the American town and El Paso del Norte, which is situated in the Mexican province of Chihuahua on the other side of the Rio Grande, the river which forms the frontier between the United States and Mexico. The distance between the two El Pasos is only about two miles, the road lying across a plain—dusty in dry weather and knee-deep in mud after the rains—where the rich alluvial soil is already being turned to account for market-gardens, which are divided by low *adobe* walls, between which we jolt slowly over the ruts in our primitive conveyance. I had made the casual acquaintance of an American who was resident in the Mexican town, and who offered to do the honours of it if I would accompany him; but of his name and occupation I was ignorant, until we arrived at our destination. Passing the American Custom-house we reached a rough bridge, partly constructed of wooden piles and partly of a pontoon, by which the turbid yellow stream is crossed, and which is leased to the proprietor of the hack-waggons, who

charges a shilling a-head for the trip, including the toll. A little above the passenger-bridge the river is spanned by the railway, which is destined to connect the city of Mexico with El Paso, Texas, and which has already been completed for about forty miles towards the town of Chihuahua — pronounced Chiwawa. This bridge is used also by foot-passengers, and my companion told me that the night preceding a man had been robbed and murdered upon it. He said, however, that acts of violence had become rare since the late splendid exploit of the local sheriff, whose fitness for his office, in his opinion, exceeded even that of his colleague and rival at Deming; for not long before a band of six rustlers came tearing down the streets of El Paso, shooting and otherwise disconcerting the peaceable citizens. The sheriff rushed to the rescue, and posting himself in a suitable and commanding spot, emptied the whole six barrels of his revolver into the mounted gang, killing four in succession on the spot, the last falling dead at a distance of 125 measured paces. This remarkable story was confirmed by several citizens whom I questioned in regard to it, and one of whom was in the street at the time. This sheriff is notorious not only for the accuracy of his aim, but for the dexterity of his "draw"—and, as my companion insisted, "Shooting well ain't o' no account if ye don't know how to draw." As he was himself "heeled"—which is the technical term for being armed—he was able to illustrate his meaning by whipping out the revolver, which he carried in the usual pocket a little above and behind the right hip, and presenting it at an imaginary enemy with a rapidity and skill which he could only have acquired by long practice.

On the Mexican side of the Rio Grande we were inspected with great care by the barefooted slouching soldier whose duty it was to watch for contraband articles; but my companion informed me that, either by bribery or skilful smuggling, he always evaded the duties. For instance, he had carried across a pair of lamps the day before, the value of which in the United States was twelve dollars, and the duty on which was six, without being discovered, by the simple device of taking them to pieces and distributing them among the pockets of a party of friends, to whom he promised a free entrance to his "dance-saloon;" for he went on to say that while waiting for something more profitable to turn up, "he was running a dance-saloon," and it was at the door of this establishment, which was a roughly constructed long wooden erection, that he ordered the hack to stop, and politely escorted me to the bar, where he was warmly greeted as "Jim" by a group who were collected round it, and to each of whom I was presented formally by Jim, who prefaced his introduction by turning to me and saying, "Let's see—what was it you said your name was?" As I had said nothing whatever about my name, it is evident that before a satisfactory introduction could take place, this delicate way of gaining the information had become necessary. In regard to my entertainer, my curiosity was amply satisfied by knowing that he was "Jim," and a very popular Jim he seemed. I had, however, "to stand drinks round" at his own bar to him and the crowd, in return for making the acquaintance of so many choice spirits, and from that moment began to revolve in my mind schemes for escape. It was evident they were all "heeled;" and though nothing could exceed their politeness,

there was something in the local surroundings — in the tawdry attempts at ball-room decorations, in the dust and *débris* of the previous night's dance which a small boy was sweeping up, in the loose unprincipled aspect of the irregular rows of bottles behind the bar, and the haggard debauched look of Jim's friends before it—which was not calculated to inspire confidence. Besides, I saw a perspective of innumerable drinks, so I gently insinuated that I was obliged to go to the office of the railway on business, and slipped away into the Plaza, which had a church of the usual Mexican style of architecture on one side, and a row of stunted trees all round, with stone benches under them, while the whole of the central space was covered over with an immense temporary wooden erection, under which *faro*, *monte*, and *roulette* tables were abundantly scattered; for this was Christmas week, and every night the town became a scene of gambling, riot, and debauch. It was still early in the day, so that only one card-table was in active operation, round which a group of slouching Mexicans were crowded, eagerly betting, and watching the game.

El Paso del Norte is an old and thoroughly typical Mexican town. The low *adobe* houses which line the ragged streets open on a narrow *trottoir*, where walking is difficult in consequence of idle loungers, and a descent from it into the street itself means literally wading in a pond. In some of these lanes I saw mules slushing through the water knee-deep, and this seemed the normal condition of the principal thoroughfares. Behind the church was a bull-ring, where, during Christmas week, two or three fights take place; and behind the bull-ring were the barracks. Here I scraped another casual acquaintance, in the person of a long-haired American, who was lounging at the gateway, and who appeared to be on intimate terms with the Mexican corporal of the guard. Through him I obtained permission to visit the barracks, which contained in all 120 men, whose quarters and accoutrements I inspected, finding both much better than I expected. It is true they all lived in one large room, and slept on the mud floor, but it was clean and airy. On the other side of the barrack-yard was a prison, which I also examined. Here was a manacled Mexican, smoking cigarettes and waiting calmly the day of his execution for a murder which he had committed, and which was to take place in a week. There was, besides, a group of other prisoners for minor offences; and among them, eating the usual black cakes made of beans, were two free-born American citizens of the rustler class, in whom my long-haired friend was interested, and whom he consoled with words of encouragement, assuring them that he was taking active measures to secure their liberty. These most likely consisted in a large fee to his friend the corporal or some of the other Mexican officers, commissioned or non-commissioned, with all of whom he seemed on good terms.

The attractions of El Paso were soon exhausted. Almost every other house was a drinking-saloon; and the whole place had an air of dissipation which was rather suggestive than alluring. The worst class of Americans come over from the other side, preying upon the vices of the Mexicans to their own profit, and making what money they can out of their propensities for gambling, drinking, and dancing. "Le vin, le jeu, les belles, voilà nos seules plaisirs," seemed fitly to describe their lives and

occupation, at all events during Christmas week. My fellow-passenger back in the hack was an American "belle," who had been up to see the "boys," as she called them, whom I had visited in prison, who were friends of hers; and during the interview, a Mexican soldier had taken advantage of a touching moment to rob her of five dollars and her pocket-handkerchief, so that I was entertained by her opinions of the Mexicans as a race, couched in strong language, during the half-hour I enjoyed the pleasure of her society.

As I was informed at El Paso that although the new Texas Pacific Railway would not be open for passenger traffic for a week, it was possible to get through on a construction-train; and as I was fortunate enough to meet one of the officials who was going by it, I determined to take advantage of his kind offer to put me through to New Orleans by this as yet untraversed route. The hour for the starting of the train was one in the morning, and the accommodation a workman's caboose. As provender was doubtful on the line, I provided myself with a package of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs sufficient to last for two days, and with this simple store took my seat, in company with about a dozen workmen who were going down the line, on the narrow bench of the caboose, behind which we dragged some trucks loaded with rails, which we were constantly dropping or adding to for the remainder of the night, the ever-recurring shocks which attended the operation rendering sleep impossible, even had the accommodation otherwise admitted of it. For fifty miles the line skirts the Rio Grande; and I was informed there were already some good farms being opened, and that American settlers were beginning to take up their abode in the small Mexican villages on the banks. At daylight we reached Camp Rice, the spot at which the railway leaves the river. Here there were one or two shanties, very much resembling the poorest kind of Irish hovels; but in one of them we found a stalwart American, with a Chinaman as cook, who most unexpectedly provided us with a cup of hot coffee and a tough beefsteak. Excepting where some willows and alders fringed the river-banks, the country was treeless and desolate in the extreme. At nine o'clock we reached Sierra Blanca, the junction of the Galveston and San Antonio Railway with the Texas Pacific. The former line now trends to the south, but it is only completed from El Paso to this point, a distance of ninety-four miles, which we had traversed at the rate of about ten miles an hour, and which will probably not be opened to San Antonio for some months yet.

Sierra Blanca consisted of a tent and a stationary caboose, which had been taken possession of by an irrepressible Chinaman, and converted into a kitchen and dining-room for the workmen on the line. We found here about a dozen men, some of them navvies, and two or three enterprising travellers, who, like myself, were trying to work their way through by the new route. They had arrived from El Paso twenty-four hours before; but the train which should have met them—also a construction-train—had not yet appeared; in fact it was now thirty hours late, and the prospect seemed gloomy in the extreme. Most of the travellers of the day before had been obliged to spend the night sleeping round a large fire they had made under the canopy of heaven. One or two had found quarters in the tent, and others had passed the night in the

Chinaman's caboose; but none of these alternatives were pleasant to anticipate. The country round was a desolate waste of *mesquite* scrub, Spanish dagger, and bear grass,—the Spanish dagger a species of cactus twisting its weird forms far as the eye could reach across the prairie, and the bear-grass yellow and seared for lack of water. There is an absolute dearth of water across the desert here for about 200 miles; and the engines, as well as the employees, have to be supplied from the tanks which are brought by rail and stationed along the line, so that the freight of the water is a considerable addition to the cost of maintenance. It is hoped, however, that energetic boring will remedy this evil in time, and that wells will be found. Until then, although the soil is excellent, the resources which this region undoubtedly contains must remain undeveloped.

We were delighted, while enjoying a modest repast of fried pork and beans in the Chinaman's caboose, to receive the welcome intelligence that the train was approaching, though somewhat dismayed on its arrival to find nothing better than a "box-car" to stow ourselves away in. With the addition to our numbers formed by the delayed passengers of the night before, we had no room to sit, much less to lie down; and as "the crowd" consisted almost entirely of the great unwashed, the atmosphere was stifling. This could be remedied by pushing back the sliding door—there were no windows; but the temperature was too low to make this agreeable, and we had therefore to choose between being nearly stifled or chilled. The former alternative was considered preferable, and the fetid odours were somewhat modified by dense clouds of bad tobacco smoke. The conversation consisted largely of profane anecdotes and local experiences of brawls and cheating or being cheated at play or in business; and so we crawled warily across the scrubby desert, between two barren ranges of serrated hills which rise to a height varying from 1000 to 1500 feet above the level of the plain—one called the Sierra Diablo, and the other the Sierra Carrizo. The former of these is said to be the highest mountain on the route, and is nearly 6000 feet above the sea-level. Although the line itself nowhere rises very perceptibly, and must have been an easy one to construct, on account of the absence of grades, it reaches an elevation at its highest level, which we shortly after attained, of about 4500 feet above the sea. Here our engine broke down, and we stopped for repairs near a couple of tents in which four men were encamped, who had been boring for water. This they had just been fortunate enough to find at a depth of 225 feet, and the water had already risen 60 feet in the well. It was being drawn to the surface by a pump worked by two mules, and was of a grey colour, but perfectly drinkable. There was something particularly dreary and isolated-looking in the position of this camp, and I was not surprised to see a rifle lying on the ground beside each man's mattress. I asked the men whether they had no fear of attacks from the Indians, but they said that not more than three or four men had been killed by Indians on the line during the year, and that they felt tolerably safe, as the Indians had all returned to the reservation since the summer troubles. These had been the most serious on the Southern Pacific road in Arizona, where the Apaches had been out in such great force as to

cause some of the stations on the line to be abandoned for some days. One poor woman at a small station at which I had been delayed for some hours, owing to the smash-up of a freight-train, gave me a vivid description of a night of terror which she spent in the scrub, owing to the proximity of a band of Apaches to the section-house which she and her husband inhabited, and from which they fled precipitately at midnight, owing to a report brought in by some workmen that they had been chased by the Indians only a few miles lower down the line. It is due to the aborigines to say that they are more sinned against than sinning. The frauds perpetrated upon them by the Indian agents, by which they are sometimes driven almost to starvation, and hence to despair, render them savage and reckless; and they secretly leave the reservation in large bands, scouring the country, plundering and murdering defenceless settlers, and revenging themselves upon the white man generally for injuries which they undergo at the hands of the Government officials, until troops are concentrated in the disturbed district, and the pursuit gets too hot to be pleasant, when they sneak back by twos and threes to the reservation, assume an air of harmless and injured simplicity, and deny strenuously that they have ever left it. To judge, however, from the accounts which I received in all quarters of their treatment at the hands of the Indian agents, these latter are a far less civilised class than the savages whose affairs they are supposed to administer.

It was dark before we commenced our descent from the summit level, and I therefore missed seeing what little scenery there is in the shape of a pass through the hills, which is said to occur at this point. I am inclined to think, however, that there is nothing very striking to be seen. We stopped repeatedly at the frame section-houses—which occur every ten or fifteen miles, and are the only signs of human life along the line—to drop or add on trucks, and on these occasions could hear the plaintive wail of the coyotes breaking the silence of the desert as they approached the habitation of man in search of food. The skins of these animals are worth a dollar apiece; and one of the section-house men told me he had killed twenty in two days, so that he was enabled to vary the monotony of his life and add to his income at the same time. I observed two "loping" stealthily along through the scrub just before nightfall, and so far they were the only wild animals I had seen. As we were leaving one of the section-houses, the tedium of the journey was varied by one of the men, who was standing near the open door of the box-car as we were moving slowly along, falling suddenly out of it in an epileptic fit. He was picked up without having sustained any serious injury; and, curiously enough, two hours had scarcely elapsed after his recovery, when another man who was sitting next to me, and whose head had been constantly dropping upon my shoulder as he dosed, was similarly attacked. Two other men who had been copiously imbibing from bottles they had brought with them, became, at the same time, drunk and uproarious; and the confusion of attending upon the sick man, and keeping his inebriated comrades quiet, in a dark box about half the size of an ordinary luggage-van, by the light of a feeble, smoky petroleum-lamp, was an experience so eminently disagreeable, especially combined with a fetid odour of humanity and tobacco-smoke acting on an empty

stomach, that my satisfaction was intense on finding at one in the morning that we had arrived at Toyah, that we were to stay there for six or seven hours, and that there would be a possibility of finding a shake-down of some sort in a tent or shanty. As my official friend was compelled to leave me here in order to visit another part of the line, to which he proceeded on an engine, I attached myself to an individual whose respectability seemed to some extent guaranteed by the fact that he was possessed of some baggage in the shape of a hand-valise, and was altogether the most presentable-looking personage, so far as costume and "deportment" were concerned, in the party. Together we went on a voyage of discovery for night-quarters, and were not a little surprised to find in the dead of night this wild remote camp in a state of general illumination and apparent festivity.

Our reception was more characteristic than pleasant. We had not walked a dozen yards from the train when we were startled by two reports from a pistol, and I distinctly heard the bullets sing through the air at no great distance. My companion was evidently under no doubt on the subject, for he drily remarked: "Guess them shooters was loaded; the boys must be having a good time,"—which, if noise meant anything, they certainly were, for the shots were succeeded by shouts and yells, and more shots, though I did not hear the whistle of any more bullets. All this was taking place at some saloons about two hundred yards distant, and I suggested that we should go to a shanty as far as possible in the opposite direction, which rejoiced in the attractive title of "The Nip Tuck Saloon." I did not so much care about the nip as the tuck, if it could be got, but I feared there was not much hope. However, it was a good sign of the respectability of the house that it was shut up and the proprietor in bed. It was a wooden construction, with a bar and saloon below, and a loft above; and when our sleepy host opened the door, he told us we should find a couple of unoccupied beds in the latter. The approach to it was by a stair outside the shanty, and it turned out a gaunt, draughty apartment, with the moonlight coming through the chinks of the boards which formed roof and walls. In close proximity to each other were two full beds and two empty ones. It is not pleasant to go to bed in a room with two characters curled up in adjoining beds whom you have never seen awake, and in regard to whose nature and disposition you have nothing to guide you but their snores, and so much of their noses and beards as appear above the bed-clothes—particularly while shooting continues lively and suggestive just outside the house. My immediate neighbour, for all I knew to the contrary, might be a "Colorado Jim," or a "Buffalo Bill," or a "James Brother," only waiting for me to drop off into an innocent slumber to begin "blowing holes" in me for fun, preparatory to emptying my pockets. I had taken the precaution so to dispose of my cash that no one short of a detective would have found it—so I was not uneasy on this score; and I had left my baggage in the train. My companion, however, "hung on" to his valise with such pertinacity that I expected to see him make an elaborate change of toilet before turning in; but he only hid it under his greatcoat, and divested himself of his outer garments. Just at this period our host looked in, and I questioned him in regard to the noise and firing. He said "it

was only the boys having a good time; they were only in play; there might be some one hurt by morning, or there might not. He guessed there wouldn't; they was only cowboys and Mexicans in on a spree. There warn't no rustlers among them." He admitted, however, that Toyah "was a putty hard place," — with which consolatory assurance he left me; and a few moments afterwards, in spite of the snores of my next neighbour, and the extreme hardness and lumpiness of the bed, and the perpetual popping of pistols and yells of joy and merriment inspired by whisky, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was only awakened a little before daylight by all the dogs in the place uniting in a frantic chorus of barking, probably at the intrusion into their precincts of a too inquisitive coyote. My companions shortly after revealed their real character, and when they appeared awake and dressed, wore a harmless and respectable aspect. He of the valise now disclosed to me the mystery of his luggage. "Mister," he said to me abruptly, after the two others had left the room, "let's see—what was it you said your name was again?" I told him, though, as in the case of my El Paso friend, I had never mentioned it before, and he kept constantly forgetting it afterwards, and repeating his inquiry. He was too much excited by the revelation he was going to make to think seriously of anything else but his valise, which he unlocked, and displayed, not a change of clothing, but specimens of silver-ore of all shapes and sizes, the whole making up a package from which he never parted, though, as he said, it was "considerable hefty." This was all the baggage he was taking east, and on this foundation he proposed to build his pile. They were specimens from a mine he had struck in Chihuahua, and his eyes gleamed with the fire of the veteran prospector when he spoke of it. This disclosure was such a touching evidence of the confidence with which I had inspired him, that we became great friends henceforth; and I went so far as to introduce him to an acquaintance I made later in the train, and who, I thought, might be useful to him, prefacing my introduction by the remark, "Mister, let's see—what was it you said your name was again?" Our host gave us a cup of coffee and a tough beef-steak for breakfast; and on my questioning him as to the result of last night's spree, he said he had not heard that any of the boys "had been much hurt." Probably a shot through the calf of the leg, or a trifle of that sort.

I took a stroll through the place in the cool morning air, when it was still slumbering off the effects of the previous night's dissipation, and counted twelve wooden shanties and twelve tents—all saloons, with the exception of a dry-goods store, a grocery store, and a blacksmith's shop. Toyah is 194 miles from El Paso, and was the first inhabited spot, excepting tents and section-houses dwelt in by railway employees, I had seen since leaving the former place. It had taken us just twenty-four hours to perform this distance. It is supplied with water from a spring not very far distant, and the existence of some large cattle-ranches in the neighbourhood shows that the country is not altogether destitute of that important commodity. Here, to my great relief, I found that a rough passenger-carriage had been substituted for the caboose in which we had hitherto journeyed; and I took my seat in company with some twenty others, with the feeling that I was once more approaching the regions of civilisation. After tra-

versing for twenty miles the plain of *mesquite* scrub, which differed in nothing from that which we had crossed for over two hundred miles, we reached the Pecos river, a yellow, sluggish, winding stream, that cuts its way across the plain between precipitous banks of clay ten or twelve feet high, which makes it a difficult stream for cattle to approach for watering purposes. Owing to the number of salt lagoons which drain into it, the Pecos is too brackish to be used by man for drinking purposes, though the cattle are very fond of it. It is also impregnated with gypsum. The engineer told me that it was so full of saline deposit as to render it useless so far as the locomotives were concerned. Beyond the Pecos the appearance of the country somewhat improved. The grass was greener and more succulent, and I observed several droves of cattle in splendid condition. Here, too, prairie-dogs abound, popping in and out of their holes, and giving short impatient barks as they watched the passing train with inquisitive eyes. As we progressed game became abundant; huge droves of antelope, numbering several hundreds in each drove, scampered across the track, and we sometimes had to slacken up and whistle them off it. Three of the passengers had rifles, and kept firing incessantly at the beautiful animals as they showed their white sterns and bounded in huddled masses through the scrub. I am happy to say I only saw one wounded: it was mere wanton cruelty, as even had they killed any, we should not have stopped to pick them up; but had I not seen it, I could not have believed that in any part of the country game was still to be found in such multitudes. I also saw four deer; and three dark objects were pointed out to me on the horizon, which I was assured were buffalo. I was obliged, however, to take my informant's word for this, as without opera-glasses it was impossible to be sure of it. There is no doubt, however, of their presence in large numbers on the line, as two hunters whom I met at one of the section-houses assured me they had killed sixty-five during the week. There was quite an eatable dinner prepared for us in a section-house, although there were no signs of habitations or a settled population throughout the whole day's journey. In the afternoon we passed numerous salt lagoons, which are dry during the summer, and which even now exposed extensive saline tracts to view; and a little after dark reached Big Springs, also a town of saloons—a sort of magnified Toyah. It was too dark, however, to see more than the glimmer of its petroleum-lamps in the tents and shanties, and hear the sounds of merriment which proceeded from them; for this was Christmas Eve, and sprees were going on in every direction, with occasional explosions of gunpowder.

Big Springs is situated at the present extreme limit of Western Texas civilisation. From here eastwards settled habitations occur at intervals, and the character of the country begins to change; and here I found a sleeping-car, and could actually take a ticket and consider myself on a line of recognised travel. From El Paso to this point I had paid for the privilege of being bottled up in cabooses and box-cars at the rate of five cents per mile, but there were no regular tickets issued. Now I afforded myself the luxury of a "section," much to the astonishment of my mining friend, who was so little familiar with the term, that when asked whether he

wanted a "whole section," he thought the conductor was offering him 640 acres of railway land. When day dawned, our eyes were rejoiced once more by the sight of trees. They were the first I had seen since leaving El Paso, and even those had been planted, and were irrigated from the river. Indeed, all the way from Los Angeles in Southern California, the country is completely destitute of any other vegetation than that of various kinds of cacti and bushy scrub. Here, too, near the railway station, were groups of houses, with a post-office, stores, and other indications of a settled country. The population was evidently still of the "hard" type, however. As we drew up at the platform of one small station, a free fight was in active progress upon it. Two or three pistol-shots were fired, and the engineer seemed to think it best not to linger, so we glided slowly past the combatants—not, however, before one of them had time to spring on to the train. I was not aware of this fact, or I should have questioned him as to the occurrence generally. I only saw him two stations afterwards, when he was arrested by a sheriff's *posse*, so I suppose he had been shooting to some purpose. From this and other indications which I observed along the line of route, I should judge that the list of casualties from the use of the revolver was larger on Christmas Day than on that of any other day set apart for religious celebration and worship throughout the year. The irrepressible newsboy now appeared on the train, and I observed that his stock of light literature consisted chiefly of the lives and exploits of notorious border ruffians and desperadoes, written in the thrilling style calculated to stimulate the imaginations of the rising generation, and foster a wholesome spirit of emulation.

We found quite a gorgeous Christmas dinner prepared for us at Weatherford; and a large proportion of the male population took advantage of the arrival of the train and dined with us, entertaining us as though we had been distinguished guests—which did not release us, however, from the obligation of paying for our dinner. At night we reached the thriving town of Dallas, which boasts a population of fifteen or sixteen thousand, and here I promised myself a full night's rest in a comfortable bed. The Texas Pacific continues to Texarkana, a town on the State line dividing Texas and Arkansas; but I left it at this point to strike south. Its total length is about 860 miles, of which 450 have been built during last year. On the 1st of January of this year it was to be opened for passenger traffic; and in spite of the barren character of the country through which it passes, there can be no doubt that a great future is in store for it. At present, passengers travelling between California and the East in winter, whether they go across the Rocky Mountains by the Union Pacific, or round by way of the Southern Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroads, are always subject to the risk of being snowed-in, and to the inconveniencies of inclement weather; but by taking the Texas Pacific route to St Louis and the East, a temperate climate is assured, and there is an entire absence of steep grades, snow-sheds, tunnels, or cuttings, which, if they increase the picturesqueness of a line, interfere with its smoothness and comfort; but besides this, the Texas Pacific will bring the Southern States into direct communication with California and Mexico. It will open up a vast tract of terri-

tory, of which the mining resources are unknown, and which only needs irrigation to be made to yield of its abundance; and experience has shown in the St Joachim valley, and elsewhere in California, the changes which artesian wells produce upon the face of a country. It will enable the ranchers of Western Texas and New Mexico to bring their cattle down to Galveston and other ports of export on the Mexican Gulf, and, in fact, thoroughly open up a region which has hitherto been almost hermetically sealed to the introduction of capital. In all this it will have a serious rival in the Galveston, San Antonio, and El Paso Railway; but there will probably be found traffic for both. At present these embryo lines have entered into a joint working arrangement, which, however, is scarcely likely to last. From El Paso westward it is proposed to continue the system by a line almost parallel to the Southern Pacific, having for its terminal point San Diego, the most southern port of California, and which boasts a magnificent harbour; and it is hoped that the traffic to Australia may be diverted from San Francisco to this point. Both companies have been granted immense tracts of land on either side of their tracks; and at the present moment there can be no doubt that the prudent and far-sighted speculator might invest money at points, which, as the country develops, are certain to acquire importance, to great advantage. A year hence it will probably be too late; but there are now spots in the neighbourhood of springs, and on the Pecos river, which are to be had almost for nothing, and which must inevitably rise rapidly in value.

It is a thirty-three hours' run from Dallas to New Orleans; and I was grateful to find myself in the St Charles Hotel of that city, after a journey of eight days and a half, including stoppages, from San Francisco. As the first traveller who had come through the new route from one city to the other, I was duly interviewed, and found myself an object of some interest. It is probable that before this appears in print, the journey will be regularly performed in six days, or even less. I was in a hurry to get on from New Orleans to Havana; but in the absence of any direct boat, was compelled to take a steamer which touched at ports on the Florida coast. As they were places rarely visited by the ordinary traveller, I was consoled to some degree for the delay thus involved. Cedar Keys is the most southern point at present reached by any connected system of American railways, and it owes its growth and present importance mainly to this fact: A group of flat, sandy, coral islets shelter the harbour, and on one of these the town is built. On another, separated from it by a channel about half a mile wide, is a village mainly inhabited by employees in the cedar-mills. A few years ago there were not more than twenty houses on the two islands: they now contain a population of about 2000; and on the one most thickly inhabited, which is separated from the mainland by a lagoon traversed by the railway, I observed a good many new houses being built of the shell concrete, which is the most available material. The isle is so narrow that there is only room for the one street, which runs nearly its total length; but it then forms an angle like the letter L, and the spur widens out, so that the place will have room to spread in this direction. Here it rises to a height of forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea in three separate mounds. These are artificially

formed, and were ancient Indian burial-places of immense extent. They are now overgrown with various kinds of ilex, palmettos, tamarisk, and pines, beneath which people are already beginning to perch their houses. In digging the foundations they exhume numbers of skulls, fragments of Indian pottery, flint arrowheads, and other vestiges of antiquity; but so far they have only scraped on the surface. It is possible that a really serious excavation undertaken here might bring to light many objects of interest: as it was, I gave a little girl twenty-five cents for a flint arrowhead that she had found. I grubbed into the mounds myself for a short time, and found that they were composed almost entirely of shells and loose loam.

The main industry of Cedar Keys is the manufactory of cedar-wood for lead-pencils. The air was perfumed with the odour, and huge rafts of cedar-logs were being slowly propelled across the lagoons from the swamps where they are cut. Formerly they used to be shipped in bulk for manufacture; but now they are sawn up on the spot to the requisite length for lead-pencils. I visited one of the manufactories; but the largest was that of Mr Faber on the other island. A delay of three hours sufficed to exhaust the attractions of Cedar Keys, and we steamed slowly down the Florida coast in our very lively little craft, which made bad weather of it against a strong head-wind. It is a run of thirty hours to Key West; but as the channel is too difficult to enter by night, we were compelled to wait outside for daylight before running for seven or eight miles between the flat coral-islands, thickly wooded, on one of which the town is situated. It is the most southerly possession of the United States, and is quite tropical in the character of its vegetation. I was altogether unprepared to find in this remote spot so large, well-built, and flourishing a town. The island is three miles and a quarter long, with an average breadth of about a mile, and is traversed in all directions near the town by excellent roads. On these are situated the houses and villas of the citizens, surrounded by fruit and flower gardens, which in some cases are quite extensive, and attest the wealth of the proprietor.

Thus on New-Year's Day we found roses, poinsettias, daturas, oleanders, yellow elders, and other plants, glowing in a perfect blaze of colour; while groves of cocoanuts, with here and there a date-palm, bananas, papaws, shaddocks, sapodillas, sour-sops, custard-apples, tamarinds, and alligator-pears, reminded one that the possessions of Uncle Sam extend into more southern latitudes than one is apt to realise. On the highest point of the island, which is not more than eight or ten feet above the sea-level, a convent is situated, surrounded by gardens, where I was kindly received by the lady-superior, and from its upper balcony obtained a view over the whole island. Here thirteen nuns, affiliated to a large convent of the same order at Montreal, have been recently established. Indeed the building is not yet completed; their schools, however, already contain 120 children. The whole population of the island was estimated by a local resident at 13,000—but I am inclined to think that this was too high,—of whom 6000 are Cubans—principally refugees during the recent Cuban insurrection, who have established themselves here as tobacco manufacturers — 4000 Americans, and 3000 negroes. A large proportion of the latter come from our own colony of the Bahamas. The prin-

cipal industry of the place is the manufacture into cigars of raw Cuban tobacco, which is brought over in the leaf to avoid the duty. It is said that the climate of Key West so much resembles that of Cuba, from which it is only eighty miles distant, that it is not possible to distinguish the cigars made here from those of Havana, which are supposed to derive their peculiar excellence as much from the properties of the climate as from those of the tobacco itself. Next in importance to the tobacco industry comes the sponge trade. These sponges are obtained on the coral bottom at a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet, and are brought to the surface, not by divers, as in the Mediterranean, but by long poles with hooks at the end of them, as the water is so transparent that on a still day they are clearly to be distinguished at the bottom. The harbour was full of the small schooners employed for this purpose, and the wharf was piled with sponge-heaps, which were sold by auction while I was present, and realised over £3000. The average amount of the sale every day during the season is about £2000. I was told that prices were unusually high; but I nevertheless bought a very good sponge for a shilling. From two to three hundred turtle a-week are also exported from Key West to New York; and a very large trade is done with Havana in fish. Altogether tobacco, sponges, turtle, and fish, combine to support a thriving, active, and increasing community.

It so happened that on the day of my visit nearly all the shops were shut, for it was the negroes' holiday, and they were most ostentatiously engaged in celebrating their independence. Bands of negresses of all ages, dressed in white book muslin, with pink or blue sashes, according to the group in the procession to which they belonged, were eagerly gathering at the street-corners, flaunting their finery with the vanity peculiar to the race,—their black arms showing beneath their transparent sleeves, and the open-worked thread stockings and high-heeled embroidered shoes forming a most singular *chaussure* for the huge black feet, upon which they endeavoured daintily to trip along,—their extensive hips swaying gracefully from side to side as they languished upon the arms of their beaux, who wore white-thread gloves, high silk hats, and black frock-coat, trousers, and waistcoat, with pink or blue ribbons crossing their chests, as though supporting some knightly order, and flowers in their button-holes. When the band appeared, and the flags waved, and the procession formed, the whole proceeding was irresistibly comic in its grave solemnity, and the air of importance and distinction assumed by the performers, —more so, in fact, than a procession of buffoons fantastically dressed, which appeared later in the day, dancing and throwing themselves into grotesque attitudes, which were not altogether decent, but which afforded infinite diversion to the sable spectators. I heard that the performances were to close with speech-making and a ball; but owing to the departure of the steamer, I missed these interesting functions.

Key West was a point of some military importance during the American Civil War, and Fort Taylor, a massive structure on a rocky islet, connected with the larger island by a bridge, was strongly garrisoned, and is at the present time heavily armed, though its garrison is reduced to a single caretaker. The barracks are situated at the other end of the town, but the company of soldiers which

occupied them had been recently transferred to the mainland. As a settlement it has as old a history as any in America, having been originally under Spanish rule, from which it subsequently passed into British possession. In those days, however, and even for long after it became the property of the United States, it was an obscure, insignificant place, and it is only since the Civil War, but more especially since the termination of the Cuban insurrection in 1876, that its present prosperity has developed, so that its population is now tenfold what it was twenty years ago. The island is so low that it is subject to inundations from the sea after violent hurricanes; and upon more than one occasion the inhabitants of the streets contiguous to the port have been compelled to flee precipitately with all their household goods to the centre of the island to escape the invading ocean. Owing to the number of casualties happening to ships navigating these dangerous waters, the United States Government has organised an establishment at Key West consisting of several licensed vessels, which are kept cruising on the look-out for ships in distress or in want of pilots. Indeed the Florida Keys or Cays are a sinister-looking appendage to the mainland—from the south-eastern extremity of which this maze of low mangrove and wooded islets, rocks, and sandbanks, sweep to the south and west for nearly 200 miles. Throughout their whole extent they are skirted to the distance of from four to six miles by dangerous narrow coral-reefs, which are "steep-to," and through which there are several cuts leading to a navigable channel within, for vessels of the heaviest draught, as far up from the westward as Key West. It is creditable to the United States Government that lighthouses are tolerably numerous.

It is only a run of eight or nine hours from Key West to Havana, at which city I arrived exactly a fortnight after having left San Francisco. If a regular line of direct steamers were established between New Orleans and Havana, the journey, now that the Texas Pacific is opened, could be performed from San Francisco to the latter city in eight days, thus furnishing a fresh illustration of the facilities for travel which newly established routes are affording for communication between important commercial centres hitherto unconnected.

A week later and I was gliding beneath the forest-clad mountains of San Domingo, the fairest island of the Antilles, and could realise, as I gazed upon their wooded slopes, the emotions which must have stirred the heart of Columbus when, after sighting the low coral islet of Watling, he found himself in the presence of what he believed to be a new continent, to which, in the joy of finding his long-cherished hopes realised, he gave the name of Hispaniola. Just before rounding Cape Isabelle, we can see the bay in which he founded the first colony in the New World four hundred years ago: its site is now indicated by the ruins of a single pillar, almost hidden among the bushes near the beach. An hour more and we are cautiously creeping between the closely approaching reefs into the insecure harbour of Porto Plata, which, notwithstanding the disadvantages of its position, is nevertheless the chief commercial port of the island. Like a frail beauty, what it lacks in safety, it makes up for in looks. Nothing can be more enchanting than the aspect of the place from the seaward, nestled in groves of

palms and other tropical trees at the base of the singular flat-peaked mountain, Isabella della Torres, which rises in rear of the town to a height of nearly 3000 feet, clothed to its summit with magnificent timber. The bright red and grey roofs of the little town contrast agreeably with the foliage in which its houses seem embowered. The harbour is a semicircular basin about half a mile in extent, with a low sandy beach and shallow water, excepting near the entrance, which is very narrow; on one side of it is a mangrove-covered point, and on the other a grassy hill about seventy feet high, crowned by a fort and lighthouse. In rear of this is the town, and I lost no time in landing to see whether its internal attractions justified those of its outward aspect. If ever there was a case in which, while "every prospect pleases, only man is vile," was true, it is eminently so of Porto Plata. The town consists of a dozen or more narrow streets intersecting each other at right angles, the houses one-storey wooden tenements with verandahs and roofs of corrugated iron or shingle. There is an almost entire absence of side walks; while huge puddles, crossed by stepping-stones, and treacherous mud-holes, lie in wait for the unwary foot-passenger. There are no roads or wheeled vehicles in the place, and the population move about the town on foot, and go into the country on pony-back. The total number of inhabitants is between 4000 and 5000, of whom not a hundred are pure white, and they are all foreigners. Signs of the disastrous effects of administration by a negro republic were evident in the decaying aspect of the place. No new houses were being built, but the ruined foundations of those which had formerly existed were numerous. There is a modern Roman Catholic church of barbarous architecture, with a red roof of corrugated iron overlooking a small grass-grown *plaza*, where twice a-week a negro band plays, and the coloured beauty and fashion come to listen; and on the other sides of the square are a club, established by the small foreign community, and the Government offices, above which proudly waves the flag of the republic with its four red and blue squares. Keeping guard over it is an extremely indolent barefooted sentry smoking a cigarette, and clad like any ordinary member of the poorer class of the community — he is leaning upon his antiquated musket, the only indication about him of his calling in life.

Men and women wear European costume of light texture,—the women tidier than negresses usually are; and as the doors and windows of their houses stood open, I had an opportunity of seeing that the interiors were, for the most part, neat and comfortable-looking. As I overheard several of the blackest-looking talking English, I got into conversation with them, and found that a constant intercourse was kept up with the Bahamas, especially with Turk Island; and the black population of British subjects numbered about 400, although, in order to become a naturalised citizen of San Domingo, no other form is necessary than that of registration. Foreign negroes are subject to many disabilities. My informant told me that they adhered invariably to their British nationality for the benefit of the protection which it afforded them in case of revolutions, as, without it, they would be immediately pressed into military service. They came here, they said, because it was so much easier to make a living

than in the British colony; but they all intended, as soon as they had made money enough, to go home. They form the entire Protestant community of the place, and are Wesleyan Methodists and Baptists. The former are ministered to by a coloured parson, and the latter by an English missionary, who is the only pure Englishman in Porto Plata. The foreign merchants are for the most part German or Spanish. The language of the natives is Spanish. The result of eighty years of black government is not encouraging. The greater part of this magnificent and fertile island is still uncultivated. The exports of Porto Plata, its chief commercial port, have within the last ten years fallen off by two-thirds, and its imports, which are taxed 50 per cent *ad valorem*, by nearly as much. The former consist almost entirely of tobacco and mahogany; but to judge by the rapidity of its decrease, the tobacco exportation will soon become utterly extinguished by the successful rivalry of Brazil, and the heavy export duties imposed by the local government. The fear of revolutions and of unexpected taxation prevents foreigners from embarking their capital here, where, under favourable circumstances, large fortunes might be realised, for the richest land is to be had at nominal prices. Nevertheless a German has been tempted into creating a very fine sugar estate within two miles of the town, which he started only two years ago, and which is already promising so well that it may be the forerunner of others. The tobacco is brought over from the valley of the Vega and the country round St Jago about forty miles distant, on pony-back; but there is a talk of a tramway, and also of a railway from Samana Bay up to St Jago, the material for commencing which, I was informed, had already left England, and which is guaranteed by the Government by means of a percentage on the exports from the three principal ports in the island. But the merchants of Porto Plata with whom I conversed on the subject, had no confidence in its being a remunerative enterprise—in fact, their tone was one of extreme despondency, and their belief in the Government so small, that they seemed to derive no encouragement from any efforts made by foreigners to develop the resources of the island. They united, however, in giving the country people a good character, so far as their treatment of foreigners is concerned. They throw no obstacles in the way of their settling wherever they please; and they can travel in any direction in the most perfect safety, San Domingo thereby affording a strong contrast to the neighbouring republic of Haiti, where no foreigner can venture into the interior, or even own land, much less settle down among the people as a planter. I walked to Fort San Felippe, from which a glorious view is obtained over the town and harbour—the commerce at the time being represented by two small schooners—and observed an awkward squad of the gallant army of the Republic at drill. Their rifles and muskets were of all shapes, sizes, and ages; they indulged in no sort of uniform, were barefooted and bareheaded as the case might be, and altogether seemed very appropriate defenders of the antiquated cannon and breast-high wall which constituted this a military stronghold. San Domingo has now been virtually free from a revolution for the unusually long interval of four years; but ex-Presidents Baez and Cesario Guiliermo, who reside in the neighbouring island of Porto Rico, keep the pre-

sent Government lively by constantly hatching plots for a new revolutionary movement; and it is not supposed that a Ministerial crisis, which here always takes a sanguinary form, can much longer be delayed. Indeed, only five months before my visit, an expedition organised by Guiliermo had landed in the island; but the leaders were disappointed in their expectation of receiving popular support, and the great majority of the seventy or eighty men of which the expedition was composed, were either shot or made prisoners.

The climate of Porto Plata is probably superior to that of any other town in the West Indies. Yellow fever is unknown; the town always enjoys a fresh sea-breeze during the day; and even in summer the weather is never oppressively hot. Were the island in the possession of the English, a sanitarium would doubtless be established on the Cibao range of mountains, the loftiest peak of which, Yagua, rises to a height of 7500 feet above the level of the sea. It takes scarcely twenty-four hours to run from Porto Plata to San Juan, the chief town of Porto Rico, and the contrast between the two places is very striking. As approached from the sea, San Juan presents, in some respects, a more imposing aspect even than Havana. Its massive stately fort, containing handsome well-built barracks and Government buildings, and the lofty mansions of the town itself, surrounded by fortifications which would have been considered strong a few years ago, transport one from the bastard civilisation of the negro republic to that based upon the ancient grandeur of Spain. Indeed, were it not for the coloured population which inhabit the streets, there is nothing to distinguish them from those of a well-built Spanish town. There is the inevitable *plaza* and cathedral, the palace of the captain-general, and the Government offices, the *paseo*, the mole, and the fortress; there are also the whitewashed two-storeyed houses, with their verandahs and green venetian shutters, and with the black-eyed *señoritas* looking between the blinds. With a population of about 32,000, San Juan does a steady trade in sugar, tobacco, and coffee; and were it not for the grasping policy of the Spanish Government, the profound corruption which pervades all classes of the community, and the injustice resulting from it, which drives foreign capital out of the country, the island would become a far more valuable appendage to the mother country than it is. Notwithstanding the commercial importance of the place, there is not a single English house of business in it, and the trade is not increasing. There is a small railway, seven miles long, running to a village in the country —the only railway in the island. Owing to the state of the roads, the cost of conveying the produce of the interior to the coast in cumbrous ox-waggons is very great, but it is not likely that any improvement will take place. The Spanish officials who administer the colony, like those in Cuba, only think of filling their pockets and going back to Spain as speedily as possible, regardless of the interests of the colony itself. The Liberal party, who are very numerous, cherish a profound hatred for Spanish rule in consequence, and would willingly engage in a revolution to-morrow if they thought there was any chance of success; but the experience of Cuba has not been encouraging, and the result of free institutions in the hands of creoles and the coloured population, as illustrated in Haiti and San Domingo, goes to show that the

corruption, oppression, bigotry, and egotism of Spain are a lesser evil than the turbulence, sloth, ignorance, and incapacity of a native administration. The slave population of Porto Rico, unlike that of Cuba, has been emancipated, and certain labour complications have arisen, in consequence, to check the progress of the island. However, it compares in population, in the variety of its productions, and in the area of land under cultivation, most favourably with San Domingo, Haiti, and even with Cuba, and is perhaps the most creditable colony under the rule of Spain; but the more one examines into the productive capacity and resources of these islands, the largest and most fertile of the West Indies, the more insoluble does the problem of their ultimate destiny become. Containing a population of over four millions of inhabitants, of which scarcely a million are "yellows," as the mulattoes call themselves in contradistinction to the "blacks," only a fraction are pure white. The influence of civilisation seems destined to fade before their gradual absorption into semi-barbarous conditions. Sooner or later the fate which has overtaken Haiti and San Domingo will in all probability overtake Cuba, Porto Rico, and possibly even some of our own West India Islands. It seems as though the Nemesis which must inevitably follow the introduction of slavery should be found in the seizure of these islands by the descendants of slaves from the posterity of their former masters; while, by a curious irony of fate, it will be reserved for modern humanitarians to be the instruments of their lapse into barbarism. The only measures which could restore these favoured regions to wealth and abundance, and encourage the introduction of capital and enterprise, would be opposed to all popular ideas of philanthropy and justice. Though self-government by the negro means the restoration of cruel fetish rites, even involving cannibalism, as at present practised on certain festivals in Haiti, the hatred and persecution of the white man, and the conversion of cultivated lands into wildernesses, the independence of the negro must not be tampered with; and any attempt to limit or interfere with it when he has obtained it, or to oppose it when he has not, would be considered a violation of the first principles of political morality. It is possible that, as the population of the United States increases, its Government may take a different view of their duties to the world at large, and resort to the forcible annexation of these tempting undeveloped islands; but until that or some other equally immoral act takes place, we must be content to watch the gradual lapse into desolation and barbarism of one of the fairest portions of the earth's surface, as the negro race extends its supremacy over regions where, so far as the general interests of humanity are concerned, the aboriginal Indian might just as well have been left undisturbed.

PENTOCK.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER IV.—A GOOD-BYE.

THERE was scarcely anything to mark the passage of time in Pentock. The world outside might be convulsed with wars, or chewing the peaceful cud of progress, Pentock troubled very little about it. Folks were born in Pentock, and folks died—that marked the time; and fishing season by season, as they were good or bad, served as a point of reference.

On the whole, it seemed to the Pentock housewives that fewer people died every year in proportion to the constantly increasing number of mouths to fill, and the times grew a little hard in consequence. One or two men had gone away lately to seek work elsewhere—an innovation that had something alarming about it; however, the example had not proved very contagious. Will Mitchell was unsettled, it was said. He had a young wife, and they found it increasingly difficult to provide for their family, as its wants grew out of all proportion to the supply. His father was past work; that he had himself come to acknowledge, as the cold wintry nights crippled him once more into his easy-chair. But Dick Truscott was a lad to his mind, and he began to be content as he saw the old childish friendship between him and his Kate ripening into a deeper love. All the village knew that Dick was dear to daughter as well as father, and who wondered that to him Kate was the one sweet heart in Pentock? All the village knew it and spoke of it, though as yet no word of love had passed between the two. In love's spring-time life seems a pleasant dream—silently the charm is woven; and while it is closing tightly round them, each heart is dreaming on some last meeting—a word or a look, without caring to look on and touch the future. The wakening must come, be it with pain or joy; but for Kate and Dick Truscott as yet the dreamland was enough.

But as the months wore on, Dick began to turn matters over in his mind. Tradition told him that to love was one thing, and to marry another; and that household gear and a prospect of steady work was necessary to the last. The vision of a certain cottage that was then unoccupied often came before his mind; and Kate was always in the doorway greeting him, in the picture he drew of it for himself. The thought that perhaps she did not love him never once came to mar his dream. He only knew there was not a woman or girl in Pentock to compare with her—that was patent, every one must see it; but no one else could feel the love that he had in his heart for her—that was equally impossible. But she must know it, and she couldn't help giving him back what was her own in exchange. It did often enter his thoughts that a thorny time might lie between him and his dream. Kate would plague him, he had little doubt of that—she had such teasing ways with her; and he wasn't sure if the mother wouldn't raise objections. But these things did not weigh heavily on his mind. The chief difficulty was how to get a boat and make a start. His light heart smoothed away the obstacles as he thought it over when all was quiet in the boat at night, but in

the morning all the difficulties had raised their heads again, and he was no nearer effecting their conquest. It began to lay hold of him, as he said to himself,—the dream was becoming a reality, and facts were hard things to fight with. As mate to Will Mitchell, he could do well enough as he was, but there was no further prospect. Will had barely enough himself—not enough, he said; and often, as the two men talked together, the elder declared he had half a mind to go clear away and make his fortune before he came home to Pentock again. At first Dick shook his head. There was no knowing about places beyond Pentock; they might be better, but they were probably a deal worse. But by degrees he became more familiar with the idea, as Will, more pressed with daily cares, grew more insistent; and at last the thought came to him that here, too, his way might lie. He might go away for a bit, and, as Will put it somewhat vaguely, there were heaps of ways of making money in the world. And then, as his mind received the impression, there grew afresh a happy dream—a dream of welcomings and greetings tenderer and sweeter than any he had yet known, and the cottage, and Kate, and Pentock again, with all the difficulties banished for ever.

At times when the thought of going was working within him, he kept away from Kate and the cottage where he had spent so many happy hours. He could not feel like himself there any longer, with his secret scheme lying between her and him,—and he was better away. When it was all settled, and he saw his way ahead, he would tell her all, and that other thing too, which she knew as well as he did. He would make a clean breast of everything, and Kate would love him, and while he was gone she would be waiting for him in the dear old cottage, and the time would not be so bad after all. Here the other picture always came in,—the home-coming,—and he would start to his feet and swear, come what would, he would go.

To Kate, meanwhile, unconscious of the stir and strife in the young fisherman's heart, a change seemed to have come over him, and her dream, too, seemed threatened with a rude awakening. Had she been deceived? she began to ask herself; or didn't he love her after all? He seemed absent and dull when he was at the cottage; and, worse still, he came so seldom now. Kate went over again and again in her mind the words and meetings of a short time before, and as she mentally compared them with the present, a sharp pain woke at her heart, and with the first keen doubt of his love she knew her own. Merry Dick Truscott, with whom she had played and squabbled in childhood, whom she had plagued and lightly esteemed later on—perhaps all the more because his love for her was so easy to see—was he to turn cold to her now that she had begun to love him? There wasn't much to love in him, she explained to herself; but she'd got used to him, and liked him somehow. And now was this to be her sorrow,—a thing to be hidden away out of sight, become suddenly a shame, and not a joy? The hot tears fell on her pillow as she faced the doubt and knew her own heart for the first time. Kate was proud, and pride did what it could in her behalf. She rapidly reviewed in her own mind every word and act of late years to Dick. Beyond a very few, which made the colour rush into her face, the flower she gave him before the wrestling, the kind words when his mother died,—beyond these she could only remember much

good-natured gibings and chaff, and many a sharp word spoken because it was not felt. Thank God she had done nothing to rise up against her now; and as for Dick, if he liked to turn round suddenly like this, why, she didn't care. But as she said it to herself the hot tears came afresh, and she knew in her own heart that she did care—too much for her own peace. Her dream was broken too, and no fresh one softened the smart for her, and filled again the empty place.

When Dick came to the cottage he dumbly felt that things were different, not only with himself, but with her. A shadow had fallen between them, he could not tell how, and it seemed out of his power to dispel it. He never could get hold of Kate alone to speak his mind, and ask her what was wrong. She was never her old self now; she was cheerful and kind enough, but there was no more pleasant banter; she was moving away from him, and it seemed out of his power to bring back the old happy days when her tongue said all the sharp things and left nothing in the heart but goodwill and love. As he grew more unhappy, it became more impossible to speak; to see her was to feel anew the shadow between them, so he kept away more and more.

The days dragged on heavily with Kate; work and play were alike become an effort; and there was no one to whom she could speak of a trouble such as hers. Nobody must know it; so she made no change in the outward life which was so out of harmony with the sadder life of thoughts and heart. The evenings were the worst time of all. She could not then subdue the fever and fret within her, though she might perhaps conceal them. Will he come? she asked herself a hundred times; and as the hours went on, she was glad, she said to herself, very glad he had not come, as he did not care to; and then she would cry herself to sleep a little later because he had not come. It was the old, old story, as old as life itself. One would think the world must be very weary of it by this time, yet we most of us play our part in our spring-time, and, as our turn is past, have a laugh or a tear for those that follow so closely in our footsteps.

One day as Kate was returning listlessly home from the Point she heard voices in Lizzie's cottage, and as she passed the open door she stood a moment to watch the scene within. Lizzie was sitting in an old rocking-chair, little Joe on her knee. The child had pulled down her hair, and it fell in shiny masses over her shoulders, while he yelled and screamed with triumph as, at every fresh onslaught, he tore down more and more of the closely woven plaits. Lizzie was laughing too; she looked very happy, Kate thought, almost with envy, when suddenly she saw her fling her arms round the boy, and, pressing him passionately to her, sobbed out a bitter cry for the small dead form hidden away for ever under the ground, never, living or dead, to be her joy and pride.

Kate moved away a little and sat down on a boulder of granite that pushed out a grey bare surface from the grass. It had never come home to her before all the sorrow that poor heart had borne. The love that weighed so heavily upon her, what was it beside the burden that Lizzie bore? With a rush of tears came the feeling hot and quick in her heart of a sympathy deeper than any she had known before. She rose, and, hardly knowing what she did, turned back towards the cottage.

Joe was coming away. "Lizzie's crying," he said, as he passed Kate. "I don't like her to cry." True to the instincts of his sex, the young

philosopher avoided the spectacle of suffering that he could not practically alleviate.

Kate went on, hardly seeing or noticing the child. She walked straight into the cottage and sat down without a word near Lizzie, who was rocking herself listlessly to and fro.

"Why, Kate," she said, leaning forward, "you look ill."

"I'd be glad of some water," Kate answered; she felt herself strangely shaken and weak. As Lizzie gave her the water she said, "Well, I'm glad to see you, Kate. I was wanting to know if you'd heard any more from our young lady?"

Kate turned her dark eyes to the other's face.

"Lizzie," she said, "I'd give all I have to have her back."

"Why, are you in any trouble just now?" asked Lizzie.

"No," said Kate, quickly; "no, I'm just out of sorts, that's all. But she's been so long away."

Lizzie leant back in her chair again.

"*I* wants her," said she, after a pause, and added earnestly, "I'm so terribly afeard, Kate, that Joe'll stop the boy coming here, and I've grown so fond of him; he's too young to scorn me like other folks. I couldn't do without him now. You don't think he will, do you, Kate? He's not half the bad man folks make out."

Kate did not look up for a moment; when she did, she saw that Lizzie was bending forward with a look of sudden pain across her face.

"You mistrusts me, Kate—I see it," she said, bitterly; "you believe them lies."

As Kate rose, the tears were welling up in her throat, as it seemed to her. She could not speak, but she went up gently to where Lizzie was sitting and kissed her.

"I'll do what I can," she said at last, "if Joe'll heed me."

Then she went away, leaving Lizzie sitting motionless in the chair, with a wonderfully still look in her eyes. "She kissed me," she thought to herself,—"only our young lady's ever done that; then she don't think me so bad after all."

Kate was blaming herself as she walked home for the weakness that had prevented her from speaking—but needlessly; that kiss brought more peace to the feeble heart than words could have done.

One day, not long afterwards, came news that the chance had come that Will Mitchell had looked for so long. There was a vessel bound for the West Indies put in to Gannet, a harbour four or five miles from Pentock, and she was in want of fresh hands it was rumoured. All that day there was much wondering and excitement in the village when it was known that Will and Dick Truscott had both gone off to see her; and the hours of suspense seemed very long to Richard Mitchell and his wife at home. She, good soul, could endure it only by ceaseless activity; "she knew what was a mother's duty," she said, "if that poor child Will had been foolish enough to marry didn't know hers; and go or not, his kit must be ready." There was plenty for Kate's fingers to do while she sat listening to her father as he alternately spoke with encouragement and anxiety of the contemplated voyage.

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At last it ringeth to evensong."

And so, hour by hour, the time wore itself away, and Will came back at last to tell them all was settled with the captain, and he and Dick were off at daybreak the next day but one. They would be back in four or five months at the outside, and the money would give them

something to make a fresh start with in Pentock again.

So *he* was going too, Kate thought to herself; that showed how much he cared, if there was any need for more proof. Well, she had been foolish, and she must suffer for it. Of course it was natural he should like change; all men did. And what was there to hinder him? It wasn't as though his mother was alive, or there was any one he cared for to leave behind. So Kate went on, as she lay staring at the dark, when night came at last, scourging herself with many stripes. It was almost morning before the weary round of thought ceased, and sleep came to her.

The next day was still a busier one. Her work kept her in the house, and she found herself starting every time the door creaked as it opened, and chid herself each time in vain. He would at least come and say good-bye to her parents, she said to herself, if he did not care to say it to her. Yet the day wore on, and he never came.

Late in the afternoon a neighbour came in, to wonder and talk over the sudden determination of the two young men, and repeatedly expressed a wish that good might come of it with much head-shaking and foreboding of evil. From her Kate learned that Dick had been all over the village, wishing all the folk good-bye, and looking "a bit down in the mouth, but the finest young fellow in all Pentock" in the neighbour's opinion. Kate found the cottage and her talk almost unendurable. What need was there to leave them out amongst all the rest, even if he did not care? She asked herself the question, and scorned herself for asking it, again and again. When tea was over, and the time left became shorter and shorter in which it was possible that he should still come, she grew more restless, and now it was fear that the next moment would bring his well-known footstep to the door that possessed her.

"I'm going out a bit, mother," she said at last; "I've been sitting so all day. I think I'll just get a bit of a walk."

"What! so late?" asked her mother, surprised; "and there'll be Dick in to say good-bye, like enough."

"Oh, not now," said Kate, lightly. "I'll not be gone long, but I want the air."

She walked slowly out of the kitchen. How different was the feverish haste with which she seized her hat and cloak, and stole out of the house! Once beyond the village street she went more slowly, turning her steps without reflection down the Point, as she struggled against the bitter pain that would not be quieted within. She sat down on some rocks near the water and watched the dark waves creeping round them, and listened with a numb feeling of misery to their monotonous noise. How long she stayed there she never remembered; she found herself cold and chill, and began reluctantly to turn her steps homewards again. It was late, she was sure,—certainly too late for her to fear finding any one in the cottage; he must be gone long ago, if indeed he had been there at all. It was all over, and the days would come and go; and it was all beyond her reach now, she thought, as she walked on, her eyes bent on the ground, where the dim light made it difficult to avoid the loose stones. Perhaps this was why she nearly stumbled against Dick Truscott before she saw him. He took a cold unwilling hand as he said—

"Why, Kate, I thought I should have to go without even a good-bye from you. Didn't you guess I should be coming that you went out?"

"I'd been sitting all day and wanted the air," said Kate, coldly. There came a moment of silence in which Kate drew away her hand from the friendly grasp.

"And you'd have let me go without saying so much as good-bye?" he asked at length, with a touch of pain in his voice.

"Oh, you seemed so glad to go," said the girl, bitterly, "it didn't seem you cared much about anything else."

"I glad to go?" he answered, quickly. "Why, I should never have gone if I could have got on here."

"Other folks do well enough in Pentock," said Kate, shortly.

"Because they haven't the same need to get on," said the young man, hotly. "Do you suppose, Kate," he went on, "anything would ever have made me go away from Pentock if it hadn't been the thought of you? It was that, the hope of that, if I bettered myself, that drove me to it. But now if, after all, you don't care, why I'm best gone, and never to come back neither. Kate, Kate, I can't hardly believe it though," he cried, his voice choking a little, as he took the hand again that was so cold and trembling in his own strong rough one. There came no answer, and he could not see the girl's face, for the light was almost gone now.

"Don't you care for me just a little, Kate?" he asked. "I know I'm not half good enough for you, but I thought you did love me a bit; and I've thought of it and all when I come home again, till I can't believe it's all no good after all."

What was Kate's answer? She did not speak or move, but somehow in the dark between them the shadow moved away, and Dick knew that as he spoke her heart had gone out to meet him, and he caught her to him with a cry of joy.

It is better to stop here, to leave those few sacred moments of reconciliation untold. True, the thought that they must so soon part came quickly across their joy; but the assurance, oft-repeated, yet never too often, of their mutual love, robbed the separation of its worst sting. Kate's heart danced high for joy as they took their homeward way together. The moon rose suddenly from behind a cloud and sailed triumphantly along the sky, and the stars came laughing, twinkling out on every side. Only a few months and a good time was coming. "You will wait?" he said, as again and again came their last good-byes; and the answer she gave him was better than words to Dick.

The next morning as Kate opened her window and looked out, the sun was touching with light the broad white sails of a vessel moving rapidly along in the fresh wind. Kate stretched out her arms towards it with a cry, and a prayer in her heart that God would bless her Dick, and bring him safe home to her again.

CHAPTER V.—BAD NEWS.

The sun was shining again for Kate and the heavy cloud was gone, and she took up her daily life with fresh vigour, and a light heart. True, Dick was gone with his cheery presence, but in his stead had come a dream of happiness which one day was to be theirs, in the strange new life that lay before them. It was a matter of great surprise to Kate that all the village seemed to know about it; and wher-

ever she went, folks had a kind word for her of the absent sailor, and a good wish for the future. As for Kate, to her the future was to be a thing a long way off, and very different from anything else; it filled up the background of her thoughts like a vague vision of paradise. The present was sufficient for itself as yet, for Dick loved her,—was not that enough? She was so happy, it was impossible to keep it to herself. She was for ever stirring about the village, doing small kindnesses, waking joy in others, wherever she could. Whatever the great world outside might be, Pentock was not a bad place, after all; every one ought to be happy there. And the clear bright face she took with her into the cottages was like sunshine touching all duller things with its own brightness.

The parson heard her news and sent for her. He began with a very serious face to administer the reproof he thought necessary. They were too young to think of such things yet awhile; they were but children, who didn't know what life meant, nor what a serious thing marriage was. Kate tried hard to look equally serious, and feel, if it were possible, the enormity they were guilty of; but the happy smile would not be banished; it came rippling over her face again as she said, apologetically—

"Please, sir, it's not that; it's only Dick and I are fond of each other, and we can't help it."

The old man found himself smiling too, and dismissing her with a "God bless you." It was no use; he had been young himself, a long time ago, and he fell to thinking past times over, and then to sighing: for our laughter of long ago comes back to us with a sigh for all the tears that have fallen between.

The weeks passed away, and Kate was beginning to count the time now. One letter had come; it lay under Kate's pillow every night, though the writing was bad, the spelling worse, and the sentiments hackneyed. He loved her, and said so, and what more would you have? He did not love her less because he spelt it with "u," and did not dignify her name with a capital letter. Dick's letter had been written on the way out; another would soon be here—or, better still, the white sails bringing him back again to Pentock. At last the letter came, and it brought Kate's first trouble to her. Not that Dick's love was growing cold, but Will was coming home without him. He had taken a berth that had offered in the Stella to go round to Valparaiso; he would not come home until he could bring enough with him to make his dream of home real; but it was only a month or two more, and Kate knew why, and would wait. She would guess, if her heart was like his, what it cost him to see Will set his face homewards, and not come too. Kate read the letter to herself, holding it with trembling hands; it was only a month or two more, she repeated to herself again and again, as she tried to shake off the disappointment and fear that were creeping like a cold shadow over her heart. She had stood for some time before the thought came to her that, in her selfish disappointment she had forgotten the mother and wife whose hearts the letter would make glad. Great were the rejoicings when Kate, painfully calculating, made it out that Will might be there in a week or two. The mother shed some tears of joy—rapidly wiped away, however, as she began to bestir herself feverishly to make all ready. Kate had not looked yet into her father's face; she knew he would understand, and she feared the love and sympathy she would find there would be too

much for her. She went to his side and began talking hurriedly, in a cheerful voice.

"You see, dad, it won't be so long after all, because he says, you see, that 'tis but a month or two; and we shall have him back only too soon, I'm thinking, if it means I'm to leave my dad. I'll step round and tell the little ones their father's coming home; they'll be wild, I'm thinking."

She hurried away. The father's presence, though he never spoke, but only looked wistfully at her, was more than she could bear.

Only a little later, and Will came back, with earnings enough to give him a start, and a keener love for Pentock than he had ever known before. He told Kate all he could of her lover; that he was bent on getting the boat and house, and couldn't do that without a longer cruise: so nothing would do but to take another berth.

"I think he was as nigh throwing it all up as a chap could be," Will went on, "the night I sailed. He was downright mad to think I should be here first; but he stuck to it. He's a good un, Kate, and you'll be a happy woman one of these days. Blessed if I didn't get sick of you, though, with his talk; he went on 'Kate,' 'Kate,' till I told un right out he was like the parrot aboard as could only say one thing, and so kep on at it."

Kate laughed with the tears in her eyes. She mustn't be a fool, she kept saying to herself; it was but a month or two, so why should she be suddenly so cast down?

The weeks went on, but they brought no letter. At first Kate thought happily that he was on his way home, and meant to take her by surprise. She began to hurry now, when she bent her way homewards every day, lest he should be already come, and she not the first to welcome him. At night she slept so lightly a little sound woke her, and she started up to listen if it were he. She never spoke her thought, but nursed it and cherished it silently, and each day broke with a fresh hope, and each night brought again the new hope for the morrow. But time went on, and Kate, awake in the night, would sometimes feel her heart fail within her with some evil thought of ill, and quick sharp dread.

The neighbours wondered clamorously why he did not write or come; but she would not let them see the fear that began now to possess her. Later, came hints of inconstancy,—tales of others who had gone and settled down away over seas. These did not trouble her; she only thought to herself pityingly that they did not know her Dick. No; the fear that had come to her was altogether different from theirs. Was anything wrong with the ship? was he safe? or had harm come to him on the treacherous waters? As the weeks went on, the shadow fell more heavily on her. She could not sleep, and her dreams were all of wrecks and great waves, and cries for help, which all seemed to turn into her name. When the wind rose at night, she would creep from her bed to the window, and stare out across the dark to where she heard the waves lashing themselves against the rocks. She looked at the sea now with a new feeling; it had a horrible fascination for her; and she would stand and look at it as one looks on the face of an old friend who has done one some deadly wrong.

But as yet she could not put her fear into words, that would make it seem more real. She tried to appear cheerful and go about her work as usual; but the light was gone that had burnt so brightly within her—all faded and gone:

and the Pentock folk began to notice and remark, one to another, they feared she was worriting herself over it, though she did not speak of it, she was gone so thin and pale. Her mother feared he was a rascal, and finding he could do better, had settled himself out there. When she told her husband her thought he shook his head.

"If there was nothing worse to fear than that, he should feel all right about it," he said; "but his mind misgave him about the ship; and he'd a good mind when he was better to walk over to Gannet and see if there was anything to be heard of the Stella."

One morning Kate had made her way to the end of the Point. In the night the wind had risen to a gale, and she had lain trembling in her bed, her cold hands clasped tightly in the prayer that as yet could not find utterance,—that no such storm had befallen him—that the lad she loved was safe—that no evil had come near him. She could not sleep, and when the light came she had stolen out to try and shake off the horrors of the night, and gain fresh courage to begin the day. She was standing on the rocky edge, looking where the water was dashing up some bits of drift-wood against the rocks, her face set and drawn with pain. Her cheeks were very pale, and her eyes heavy with want of sleep; and Joe Hoyte, as he came suddenly upon her, started as though he had met a ghost, and no thing of common flesh and blood. Was he afraid that she would vanish away into the thin air of morning that he stood so silently watching her? She turned at length, somewhat suddenly, and was face to face with him before he could move. She hardly seemed to notice him, but her lips formed themselves listlessly into the words, —"Good day, Joe."

"It's too fresh so early, Miss Kate, for such as you to come out to the Point," the man said in a rough voice, yet not unkindly.

"I don't feel it cold," Kate answered. He made a sign with his hand for her to go to the other side of the path, which was freer from stones, and walked slowly along by her side. Her head was bent down, and she did not seem to notice or wonder at him. For some time they walked in silence, the fisherman's face wearing a stern yet troubled look. At last he spoke again, and the harsh voice had some gentleness in it.

"I'm afeard, Miss Kate, you're taking on too much about it. There's many a ship gets run out of her course and not heard of for a bit."

Kate looked up and gazed hard into his face, the dark, thirsty eyes looking as though they would read their doom there.

"Then you don't think——" she began, but a great lump rose in her throat, and she could not finish the sentence.

"No," said Joe Hoyte, roughly. "*He'll* be back right enough, no fear," and he strode on with his eyes on the ground before him. A minute or two and he came to a stand again. The girl was some paces behind him, walking very oddly, he thought, and as he turned to her she said—

"I'll sit down a bit—you go on."

He caught her as she fell, and laid her tenderly on the grass.

"She's eaten nothing, like enough," he said to himself, "and the air's too sharp so early."

He had seen people once rub the hands of a woman who had fainted, so he knelt upon the ground and took one of her hands in his. His own seemed so rough he didn't know if he could do it, so he laid it down again. "I'd best get Lizzie—she'll understand what to do," he thought, as

he rose to his feet again, and began quickly walking away. Now and again as he walked he clenched his fist, and a hard, bitter look came across his face; but in a few minutes he was at the cottage, and his sharp knock brought Lizzie to the door. When she saw him she trembled a little, and stood aside in the shadow of the door.

"I'll do the boy no harm, Mr Hoyte——" she was beginning faintly, when he broke in with—

"Just come along Lizzie, and bring some water or something. There's Kate Mitchell out there; she looks downright bad, and's fainted."

Lizzie's shawl was soon on, and the two were making their way back. "Had anything happened?" she asked, hurriedly; "was anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" said the man, bitterly; "why, there were few things that weren't wrong to his thinking; but as for anything happening, there was nothing more than had been going on for weeks without any one seeming to have eyes in their heads; she was just fretting her heart out, that was what was wrong, and all for a fellow who couldn't know——" but the rest was growled out between his teeth, and Lizzie was frightened at the sternness of his face, and put no more questions, but hurried along by his side, half running in her eagerness.

Kate was sitting up when they reached her; she drank the water without a word, and Lizzie knelt beside her with a little stream of words, her light fingers pulling the cloak to its place on Kate's shoulders, and busying themselves in a dozen such small ways.

"Thanks, Lizzie," said Kate at length. "I'll go home with you a bit. I suppose I'm out of sorts, and faintish for food."

Lizzie helped her to rise, and she walked along slowly by her side. But first Kate turned to where Joe Hoyte stood watching them. "Thank you, Joe Hoyte," she said, and then she waited as though she had more she would say, looking wistfully into his face. He moved uneasily. At last, looking away from her and down the Point over to the lowering sea beyond, he said—

"I'll go over to Gannet and get what news I can, if you like."

She took his hand with a sudden movement in both hers, tried to speak, but the tears came; she turned back to Lizzie, and the two moved slowly away together.

Had the Pentock folk seen the face with which Joe Hoyte stood scowling out to sea where they had left him, their suspicions of his connection with the powers of evil would have received confirmation. The passions within him must have been fierce indeed to brand his face with such a look of hate and suffering. But the pain predominated; there was little or none of the other feeling left when he first stirred, and turning on his heel muttered to himself, "I'll do it, if it's to pleasure her. I love her so, I'd do it if it was to tear me to pieces."

Two days afterwards, as dusk was falling, and Lizzie was sitting by herself in the little cottage, the door was pushed open and Joe Hoyte came in. He had been away two days, and now, as he came into the room, he reeled and sat down abruptly opposite to her. At first she thought, with alarm, that he had been drinking—his face was flushed, and there was a wild look in his eyes she had never seen before—but his words reassured her.

"Get me something to eat,—there's a good girl. I've been on my legs these two days, and am dead beat almost."

She hurriedly fetched some bread and cold bacon and put it before him.

"Have you heard anything?" she asked, timidly. He looked at her for a minute without speaking, then pushing away the things she had brought him, and turning in the chair, he said—

"Yes, I have; and I wish to God I'd never gone. She went down months back, and all hands lost—the Stella I mean. Look here, Lizzie, you'll have to tell her somehow. I can't do it, I can't. I'm afeard almost to go home now, lest she should send to know. Her face would kill me. I can't do it."

Lizzie was standing awestruck before him. Now she began to cry feebly. "Oh dear, what shall I do?" she said to herself. "Isn't there nobody better than me as 'ud tell her?"

What ghost was this that seemed to glide between them, and stood with a white rigid face before the man? They had heard no sound, and Lizzie shrank back with a stifled cry as she first caught sight of Kate's white face. She stood so horribly still before Joe; she did not speak; her lips seemed frozen, and no sound came from them. He was on his feet in an instant, gave one wild look at her, and staggered out of the cottage. Kate put her hand to her head, and then she turned to where Lizzie was crouched upon the floor, her face buried in her hands, the tears forcing their way through the fingers that vainly strove to hide her face.

"Tell me——" the words died on Kate's lips; and Lizzie, grovelling to her feet, seized one cold hand and buried her hot tear-stained face in it.

"Oh, Kate," she sobbed, "I don't know how to say it. You'll try and bear it, Kate; but you mustn't hope no more."

She clung passionately to the hand she held, as though she feared it would slip from her grasp. "Joe Hoyte's been, and—and she's gone down. God help you, Kate—there's none saved."

To Lizzie it seemed as though hours passed by in that horrible silence that followed. She could not dare to raise her face and look in Kate's, she only clung weeping to the hand she held, and waited for the other to speak. When no sign came, she could endure it no more; she let Kate's hand fall, and, burying her face again in her own, sat on the floor praying in a helpless terrified way that God would forgive her—that Kate would bear it—that it mightn't be true after all. When at last she fearfully raised her head to look, the cottage was empty; Kate had gone away with her burden of sorrow.

To and fro Lizzie paced the empty floor. Such a blow falling on a strong nature was fearful to her. That she herself should suffer seemed so natural; but Kate—Kate who was good, and whom every one loved—that Kate should be so troubled, was dreadful. What had she done to bring it on her? Lizzie feebly wondered to herself. Kate had always been so good to her, she couldn't see why things should go so wrong. And then to think she should hear it like that, from such as her, who couldn't do nothing, nor say a word as other folks would know how. And now where was Kate gone? What could she do, what could she do?

Up and down she paced, and at last there gradually framed itself in her mind what she would like to do, but she didn't know how. There was only one person who could help Kate—and how to let our young lady know?

"I can't write her," wailed Lizzie to herself, "and I'm afeard to go to the house. I couldn't dare to go. Why, the parson might see me, and Mrs Gooding. I couldn't bear it." Yet as the minutes went on the need and love

grew so great that they drove her out, flitting along the road towards the parsonage. There were lights in the lower windows, and Lizzie hung about by the garden-gate watching them and not daring to ring the bell. At last, as it grew late, the lights began to move. She thought, almost in despair, they would soon be gone to bed, and her chance would be lost. She ran along the gravel path holding her breath and rang the bell. It was a feeble sound, but it struck Lizzie with new terror, and she hid behind the deep shadow in the porch. Presently Mrs Gooding herself opened the door, surprised at the bell ringing at such an hour. She looked out, and seeing no one, was going in again when Lizzie started forward.

"I wouldn't have come indeed, Mrs Gooding," she cried, "but Kate's in such trouble, and I thought you'd help her."

The old woman had started back at the first sound of her voice; now she advanced again cautiously, closing the door behind her. "Well, I didn't think to see you, Lizzie," she said, gravely; "but what's wrong with Kate?"

Lizzie told her story, crying as she told it, and ended with an entreaty that Mrs Gooding should let the young lady know.

"She come to me," sobbed Lizzie, "when I'd nothing left, and maybe she might find a way for Kate too."

The old woman took her hand when they parted; she had also promised to write: and Lizzie crept home again, and flinging herself on the bed, fell asleep at once like a tired child.

And where was Kate? In the cottage, sitting so still and white that the mother was frightened. She had told them, without a tear, the news she brought back with her, and now she was sitting, waiting, as it were, to understand it herself. After all the weeks of feverish fear and hope, the truth had fallen on her like a numbing weight. By-and-by she would understand it, and all that frozen heart would break into tears; but not yet—not yet.

CHAPTER VI.—PENTOCK POINT—NIGHT.

A few weeks had gone by, and Kate was going about her work again, trying hard, though vainly, to have patience with her sorrow. Folks had done talking much of it now, but she was only beginning to realise all it meant for her. The future lay like a dead blank before her; if she were so tired already, how could she ever live to cross the waste that was left? She mustn't think,—she must go on from day to day as she could. There were loving hearts round her, but she could scarcely bear even their kind words and looks of pity. She worked very hard, and strove so to fill up her days that the time for thought might be choked, as it were. It was the evenings that she dreaded; then indeed life was terrible to her. When the cottage door was shut, and her father and mother sitting together on each side of the hearth, and the ticking of the clock became audible in the still warm room, then there came on her a rush of feverish restlessness,—it was unendurable. She tried to overcome it; and her father's wistful look, as he saw her moving restlessly to the door, had many a time brought her back to his side. But when the wind rose and the nights were rough, it was more than she could control. She used to hurry out, stumbling along to the end of the Point, battling against the storms

of wind and rain, and finding a strange relief in the effort. Then, too, when she crept home again, cold and dripping, she was too tired to think, and the pitying sleep came quickly to her. "She would take her death one of these nights," her mother fretted once when she was gone; but her husband shook his head, and answered sadly, "We must let her be, wife, —she's doing her best, poor lassie."

One bright autumn morning about this time Kate was busy in the back kitchen: her mother was out, and she was getting the dinner ready, when a little sound made her turn her head. The things fell from her hands as she sprang forward with a cry: it was her young lady, with the same sweet face, a smile of love upon her lips, and the little hands stretched out silently to her. Poor Kate! how she had longed for this! and now that it had come, she could only try to choke back the burst of tears that she could not control; she could not say a word of all the love she had in her heart. But the little lady had got her hand, and they were sitting together on the old-fashioned window-seat, and the clear childish voice was once more in her ears.

"I know all about it, dear," she was saying; "my poor Kate." And then Kate's head was leaning on her shoulder, and all the long-pent-up misery had its way, and the bitter words came. The other listened silently but for the constant little dumb movements which told Kate her heart was going with her through all the sorrowful story.

"I'm just stranded, Missy," she ended. "I've tried hard to think about heaven, and that we shall meet there; but it's all no good; it do seem so far off, I can't lay hold of it. How am I to get through, Missy, without Dick?" she asked piteously, looking up in the other's face. Blinded as she was with tears, she yet remembered afterwards how white and sad it looked; but the loving tender eyes were on hers, and soothed her even before the voice spoke.

"Why, dear, you must just wait. God will help you if you will leave it all to Him. You'll be brave, Kate, I know; you will do your best, and I think——" Here there came a little pause, and the voice took a deeper tone: "I *know* strength will come to you. We mustn't look forward, Kate—we're too weak for that — but just try and be patient every day, and wait. You can't doubt God loves you, Kate? Why, just see if little Joe, now, was in trouble, wouldn't you want to be bearing it for him, and you would do all in your power to help him? Of course you would. And if you would do it for Joe, why, just think how it must be with God,—and He is able, too."

"But Dick," said Kate after a little pause, "he was so young to die like that! Oh, Missy, how am I to know I'll see him again?"

Kate felt the cold little hands trembling that held hers. "You must just trust," said the voice again, and there was a catch in it, and a ring of pain as it went on. "You mustn't be unthankful, Kate. Dick was good; he had a true honest heart; it must be well with him, alive or dead. You can't doubt God cares for him too?"

"No," said Kate, with a sob; "but 'tis easy for you Missy, who is so strong and good, to trust, but I don't know how. You don't know how I feel."

The little lady leant forward on the seat and looked into Kate's eyes with her own filling with tears.

"Kate," she said, earnestly, "I think I know; I wouldn't tell you to trust if I had not tried it."

They talked on for some time, and Kate was soothed and comforted when Carrie left her. She had been able even to forget her trouble for a little in speaking of Lizzie, and answering all her young lady's questions.

Great were the rejoicings in Pentock when the young lady's return was known. She was just her dear self all over, they said; and though they couldn't see why she'd stayed away so long, yet it was lovely to have her back home again. She was in her own place as though that break had never come to her Pentock life; in and out of the cottages she went again with the cheery voice and smile, making every one the gladder for her presence.

Kate was trying hard, but it was no use, she often said to herself. Time was wanted to heal the wound; but meanwhile she was able now to speak of her trouble, and that helped to soften it. As the autumn grew late, and the gales began to come, she was sorely tried again; and many a night the sad noise of the wind and rain sent her wandering down the Point.

Joe Hoyte had taken to come in sometimes in the evenings with little Joe, though he did not say very much. Kate would read the paper to her father, and the two men would talk over it afterwards. And the girl was glad, as it brought back the old light to her father's eyes which had got so dim of late.

One night, as the men were talking, Kate sat with the boy on her knee, his eyes heavy with sleep as they watched the fire flicker and grow small and large in the grate. Kate's thoughts were away, out beyond the little room, over the dull grey sea. A tear fell on the boy's face, and he looked up surprised into Kate's.

"What are you crying about?" he asked, softly. Kate smiled down at him.

"Why, because I am silly, Joe, I suppose."

There came a little silence, and then the child gathering himself closer to her, whispered—

"Is it because you're afraid of the dark, Kate? D'you know," he went on with a burst of confidence, "it's so awful dark alone down there before dad comes home? Mrs Johns says 'tis silly, but I is awful afraid, d'you know?"

Kate put her arms round the boy, and laid her cheek against the rough black head.

"But you never are alone really, Joe," she said, gently, "so you needn't be afraid, my son. Don't you know God sends His beautiful angels to come and take care of children when they're good? so you just say your prayers and you need never be afraid."

"What's angels like?" asked Joe.

"Well, we don't know that," said Kate, "but they take care of us."

"They's got great wings, hasn't they?" asked Joe again.

"They say so," answered Kate, evasively.

"Was they ever birds, d'you think?" asked the child, eagerly.

"No," said Kate; "more likely they were good people once."

Joe's face fell. "Who made 'em?" he asked, indifferently.

"Why, God," said Kate; "you know, Joe, He made everything."

"How did He do it?" pursued the child.

"We don't know that," said Kate, "we only know He did."

"I guess," said Joe, with a little laugh, "He didn't make 'em all at once, but stuck the feathers in after!"

Once or twice when Joe Hoyte came he found the old people alone. The mother saw his eyes looking round the room, and answered their question.

"Kate's out again; it troubles me so she goes out these nights."

"Where does she go?" asked the man.

The mother told him, and added her anxiety lest any harm should befall the girl. He said gruffly, "If she found any comfort in it they might let her be,—'twould be all right;" and the father added—

"Ay, ay, let her be; there's none in Pentock 'ud harm Kate."

After that the old woman noticed that Joe never came when the nights were rough."

Often through the driving rain he watched the girl as he stood in the shadow of a rock, beating her way along, and he would follow her silently, his heart growing heavy as he saw the sad face pass by. Once she came upon him suddenly; the night was so dark he had not seen her turn. She started back; but when he spoke, she came forward again, and they walked home together.

"Why did you come out here?" asked Kate, rather sharply, after a long time of silence.

"Because," said the man, slowly, "I couldn't rest at home and you out here this weather. If you only guessed a bit how many there is as cares for you," he went on, "you'd maybe feel happier and not take on so."

"It's no use, Joe," she said, gently; "I do all I can, and I thank you, but I'd rather you didn't come out here again."

He said nothing, but saw her safely to the cottage door; and never again in her wanderings did she meet with him on the Point.

Winter set in with its cruel storms, and Kate was more than usually restless and unhappy. She talked to her young lady about it, and then felt comforted for a little while; but the terrible nights, when the wind howled and shrieked, beat her down again. When she heard it rising as the afternoon grew late, a cold feeling of terror crept over her. It was in vain that she found more for her hands to do,—the nights would come and bring with them the same old misery. For two days there had been a lull, and Kate was feeling stronger, when once again the wind began to rise.

"You'll never be going out again, Kate," pleaded her mother. The girl paused on the threshold, and came back again; a little later the parents went to bed. Kate drew away the curtain from the window. The sky was clear, and the moon had just risen, though the wind was rising, and a heavy bank of clouds was driving along near the horizon. She lay down and tried to rest, but the wind seemed to have a voice that night, a voice that called and called her, and wailed as it died away. Anything was better than lying there cold and shaking, Kate thought. She rose, and dressing herself hastily, once more stole out of the house; and her feet, almost without her will, took her down the old familiar way they had trodden so often of late. The wind went by her with a shriek as she walked along, tearing at her heavy dress. She had tied a thick handkerchief over her head, but as she neared the end of the Point, a heavy squall of rain wetted it through and through, and made land and sea dark and awful. The wind, too, seemed to have risen since she left the side of the promontory and neared the extreme end.

It was too dark to move safely now over the broken rocks, so she crouched down and waited till the moon should free herself once more from the heavy driving clouds. They grew thinner: the veil seemed almost transparent now, catching a little of the shining light behind it, then once more she swept clear from its edge into the sky. And the waters caught the gleam and were touched here and there with the light. But what was that dark

blot upon them? No rock could stand out so dark and large as that against the sky. Kate sprang to her feet with a scream. It was a vessel, struck on the rocks, and she saw the white foam flying over it as the waves burst up against its side. It must be a stranger, who, not knowing the danger, had got caught and landlocked in the treacherous bay. The sky was clear now. Kate rushed on to the nearest point shading her eyes with her hand. There were men on board,—she saw them running about the deck. What could she do? they were but a little way from shore, but the sea between was so fretted and seamed with rocks, what hope was there of getting a boat out to them? She shouted again and again, but the wind tearing by her carried her voice away. She must get back to Pentock as fast as she might for help. She was turning to climb again the rocks she had clambered down, when she saw a sight that filled her with new terror. They were letting down a boat, and the men were hurrying into it.

"O God," she cried, "I shall be too late! they'll never know the creek, and they're dead men if they try to round the Point." She stood scarcely breathing as she watched the boat fill and leave the vessel's side, its prow turned towards the sunken rocks and fearful death. With despairing force she shrieked again; but what strength had her voice against these terrible monsters that howled and roared around her as though eager for their prey? She sank on her knees in despair—"God! God!" she cried: the terror of what she should see robbed her of all power to pray. What was it that made her leap to her feet and once more, half climbing, half falling, make her way still nearer to the dark cruel water? The boat had neared inshore a little, and if she could only hold her own in the sea, she believed she would reach them in time, before they were on those hidden rocks beyond the Point. The sea had not had time as yet to be more than an angry one. She had swum once before when it was almost as bad. Anyhow she could but try.

She was near the edge now, under the lee of a great black rock. She hastily tore off her boots, then the heavy dress, and stood out, bareheaded, on the edge in the clear moonlight to take the plunge. A man running heavily along the Point saw her clearly in that moment as the slight girl's form stood poised against the sky.

A wave dashed over her. Ah, how the frail body shrank from its cold bitter touch! She could not do it; the chance was so slight, the peril so fearful; and to die alone — so utterly alone — she had not strength. She wavered, and was moving back when a thought came to her that sent the light back to her eye and courage to her heart. These poor souls toiling on to certain death,—were there no hearts at home like hers to be emptied and broken? If it had been Dick in that boat—— She rushed to the edge; if she did it there was no time to waste: a heavy wave rolled by, and with an unspoken prayer for help, she slipped into the water.

She never remembered very well what followed,—a vague recollection of a shout behind her and then the sound of a heavy plunge came back to her afterwards. Then she needed all the strength of body and thought to beat her way through those cruel waters. She bore up bravely at first. With bold strong strokes she cleared the heavy waves, but it was impossible to bear it long. Heavens!

how the waves rose up before her, and hissed, as they curled over and thundered along! She never knew how she passed them; in after-times it seemed as though again and again they bore her down. But she was nearing the point at which the boat must pass: if the moon would not hide herself for one brief moment more, if the terrible darkness did not come—one last effort, one cry, and they were safe. She heard their voices as the black boat loomed over her, — heard them, and shouted with what feeble strength remained — "Steer for the creek, inshore, not the Point." Then in the darkness that was coming over her eyes, through the choking waves that sucked her down, a strong arm was held out and caught her. She was pulled into the boat, and half dead as she was, she knew before the darkness quite closed over her, that she was in the arms of her lover,—that it was Dick himself, come back as it were from another world, who wrapped the heavy coat around her and held her in his arms.

Need the happy home-coming, the tears of joy, be told?

My story is over now. The storm was past; they were in the haven; and the shipwreck that had threatened heart and life had borne blessed fruit at last.

There are only a few more words to say.

As the cold grey morning broke after that fearful night, what burden was this the waves bore and laid down upon the sand in the creek — laid tenderly down with little whisperings, and then shrank back across the sand like guilty things? God rest you, brave, true heart! you died nobly, Joe. Lizzie was right: you were a good man—a good man through all your fierce temptations. And she whom you died to save understands you at last. The loved hands held your cold ones; she laid her lips to yours, and once more came the words—"I thank you, Joe Hoyte,"—whispered this time in love and tears. There is a grave in Pentock that never wants a flower,—a heart in Pentock that never grows forgetful: God rest you, faithful heart!

And little Joe lives with Lizzie. They are learning together how to be good. Love is teaching her the right way, and she is teaching him—love that turns even feebleness to strength, and as it grows makes pure its dwelling in the weakest heart. No more fear for Lizzie now, she is in good keeping; and the years, as they go by, will bring only strength and healing with them.

Kate and Dick were married when April came round again, and the grass and flowers were springing up to their new life. All Pentock was there in the grey stone church—from the parson with his white head bent over his book, to Lizzie and little Joe by the door. Though all Dick had toiled for was gone down with the fated vessel, yet he was there, loving and strong; and as he took Kate's hands in his and looked into her face, so full of love and happiness, no one doubted—and Richard Mitchell least of all—that life's path would be easier for both if they travelled it side by side together.

So I think of the Pentock folk, now that time has gone by, gathered together there in the little church in loving sympathy to rejoice with the group standing together at the end. But last, I like to think of our young lady as she knelt there—a ray of sunlight falling on her, her hands clasped tightly together, and a quiet happy light in the face that told one her heart was the home of that peace that passes our poor understanding.

MARTIN'S HORACE.

HOMER and Horace are, to educated Englishmen who make no pretension to Greek and Latin scholarship, the two great representatives of what we call the Classics. Virgil, though he still retains the affections of our neighbours the French, has of late years lost somewhat of his popularity in England. In the first place, he is by no means such a universal text-book as he used to be, in almost every form, in our public schools, and therefore not recognised by so many of us in after-life as an old acquaintance. Then, again, the roll of his harmonious numbers is seldom now heard in the House of Commons; the public-school men on its benches are getting comparatively few and far between, and the appeal of a happy quotation is no longer made to an appreciative audience. Political life moves too fast to stop by the way to gather the flowers of poetry, Latin or English; blue-books and statistics have taken its place. A passage from Virgil would be, to the minds of some modern honourable members, almost as much an obstruction as a motion for adjournment from an Irish irreconcilable. And Virgil seems for the present to have lost, with his place in the Commons' debates, his old precedence in the public heart and memory.

But Homer and Horace still hold their own. It is not difficult to see why. Wholly removed from each other as they are,—separated by even a wider interval in spirit than in date,—they have still one claim in common. Both have the notes of catholicity: Homer for the grand, antique, heroic type of human life; Horace for the mundane, modern, and practical. With this distinction, the old catholic definition may be applied, without profane travesty, to both: they include for us all human life and experience—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.* Their pictures of humanity and their maxims of conduct are not the outcome of individual mind so much as of the general spirit of two distinct ages of man, of which they are the representatives in the world of letters. It is hardly too much to say that the germ of all heroic poetry and legend is to be found in Homer; and though, as a mere lyric poet, Horace was perhaps little more than a happy imitator of the Greek originals whom he has survived, it is certain that as the poet of social life he holds a rank in which he has no peers, and has supplied both text and moral to a crowd of modern poets who have willingly acknowledged their obligations. So it comes to pass that many an Englishman whose education has been chiefly on "the modern side" (to use a public-school term) will honestly confess that he knows of the Greek dramatists or the Latin historians little more than their names; while he will be ashamed not to have made (or at least to confess that he has not made) some slight acquaintance with Horace and Homer, though it be only in a translation.

The difficulty of translating the poetry of one language into the poetry of another is confessed to be wellnigh insuperable. The undertaking has been defined, with some justice, as an "attempt to translate the untranslatable." Some of those best qualified to judge have held that the English reader

The Works of Horace, translated into English Verse. With a Life and Notes. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Two vols. William Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

will obtain a juster idea of the beauties and peculiarities of a Greek or Latin poet through the medium of a version into what may be called poetical and rhythmical prose. Such a version will undoubtedly be more faithful; but ordinary readers will find it unattractive and tedious. Macpherson's 'Ossian' is the only prose claiming to represent poetry that ever made for itself a popular reputation; and its popularity was very fictitious and short-lived.

Mr Conington, in the preface to his translation of Horace's Odes, has professed himself "convinced that a really successful translator must himself be an original poet;" a dictum with which, with all respect for such an authority, we cannot honestly concur. A translator must have a poet's taste, a poet's musical ear, a poet's nice appreciation of words and phrases: but it seems by no means necessary that he shall have what is the most essential endowment of the original poet—"the maker"—his power of creation. He who would translate Greek or Roman poetry so as to satisfy an English taste and ear, must be thoroughly well-read in our best English poets, and have their vocabulary at his perfect command; he must possess a scholar's critical judgment and a refined taste: but it is not required of him to have written, or to think himself qualified to write, an original poem. We are not even sure that such power, if he had it, might not occasionally be a hindrance rather than a help in his special work: there would be the risk of his forgetting his author in himself. Was it not very much the case with Pope and with Dryden? It may be too much to say they would have been better translators if they had possessed less of the poet's creative genius; but at least it must be confessed that in their finest passages we are really reading Dryden and Pope, not Homer or Virgil. Take the case of these Odes of Horace: there is scarcely a grander passage to be found in the whole range of poetry than the three concluding stanzas of Dryden's paraphrase (too little remembered) of the Twenty-ninth Ode of the First Book; but it cannot be called a translation of Horace. It is something far finer, but it is not *that*. Had the lamented Oxford professor carried out his own principle into practice, we should have had neither his Virgil nor his Horace, and this would have been a great literary loss. We venture to think that probably these versions were all the better because he had never himself aspired to original composition.

Sir Theodore Martin fully admits that the translator of Horace proposes to himself no easy task, but he contends that "its very difficulty makes it attractive." Undoubtedly it is so; the mental exercise is severe, but grateful. It is like those severe bodily exercises which have a charm for all healthy and vigorous natures, and above all, for Englishmen. Hunting would be no great pleasure unless there were some stiff fences; and a mountain-peak that an ordinary pedestrian can climb has no attractions for the Alpine Club. On the same principle, a poet, and even a difficult poet, tempts into the field more translators than the prose author who can be "done into English," apparently at least, so easily. Thus it is, perhaps, that Horace has been so often attempted, because in some respects he is the most difficult of all. Bishop Sanderson used to say that "the repetition of one of the Odes of Horace was to him such music as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it to themselves or their friends." And this subtle

charm evaporates in translation, as all translators will confess — the best the most readily. Let us hear what Sir Theodore himself says as to the principles which have guided him in translation :—

"Where so much of a writer's charm lies, as with Horace, in exquisite aptness of language, and in a style perfect for fulness of suggestion, combined with brevity and grace, the task of indicating his characteristics in translation demands the most liberal allowance from the reader. 'The lyrical poems of Horace,' says Dr Johnson, 'never can be perfectly translated, so much of the excellence is in the numbers and expression,'—a remark true of all fine poetry, which can never be 'dislimbed' and put together again in another language without injury more or less serious. The present writer had no pet theory of translation to illustrate. His sole aim has been to convey to the mind of an English reader the impression, as nearly as may be, which the originals produce upon his own. The difficulties of such a task are endless. 'It is impossible,' says Shelley, himself one of the most successful of translators, 'to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*.' True in the case even of languages which bear an affinity to our own, this is especially true where Greek or Latin poetry is concerned. The tone must be sufficiently modern to make the poems tolerable as English poems, and yet sufficiently classical to be characteristic, and such as the scholar will recognise as true. No competent translator will satisfy himself; still less can he expect to satisfy others. . . . To be as literal and close as the difference between the languages would admit, has been the aim throughout. But there are occasions, as every scholar knows, where to be faithful to the letter is to be most unfaithful to the spirit of an author; and where to be close is to be hopelessly prosaic. Phrases, nay, single words, and names, rich in associations, and full of poetical suggestiveness in one language, are bald, if not absolutely without significance, in another. Besides, even under the most skilful hands, a thought or sentiment must at times be expanded or condensed to meet the necessity of the stanza. The triumph of the translator is, where this is effected without losing any of the significance, or clashing with the pervading sentiment, of the original."

The reader is thus told what he may fairly expect, and what he must not expect; and, under the conditions laid down, we venture to say he will not find himself disappointed. There is no struggle after a literal version; there is no attempt to imitate the Horatian metres, of which we really understand little more than the formal shape and rules, and whose true rhythmical cadences we can never know until we can call up some one to read them to us as they were read to Mæcenas or Augustus. But we have, perhaps, as near an approach as can be made—the nearest, in our judgment, that has yet been made—to a complete presentation of the great social poet of Rome in such a form as may enable the reader who cannot enjoy him in the original to appreciate him as reflected in this copy. We say advisedly, the nearest complete result; because the translator whose volumes—in type and paper that would have satisfied the taste of Horace himself — lie now before us would probably be the first to confess that individual odes, and individual passages here and there from the Satires, have been already so happily rendered as to leave little room for a new version. These eclectic translations of favourite "bits" are not so difficult, and are the result sometimes of a happy inspiration; but to carry out the process through the whole of an author's works, and to bring the same taste and pains to bear alike on the tempting and un-

tempting passages, shows workmanship of a much higher order.

Not the least charming portion of the work is the "Life" of the poet, which takes up the greater part of the first volume. Horace is there made, as far as possible, his own biographer; and he is, within the compass of the few thousand lines which are all that he has left us,—and all, so far as we know, that he ever wrote,—almost as garrulous as Montaigne. Like that delightful Frenchman, the account he gives of himself is very little tinged with self-flattery: one sometimes doubts whether there was not, in both cases, a fancy for making the most of their own private weaknesses. Did they possibly fancy that such confessions would make them more "interesting"? Such an idea is sometimes ascribed to the more "interesting" sex; but there was a good deal of feminity both about Horace and Montaigne. Or was it the desire to show that they were great men in spite of all these weaknesses? Or was it the mere love of talking about themselves? which is, alas! the besetting sin of so many of us, and would be openly indulged if we could be as sure of an appreciative audience as were these two pleasant writers. Be this as it may, we moderns feel much obliged to them both: we like to know what they thought of themselves, and have no reason in either case to suppose they were very far wrong. If they are not blind to their own good qualities, they are by no means reticent as to their own defects. The biographical record which may be patched together out of their own writings, in spite of a tantalising hiatus here and there, is probably to the full as truthful as any that we should have had from the hand of a literary friend, if biography had been as terribly active in their days as it is now.

Horatius Flaccus—he calls himself indifferently by either of the two names, but would have been puzzled to have heard himself addressed under our villanous contraction as "Horace"—was born, as he tells us, on his father's little estate at Venusia, now Venosa, in the mountainous district which formed the border-land between Apulia and Lucania. His father had been a slave, had received or bought his freedom, and had made some money as a collector of taxes. But he was one of those wise and unselfish fathers who struggle to give their sons a higher education than their own. The son's gratitude has in return immortalised the humble Venusian farmer. This is how he speaks of him, in his own prosperous days, when that education had opened the way for him into a position and society far above his lowly birth. The passage occurs in a letter to his noble friend and patron Mæcenas, and may serve as a fair sample of the translator's success in rendering his author's epistolary style—which Horace himself characterises as little more than rhythmical prose:—

"Yet if some trivial faults, and these but few,
My nature, else not much amiss, imbue
(Just as you wish away, yet scarcely blame,
A mole or two upon a comely frame),
If no man may arraign me of the vice
Of lewdness, meanness, nor of avarice;
If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love (self-praise is venial here),
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few lean acres, and no more,
Was loath to send me to the village school,
Whereto the sons of men of mark and rule,—
Centurions, and the like,—were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter-day;

But boldly took me, when a boy, to Rome,
There to be taught all arts that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought, no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And, in a word, he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss,
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector, seek
With petty fees my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know,
More earnest thanks and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own
With pride, that I have such a father known;
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
For now should nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself, with mine content,
I would not choose who men endow as great
With the insignia and seats of state;
And, though I seemed insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise."

The translator has quoted, happily enough, in illustration of the Roman poet's grateful tribute to his father's teaching and example, the very similar feeling expressed by Burns, who resembled Horace in his plebeian origin, but in very little else:—

"My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border,
And carefully he bred me up in decency and order;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest manly heart no man was worth regarding."

He also compares the following passage from Carlyle's 'Reminiscences':—

"Ought I not to rejoice that God was pleased to give me such a father; that from earliest years I had the example of a real man of God's own making continually before me? Let me learn of *him*. Let me write my books, as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow-world; if God so will, to rejoin him at last."—Reminiscences, vol. i. p. 15.

In perhaps the majority of cases, men who have risen to literary eminence have owed their natural gifts and their early training chiefly to their mothers. The translator remarks that Horace nowhere speaks of his mother at all; and is inclined to gather from this silence, as other biographers have supposed, that she died while he was very young. It may be so; but the life and character of a Roman matron was generally—of course with some well-known exceptions—so entirely negative, that there appears no valid ground for concluding anything from her son's reticence but that she was a very respectable woman, who "stayed at home and spun wool," as was held to be a Roman housewife's duty.

Sir Theodore remarks that Horace, "like Burns and Beranger," was proud of his plebeian origin; and he points out as a proof of it that "he was at pains on more occasions than one to call attention to the fact of his humble birth." This is quite true; but we do not draw the same inference as to the poet's own feeling on the question. We do not much believe in any man's being proud of obscure birth. It is something not to be ashamed of it. A man who has risen from the ranks may be conscious that he

owes everything to his own merits, and therefore, in a certain sense, may be proud of himself; but obscurity of birth is in itself a disadvantage, and therefore can be nothing to be proud of. A man may be "too proud to care from whence he came;" and this may be allowed to have been Horace's feeling. He had too much real nobility to feel or show anything but high respect for the father to whom he owed it that he was what he was. But, to our fancy, this pertinacity in parading on all occasions the fact of his servile origin leads one rather to suspect, on the part of the poet, an uneasy consciousness of the weak joint in his social armour. His true friends were too fond of the genial companion and open-hearted man, to care much who his father was. Mæcenas—"sprung from ancestral kings"—sat too high to care much for the pedigree of those whom he admitted to his circle for their literary or social qualities. The Cæsar cared no more to ask such questions about the pleasant little man, who amused him so much with his lyrics and his conversation, than the Prince Regent would have cared to inquire into the family history of Captain Charles Morris—the Horace of his own day. But there were a set of meaner people—at least of meaner minds—who knew all about it, and took care that other people should know it, and that Horace should hear of it. He met the sneer or the taunt in perhaps the only way a sensible man can meet it,—by unreservedly referring to it himself. Read the well-known passage in the Sixth Satire—

"Nunc redeo ad me, libertino patre natum,
Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum"—
"Now to myself, the freed-man's son, come I,
Whom all the mob of gaping fools decry,
Because, forsooth, I am a freed-man's son."

The very repetition of the words which he thus throws back in the teeth of his detractors, seems to show that their teeth had made a mark, though he was determined not to wince at it.

His schoolmaster, Orbilius, he has handed down to memory in a somewhat different spirit, as a man "of many stripes"—*plagosus Orbilius.* Under his stern discipline he read Homer, who was the text-book of the young Romans, as he is of our modern public-school boys. We find Horace prophesying—half in jest, perhaps with an inward prescience of the lasting fame of his verse—that his own writings would also become a regular school-book, and be duly impressed upon young Rome by the Orbilius of a new generation. But he could hardly have foreseen how soon that day of questionable glory would arise. In Juvenal's days, scarcely a century later, Horace had already become a school-classic.

From Rome young Horace, "the famous freshman from Venusia"—as Mr Trevelyan calls him in his very amusing burlesque,* — duly proceeded to Athens, the university of the world—

"There in the groves of Academe to sound
The way to truth, if so she might be found."

At Athens he met with young men of the best Roman families—Cicero's younger brother among them; and there he himself was found by Brutus, who, while walking through the lectures of the schools, was quietly picking out

* 'Horace at Athens.'

promising young officers for the Republican army, which, after the assassination of Cæsar, he was gradually forming. Horace was only twenty-two when Brutus offered him the command of a legion—some 6000 men; an unusually responsible position for one so young, and who, so far as we know, had seen no previous military service. Under Brutus and Cassius he served in Asia Minor, and was present when they and their cause fell on the fatal day of Philippi. How he bore himself as an officer and soldier is not perhaps quite so clear as his present translator, and others of his enthusiastic admirers, would have us think. No doubt he says of himself—

"In war, as also here at home,
I stood well with the foremost men at Rome."

But his military reputation seems at least to have been the subject of sneering remarks from his enemies. He refers to it in the epistle to Mæcenas, which has been already quoted:—

"My sin at present is that I have won
Thy trust, Mæcenas; once in this it lay,
That o'er a Roman legion I bore sway
As Tribune—surely faults most opposite."

Very possibly the feeling in the first case, as in the second, was simple jealousy. He takes up the jest against himself, by way of cutting the ground from his slanderers' feet, in a well-known passage in the Ode addressed to one of his old comrades in arms, Pompeius Varus (Ode ii. 7):—

"Dear comrade in the days when thou and I
With Brutus took the field, his perils bore,
Who hath restored thee, freely as of yore,
To thy home gods, and loved Italian sky,

Pompey, who wert the first my heart to share;
With whom full oft I've sped the lingering day,
Quaffing bright wine, as in our tents we lay,
With Syrian spikenard on our glistening hair;

With thee I shared Philippi's headlong flight,
My shield behind me left, which was not well,
When all that brave array was broke, and fell
In the vile dust full many a towering wight.

But me, poor trembler, swift Mercurius bore,
Wrapped in a cloud, through all the hostile din,
Whilst war's tumultuous eddies, closing in,
Swept thee away into the strife once more."

Of course this is not to be pressed literally; but no doubt it was what ill-natured people said, and Horace thought this was the best way to answer them. He was not bound to stand and die where he fought, if the day was hopelessly lost. The world would have missed some charming things if he had; and we can well forgive our poet if he was not every inch a hero. Even Sir Theodore Martin admits that "fighting was not Horace's vocation;" and without such a vocation, heroes in war, we take it, are seldom made. He never handled shield or sword after Philippi. But in all his after-life his republican instincts never changed, and the lost cause lay always near his heart.

He had made friends, too—he was sure to make friends under any circumstances—amongst the young men of birth who served with him in the Republican army. Besides Varus, to whom he addressed the ode just quoted, and Septimius, of the ode immediately preceding, he had certainly been brought into intimate relations with Sextus Pompeius, the son of "the great" Pompey, as we call him. It seems almost certain that to him was addressed by the poet the guarded

warning contained in the Fourteenth Ode of his First Book, to which Sir Theodore Martin, following the current but wholly conjectural title, gives the heading, "To the Roman Republic." Sextus was now striving to rally round him the relics of the old Republican party, and the patriotic spirits who chafed under the despotism of Augustus. He had probably sounded his old comrade Horace; but Horace, though his heart went with his old friends and their cause, foresaw the utter futility of such an attempt, and deprecated the revival of civil strife and consequent bloodshed. Read in that light, the ode has a point and meaning far more intelligible than if it is supposed to apostrophise the "ship of the state," and to convey a mere general deprecation of civil war. The ode itself is an imitation of a Greek one by Alcæus, of which a fragment has survived:—

"O bark, fresh waves shall hurry thee,
Yet once again, far out to sea;
Beware, beware; and boldly seize
The port, where thou mayst ride at ease!
Dost thou not see, thy side is shorn
Of all its oars, thy mainmast torn,
And hear thy lanyards moan and shriek,
And all thy straining timbers creak,
Too frail to meet the surge around,
Though plank to plank with cables bound?
Thy sails are rent; nor gods hast thou
When danger threats, to hear thy vow;
Although thou art a Pontic pine,
A woodland child of noble line,
Vain, vain amid the tempest's rage
Such vaunted name and lineage!
No trust hath fearful marinere
In gilded prow; so thou beware!
Unless it be thy doom to form
The sport and pastime of the storm.
O thou, that erewhile wert to me
A heavy-sad anxiety,
And now my dream, my passion art,
The care that chiefly fills my heart,
Oh, be advised, and shun the seas,
That wash the shining Cyclades!"

The poet has guarded his meaning sufficiently not to expose himself to the accusation of sympathising with the movement; but it would be well enough understood at the time. The galley-side, "shorn of all its oars," expresses graphically enough the state of a party all whose chiefs had fallen: the "Pontic pine" of "vaunted name and lineage" applies to nothing so well as to the son of the conqueror of Pontus. The loyal feeling of the poet towards his old companions in arms breaks out again in that bitter invective in the Fourth Epode, which is generally considered to have been aimed at Menas, the freed-man of Pompey, and one of the lieutenants of his son Sextus, who, after going over to Augustus with a portion of the fleet, returned to the service of Sextus, only to desert him a second time. So, when Horace says in one of his Satires (ii. 1, 77), that even "Envy's self must confess" that he once lived with great men—*cum magnis vixisse*—he is no more thinking of Mæcenas and Augustus than he was when he said that in war, as in peace, he had "stood well with the foremost men of Rome."

Horace returned to Rome, after the collapse of his party, to lead, for some two or three years, a life of retirement. His little family property had most likely been confiscated (like Virgil's) to provide allotments of land for the soldiers of the successful faction. He complains of his poverty, and declares he took to verse-making in sheer despair. How he succeeded in making money (if he did make it) by writing satires, which were his earliest productions, is what he does not tell us. But by some means or other he bought himself a place in the quæstor's office—a kind of under-clerkship of the Treasury; and, as his habits could be frugal when he chose, his life, spent amongst his few books and friends, was by no means an un-

happy one. The following passage, as graceful in this translation as in the original, may be taken as the honest expression of his feelings at the time :—

"If only poverty keep from my door,
Unlovely poverty, I ask no more;
The ship I sail in may be large or small,
'Twill carry me, and that is all in all.
Fair winds we may not have, nor swelling sails,
Yet neither have we always adverse gales.
In strength, in worth, in influence, powers of mind,
In rank and fortune, though I come behind
The very foremost, many yet there be
That in their turn come lagging after me."

Fortune soon smiled on the young poet: if he had not made money, he had at least made a name. Some one had doubtless shown some of his productions to Mæcenas, who probably expressed some curiosity to see him, as one of the young lions of the day—for the introduction does not seem to have been of Horace's seeking. He was introduced to the great man by Virgil, his stanch and valued friend. Mæcenas appears to have received the young republican with some coldness at first—possibly because of his known opinions. For nine months nothing seemed likely to come of the interview; but suddenly, after that long interval, when the poet must have thought himself forgotten, Mæcenas sent for him again, as he tells us, having heard no doubt what a thoroughly good fellow he was, in spite of a little twist on politics; and from that time forth Horace found himself admitted into the sacred circle of the minister's intimate friends. He was chosen to accompany him on that "Journey to Brundusium" of which he has given such a pleasant account. It is pretty well known, from the various English versions of it, of which perhaps Cowper's is one of the best.

But we may give a passage from the translation before us to show how well Horace's narrative style has been rendered. The travellers have taken the canal-boat from Appii Forum to Terracina :—

"Now 'gan the night with gentle hand
To fold in shadows all the land,
And stars along the sky to scatter,
When there arose a hideous clatter,
Slaves slanging bargemen, bargemen slaves;
'Ho, haul up there! How now, ye knaves!
Inside three hundred people stuff,
Already there are quite enough!'
Collected were the fares at last,
The mule that drew our barge made fast,
But not till a good hour was gone.
Sleep was not to be thought upon,
The cursèd gnats* were so provoking,
The bull-frogs set up such a croaking:
A bargeman too, a drunken lout,
And passenger, sang turn about,
In tones remarkable for strength,
Their absent sweethearts, till at length
The passenger began to doze;
When up the stalwart bargeman rose,
His fastenings from the stone unwound,
And left the mule to graze around;
Then down upon his back he lay,
And snored in a terrific way.
And now day broke, but still we note
No signs of motion in the boat,
Till out a hare-brained fellow sprang,
And with a willow cudgel rang
A rouser round the ribs and head
Of mule and bargeman. Then we sped,
But it was ten o'clock and more
Before our party got on shore."
—Sat. i. 5.

Very soon after this Mæcenas made his friend a present of a little estate in the country, a few miles from Tivoli, and about thirty from Rome — that "Sabine farm" of which he often speaks so fondly. He had long wished for such possession, he says; though we must

* There is an amusing printer's error in the volume itself—"*guests*" for "*gnats.*" Guests are provoking at times, as the printer doubtless knew; but, on the whole, mosquitoes are worse.

remember that the "*Hoc erat in votis*" (Sat. ii. 6) was written after its acquisition, and may be only an effusion of grateful feeling towards the giver. Here is his own description of the place:—

"Girdled by hills it lies, through which but one
Small valley, rich in shade, is seen to run,
Where on the right the morning sunbeams play,
Whilst on the left they rest at close of day.
You'd like the air. Wild cherry there, and sloe
Purply and dark, in rich profusion grow,
While oak and ilex bounteously afford
Food for my herds, and shelter for their lord.
'How's this?' you'd say, could you behold the scene;
'Tarentum's here, with all its wealth of green.'
We have a fountain, too, that well may claim
To give the stream, whose source it is, a name;
More cool, more clear, not Thracian Hebrus flows,
Balm for head-pains, and for the stomach's woes."—Epist. i. 16.

One likes to think, as Sir Theodore Martin is inclined to think, that the "fountain" here named is the "Fons Bandusiæ" to which he addresses that pretty ode (iii. 13). He really does seem to have enjoyed his little country-seat thoroughly. There is no mistaking the natural ring of the lines with which he opens the Eighteenth Ode of his Second Book:—

"Within my dwelling you behold
Nor ivory, nor roof of gold;
There no Hymettian rafters weigh
On columns from far Africa;
Nor Attalus' imperial chair
Have I usurped, a spurious heir,
Nor client dames of high degree
Laconian purples spin for me;
But a true heart and genial vein
Of wit are mine, and rich men deign,
Poor as I am, to seek my door.
For nought beyond do I implore
The gods, nor crave my potent friend
A larger bounty to extend,
With what he gave completely blest,
My happy little Sabine nest."

If we are to trust the poet himself, his wants were always few, and his tastes simple:—

"Let olives, endive, mallows light,
Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Apollo, so I might
Enjoy my present wealth!
Give me but these, I ask no more,
These, and a mind entire—
An old age not unhonoured, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre!"

But it is not always quite safe to take a poet's utterances, when he has donned his singing robe and garland, in their bare prosaic interpretation. "Mine be a cot beside the hill" was written, we believe, by one Samuel Rogers: only let us try to fancy the comfortable London banker realising his "Wish," and settling down in such a damp situation, with "Lucy singing at her wheel"

"In russet gown and apron blue."

But it would be as unfair to call upon a poet to make good his words on such subjects, as it was to convict Homer of intemperance because he sang the praises of the "good red wine."

We cannot feel quite so sure as his translator does that Horace really preferred a country life to the pleasures of Rome. He was a man so made for society that one cannot conceive his being long happy out of it. We do not know very much as to what country neighbours were like in those old days in Sabinum; but we can pretty well guess that they had not much of the refinement to which Horace had grown accustomed by mixing on easy terms with the best society of the capital. No doubt he thoroughly enjoyed the occasional change from the heat and dust and noise of Rome to the green banks and olive-groves and sparkling waters of Bandusia; and enjoyed also very much the occasional visits of his brother poet, the

handsome man of fashion, Tibullus, the busy lawyer Torquatus, and his pretty friend Tyndaris, and others of his gay friends from town, if they ever did go to visit him, as they were so often invited, at his "little place in the country." But the poet was surely more than half aware himself that he was only playing—very prettily, we grant—at rural felicity. His farm-bailiff, Davus—whom we are probably safe in regarding as a real personage, and who, slave as he was in name, must have had a very easy time of it with such a kind and genial master — to whom he addresses one of his Epistles (i. 14), seems to have understood pretty well the real state of the question. Horace complains that the fellow was always longing to be in town, while his master was never so happy as in the country—according to his own account :—

"He who of yore caroused from noon till night
Now quits the table soon, and loves to dream
And drowse upon the grass beside a stream,
Nor blushes that of sport he took his fill ;—
He'd blush, indeed, to be tomfooling still.
In that calm spot, no evil eye askance
Upon my simple comforts brings mischance,
Nor does cold hate, with slanderous fang obscure,
Its venom drop for my discomfiture.
True, as I turn a sod or shift a stone,
My neighbours laugh,—no mighty harm, you'll own.
You're dying to be with my slaves in town."

No doubt the neighbouring farmers did laugh, in good-humoured fashion, at the plump little gentleman who was thus laboriously getting up an appetite for his dinner. But let us hear what the poet puts into the mouth of Davus when he represents that worthy retainer as taking advantage of the licence of the Saturnalian holiday to tell his master a little plain truth :—

"At Rome you for the country sigh ;
When in the country, to the sky,
You, flighty as the thistle's down,
Are always crying up the town.
If no one asks you out to dine,
Oh, then the *pot-au-feu's* divine !
You go out on compulsion only—
'Tis so delightful to be lonely ;
And drinking bumpers is a bore
You shrink from daily more and more.
But only let Mæcenas send
Command for you to meet a friend ;
Although the message comes so late,
The lamps are being lighted, straight,
'Where's my pomade ? Look sharp !' you shout—
'Heavens ! is there nobody about ?
Are you all deaf ?' and, storming high
At all the household, off you fly."
—Sat. ii. 7.

Even Sir Theodore, who tries hard to convince himself and his readers that all Horace's raptures about the country are real, cannot help showing us honestly the other side of the picture here and there. When Horace, in his Epistle to Bullatius, asks his friend what he thought of the lovely scenery of the Isles of Greece—Chios, and Lesbos, and "Samos the beautiful" —and whether he preferred them, after all, to the banks of the Tiber and the field of Mars,—he confesses that for his own part he prefers to stay in Rome and to admire the scenery of the Ægean, with which he was no doubt familiar, at a distance. To which his translator adds this note :—

"Horace had in his youth most probably seen them all ; and as Charles Lamb preferred Fleet Street and the Strand to Skiddaw and all the glories of the Lake country, so he obviously thought the Campus Martius and the banks of the Tiber better than them all. . . . Solitude, fine scenery, and stormy seas are all very well, but they are hardly a sufficient reason for giving up all the pleasures and companionship of a home in the metropolis."

And we find what seems, to us at least, a truer estimate of Horace's

tastes in the long and interesting note on the Sabine farm—a little essay in itself—which is here appended to the Second Satire :—

"He loved the country with the keen zest with which a town-man loves it, who retains a relish for simple pleasures, and an open eye for the beauty of hill and dale, and wood and river. Without the country to retreat to every now and then, Horace would have been an unhappy man, and even more short-lived than he was. His farm amused, but it did not engross him. Rome, with its manifold interests and its circle of distinguished friends, was his real home. The Sabine farm was and could be no more than a pleasant loophole of retreat, where he might get into condition again after the hard living of the city, and live in the pure bracing air of the hills, secure from the prostrating breath of the sirocco ('*plumbeus auster*') and the blighting airs of autumn ('*Auctumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.*')"

No: we are persuaded that if we want really to see "Horace at home," we must look for him in his town quarters, and not in his country villa. There is an admirable sketch of life in Rome in the fifth chapter of this biographical preface, the details of which are gathered from the cabinet pictures of it which the poet has inserted here and there in Odes, Satires, and Epistles; and we feel far more certain that these are true to life than even the sweet vignettes of Lucretilis and the Fountain of Bandusia :—

"I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of pot-herbs and of bread,
The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun,
The forum, too, at times, near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls, thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and peas;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet and two beakers; near at hand,
A common ewer, patera, and bowl!
Campania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I. . . . . .
I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
With oil, not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field, and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then, having lightly dined, just to appease
The sense of emptiness, I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight."

Once admitted to the intimacy of Mæcenas, the introduction to Augustus followed naturally enough. Horace soon became an ardent admirer of the great "Emperor," as we call him, and sang his praises vigorously. For this he has been severely censured, by Voltaire and others, as a time-server and a flatterer, who sacrificed all the honest opinions and patriotic associations of his early years in order to win favour at Court. The defence put forward in the "Life" prefixed to this translation is able and complete. It is fairly argued that Horace was content at first to acknowledge in Augustus the representative of firm government and settled order. In theory he would have preferred a republic; but a republic had become impossible for Rome. Cicero saw it; and, had he lived, would have taken much the same line that Horace did. Men are not traitors to a lost cause because they are content to recognise the *de facto* rulers. Many an honest Englishman who was Jacobite in principle and feeling became none the less a loyal subject to William of Orange; and many a Frenchman, Republican

and Legitimist, thought they saw in the Second Empire a safe foundation of law and order for their country, who had only looked with detestation on the *coup d'état* which gave birth to it. No doubt, as the poet was brought into nearer relations with Augustus, he was pleased and flattered by attentions from such a quarter. His panegyrics are certainly warm enough: but panegyric is the natural language which poets use towards sovereigns. The poetical literature of our own Georgian era abounds with loyal effusians which go far beyond the Roman poet in the language of adulation, while they have none of his grace. Horace felt strongly that imperialism was far better than anarchy. Such was the general feeling amongst the moderate spirits. Augustus had, as Sir Theodore says, "established fresh claims on the gratitude of Rome by his firm, sagacious, and moderate policy, by the general prosperity which grew up under his administration, by the success of his arms, by the great public works which enhanced the splendour and convenience of the capital, by the restoration of the laws, and by his zealous endeavour to stem the tide of immorality which had set in during the protracted disquietudes of the civil wars." This is not too high praise: and there is no doubt that the sovereign was personally popular. When he was absent in Gaul for nearly two years, resettling the condition of that province after the defeat of Lollius, Rome felt and mourned the absence of its chief with a deeper sentiment than the national jealousy which insists on the visible presence of even a moderately popular ruler. The graceful language of the ode which the poet addresses to Augustus, in which he represents the whole people as wearying for his return, need not be altogether set aside as though it were the conventional effusion of the Court laureate:—

"Oh, then, return! the pledge redeem,
Thou gav'st the Senate, and once more
Its light to all the land restore;
For when thy face, like spring-tide's gleam,

Its brightness on the people sheds,
Then glides the day more sweetly by,
A brighter blue pervades the sky,
The sun a richer radiance spreads.

As on her boy the mother calls,
Her boy, whom envious tempests keep
Beyond the vexed Carpathian deep,
From his dear home, till winter falls,

And still with vow and prayer she cries,
Still gazes on the winding shore,
So yearns the country evermore
For Cæsar, with fond, wistful eyes.

For safe the herds range field and fen,
Full-headed stand the shocks of grain,
Our sailors sweep the peaceful main,
And man can trust his fellow-men."

There seems at least to have been no desire on Horace's part, as his present biographer observes, to make use of his favour with Augustus to advance his personal fortunes. Suetonius tells us that Augustus went so far as to offer him the appointment of his private secretary, which the poet begged leave to decline on the ground of indifferent health; and he gives us a pretty letter, in which the Emperor hopes to retain the poet's friendship in spite of this refusal. Such a post, unless it were purely nominal, would certainly not have suited Horace at all. It is impossible to imagine a man of his temperament sitting down half the day copying ministerial despatches and answering importunate petitions.

The intercourse between the poet and his patron Mæcenas seems to have grown into a real friendship, and the tone in which Horace

speaks of him (and he is continually speaking of him or addressing him, in one form or another) is not so much that of gratitude or respect towards a munificent benefactor—still less of adulation—as of strong personal affection. Take the following passage from an ode which he addressed to the Minister when he was just recovering from one of those terrible attacks of fever and sleeplessness to which he was constitutionally subject:—

"Why wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears?
Why, O Mæcenas, why?
Before thee lies a train of happy years:
Yes, nor the gods nor I
Could brook that thou shouldst first be laid in dust,
Who art my stay, my glory, and my trust!

Ah! if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deadened sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine!

Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath;
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand linked in hand, whene'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below!"

The poet was, on one point, an unconscious prophet. Mæcenas, it is true, lived for seventeen years after this was written, but when he died his poet-friend followed him within a short few months. The biographer even thinks that from that day life became worthless to Horace.

"The Digentia lost its charm; he could not see its crystal waters for the shadows of Charon's rueful stream. The prattle of his loved Bandusian spring could not wean his thoughts from the vision of his other self wandering unaccompanied along that 'last sad road.' We may fancy that Horace was thenceforth little seen in his accustomed haunts. He who had so often soothed the sorrows of other bereaved hearts, answered with a wistful smile to the friendly consolations of the many that loved him. His work was done. It was time to go away. Not all the skill of Orpheus could recall him whom he had lost. The welcome end came sharply and suddenly; and one day, when the bleak November wind was whirling down the oak-leaves on his well-loved brook, the servants of his Sabine farm heard that they should no more see the good, cheery master, whose pleasant smile and kindly word had so often made their labours light. There was many a sad heart, too, we may be sure, in Rome, when the wit who never wounded, the poet who ever charmed, the friend who never failed, was laid in a corner of the Esquiline, close to the tomb of his 'dear knight Mæcenas.' He died on the 27th November B.C. 8, the kindly, lonely man, leaving to Augustus what little he possessed. One would fain trust his own words were inscribed upon his tomb, as in the supreme hour the faith they expressed was of a surety strong within his heart,—NON OMNIS MORIAR."

The passage is in itself so beautiful that we could not resist extracting it, and the idea so touching that one can hardly resist adopting it. Yet it is difficult to believe that death could be in any sense "a welcome end" to a man like Horace. He did not perhaps cling to mere life with that craven eagerness which Mæcenas (if we may trust the authenticity of the verses attributed to him by Seneca) was not ashamed to confess; but with his keen sense of enjoyment, his exceptionally fortunate social position, life must have been very dear to him. Sir Theodore Martin, indeed, in another passage of this biography, sees and points out that Horace "prized life intensely." And it was not only the feeling

common to us all, that "the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun," but, in Horace's case, what was there in the future? So far as we may gather from his own words, he had not, any more than his friend Virgil, got beyond Homer's view, that the life of this upper world was incomparably superior in happiness and action to the inconceivable estate in the world of shadows below. As Homer makes the great Achilles protest, even in the Elysian fields, that the life of a slave on earth was far more to be desired than the colourless existence of the heroes there, so the Roman poet, calling upon his friend Sestius to enjoy the delights of the pleasant spring-time, warns him—

"Thee soon shall night enshroud, and the Manes' phantom crowd,
And the starveling house unbeautiful of Pluto shut thee in."

"This after-life"—the words are Sir Theodore's—"was a cold, sunless, unsubstantial thing, lower in quality and degree than the full, vigorous, passionate life of this world. . . . . To Horace, therefore, it was of more moment than it is to us to make the most of the present, and to stimulate his relish for what it has to give by contrasting it with a phantasmal future in which no single faculty of enjoyment shall be left." The loss of his generous patron would no doubt be keenly felt; "the half of his life," as he called his friend Virgil, and as he would surely have called Mæcenas, was cut away from him; but he would still have clung to what remained.

It is time to say something on that rather delicate subject—Horace's loves and love-poems. However gay his bachelor-life at home may have been, however susceptible his temperament, however fickle his tastes, no one probably now believes in the personal existence of all the ladies whose names give piquancy to his song. It argues a considerable want of imagination on the part of commentators that such a prosaic idea should have been so long and commonly maintained: that the erudite Jani should have given us a fancy sketch of Lydè as a noble Roman matron, and that a Mr Whitefield should have published in a separate volume his 'Conjectures on the Tyndaris of Horace.' We entirely agree in opinion with the present translator:

"It is time that modern criticism should brush away all the elaborate nonsense which has been written to demonstrate that Pyrrha, Chloe, Lalage, Lydia, Lyde, Leuconoë, Tyndaris, Glycera, and Bariné, not to mention others, were real personages to whom the poet was attached. At this rate his occupations must have rather been those of a Don Giovanni than of a man of studious habits and feeble health, who found it hard enough to keep pace with the milder dissipations of the social circle. We are absolutely without any information as to these ladies, whose liquid and beautiful names are almost poems in themselves; nevertheless the most wonderful romances have been spun about them out of the inner consciousness of the commentators. Who would venture to deal in this way with the Eleanore, and 'rare pale Margaret,' and Cousin Amy, of Mr Tennyson?"

Or—not to pry into the secrets of so staid and stately a poet as our present Laureate,—would any one think of identifying the poetical loves of Tommy Moore himself—those Fannys, and Bessies, and Norah Creina, and "Chlöe bewitchingly simple"—the *simplex munditiis* of Horace,—of whom he sings so charmingly if somewhat freely? One might as well seek to identify the "Loves of the Angels." In point of fact, we imagine there

was but one "Bessie" whom the little man ever really cared for, and that was his wife. "The gentle Cinara," however, of whom Horace speaks repeatedly rather with a regretful tenderness than in the language of ordinary passion—Cinara, to whom "the Fates gave such brief years!" (Odes, iv. 13)—our translator is inclined to consider as a real person. He thinks the same may be the case with the Næera of that pretty ode, whose Latin cadences are, we confess, to our ear inimitable, but which none the less is here gracefully turned:—

"'Twas night!—let me recall to thee
that night!
The silver moon in the unclouded sky,
Amid the lesser stars was shining bright,
When, in the words I did adjure thee
by,
Thou with thy clinging arms, more
tightly knit
Around me than the ivy clasps the oak,
Didst breathe a vow—mocking the gods
with it—
A vow which, false one, thou hast
foully broke;
That while the ravening wolf should hunt
the flocks,
The shipman's foe, Orion, vex the sea,
And zephyrs waft the unshorn Apollo's
locks,
So long wouldst thou be fond, be true
to me!

Yet shall thy heart, Næera, bleed for this,
For if in Flaccus aught of man remain,
Give thou another joys that once were his,
Some other maid more true shall soothe
his pain;
Nor think again to lure him to thy heart!
The pang once felt, his love is past
recall;
And thou, more favoured youth, whoe'er
thou art,
Who revell'st now in triumph o'er his
fall,
Though thou be rich in land and golden
store,
In lore a sage, with shape framed to
beguile,
Thy heart shall ache when, this brief
fancy o'er,
She seeks a new love, and I calmly
smile."

But they are very pretty, these Roman melodies. The stanzas to Chloe—"*Vitas hinnuleo me similis*"—are thus rendered—

"Nay, hear me, dearest Chloe, pray!
You shun me like a timid fawn,
That seeks its mother all the day
By forest brake and upland lawn,
Of every passing breeze afraid,
And leaf that twitters in the glade.

Let but the wind with sudden rush
The whispers of the wood awake,
Or lizard green disturb the hush,
Quick-darting through the grassy
brake,
The foolish frightened thing will start,
With trembling knees and beating
heart.

But I am neither lion fell,
Nor tiger grim, to work you woe:
I love you, sweet one, much too well;
Then cling not to your mother so,
But to a lover's tender arms
Confide your ripe and rosy charms."
—i. 23.

This seems to us almost perfect as an English version; the only possible fault that could be alleged is, that the original has been somewhat expanded; but this is unavoidable with a writer like Horace, if the result is to be what the translator, in his preface, declares as the aim of his work—"English verse, and for English readers." He notes the obvious imitation of this ode by Spenser (which of our own poets has not imitated Horace?) in his description of the flight of Florimel.* Ariosto has also imitated it in the flight of Angelica;† but in this case, as in others, Horace was only a borrower himself, for the original idea is to be found in the Greek of Anacreon.

The Ninth Ode of the Third Book, which the present translator entitles 'The Reconciliation,' "has been," as he remarks, "and will continue to be, the despair of translators." In

* 'Faery Queen,' iii. 7. 1.

† 'Orlando Furioso,' i. 33, 34.

his review of these odes in the preface to his volumes he has given (with that genuine appreciation of another's good work always shown by a good workman) a very pretty version of it by Mr Patrick Alexander; but his own, which we give below, will at least bear comparison with it. In compliance, we suppose, with precedent, he gives the name of "Horace" as the interlocutor with Lydia in the dialogue, though he admits in his preface that this is only an assumption of the commentators, and that it would be a great mistake to treat in any way as real the graceful badinage put into the mouths of "two such excessively well-bred and fickle personages as the speakers." *

"*H.* Whilst I was dear and thou wert kind,
And I, and I alone, might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.

L. Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloë might with Lydia vie,
Renowned in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

H. I now am Thracian Chloë's slave,
With hand and voice that charms the air,
For whom even death itself I'd brave,
So fate the darling girl would spare!

L. I dote on Calaïs—and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So fate the darling boy would spare!

H. What if our ancient love return,
And bind us with a closer tie,
If I the fair-haired Chloë spurn,
And as of old for Lydia sigh?

L. Though lovelier than yon star is he,
Thou fickle as an April sky,
More churlish, too, than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die!"

It is worth while, in order to show how such translations by the best hands may vary, and yet all be good, to add a rendering of this Ode attributed to Mr Gladstone.

"*H.* While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck, than mine;—
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possest,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

L. Whilst thou did feed no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came,
O then thy Lydia's echoing name
Excelled e'en Roman Ilia's fame!

H. Me now Threïcian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she my better life may live.

L. The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I'll face two several deaths with joy,
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.

H. What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?

L. Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian Sea,
And fickle as light bark; yet I
With thee would live,—with thee would die."

Very gracefully turned, again, so as to fit it for English readers, is the translation of that pretty trifle: "*O crudelis adhuc*" (iv. 10)—

"Ah cruel, cruel still,
And yet divinely fair,
When Time with fingers chill
Shall thin the wavy hair,
Which now in many a wanton freak
Around thy shoulders flows;
When fades the bloom which on thy cheek
Now shames the blushing rose;

Ah, then, as in thy glass
Thou gazest in dismay,
Thou'lt cry, 'Alas! alas!
Why feel I not to-day
As in my maiden bloom, when I,
Unmoved, heard lovers moan;
Or, now that I would win them, why
Is all my beauty flown?'"

But we are lingering too long amongst these lighter efforts of the

* See "Life," p. cxi.

poet and his translator, which are somewhat too attractive. Horace could strike a grander chord when he chose; let us see how his translator deals with it. Here is a passage in the 16th Epode, written when the civil war which distracted Italy was at its height. The poet suggests that his fellow-citizens, like the men of Phocæa when attacked by Cyrus, should leave their doomed city, after swearing an oath never to return, and seek those "Happy Islands" which lay in some yet undiscovered seas.

"This having sworn, and what beside
may our returning stay,
Straight let us all, this City's doomed inhabitants, away,
Or those that rise above the herd, the few of nobler soul;
The craven and the hopeless here on their ill-starred beds may loll.
Ye who can feel and act like men, this woman's wail give o'er,
And fly to regions far away beyond the Etruscan shore!
The circling ocean waits us; then away, where nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy Isles!
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untilled land with sheaves,
And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her leaves;
Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the tree, that graffshoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills;
There to the pails the she-goats come, without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd.
There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the snake;
There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star
With fury of remorseless heat the sweltering herds doth mar.
Nor this the only bliss that waits us there, where drenching rains
By watery Eurus swept along ne'er devastate the plains,
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods,
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the Gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never gained,
Nor the wily she of Colchis with step unchaste profaned;
The sails of Sidon's galleys ne'er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses' toilworn band:
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloyed,
That blissful region set apart by the good to be enjoyed;
With brass and then with iron he the ages seared,—but ye,
Good men and true, to that bright home arise and follow me!"

Though the versions of the Odes and Epodes, now republished in these volumes, are already old acquaintances to many readers, we will add here, as one of the happiest efforts of the translator, a portion of one which may recall a still older acquaintance—the brief paraphrase of it in Pope's "Ode to Solitude," said to have been written by him when not quite twelve years old:—

EPODE II.

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold;

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum with its wordy jars,
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
He with the stately poplar-tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
  Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
  Graffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground ;

. . . . . .

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
  Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof ;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
  On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
  And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
  And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
  Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
  Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar.

. . . . . .

Who amid joys like these would not forget
  The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
  And all the heart's lamentings and despairs ? "

We have not space for the whole of the ode—not even for the well-known domestic picture of the peasant wife—drawn, probably, from personal observation—

"Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old,
Against the coming of her wearied lord ; "

and the reader must go to the volumes themselves for it.

An important feature in these volumes, and one of the most attractive, is the addition of copious "Notes" to the completed translation. Without any parade of learning, these will be found to supply for the ordinary reader all that is needful to make the text, crowded as it is with hints and allusions, intelligible enough, and to give a new interest to every ode, epistle, and satire. It must be remembered that even English literature of the last century, where it deals at all with the social life of the times, stands in need of the most liberal elucidation for the reader of to-day. Pope's Epistles and Satires present almost as many enigmas to those who have not studied carefully the history and biography,—and one might add the newspapers and pamphlets,—of Pope's own day, as the writings of Horace and Juvenal ; and we have lately seen how difficult and laborious a task it is to "edit" satisfactorily the works of even so comparatively modern a poet. A mere translation of Horace is of little use to the ordinary English reader, without some key to the life of which Horace speaks. This the present translator has liberally supplied ; and besides this, he has gathered together, from a wide range of English poetry, a choice selection of illustrative passages, conscious or unconscious reproductions of the Roman poet's thoughts and fancies, which give a new interest to the passages themselves, and teach us—what in our self-complacency we are perhaps apt to forget—how much we are indebted to the founts of classical song for lively images and turns of expression which we had admired without recognising their source.

We cannot do better than conclude with the version of Horace's Epistle of warning "To his Book," to which he professes thus pleasantly to have given a reluctant permission to go forth to the public :—

TO HIS BOOK.

"I read the meaning of that wistful look
Towards Janus and Vertumnus, O my book! *
Upon the Sosii's shelves you long to stand,
Rubbed smooth with pumice by their skilful hand.
You chafe at lock and modest seal; you groan,
That you should only to a few be shown,
And sigh by all the public to be read,
You, in far other notions trained and bred.
Well, go your way, whereso you please and when;
But, once sent forth, you come not back again.
'Fool that I was! why did I change my lot?'
You'll cry, when wounded in some tender spot,
And, out of fashion and of favour grown,
You're crumpled up, and into corners thrown.
Unless my ill-divining spirit be
Warped by chagrin at your perversity,
Thus with sure presage I forecast your doom;
You will be liked by Rome, while in your bloom,
But soon as e'er the thumbing and the soil
Of vulgar hands shall your first freshness spoil,
You will be left to nibbling worms a prey,
Or sent as wrappers to lands far away.
Then one, whose warnings on your ears fell dead,
With a grim smile will note how you have sped,
Like him who, driven past patience by his mule,
Pushed o'er a precipice the restive fool,—
'Oho! so you're determined to destroy
Yourself? Well, do it, and I wish you joy!'
Yet one thing more awaits your failing age;
That in suburban schools your well-thumbed page
Will be employed by pedagogues to teach
Young boys with painful pangs the parts of speech.
But if, perchance, some sunny afternoon
To hear your voice shall eager ears attune,
Say, that though born a freedman's son, possessed
Of slender means, beyond the parent nest
I soared on ampler wing; thus what in birth
I lack, let that be added to my worth.
Say, that in war, and also here at home,
I stood well with the foremost men of Rome;
That small in stature, prematurely grey,
Sunshine was life to me and gladness; say
Besides, though hasty in my temper, I
Was just as quick to put my anger by.
Then should my age be asked you, add that four
And forty years I'd flourished, and no more,
In the December of that year, which fame
Will join with Lepidus' and Lollius' name."

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* The shop of the Sosii, the great booksellers of Rome, was in the vicinity of the temples of Janus and Vertumnus. The street was therefore to Horace what Paternoster Row is to the modern author.

THE FIXED PERIOD.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XI.—FAREWELL!

I WENT home to my house in triumph; but I had much to do before noon on the following day, and very little time in which to do it. I had spent the morning of that day in preparing for my departure, and in so arranging matters with my clerks that the entrance of Sir Ferdinando on his new duties might be easy. I had said nothing, and had endeavoured to think as little as possible, of the Fixed Period. An old secretary of mine, —old in years of work, though not as yet in age,—had endeavoured to comfort me by saying that the college up the hill might still be used before long. But I had told him frankly that we in Britannula had all been too much in a hurry, and had foolishly endeavoured to carry out a system in opposition to the world's prejudices, which system, when successful, must pervade the entire world. "And is nothing to be done with those beautiful buildings?" said the secretary, putting in the word beautiful by way of flattery to myself. "The chimneys and the furnaces may perhaps be used," I replied. "Cremation is no part of the Fixed Period. But as for the residences, the less we think about them the better." And so I determined to trouble my thoughts no further with the college. And I felt that there might be some consolation to me in going away to England, so that I might escape from the great vexation and eyesore which the empty college would have produced.

But I had to bid farewell to my wife and my son, and to Eva and Crasweller. The first task would be the easier, because there would be no necessity for any painful allusion to my own want of success. In what little I might say to Mrs Neverbend on the subject, I could continue that tone of sarcastic triumph in which I had replied to Sir Ferdinando. What was pathetic in the matter I might altogether ignore. And Jack was himself so happy in his nature, and so little likely to look at anything on its sorrowful side, that all would surely go well with him. But with Eva, and with Eva's father, things would be different. Words must be spoken which would be painful in the speaking, and regrets must be uttered by me which could not certainly be shared by him. "I am broken down and trampled upon, and all the glory is departed from my name, and I have become a byword and a reproach rather than a term of honour in which future ages may rejoice, because I have been unable to carry out my long-cherished purpose by—depositing you, and insuring at least your departure!" And then Crasweller would answer me with his general kindly feeling, and I should feel at the moment of my leaving him the hollowness of his words. I had loved him the better because I had endeavoured to commence my experiment on his body. I had felt a vicarious regard for the honour which would have been done him, almost regarding it as though I myself were to go in his place. All this had received a check when he in his weakness had pleaded for another year. But he had yielded; and though he had yielded without fortitude, he had done so to comply with my wishes, and I could

not but feel for the man an extraordinary affection. I was going to England, and might probably never see him again; and I was going with aspirations in my heart so very different from those which he entertained!

From the hours intended for slumber, a few minutes could be taken for saying adieu to my wife. "My dear," said I, "this is all very sudden. But a man engaged in public life has to fit himself to the public demands. Had I not promised to go to-day, I might have been taken away yesterday or the day before."

"Oh, John," said she, "I think that everything has been put up to make you comfortable."

"Thanks; yes, I'm sure of it. When you hear my name mentioned after I am gone, I hope that they'll say of me that I did my duty as President of the republic."

"Of course they will. Every day you have been at these nasty executive chambers from nine till five, unless when you've been sitting in that wretched Assembly."

"I shall have a holiday now, at any rate," said I, laughing gently under the bedclothes.

"Yes; and I am sure it will do you good, if you only take your meals regular. I sometimes think that you have been encouraged to dwell upon this horrid Fixed Period by the melancholy of an empty stomach."

It was sad to hear such words from her lips after the two speeches to which she had listened, and to feel that no trace had been left on her mind of the triumph which I had achieved over Sir Ferdinando; but I put up with that, and determined to answer her after her own heart. "You have always provided a sandwich for me to take to the chambers."

"Sandwiches are nothing. Do remember that. At your time of life you should always have something warm—a frizzle or a cutlet, and you shouldn't eat it without thinking of it. What has made me hate the Fixed Period worse than anything is, that you have never thought of your victuals. You gave more attention to the burning of these pigs than to the cooking of any food in your own kitchen."

"Well, my dear, I'm going to England now," said I, beginning to feel weary of her reminiscences.

"Yes, my dear, I know you are; and do remember that as you get nearer and nearer to that chilly country the weather will always be colder and colder. I have put you up four pairs of flannel drawers, and a little bag which you must wear upon your chest. I observed that Sir Ferdinando, when he was preparing himself for his speech, showed that he had just such a little bag on. And all the time I endeavoured to spy how it was that he wore it. When I came home I immediately went to work, and I shall insist on your putting it on the first thing in the morning, in order that I may see that it sits flat. Sir Ferdinando's did not sit flat, and it looked bulgy. I thought to myself that Lady Brown did not do her duty properly by him. If you would allow me to come with you, I could see that you always put it on rightly. As it is, I know that people will say that it is all my fault when it hangs out and shows itself." Then I went to sleep, and the parting words between me and my wife had been spoken.

Early on the following morning I had Jack into my dressing-room, and said good-bye to him. "Jack," said I, "in this little contest which there has been between us, you have got the better in everything."

"Nobody thought so when they heard your answer to Sir Ferdinando last night."

"Well, yes; I think I managed to answer him. But I haven't got the better of you."

"I didn't mean anything," said Jack, in a melancholy tone of voice. "It was all Eva's doing. I never cared twopence whether the old fellows were deposited or not, but I do think that if your own time had come near, I shouldn't have liked it much."

"Why not? why not? If you will only think of the matter all round, you will find that it is all a false sentiment."

"I should not like it," said Jack, with determination.

"Yes, you would, after you had got used to it." Here he looked very incredulous. "What I mean is, Jack, that when sons were accustomed to see their fathers deposited at a certain age, and were aware that they were treated with every respect, that kind of feeling which you describe would wear off. You would have the idea that a kind of honour was done to your parents."

"When I knew that somebody was going to kill him on the next day, how would it be then?"

"You might retire for a few hours to your thoughts,—going into mourning, as it were." Jack shook his head. "But, at any rate, in this matter of Mr Crasweller you have got the better of me."

"That was for Eva's sake."

"I suppose so. But I wish to make you understand, now that I am going to England, and may possibly never return to these shores again——"

"Don't say that, father."

"Well, yes; I shall have much to do there, and of course it may be that I shall not come back, and I wish you to understand that I do not part from you in the least in anger. What you have done shows a high spirit, and great devotion to the girl."

"It was not quite altogether for Eva either."

"What then?" I demanded.

"Well, I don't know. The two things went together, as it were. If there had been no question about the Fixed Period, I do think I could have cut out Abraham Grundle. And as for Sir Kennington Oval, I am beginning to believe that that was all Eva's pretence. I like Sir Kennington, but Eva never cared a button for him. She had taken to me because I had shown myself an anti-Fixed-Period man. I did it at first simply because I hated Grundle. Grundle wanted to fix-period old Crasweller for the sake of the property; and therefore I belonged naturally to the other side. It wasn't that I liked opposing you. If it had been Tallowax that you were to begin with, or Exors, you might have burnt 'em up without a word from me."

"I am gratified at hearing that."

"Though the Fixed Period does seem to be horrible, I would have swallowed all that at your bidding. But you can see how I tumbled into it, and how Eva egged me on, and how the nearer the thing came the more I was bound to fight. Will you believe it?—Eva swore a most solemn oath, that if her father was put into that college she would never marry a human being. And up to that moment when the lieutenant met us at the top of the hill, she was always as cold as snow."

"And now the snow is melted?"

"Yes,—that is to say, it is beginning to thaw!" As he said this I remembered the kiss behind the parlour-door which had been given to her by another suitor before these troubles began, and my

impression that Jack had seen it also; but on that subject I said nothing. "Of course it has all been very happy for me," Jack continued; "but I wish to say to you before you go, how unhappy it makes me to think that I have opposed you."

"All right, Jack; all right. I will not say that I should not have done the same at your age, if Eva had asked me. I wish you always to remember that we parted as friends. It will not be long before you are married now."

"Three months," said Jack, in a melancholy tone.

"In an affair of importance of this kind, that is the same as to-morrow. I shall not be here to wish you joy at your wedding."

"Why are you to go if you don't wish it?"

"I promised that I would go when Captain Battleax talked of carrying me off the day before yesterday. With a hundred soldiers, no doubt he could get me on board."

"There are a great many more than a hundred men in Britannula as good as their soldiers. To take a man away by force, and he the President of the republic! Such a thing was never heard of. I would not stir if I were you. Say the word to me, and I will undertake that not one of these men shall touch you."

I thought of his proposition; and the more I thought of it, the more unreasonable it did appear that I, who had committed no offence against any law, should be forced on board the John Bright. And I had no doubt that Jack would be as good as his word. But there were two causes which persuaded me that I had better go. I had pledged my word. When it had been suggested that I should at the moment be carried on board,—which might no doubt then have been done by the soldiers,—I had said that if a certain time were allowed me I would again be found in the same place. If I were simply there, and were surrounded by a crowd of Britannulans ready to fight for me, I should hardly have kept my promise. But a stronger reason than this perhaps actuated me. It would be better for me for a while to be in England than in Britannula. Here in Britannula I should be the ex-president of an abolished republic, and as such subject to the notice of all men; whereas in England I should be nobody, and should escape the constant mortification of seeing Sir Ferdinando Brown. And then in England I could do more for the Fixed Period than at home in Britannula. Here the battle was over, and I had been beaten. I began to perceive that the place was too small for making the primary efforts in so great a cause. The very facility which had existed for the passing of the law through the Assembly had made it impossible for us to carry out the law; and therefore, with the sense of failure strong upon me, I should be better elsewhere than at home. And the desire of publishing a book in which I should declare my theory,—this very book which I have so nearly brought to a close,—made me desire to go. What could I do by publishing anything in Britannula? And though the manuscript might have been sent home, who would see it through the press with any chance of success? Now I have my hopes, which I own seem high, and I shall be able to watch from day to day the way in which my arguments in favour of the Fixed Period are received by the British public. Therefore it was that I rejected Jack's kind offer. "No,

my boy," said I, after a pause, "I do not know but that on the whole I shall prefer to go."

"Of course if you wish it."

"I shall be taken there at the expense of the British public, which is in itself a triumph, and shall, I presume, be sent back in the same way. If not, I shall have a grievance in their parsimony, which in itself will be a comfort to me; and I am sure that I shall be treated well on board. Sir Ferdinando with his eloquence will not be there, and the officers are, all of them, good fellows. I have made up my mind, and I will go. The next that you will hear of your father will be the publication of a little book that I shall write on the journey, advocating the Fixed Period. The matter has never been explained to them in England, and perhaps my words may prevail." Jack, by shaking his head mournfully, seemed to indicate his idea that this would not be the case; but Jack is resolute, and will never yield on any point. Had he been in my place, and had entertained my convictions, I believe that he would have deposited Crasweller in spite of Sir Ferdinando Brown and Captain Battleax. "You will come and see me on board, Jack, when I start."

"They won't take me off, will they?"

"I should have thought you would have liked to have seen England."

"And leave Eva! They'd have to look very sharp before they could do that. But of course I'll come." Then I gave him my blessing, told him what arrangements I had made for his income, and went down to my breakfast, which was to be my last meal in Britannula.

When that was over, I was told that Eva was in my study waiting to see me. I had intended to have gone out to Little Christchurch, and should still do so, to bid farewell to her father. But I was not sorry to have Eva here in my own house, as she was about to become my daughter-in-law. "Eva has come to bid you good-bye," said Jack, who was already in the room, as I entered it.

"Eva, my dear," said I.

"I'll leave you," said Jack. "But I've told her that she must be very fond of you. Bygones have to be bygones,—particularly as no harm has been done." Then he left the room.

She still had on the little round hat, but as Jack went she laid it aside. "Oh, Mr Neverbend," she said, "I hope you do not think that I have been unkind."

"It is I, my dear, who should express that hope."

"I have always known how well you have loved my dear father. I have been quite sure of it. And he has always said so. But——"

"Well, Eva, it is all over now."

"Oh yes, and I am so happy! I have got to tell you how happy I am."

"I hope you love Jack?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and in a moment she was in my arms and I was kissing her. "If you knew how I hate that Mr Grundle; and Jack is all,—all that he ought to be. One of the things that makes me like him best is his great affection for you. There is nothing that he would not do for you."

"He is a very good young man," said I, thinking of the manner in which he had spoken against me on the Town Flags.

"Nothing!" said Eva.

"And nothing that he would not do for you, my dear. But that is all as it should be. He is a high-spirited, good boy; and if he will think a little more of the business and a little less of cricket,

he will make an excellent husband."

"Of course he had to think a little of the match when the Englishmen were here; and he did play well, did he not? He beat them all there." I could perceive that Eva was quite as intent upon cricket as was her lover, and probably thought just as little about the business. "But, Mr Neverbend, must you really go?"

"I think so. It is not only that they are determined to take me, but that I am myself anxious to be in England."

"You wish to—to preach the Fixed Period?"

"Well, my dear, I have got my own notions, which at my time of life I cannot lay aside. I shall endeavour to ventilate them in England, and see what the people there may say about them."

"You are not angry with me?"

"My child, how could I be angry with you? What you did, you did for your father's sake."

"And papa? You will not be angry with papa because he didn't want to give up Little Christchurch, and to leave the pretty place which he has made himself, and to go into the college,—and be killed!"

I could not quite answer her at the moment, because in truth I was somewhat angry with him. I thought that he should have understood that there was something higher to be achieved than an extra year or two among the prettinesses of Little Christchurch. I could not but be grieved because he had proved himself to be less of a man than I had expected. But as I remained silent for a few moments, Eva held my hand in hers, and looked up into my face with beseeching eyes. Then my anger went, and I remembered that I had no reason to expect heroism from Crasweller, simply because he had been my friend. "No, dear, no; all feeling of anger is at an end. It was natural that he should wish to remain at Little Christchurch; and it was better than natural, it was beautiful, that you should wish to save him by the use of the only feminine weapon at your command."

"Oh, but I did love Jack," she said.

"I have still an hour or two before I depart, and I shall run down to Little Christchurch to take your father by the hand once more. You may be sure that what I shall say to him will not be ill-natured. And now good-bye, my darling child. My time here in Britannula is but short, and I cannot give up more of it even to my chosen daughter." Then again she kissed me, and putting on her little hat, went away to Mrs Neverbend,—or to Jack.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and I had out my tricycle in order to go down as quickly as possible to Little Christchurch. At the door of my house I found a dozen of the English soldiers with a sergeant. He touched his hat, and asked me very civilly where I was going. When I told him that it was but five or six miles out of town, he requested my permission to accompany me. I told him that he certainly might if he had a vehicle ready, and was ready to use it. But as at that moment my luggage was brought out of the house with the view of being taken on board ship, the man thought that it would be as well and much easier to follow the luggage; and the twelve soldiers marched off to see my portmanteaus put safely on board the John Bright.

And I was again,—and I could not but say to myself, probably

for the last time,—once again on the road to Little Christchurch. During the twenty minutes which were taken in going down there, I could not but think of the walks I had had up and down with Crasweller in old times, talking as we went of the glories of a Fixed Period, and of the absolute need which the human race had for such a step in civilisation. Probably on such occasions the majority of the words spoken had come from my own mouth; but it had seemed to me then that Crasweller had been as energetic as myself. The period which we had then contemplated at a distance had come round, and Crasweller had seceded wofully. I could not but feel that had he been stanch to me, and allowed himself to be deposited not only willingly but joyfully, he would have set an example which could not but have been efficacious. Barnes and Tallowax would probably have followed as a matter of course, and the thing would have been done. My name would have gone down to posterity with those of Columbus and Galileo, and Britannula would have been noted as the most prominent among the nations of the earth, instead of having become a by-word among countries as a deprived republic and reannexed Crown colony. But all that on the present occasion had to be forgotten, and I was to greet my old friend with true affection, as though I had received from his hands no such ruthless ruin of all my hopes.

"Oh, Mr President," he said, as he met me coming up the drive towards the house, "this is kind of you. And you who must be so busy just before your departure!"

"I could not go without a word of farewell to you." I had not seen him since we had parted on the top of the hill on our way out to the college, when the horses had been taken from the carriage, and he had walked back to life and Little Christchurch instead of making his way to his last home, and to find deposition with all the glory of a great name.

"It is very kind of you. Come in. Eva is not at home."

"I have just parted with her at my own house. So she and Jack are to make a match of it. I need not tell you how more than contented I shall be that my son should have such a wife. Eva to me has been always dear, almost as a daughter. Now she is like my own child."

"I am sure that I can say the same of Jack."

"Yes; Jack is a good lad too. I hope he will stick to the business."

"He need not trouble himself about that. He will have Little Christchurch and all that belongs to it as soon as I am gone. I had made up my mind only to allow Eva an income out of it while she was thinking of that fellow Grundle. That man is a knave."

I could not but remember that Grundle had been a Fixed-Periodist, and that it would not become me to abuse him; and I was aware that though Crasweller was my sincere friend, he had come to entertain of late an absolute hatred of all those, beyond myself, who had advocated his own deposition.

"Jack, at any rate, is happy," said I, "and Eva. You and I, Crasweller, have had our little troubles to imbitter the evenings of our life."

"You are yet in the full daylight."

"My ambition has been disappointed. I cannot conceal the fact from myself,—nor from you. It has come to pass that during the last year or two we have lived

with different hopes. And these hopes have been founded altogether on the position which you might occupy."

"I should have gone mad up in that college, Neverbend."

"I would have been with you."

"I should have gone mad all the same. I should have committed suicide."

"To save yourself from an honourable—deposition!"

"The fixed day, coming at a certain known hour; the feeling that it must come, though it came at the same time so slowly and yet so fast; every day growing shorter day by day, and every season month by month; the sight of these chimneys——"

"That was a mistake, Crasweller; that was a mistake. The cremation should have been elsewhere."

"A man should have been an angel to endure it,—or so much less than a man. I struggled,—for your sake. Who else would have struggled as I did to oblige a friend in such a matter?"

"I know it—I know it."

"But life under such a weight became impossible to me. You do not know what I endured even for the last year. Believe me that man is not so constituted as to be able to make such efforts."

"He would get used to it. Mankind would get used to it."

"The first man will never get used to it. That college will become a madhouse. You must think of some other mode of letting them pass their last year. Make them drunk, so that they shall not know what they are doing. Drug them and make them senseless; or, better still, come down upon them with absolute power, and carry them away to instant death. Let the veil of annihilation fall upon them before they know where they are. The Fixed Period, with all its damnable certainty, is a mistake. I have tried it, and I know it. When I look back at the last year, which was to be the last, not of my absolute life but of my true existence, I shudder as I think what I went through. I am astonished at the strength of my own mind in that I did not go mad. No one would have made such an effort for you as I made. Those other men had determined to rebel since the feeling of the Fixed Period came near to them. It is impossible that human nature should endure such a struggle and not rebel. I have been saved now by these Englishmen, who have come here in their horror, and have used their strength to prevent the barbarity of your benevolence. But I can hardly keep myself quiet as I think of the sufferings which I have endured during the last month."

"But, Crasweller, you had assented."

"True; I did assent. But it was before the feeling of my fate had come near to me. You may be strong enough to bear it. There is nothing so hard but that enthusiasm will make it tolerable. But you will hardly find another who will not succumb. Who would do more for you than I have done? Who would make a greater struggle? What honester man is there whom you know in this community of ours? And yet even me you drove to be a liar. Think how strong must have been the facts against you when they have had this effect. To have died at your behest at the instant would have been as nothing. Any danger,—any immediate certainty,—would have been child's-play; but to have gone up into that frightful college, and there to have remained through that year, which would have wasted itself

so slowly, and yet so fast,—that would have required a heroism which, as I think, no Greek, no Roman, no Englishman ever possessed."

Then he paused, and I was aware that I had overstayed my time. "Think of it," he continued; "think of it on board that vessel, and try to bring home to yourself what such a phase of living would mean." Then he grasped me by the hand, and taking me out, put me upon my tricycle, and returned into the house.

As I went back to Gladstonopolis, I did think of it, and for a moment or two my mind wavered. He had convinced me that there was something wrong in the details of my system; but not,—when I came to argue the matter with myself,—that the system itself was at fault. But now at the present moment I had hardly time for meditation. I had been surprised at Crasweller's earnestness, and also at his eloquence, and I was in truth more full of his words than of his reasons. But the time would soon come when I should be able to devote tranquil hours to the consideration of the points which he had raised. The long hours of enforced idleness on board ship would suffice to enable me to sift his objections, which seemed at the spur of the moment to resolve themselves into the impatience necessary to a year's quiescence. Crasweller had declared that human nature could not endure it. Was it not the case that human nature had never endeavoured to train itself? As I got back to Gladstonopolis, I had already a glimmering of an idea that we must begin with human nature somewhat earlier, and teach men from their very infancy to prepare themselves for the undoubted blessings of the Fixed Period. But certain aids must be given, and the cremating furnace must be removed, so as to be seen by no eye and smelt by no nose.

As I rode up to my house there was that eternal guard of soldiers,—a dozen men, with abominable guns and ungainly military hats or helmets on their heads. I was so angered by their watchfulness, that I was half minded to turn my tricycle, and allow them to pursue me about the island. They could never have caught me had I chosen to avoid them; but such an escape would have been below my dignity. And moreover, I certainly did wish to go. I therefore took no notice of them when they shouldered their arms, but went into the house to give my wife her last kiss. "Now, Neverbend, remember you wear the flannel drawers I put up for you, as soon as ever you get out of the opposite tropics. Remember it becomes frightfully cold almost at once; and whatever you do, don't forget the little bag." These were Mrs Neverbend's last words to me. I there found Jack waiting for me, and we together walked down to the quay. "Mother would like to have gone too," said Jack.

"It would not have suited. There are so many things here that will want her eye."

"All the same, she would like to have gone." I had felt that it was so, but yet she had never pressed her request.

On board I found Sir Ferdinando, and all the ship's officers with him, in full dress. He had come, as I supposed, to see that I really went; but he assured me, taking off his hat as he addressed me, that his object had been to pay his last respects to the late President of the republic. Nothing could now be more courteous than his conduct, or less like the bully that he had appeared to be when he had first claimed to represent the British

sovereign in Britannula. And I must confess that there was absent all that tone of domineering ascendancy which had marked his speech as to the Fixed Period. The Fixed Period was not again mentioned while he was on board; but he devoted himself to assuring me that I should be received in England with every distinction, and that I should certainly be invited to Windsor Castle. I did not myself care very much about Windsor Castle; but to such civil speeches I could do no other than make civil replies; and there I stood for half an hour grimacing and paying compliments, anxious for the moment when Sir Ferdinando would get into the six-oared gig which was waiting for him, and return to the shore. To me it was of all half-hours the weariest, but to him it seemed as though to grimace and to pay compliments were his second nature. At last the moment came when one of the junior officers came up to Captain Battleax and told him that the vessel was ready to start. "Now, Sir Ferdinando," said the captain, "I am afraid that the John Bright must leave you to the kindness of the Britannulists."

"I could not be left in more generous hands," said Sir Ferdinando, "nor in those of warmer friends. The Britannulists speak English as well as I do, and will, I am sure, admit that we boast of a common country."

"But not a common Government," said I, determined to fire a parting shot. "But Sir Ferdinando is quite right in expecting that he personally will receive every courtesy from the Britannulists. Nor will his rule be in any respect disobeyed until the island shall, with the agreement of England, again have resumed its own republican position." Here I bowed, and he bowed, and we all bowed. Then he departed, taking Jack with him, leaning on whose arm he stepped down into the boat; and as the men put their oars into the water, I jumped with a sudden start at the sudden explosion of a subsidiary cannon, which went on firing some dozens of times till the proper number had been completed supposed to be due to an officer of such magnitude.

CHAPTER XII.—OUR VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

The boat had gone ashore and returned before the John Bright had steamed out of the harbour. Then everything seemed to change, and Captain Battleax bade me to make myself quite at home. "He trusted," he said, "that I should always dine with him during the voyage, but that I should be left undisturbed during all other periods of the day. He dined at seven o'clock, but I could give my own orders as to breakfast and tiffin. He was sure that Lieutenant Crosstrees would have pleasure in showing me my cabins, and that if there was anything on board which I did not feel to be comfortable, it should be at once altered. Lieutenant Crosstrees would tell my servant to wait upon me, and would show me all the comforts,—and discomforts,—of the vessel." With that I left him, and was taken below under the guidance of the lieutenant. As Mr Crosstrees became my personal friend during the voyage,—more peculiarly than any of the other officers, all of whom were my friends,—I will give some short description of him. He was a young man, perhaps eight-and-

twenty years old, whose great gift in the eyes of all those on board was his personal courage. Stories were told to me by the junior officers of marvellous things which he had done, which, though never mentioned in his own presence, either by himself or by others, seemed to constitute for him a special character,—so that had it been necessary that any one should jump overboard to attack a shark, all on board would have thought that the duty as a matter of course belonged to Lieutenant Crosstrees. Indeed, as I learnt afterwards, he had quite a peculiar name in the British navy. He was a small fair-haired man, with a pallid face and a bright eye, whose idiosyncrasy it was to conceive that life afloat was infinitely superior in all its attributes to life on shore. If there ever was a man entirely devoted to his profession, it was Lieutenant Crosstrees. For women he seemed to care nothing, nor for bishops, nor for judges, nor for members of Parliament. They were all as children skipping about the world in their foolish playful ignorance, whom it was the sailor's duty to protect. Next to the sailor came the soldier, as having some kindred employment; but at a very long interval. Among sailors the British sailor,—that is, the British fighting sailor,—was the only one really worthy of honour; and among British sailors the officers on board H.M. gunboat the John Bright were the happy few who had climbed to the top of the tree. Captain Battleax he regarded as the sultan of the world; but he was the sultan's vizier, and having the discipline of the ship altogether in his own hands, was, to my thinking, its very master. I should have said beforehand that a man of such sentiments and feelings was not at all to my taste. Everything that he loved I have always hated, and all that he despised I have revered. Nevertheless I became very fond of him, and found in him an opponent to the Fixed Period that has done more to shake my opinion than Crasweller with all his feelings, or Sir Ferdinando with all his arguments. And this he effected by a few curt words which I have found almost impossible to resist. "Come this way, Mr President," he said. "Here is where you are to sleep; and considering that it is only a ship, I think you'll find it fairly comfortable." Anything more luxurious than the place assigned to me, I could not have imagined on board ship. I afterwards learned that the cabins had been designed for the use of a travelling admiral, and I gathered from the fact that they were allotted to me an idea that England intended to atone for the injury done to the country by personal respect shown to the late President of the republic.

"I, at any rate, shall be comfortable while I am here. That in itself is something. Nevertheless I have to feel that I am a prisoner."

"Not more so than anybody else on board," said the lieutenant.

"A guard of soldiers came up this morning to look after me. What would that guard of soldiers have done supposing that I had run away?"

"We should have had to wait till they had caught you. But nobody conceived that to be possible. The president of a republic never runs away in his own person. There will be a cup of tea in the officers' mess-room at five o'clock. I will leave you till then, as you may wish to employ yourself." I went up immediately afterwards on deck, and looking back over the tafferel, could only just see the

glittering spires of Gladstonopolis in the distance.

Now was the time for thought. I found an easy seat on the stern of the vessel, and sat myself down to consider all that Crasweller had said to me. He and I had parted, —perhaps for ever. I had not been in England since I was a little child, and I could not but feel now that I might be detained there by circumstances, or die there, or that Crasweller, who was ten years my senior, might be dead before I should have come back. And yet no ordinary farewell had been spoken between us. In those last words of his he had confined himself to the Fixed Period, so full had his heart been of the subject, and so intent had he felt himself to be on convincing me. And what was the upshot of what he had said? Not that the doctrine of the Fixed Period was in itself wrong, but that it was impracticable because of the horrors attending its last moments. These were the solitude in which should be passed the one last year; the sight of things which would remind the old man of coming death; and the general feeling that the business and pleasures of life were over, and that the stillness of the grave had been commenced. To this was to be added a certainty that death would come on some prearranged day. These all referred manifestly to the condition of him who was to go, and in no degree affected the welfare of those who were to remain. He had not attempted to say that for the benefit of the world at large the system was a bad system. That these evils would have befallen Crasweller himself, there could be no doubt. Though a dozen companions might have visited him daily, he would have felt the college to be a solitude, because he would not have been allowed to chose his promiscuous comrades as in the outer world. But custom would no doubt produce a cure for that evil. When a man knew that it was to be so, the dozen visitors would suffice for him. The young man of thirty travels over all the world, but the old man of seventy is contented with the comparative confinement of his own town, or perhaps of his own house. As to the ghastliness of things to be seen, they could no doubt be removed out of sight; but even that would be cured by custom. The business and pleasures of life at the prescribed time were in general but a pretence at business and a reminiscence of pleasure. The man would know that the fated day was coming, and would prepare for it with infinitely less of the anxious pain of uncertainty than in the outer world. The fact that death must come at the settled day, would no doubt have its horror as long as the man were able habitually to contrast his position with that of the few favoured ones who had, within his own memory, lived happily to a more advanced age; but when the time should come that no such old man had so existed, I could not but think that a frame of mind would be created not indisposed to contentment. Sitting there, and turning it all over in my mind, while my eyes rested on the bright expanse of the glass-clear sea, I did perceive that the Fixed Period, with all its advantages, was of such a nature that it must necessarily be postponed to an age prepared for it. Crasweller's eloquence had had that effect upon me. I did see that it would be impossible to induce, in the present generation, a feeling of satisfaction in the system. I should have declared that it would not commence but with those who were at present unborn; or, indeed, to allay the

natural fears of mothers, not with those who should be born for the next dozen years. It might have been well to postpone it for another century. I admitted so much to myself, with the full understanding that a theory delayed so long must be endangered by its own postponement. How was I to answer for the zeal of those who were to come so long after me? I sometimes thought of a more immediate date in which I myself might be the first to be deposited, and that I might thus be allowed to set an example of a happy final year passed within the college. But then, how far would the Tallowaxes, and Barneses, and Exors of the day be led by my example?

I must on my arrival in England remodel altogether the Fixed Period, and name a day so far removed that even Jack's children would not be able to see it. It was with sad grief of heart that I so determined. All my dreams of a personal ambition were at once shivered to the ground. Nothing would remain of me but the name of the man who had caused the republic of Britannula to be destroyed, and her government to be resumed by her old mistress. I must go to work, and with pen, ink, and paper, with long written arguments and studied logic, endeavour to prove to mankind that the world should not allow itself to endure the indignities, and weakness, and selfish misery of extreme old age. I confess that my belief in the efficacy of spoken words, of words running like an electric spark from the lips of the speaker right into the heart of him who heard them, was stronger far than my trust in written arguments. They must lack a warmth which the others possess; and they enter only on the minds of the studious, whereas the others touch the feelings of the world at large. I had already overcome in the breasts of many listeners the difficulties which I now myself experienced. I would again attempt to do so with a British audience. I would again enlarge on the meanness of the man who could not make so small a sacrifice of his latter years for the benefit of the rising generation. But even spoken words would come cold to me, and would fall unnoticed on the hearts of others, when it was felt that the doctrine advocated could not possibly affect any living man. Thinking of all this, I was very melancholy when I was summoned down to tea by one of the stewards who attended the officers' mess.

"Mr President, will you take tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, or preserved dates? There are muffins and crumpets, dry toast, buttered toast, plum-cake, seed-cake, peach-fritters, apple-marmalade, and bread and butter. There are put-up fruits of all kinds, of which you really wouldn't know that they hadn't come this moment from graperies and orchard-houses; but we don't put them on the table, because we think that we can't eat quite so much dinner after them." This was the invitation which came from a young naval lad who seemed to be about fifteen years old.

"Hold your tongue, Percy," said an elder officer. "The fruits are not here because Lord Alfred gorged himself so tremendously that we were afraid his mother, the duchess, would withdraw him from the service when she heard that he had made himself sick."

"There are curaçoa, chartreuse, pepperwick, mangostino, and Russian brandy on the sideboard," suggested a third.

"I shall have a glass of madeira—just a thimbleful," said another, who seemed to be a few years older than Lord Alfred Percy. Then one

of the stewards brought the madeira, which the young man drank with great satisfaction. "This wine has been seven times round the world," he said, "and the only time for drinking it is five-o'clock tea,—that is, if you understand what good living means." I asked simply for a cup of tea, which I found to be peculiarly good, partly because of the cream which accompanied it. I then went up-stairs to take a constitutional walk with Mr Crosstrees on the deck. "I saw you sitting there for a couple of hours very thoughtful," said he, "and I wouldn't disturb you. I hope it doesn't make you unhappy that you are carried away to England?"

"Had it done so, I don't know whether I should have gone—alive."

"They said that when it was suggested, you promised to be ready in two days."

"I did say so—because it suited me. But I can hardly imagine that they would have carried me on board with violence, or that they would have put all Gladstonopolis to the sword because I declined to go on board."

"Brown had told us that we were to bring you off dead or alive; and dead or alive, I think we should have had you. If the soldiers had not succeeded, the sailors would have taken you in hand." When I asked him why there was this great necessity for kidnapping me, he assured me that feeling in England had run very high on the matter, and that sundry bishops had declared that anything so barbarous could not be permitted in the twentieth century. "It would be as bad, they said, as the cannibals of New Zealand."

"That shows the absolute ignorance of the bishops on the subject."

"I daresay; but there is a prejudice about killing an old man, or a woman. Young men don't matter."

"Allow me to assure you, Mr Crosstrees," said I, "that your sentiment is carrying you far away from reason. To the State the life of a woman should be just the same as that of a man. The State cannot allow itself to indulge in romance."

"You get a sailor, and tell him to strike a woman, and see what he'll say."

"The sailor is irrational. Of course, we are supposing that it is for the public benefit that the woman should be struck. It is the same with an old man. The good of the commonwealth,—and his own,—requires that, beyond a certain age, he shall not be allowed to exist. He does not work, and he cannot enjoy living. He wastes more than his share of the necessaries of life, and becomes, on the aggregate, an intolerable burden. Read Shakespeare's description of man in his last stage—

> 'Second childishness, and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything;'

and the stage before is merely that of the 'lean and slippered pantaloon.' For his own sake, would you not save mankind from having to encounter such miseries as these?"

"You can't do it, Mr President."

"I very nearly did do it. The Britannulist Assembly, in the majesty of its wisdom, passed a law to that effect." I was sorry afterwards that I had spoken of the majesty of the Assembly's wisdom, because it savoured of buncombe. Our Assembly's wisdom was not particularly majestic; but I had intended to allude to the presumed majesty attached to the highest council in the State.

"Your Assembly in the majesty of its wisdom could do nothing of the kind. It might pass a law, but the law could be carried out only by men. The Parliament in England, which is, I take it, quite as majestic as the Assembly in Britannula——"

"I apologise for the word, Mr Crosstrees, which savours of the ridiculous. I did not quite explain my idea at the moment."

"It is forgotten," he said; and I must acknowledge that he never used the word against me again. "The Parliament in England might order a three-months-old baby to be slain, but could not possibly get the deed done."

"Not if it were for the welfare of Great Britain?"

"Not to save Great Britain from destruction. Strength is very strong, but it is not half so powerful as weakness. I could, with the greatest alacrity in the world, fire that big gun in among battalions of armed men, so as to scatter them all to the winds, but I could not point it in the direction of a single girl." We went on discussing the matter at considerable length, and his convictions were quite as strong as mine. He was sure that under no circumstances would an old man ever be deprived of his life under the Fixed Period. I was as confident as he on the other side—or, at any rate, pretended to be so—and told him that he made no allowance for the progressive wisdom of mankind. But we parted as friends, and soon after went to dinner.

I was astonished to find how very little the captain had to do with his officers. On board ship he lived nearly alone, having his first lieutenant with him for a quarter of an hour every morning. On the occasion of this my first day on board, he had a dinner-party in honour of my coming among them; and two or three days before we reached England, he had another. I dined with him regularly every day except twice, when I was invited to the officers' mess. I breakfasted alone in my own cabin, where everything was provided for me that I could desire, and always lunched and took five-o'clock tea with the officers. I remained alone till one o'clock, and spent four hours every morning during our entire journey in composing this volume as it is now printed. I have put it into the shape of a story, because I think that I may so best depict the feelings of the people around me as I made my great endeavour to carry out the Fixed Period in Britannula, and because I may so describe the kind of opposition which was shown by the expression of those sentiments on which Lieutenant Crosstrees depended. I do not at this minute doubt but that Crasweller would have been deposited had not the John Bright appeared. Whether Barnes and Tallowax would have followed peaceably, may be doubted. They, however, are not men of great weight in Britannula, and the officers of the law might possibly have constrained them to have followed the example which Crasweller had set. But I do confess that I doubt whether I should have been able to proceed to carry out the arrangements for the final departure of Crasweller. Looking forward, I could see Eva kneeling at my feet, and could acknowledge the invincible strength of that weakness to which Crosstrees had alluded. A godlike heroism would have been demanded,—a heroism which must have submitted to have been called brutal,—and of such I knew myself not to be the owner. Had the British Parliament ordered the three-months-old baby to be slaughtered, I was not the man to slaugh-

ter it, even though I were the sworn servant of the British Parliament. Upon the whole, I was glad that the John Bright had come into our waters, and had taken me away on its return to England. It was a way out of my immediate trouble against which I was able to expostulate, and to show with some truth on my side that I was an injured man. All this I am willing to admit in the form of a tale, which I have adopted for my present work, and for which I may hope to obtain some popularity in England. Once on shore there, I shall go to work on a volume of altogether a different nature, and endeavour to be argumentative and statistical, as I have here been fanciful, though true to details.

During the whole course of my journey to England, Captain Battleax never said a word to me about the Fixed Period. He was no doubt a gallant officer, and possessed of all necessary gifts for the management of a 250-ton steam swivel-gun; but he seemed to me to be somewhat heavy. He never even in conversation alluded to Britannula, and spoke always of the dockyard at Devonport as though I had been familiar with its every corner. He was very particular about his clothes, and I was told by Lieutenant Crosstrees on the first day that he would resent it as a bitter offence had I come down to dinner without a white cravat. "He's right, you know; those things do tell," Crosstrees had said to me when I had attempted to be jocose about these punctilios. I took care, however, always to put on a white cravat both with the captain and with the officers. After dinner with the captain, a cup of coffee was always brought in on a silver tray, in a silver coffee-pot. This was leisurely consumed; and then, as I soon understood, the captain expected that I should depart. I learnt afterwards that he immediately put his feet up on the sofa and slept for the remainder of the evening. I retired to the lieutenant's cabin, and there discussed the whole history of Britannula over many a prolonged cigar.

"Did you really mean to kill the old men?" said Lord Alfred Percy to me one day; "regularly to cut their throats, you know, and carry them out and burn them."

"I did not mean it, but the law did."

"Every poor old fellow would have been put an end to without the slightest mercy?"

"Not without mercy," I rejoined.

"Now, there's my governor's father," said Lord Alfred; "you know who he is?"

"The Duke of Northumberland, I'm informed."

"He's a terrible swell. He owns three castles, and half a county, and has half a million a-year. I can hardly tell you what sort of an old fellow he is at home. There isn't any one who doesn't pay him the most profound respect, and he's always doing good to everybody. Do you mean to say that some constable or cremator,—some sort of first hangman,—would have come to him and taken him by the nape of his neck, and cut his throat, just because he was sixty-eight years old? I can't believe that anybody would have done it."

"But the duke is a man."

"Yes, he's a man, no doubt."

"If he committed murder, he would be hanged in spite of his dukedom."

"I don't know how that would be," said Lord Alfred, hesitating. "I cannot imagine that my grandfather should commit a murder."

"But he would be hanged; I can tell you that. Though it be very

improbable,—impossible, as you and I may think it,—the law is the same for him as for others. Why should not all other laws be the same also?"

"But it would be murder."

"What is your idea of murder?"

"Killing people."

"Then you are murderers who go about with this great gun of yours for the sake of killing many people."

"We've never killed anybody with it yet."

"You are not the less murderers if you have the intent to murder. Are soldiers murderers who kill other soldiers in battle? The murderer is the man who illegally kills. Now, in accordance with us, everything would have been done legally; and I'm afraid that if your grandfather were living among us, he would have to be deposited like the rest."

"Not if Sir Ferdinando were there," said the boy. I could not go on to explain to him that he thus ran away from his old argument about the duke. But I did feel that a new difficulty would arise from the extreme veneration paid to certain characters. In England how would it be with the Royal Family? Would it be necessary to exempt them down to the extremest cousins; and if so, how large a body of cousins would be generated! I feared that the Fixed Period could only be good for a republic in which there were no classes violently distinguished from their inferior brethren. If so, it might be well that I should go to the United States, and there begin to teach my doctrine. No other republic would be strong enough to stand against those hydra-headed prejudices with which the ignorance of the world at large is fortified. "I don't believe," continued the boy, bringing the conversation to an end, "that all the men in this ship could take my grandfather and kill him in cold blood."

I was somewhat annoyed, on my way to England, by finding that the men on board,—the sailors, the stokers, and stewards,—regarded me as a most cruel person. The prejudices of people of this class are so strong as to be absolutely invincible. It is necessary that a new race should come up before the prejudices are eradicated. They were civil enough in their demeanour to me personally, but they had all been taught that I was devoted to the slaughter of old men; and they regarded me with all that horror which the modern nations have entertained for cannibalism. I heard a whisper one day between two of the stewards. "He'd have killed that old fellow that came on board as sure as eggs if we hadn't got there just in time to prevent him."

"Not with his own hands," said a listening junior.

"Yes; with his own hands. That was just the thing. He wouldn't allow it to be done by anybody else." It was thus that they regarded the sacrifice that I had thought to make of my own feelings in regard to Crasweller. I had no doubt suggested that I myself would use the lancet in order to save him from any less friendly touch. I believed afterwards, that when the time had come I should have found myself incapacitated for the operation. The natural weakness incidental to my feelings would have prevailed. But now that promise,—once so painfully made, and since that, as I had thought, forgotten by all but myself,—was remembered against me as a proof of the diabolical inhumanity of my disposition."

"I believe that they think that

we mean to eat them," I said one day to Crosstrees. He had gradually become my confidential friend, and to him I made known all the sorrows which fell upon me during the voyage from the ignorance of the men around me. I cannot boast that I had in the least affected his opinion by my arguments; but he at any rate had sense enough to perceive that I was not a bloody-minded cannibal, but one actuated by a true feeling of philanthropy. He knew that my object was to do good, though he did not believe in the good to be done.

"You've got to endure that," said he.

"Do you mean to say, that when I get to England I shall be regarded with personal feelings of the same kind?"

"Yes; so I imagine." There was an honesty about Crosstrees which would never allow him to soften anything.

"That will be hard to bear."

"The first reformers had to bear such hardships. I don't exactly remember what it was that Socrates wanted to do for his ungrateful fellow-mortals; but they thought so badly of him, that they made him swallow poison. Your Galileo had a hard time when he said that the sun stood still. If you are not able to bear the incidents, you should not undertake the business."

But in England I should not have a single disciple! There would not be one to solace or to encourage me! Would it not be well that I should throw myself into the ocean, and have done with a world so ungrateful? In Britannula they had known my true disposition. There I had received the credit due to a tender heart and loving feelings. No one thought there that I wanted to eat up my victims, or that I would take a pleasure in spilling their blood with my own hands. And tidings so misrepresenting me would have reached England before me, and I should there have no friend. Even Lieutenant Crosstrees would be seen no more after I had gone ashore. Then came upon me for the first time an idea that I was not wanted in England at all,—that I was simply to be brought away from my own home to avoid the supposed mischief I might do there, and that for all British purposes it would be well that I should be dropped into the sea, or left ashore on some desert island. I had been taken from the place where, as governing officer, I had undoubtedly been of use,—and now could be of use no longer. Nobody in England would want me or would care for me, and I should be utterly friendless there, and alone. For aught I knew, they might put me in prison and keep me there, so as to be sure that I should not return to my own people. If I asked for my liberty, I might be told that because of my bloodthirstiness it would be for the general welfare that I should be deprived of it. When Sir Ferdinando Brown had told me that I should certainly be asked down to Windsor, I had taken his flowery promises as being worth nothing. I had no wish to go to Windsor. But what should I do with myself immediately on my arrival? Would it not be best to return at once to my own country,—if only I might be allowed to do so. All this made me very melancholy, but especially the feeling that I should be regarded by all around as a monster of cruelty. I could not but think of the words which Lieutenant Crosstrees had spoken to me. I almost doubted my own energy as a teacher of progress to carry me through the misery which I saw in store for me.

"I shall not have a very bright time when I arrive in England," I said to my friend Crosstrees, two days before our expected arrival.

"It will be all new, and there will be plenty for you to see."

"You will go upon some other voyage?"

"Yes; we shall be wanted up in the Baltic at once. We are very good friends with Russia; but no dog is really respected in this world unless he shows that he can bite as well as bark."

"I shall not be respected, because I can neither bark nor bite. What will they do with me?"

"We shall put you on shore at Plymouth, and send you up to London—with a guard of honour."

"And what will the guard of honour do with me?"

"Ah! for that I cannot answer. He will treat you with all kind of respect, no doubt."

"It has not occurred to you to think," said I, "where he will deposit me? Why should it do so? But to me the question is one of some moment. No one there will want me; nobody knows me. They to whom I must be the cause of some little trouble will simply wish me out of the way; and the world at large, if it hears of me at all, will simply have been informed of my cruelty and malignity. I do not mean to destroy myself."

"Don't do that," said the lieutenant, in a piteous tone.

"But it would be best, were it not that certain scruples prevent one. What would you advise me to do with myself, to begin with?" He paused before he replied, and looked painfully into my face. "You will excuse my asking you, because, little as my acquaintance is with you, it is with you alone of all Englishmen that I have any acquaintance."

"I thought that you were intent about your book."

"What shall I do with my book? Who will publish it? How shall I create an interest for it? Is there one who will believe, at any rate, that I believe in the Fixed Period?"

"I do," said the lieutenant.

"That is because you first knew me in Britannula, and have since passed a month with me at sea. You are my one and only friend, and you are about to leave me,—and you also disbelieve in me. You must acknowledge to yourself that you have never known one whose position in the world was more piteous, or whose difficulties were more trying." Then I left him, and went down to complete my manuscript.

LORD CRAWFORD AND THE HOUSE OF MAR.

THE posthumous publication of these elaborate volumes * is well-timed; and we are specially glad to have an opportunity of saying a few last words on a shy and ardent student who will not be quickly forgotten by those who knew and honoured him. The Scottish peerage has produced many men eminent in the camp and the senate; in the more congenial field of letters it has been comparatively barren. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was distinguished by his polished tastes, his attractive and finished powers of speech, and his munificent patronage of the fine arts; but then Sir William was only a great country gentleman—though, to be sure, he might have been a peer had he chosen—and much of his later life was devoted to public affairs. The exquisite charm of his manner, the native force of his character, made him a power in the political world. In that world Lord Crawford had no place. The diffident and modest peer did not love the rough pressure of the crowd. It was among his books that he was most at home, and in such curious studies as befit the learned leisure of a grave and industrious scholar. The type of man is passing away from among us,—the man who, amid all the distractions of a great position, found his true happiness in honest work; and amid all the temptations which beset the favourites of fortune, cultivated the most simple tastes. It is not well for us that such men should pass away and leave no successors,—there is grave peril to the public weal when the voice of the unobtrusive and unimpassioned thinker is silenced by windy rhetoric or sectarian clamour. The acute conscientiousness, no less than the dignified reticence, the scrupulous integrity, and the manly independence of such men, disqualify them for active life in a society which is passionately stirred by every wind of doctrine,—now slavishly imitative, now frantically destructive, according to the whim of the moment. But we should never forget that it was the possession of such qualities by its governing class which made England what it is. The great war against Napoleon would never have been won if the democracy which deserted Lord Beaconsfield had been in power under Pitt. Behind Pitt was the consistent and strenuous force of an aristocracy which seldom yields to passion or to panic, and which has been trained to suffer disaster and to support defeat with stoical equanimity. But we have changed all that—more's the pity.

Lord Crawford was born in 1812, so that he was sixty-eight at the time of his death in the December of 1880. He had devoted a great part of his later life to studies which retain but a slender hold upon a busy and unimaginative people, and of which, though implying, no doubt, close and persistent application, the tangible results are apparently unimportant. The 'Lives of the Lindsays' is, however, a fascinating book: it is the history of a house which played a great part in the history of Scotland; it shows vast research; it abounds in pictures of the old

* The Earldom of Mar in Sunshine and Shade during Five Hundred Years. By Alexander, Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. Two volumes. Edinburgh: 1882.

feudal and monastic life, which are drawn with sympathetic vividness: the work is done throughout in a complete and masterly way. The same may be said of this posthumous publication,—though, unfortunately, the author died before the process of revision was complete. Had he lived to see it through the press, or even to give his manuscript the final touches, there is no doubt that it would have been greatly improved. It is wanting in brevity and condensation; there is considerable repetition; in his anxiety to be just to his adversaries he introduces many pages of irrelevant argument and tedious disquisition, which it was unnecessary to preserve. Lord Crawford was essentially a just man; his fairness and moderation were conspicuous; he constantly refused to take what might be considered an undue advantage; there was a tone of old-fashioned chivalry about his manner of controversy which is rarely to be found in polemical writing. These are admirable qualities from a moral point of view: from a strictly literary point of view, they will be apt, we fear, to drive away the reader who cares more for epigram than for justice, and who may chance to prefer the brilliant unsoundness and dashing swagger of Macaulay to the ponderous honesty of Hallam. But the fortunes of this great and historic earldom have been so strange and varied that it is difficult to spoil the interest of the story; and Scottish readers especially will find, before they proceed very far, that the public and constitutional interests involved in its development are even more important than the personal.

There is nothing in the story, let us say at once, which need prove a stumbling-block to the layman unfamiliar with Scottish jurisprudence, or the law and practice applicable to Scottish dignities. It may be necessary to define one or two technical terms at the outset; but this can be done in a few sentences; and thereafter there is no reason whatever why any historical student of ordinary capacity should fail to comprehend the issues which were submitted to and decided by the House of Lords in 1875,—erroneously, as Lord Crawford believed. Lord Crawford's vast erudition and unrivalled acquaintance with the original documents and authorities are likely to produce a not inconsiderable impression on the mind: at the same time we have no desire to rank ourselves among the zealots of either creed; our aim is to disengage the main facts from the mass of irrelevant matter, and to lay them simply and without prejudice before our readers. Yet it would be uncandid to deny that we have been sensibly impressed by the persuasiveness of the pleading and the weight of the argument, and that we have come to entertain a tolerably strong conviction that, in one way or other, full justice has not been done.

Until John Francis Erskine, Earl of Mar, died in 1866—just sixteen years ago—it was universally believed that the title which he held was that of the old earldom which had been famous in Scotland and throughout Europe long before Robert Bruce was born. The ancient earldom was one of the thirteen which existed in North Britain from the time of the Celtic Mormaers—the title of earl having been substituted for mormaer when Normanism and feudalism made their way across the Border. Mar was thus "a great name" in Scotland from a very early age—*clarum et venerabile nomen;* and those who successively bore the title for many generations were among the *magnates Scotiæ*—the powerful houses

to whom the high offices of State and the hereditary functions of Government were normally intrusted by the sovereign. Had the common belief been well founded, it cannot be doubted that Mr Francis Goodeve Erskine, the son of the Earl's only sister, would now be in undisputed possession of the title. Among the thirteen ancient earldoms, the law of inheritance through females in preference to remoter heirs, had invariably been recognised as determining the succession both to the lands and to the dignity (which indeed is the law of Scotland with regard to all heritage not specially devised);* and it being once admitted that the original earldom still existed, Mr Goodeve Erskine's right to succeed would appear to be incontestable. But it was held by the House of Lords that the original earldom had been extinguished about 500 years ago; that the unimpeached and unbroken tradition of centuries had no basis either in law or in fact; that the dignity held by Earl John at his death in 1866 was a modern dignity, created by Queen Mary in 1565, and limited to heirs-male; that the heir-male in 1866 was Walter Coningsby Erskine, a cousin of the Earl; and that that cousin's son—then Earl of Kellie—was thus also Earl of Mar. A sufficiently surprising conclusion it must be admitted; one which the Scottish peers have been slow to accept, and over which they still continue to grumble at Holyrood.† Lord Crawford's elaborate volumes may be accepted as giving literary expression to the prevalent discontent with the judgment—a discontent not altogether unreasonable among men who are naturally Conservative, and justly proud of the historic names which give dignity and lustre to their order.

It is only fair, however, to Lord Chelmsford and Lord Redesdale—for though Lord Cairns briefly indicated that he concurred, the judgment of the Committee was substantially the judgment of Lord Chelmsford and Lord Redesdale—to point out that the duty which they had to discharge was a difficult one,—one which was perhaps rather beyond their strength and capacity. Lord Chelmsford, though a charming companion and a most pleasant speaker, was not a profound lawyer; and any legal erudition that Lord Redesdale may possess has not been acquired, we may presume, in the active exercise of the profession. As the experienced and respected, if sometimes testy and erratic, Chairman of Committees, he has had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Standing Orders of the House, and in them, we have no doubt, he is well versed.

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* The latest writer on the subject ('The Red Book of Menteith Reviewed,' by the Lyon King of Arms) points out that "the records of our Scottish Parliaments show us how all our kings who succeeded under age (and that was the rule) as soon as they attained mature years, made a parliamentary revocation of all questionable grants made during their minority, and among these were always included settlements to heirs-male to the prejudice of heirs-of-line, which were described in one case as "against the law and good conscience," in another as "against the law of God, the law human and divine."

† At the election of a representative peer on 11th January 1882, the following peers protested against the decision of the Committee of Privileges: The Marquis of Bute, the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Carnwath, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, the Earl of Cassilis, the Earl of Erroll, the Earl of Galloway, the Earl of Haddington, the Earl of Kintore, the Earl of Mansfield, the Earl of Stair, the Earl of Morton, Viscount Arbuthnott, Viscount Strathallan, Lord Blantyre, Lord Napier, and the Countess of Rothes.

But a great lawyer needs something more; and this something (whatever it is — swiftness and subtlety of insight? breadth of view? high intellectual discrimination?) we cannot expect to find in Lord Redesdale. The Mar case was one which urgently demanded for its adequate determination all the powers of a great judge at his best. There were obvious technical and historical difficulties in the way—difficulties which a profound legal intellect would have rejoiced to grapple with, but which presented an insuperable barrier to timid or untrained logic. There are, moreover, certain expressions of opinion by eminent legal dignitaries of the last century which would have been jealously weighed and closely interrogated by an intrepid jurist confident in his own resources, but which in this, as in other cases, have been servilely accepted and loosely applied. The constitution of the Committee to which peerage claims are referred is not quite satisfactory, and we trust we are not guilty of a "breach of privilege" when we say that we would like to see it improved; but the mischief is in the system, and neither Lord Chelmsford nor Lord Redesdale is responsible for *that.* Lord Crawford maintains that the radical jurisdiction in Scottish dignities is vested by inveterate practice from an early date in the Court of Session. It seems to us, so far as we have examined the matter, that Lord Crawford is right: there can, at all events, be no doubt that, as a rule, legal questions should be settled by a tribunal composed of lawyers; and that it is by a Scottish Court—with an appeal, of course, to the House of Lords sitting as a Court of law—that questions of patrimonial right and obligation affecting the Scottish peerage should be determined.

It is only by a considerable effort of the imagination that we can transport ourselves back to Scotland as it existed during the centuries when the great Celtic earldoms were in the zenith of their renown. There seems, however, no reason to doubt that for many years before the death of Alexander III. the people were in the enjoyment of a large measure of security and prosperity. Later poets looked back with not unbecoming complacency to the Golden Age which preceded the breaking out of the English wars.

> "Quhen Alysandyr owre kyng wes dede,
> That Scotland led in luwe and le,
> Away wes sons of ale and brede,
> Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle;
> Our gold wes changyd in-to lede,
> Cryst, borne in-to virgynyte,
> Succour Scotland and remede
> That stad is in perplexyte."

This happy period was brought to a close by the death of Alexander on the King's Crag (Thomas the Rhymer never spoke a truer word than when he predicted the great storm that would break on Scotland that day), and the civil strife and social anarchy which arose out of a disputed succession, were thereafter seldom interrupted until the union of the Crowns.

During this period all the greater lands of the realm were in the possession of the greater nobles—the mormaers or earls—to whom they had been granted by successive sovereigns, and of whom they were held either by a Celtic or feudal tenure. Of these earldoms, as we have said, several were famous throughout Europe; and among the chivalry marshalled by Ariosto, the Count of Mar and his compeers occupy a not undistinguished place. The dignity, till a late period of our history, was purely territorial—that is to say, it was the name given in courtesy and common parlance to the person

to whom the king had granted certain lands. The owner of property in Scotland is now called the "laird;" and as there can be no "laird" without lands, and no lands without a "laird," there could, at the time of which we are speaking, be no "comes" without a "comitatus," and no "comitatus" without a "comes." The notion of what is now called a "patent of nobility" did not then exist in Scotland; and it may be confidently asserted, as regards the *thirteen* ancient earldoms—1st, that the title was simply the designation by which the owner of the lands or comitatus was known; and 2d, that no writing, apart from the writing by which the lands were conveyed, was required to confer the title; and that as matter of practice no such writing was given. We know, in point of fact, that in spite of the most diligent search in every charter-room and in every record office throughout Scotland, no deed creating what has been called "a peerage-earldom"—an honour or dignity separate from land—anterior to the reign of James VI., has as yet been recovered, and that except in one or two quite exceptional cases (as when Robert Bruce, divesting himself of the earldom of Carrick, a dignity hereditary to the King of Scotland, conferred it upon his brother Edward), the honour was not specified in the charter of the comitatus. Where there were no sons, the comitatus passed by the law of Scotland to the earl's daughter, and the dignity was carried as well as the fief. In technical language, the heir-general or heir-of-line (*e.g.*, Mr Goodeve Erskine) was preferred in either capacity to the heir-male (*e.g.*, the Earl of Kellie). The same rule applied to the highest dignity in the realm. During the competition for the succession, which took place after the death of the Maid of Norway (the granddaughter of Alexander III.), it was assumed, as the basis of the argument, that the Crown devolved upon the heir-of-line. Much of all this was at one time matter of dispute; but the "Additional Case"—probably the most remarkable paper ever submitted to a court of law—prepared by Lord Hailes for the infant countess in the competition for the Sutherland earldom was unanswerable; and subsequent investigation has only served to fortify the position which he had occupied with quite unrivalled logic and learning.

Before Lord Hailes's paper was written, however, one or two eminent members of the House of Lords (which had by this time assumed the jurisdiction of the Court of Session, without, so far as appears, legislative sanction or legal warrant) had undertaken to formulate certain propositions which were thereafter to be accepted as first principles in peerage law. It is to be observed that these dicta are of no legal force as precedents; they are the opinions simply of certain English peers who had been requested to give the sovereign the benefit of their advice; and they are not binding upon any one (as the decisions of a court of law are binding), except in so far as they are consistent with the common law, with reason, justice, and common-sense.* One of the propositions is ascribed to Lord Mansfield,

* "The resolutions of the Committee," Lord Chelmsford observed in the Wiltes case, "are merely for the information and advice of the Crown. The Crown, though it generally acts upon them, is not bound by them. It may exercise its own discretion in giving or refusing assent. They cannot be regarded as final judgments."

the other to Lord Camden. Taken together they amount to this;—that it is to be presumed (there are many presumptions of varying weight known in law—we are not told to which class these belong),—1. That a charter conveying the comitatus does not carry the dignity except where the dignity is expressly included; 2. That where the dignity is not expressly included it must have been given by separate deed; 3. That in any case where this hypothetical deed cannot be produced, or at least is not forthcoming, the limitation of the succession is to the heir-male of the body to the exclusion of the heir-of-line.

The researches of a succession of eminent lawyers and antiquaries, from Dalrymple to Skene, have brought us into close contact with our remote ancestors; and we know a vast deal more about them than was known to Mansfield or Camden. A flood of light has been thrown upon the earlier annals of the kingdom, and our acquaintance with the domestic life and the civil and municipal institutions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is far more accurate and exact than it was when the Cassillis decision was given (1762). If Lord Mansfield's "presumptions" have been proved by the industry of later scholars to be particularly wide of the fact, is there any reason why they should be retained and perpetuated? There is a progress in historical and legal as in Biblical science; and a legal as well as an ecclesiastical Confession of Faith may get out of date. The truth is, that the question (for instance) of what took place on a given day in 1404, is a question the settlement of which cannot be facilitated by the introduction of "presumptions." What we have to do is to make the most complete and searching investigation in our power, and then to decide to the best of our ability upon the whole evidence before us. To rely upon "presumptions" is an easy but slovenly process, whereby we do not untie but cut the knot. That Lord Mansfield's "presumptions" have been shown to be singularly at variance with the early law and practice regulating the tenure and descent of dignities, is, we think, undeniable. When we know that the dignity invariably accompanied the comitatus, when we know that no document creating a "peerage-earldom" is in existence, when we know that each of the ancient earldoms devolved upon female in default of male issue, it is surely absurd to maintain that the legal "presumptions" are all the other way. This divorce of fact and law is at once pernicious and grotesque.

There can be no doubt that were these "presumptions" out of the way, the claim of the heir-general of Mar would be somewhat stronger than it is. Yet it may be contended with much force that in any view—presumption or no presumption—he has established his claim. Lord Mansfield could never have intended to maintain, for instance, that when an ancient earldom is restored after a period of attainder, the mere loss of the deed by which the attainder was reversed, could have any real weight one way or other. He might, no doubt, in such a case, have declared his formal adherence to the presumption in favour of the heir-male; but he would have come to the conclusion (as he did in the Sutherland competition) that in the whole circumstances disclosed—having regard more particularly to the terms of the original grant as construed by general consent and inveterate usage—the heir-of-line was entitled to prevail.

The comitatus of Mar was situated in the north-eastern corner of Scotland. Buchan, Moray, Athol, were in the immediate neighbourhood; and the four great northern earls were probably kinsmen as well as neighbours. The castle of Kildrummie was the chief "messuage," or, in other words, the capital, of the earldom. The comitatus was theoretically indivisible; but the alienation in certain circumstances of a portion of the lands did not, latterly at least, affect the dignity, so long as the capital (where the heritable jurisdiction was presumed to be exercised, and the feudal formalities were transacted) was retained by the Earl.

The comitatus of Mar and the comitatus of Buchan extended over nearly the whole of the district which now forms the county of Aberdeen. The hill-country belonged to the one, the seaboard to the other; and while the castles of the Comyns were built along the cliffs, the strongholds of the retainers of Mar commanded the inland passes. Of the life and character, of the manners and customs, of the thinly scattered pastoral people who occupied the interior, we know little. "Sindry of thair bones," says Bellenden, "war sene be us, schort time afore the making of this buke, mair like giandis than common stature of men; throw quhilk, apperis, that men in auld time hes bene of mair stature and quantite than ony men ar presently in our days." But on the southern bank of the Don, long before the Comyns came, a peaceful and orderly society had been established, whose records can yet be read. Under the shelter of the royal oaks of Stocket, and among the rude huts which clustered round their roots, rose the grey walls and spires of a Christian sanctuary. The Catholic Church had sent its missionaries at an early period into these desolate forests. Saint Walok arrived in the fifth century among a people savage and unconverted, say the monkish chroniclers, "insomuch that they had no church among them, nor any belief in hell-torments." Walok lived between the Dee and the Don, "in a little solitary thatched hut as a hermite." He was followed by other saints,—Nachlan; and Eddran; and Maurice, who, in the eighth century, travelled much among the hill-men to reclaim them from the remnants of their pagan idolatries; and Machar, who lived at the mouth of the Don, "where a river falls into the sea in the form of a crosier;" until at length, in 1010, Malcolm II. erected the See of Murthlack to commemorate some famous forgotten victory; and Saint David, a century later, translated the bishop to Aberdon, where that reverend ecclesiastic contrived to secure a share of most of the good things going; as the right of common pasturage, the use of the king's forest, the best salmon caught in the Dee, and a tenth of the "can" of vessels trading with the port. The Comyns, their annalists tell us quaintly, "were *addicted* to religion,"—which accounts for the number and wealth of the religious houses planted in Buchan; so, for that matter, were their neighbours in Mar; only Celtic piety was seldom so munificent as Norman.

> "All human things are subject to decay,
> And when fate summons, monarchs must obey"—

Dryden has told us in a well-worn couplet; and the race of earls is no more immortal than the race of kings. In 1842, when Mr Riddell's remarkable treatise on Peerage and Consistorial Law appeared, all the ancient Celtic earldoms had died out—with one ex-

ception. The exception was Mar. Mr Riddell was able to assert, with genuine antiquarian enthusiasm, that one of the oldest of the earldoms was still in existence. "Mar is now not merely the oldest Scottish earldom by descent, but, perhaps in many respects, the most remarkable in the empire; for the present Earl is the direct heir-at-law of personages who were Earls of Mar *ab initio*, and never known under another character:—

Certa retro series Comitum; sed cujus origo
Oceani cum fonte latet." *

The earlier fortunes of Mar do not much concern us at present. We are carried back to a somewhat mythical antiquity when we are introduced in the 'Annals of Ulster' to Domnail, Mormaer of Mar, who fell with Brian Borombe on the field of Clontarf in 1014, fighting against the Danes. "Of the race of old Ivor is he," says the early chronicle; and "old Ivor," though a Celtic chieftain, had a dash of Norse blood in his veins. Between this original Donald and the Donald who lived at the close of the thirteenth century, two hundred and eighty years intervene. During that long period there is absolutely nothing to show that the descent of the dignity was limited to heirs-male; on the contrary, it is tolerably well ascertained that in this respect Mar stood in precisely the same position as the other Celtic earldoms which had been gradually feudalised.

This second Donald, who was Earl of Mar in 1290, had two children — Gratney and Isabel. These children were closely connected with the great hero of the Scottish war of independence. Isabel became the wife of Robert Bruce himself, while Gratney married the king's sister Christiana. It was through this connection, no doubt, that the castle of Kildrummie became a residence of the king, "who held it apparently," says Mr Cosmo Innes, "in right of his nephew, the Earl of Mar." † The reader will recollect that when Bruce's fortunes were at their lowest ebb, he left the queen under charge of his brother Nigel in this magnificent castle on the Don—the remains of which have now been pretty nearly carted away and built into the "dikes" which adorn the district. There was a lamentable tragedy when the English got within the walls; but in these days men held their lives in their hands—and women too. This Gratney had by his wife Christiana a son and daughter,—the son, another Donald, third Earl of the name, who fell in the disastrous battle of Dupplin (1332), and Elyne of Mar, who married Sir John Menteith. (How musical these old Scottish names sound!—the Elynes, and Muriels, and Mabels, and Eschinas, and Evas, and Edas, flash sunnily through musty charters and chronicles, and help to give the discoloured parchments a human interest). This prettily named Elyne of Mar, Lady of Sir John Menteith, niece of the great King Robert, must be kept steadily in view; for from and through her the right of the Erskines to the ancient earldom is derived.

Thomas, who was the son of the Donald who died at Dupplin, was the last of the Celtic earls. He married Margaret Stewart, Countess of Angus in her own right, but died without issue about 1377.

* Riddell on Peerage and Consistorial Law, vol. i. p. 169.
† Scotland in the Middle Ages, p. xxii.

With him, had it been limited to heirs-male, the dignity would have ceased; but he had a sister Margaret, to whom the title as well as the estate descended. At the time of her succession she was the wife of the Earl of Douglas, by whom she had a daughter Isabel, who—her mother dying without other surviving issue in 1390—became in that year Countess of Mar. By the old courtesy of Scotland, the man who married a peeress acquired, so to speak, a liferent use of the title as well as of the estate; and the husband of Isabel—Alexander Stewart, a strange and powerful character, not altogether unknown in the general history of the time—continued to use the title till his death. Isabel died about 1407; but her husband survived until 1435. The story of this Countess Isabel is as interesting as a romance; and a good deal depends upon the view which we take of the adventures in which she figured—much against her will, we may believe, and to her own great unhappiness, we may be sure.

There were thus a Countess Margaret and a Countess Isabel,—each Countess of Mar in her own right. No ingenuity can get rid of these facts; and Lord Redesdale's "historic doubts" (which are of the most meagre and microscopical kind) are very summarily disposed of by Lord Crawford,—even Lord Chelmsford admitting that the descent of the ancient earldom to heirs-female must be held to be finally established.

The true point of difficulty, however, is of an altogether different kind—viz., the validity or invalidity of certain deeds, to which the Countess Isabel was a more or less consenting party. Did she in fact and in law actually divest herself of the fief and the dignity in favour of her husband, Alexander Stewart? If the divestiture was valid and effectual, then it may be assumed that the right of the heirs of "Elyne of Mar" to succeed their kinswomen in the fief and the dignity was effectually barred; on the other hand, if the divestiture was invalid and illegal, the heirs of Elyne at the time of Countess Isabel's death were *jure sanguinis* in right to the honours and estates of old Earl Gratney. Earl Gratney was the great-grandfather of the Countess Isabel; he was also the great-grandfather of Janet Keith, Lady Erskine,—Janet being the only child of Christian Menteith, Lady Keith, who was the only child of Elyne of Mar. From this Janet Keith all the Erskines are descended—the Lords Erskine, who inherited (as they contend) the ancient dignities of Mar, and the Erskines of Gogar, who, in consideration of the services rendered in the Gowrie house at Perth, were created Earls of Kellie—in either branch a powerful and illustrious house.

Countess Isabel in the year 1404 was living at her castle of Kildrummie in Strathdon. At the time she was probably the greatest heiress in Scotland. Through her mother she had succeeded to Mar and Garioch—through her father to the unentailed fiefs of the powerful house of Douglas. She appears to have been weak and facile in mind, and her health was failing. It was a wild and turbulent age; and even in the stronghold of Kildrummie a prize like the Countess could hardly be accounted safe. Prior to 1404, her aunt, the infamous Countess of Angus, had tried to secure for her natural son—the fruit of a peculiarly scandalous immorality—the rich heritage of her niece. Whispers of the intrigue had got abroad; and the legitimate heirs to the earldom—the Erskines—had thereupon gone

direct to the king. The weak and timid Robert III. had acknowledged the justice of their complaint, and had undertaken that no act prejudicial to their rights as the true heirs—*veri hæredes*, as he called them in a solemn deed—should be sanctioned by the Crown. But the real danger—as it proved—lay in quite another direction. The "Wolf of Badenoch" had left a natural son—Alexander Stewart—who was as masterful and unscrupulous as his father. In his youth a leader of Highland caterans, he became in later life a sagacious and politic statesman, and served his country with distinction both in war and diplomacy. An early annalist has summed up his strange career in the words, "Primeva etate, efferus, indomitus ac caterranorum dux, postea mitis justus, patrie rector, et dives conquæstor extitit." This whelp of the old wolf came down upon Mar, seized the Lady Isabel, and extorted a renunciation from her, in his own favour, of the great estates which she held. It was a bold stroke for a wealthy wife; but the rough wooer did not quite succeed in attaining the object of his raid. The charter which he extorted from her (12th August 1404) bore that she gave to him in free gift, under covenant of future marriage, all her heritable property in Scotland, with destination to the children of the marriage, whom failing, not to her own heirs (the Erskines), but to the heirs of Alexander himself. Infeftment, as it is called, did not follow upon the deed, and it was never confirmed by the Crown. It was *ab initio* null and void, and, even had it stood alone, could have had absolutely no effect. But it did not stand alone; within six months it was renounced and recalled; and in the new deed the interests of the Erskines were scrupulously preserved. The solemnities by which the execution of the later charter was preceded were striking and picturesque:—

"But before executing this charter, it was considered necessary in Isabel's interest that the wrong previously done should be publicly redressed, and Isabel replaced in her free rights and exercise of free agency, by the actual hand which had despoiled her of them. Everything in those days was done with picturesque ceremonial. Isabel accordingly, accompanied by Alexander Bishop of Ross, Sir Andrew Leslie of Syde, Walter Ogilvy, and other gentlemen of the district, and attended by a large concourse of people, took up her station on a meadow outside the great gate of Kildrummie Castle, and stood there, as it is described, conversing familiarly with the bishop and others. Stewart, on the other hand, who had apparently retained possession of the castle, or had reoccupied it for the occasion, then came forth of the gate and advanced to where she stood; and, in the presence of all assembled, delivered over to her the castle, with its charters and evidents, the silver vessels and other jewels, and everything therein, placing the keys in her hands in symbolism of the transfer, to dispose of the whole,—the castle, that is, the chief messuage which carried the entire comitatus, the charters and jewels, and her person—as no longer under constraint,—at her free and uncontrolled pleasure. This having been done, Isabel, holding the keys in her hands as *châtelaine*, made choice of Stewart as her husband before all the people, and gave him in free marriage the castle, the Earldom of Mar and Garioch, and all that she possessed, as detailed in the charter, the deed of conveyance above spoken of. All this took place on 9th September 1404, and the preceding description of the ceremony is taken from a notarial instrument of renunciation drawn up on the occasion, in which the subjects which had been conveyed by the charter of 12th August were solemnly renounced by Alexander in favour of Isabel, to be reconveyed by her to him in the exact terms in which

they were actually reconveyed in the charter of 9th December." *

This is the charter of 9th December 1404, which provides substantially that, failing issue of the marriage, the Comitatus of Mar is to return to the heirs of Isabel. The charter was followed by infeftment, and on the 21st January 1404-5 it was formally confirmed by the king.

The Countess Isabel did not long survive. She died about two years after the deed was ratified. There were no children of the marriage.

It is plain from what has been said, that in spite of his high-handed proceedings, Alexander had failed, prior to the death of the Countess, to acquire any other than a liferent interest in the dignity and the fief. Subject to his liferent interest, the radical right was in the Erskines. It is enough, therefore, to say, that having no power to dispose of the comitatus, any deed of his after his wife's death purporting to have that effect, was necessarily invalid. But he was not a man to stick at trifles, or to be deterred by the suspicion of illegality from carrying out any object on which he was bent. He had an illegitimate son, Thomas Stewart, and to him he had resolved that the earldom should descend. This was effected, in so far as it was in his power to effect it, twenty years after Isabel's death, by the charter of 1426. The charter failed in its immediate object—for Sir Thomas died childless before his father; but on Alexander's death in 1435, it gave James I., who had entered on his long contest with the nobility, a colourable pretext for seizing the lands and suppressing the dignity of the great northern earl.†

The contest which followed was only one incident in the prolonged struggle which was being carried on between successive sovereigns and a proud and powerful aristocracy. The great feudal barons had proved on many occasions more than a match for the Crown; and it became the settled policy of James and his successors to clip their wings. This policy was steadily carried out for a hundred years—March, Strathern, Lennox, and Mar being among the earliest victims. But the Erskines did not tamely acquiesce in the usurpation of their rights. Whenever James I. was in his grave (the king was murdered, it will be remembered, in the Abbey of the Black Friars at Perth, 20th February 1437), Robert, Lord Erskine, the son of Janet Keith, proceeded to take the necessary legal steps to protect the succession which had opened to him on Alexander Stewart's death in 1435. We need not dwell upon the incidents of the contest between the Erskines and the Crown; it is enough to say, that though Earl Robert was temporarily successful, the sheer force of the sovereign, exercised without shame and without remorse, proved too strong in the long-run; and from 1457 till the "restitution" by Queen Mary in 1565, the Earldom of Mar remained (as the Court of Session afterwards decided) in "the simple and nakit possession of the Crown, without ony richt of property therein." The radical right of the Erskines could not of course be vitiated by an arbitrary exercise of the preroga-

* The Earldom of Mar, vol. i. p. 205.

† The interest of James in confirming the charter of 1426 is obvious. Thomas was illegitimate; if he died without issue, the estate went to the king, either as *ultimus hæres*, or under the deed itself.

tive; but for over a hundred years they were unable to assume the title or to regain the lands.

Mary Stuart may not have been a happy or fortunate princess; but even her enemies admit that she had a masculine sense of justice. There seems to be no doubt that the story of the wrong done to the loyal house of Erskine had sensibly impressed her, and that she was anxious to make all the amends in her power. The charter of 23d June 1565 is thus in its whole conception a deed of restitution;—moved by conscience to restore the earldom to the lawful heirs of Isabella Comitissa de Mar,—"conscientia motæ, ut nobis decet, legitimos hæredes ad suas justas hereditates *restituere*,"—she makes a grant of the subjects comprised in the comitatus, with all the rights and privileges attaching thereto, as they were held by Isabel, to John, Lord Erskine, and his heirs,—"suis heredibus,"—to the heir-general, that is, as in the ancient earldom, not to the heir-male. She puts him, so to speak, "in Isabel's shoes"—the lands are the same, the destination is the same, the dignity presumably is the same. Still we are not sure that the heir-general was well advised in making this charter his mainstay. Of course, if the charter carried the dignity there was an end of the debate (and its terms are exactly those which, in many other cases, *did* carry the dignity—as shadow follows substance, says Lord Crawford); yet, acting for the heir-general, we should have been inclined to give the charter of Mary a quite subordinate place in the argument. A family of noble Scottish gentlemen had for a hundred years, no doubt, been compelled to call themselves Lords Erskine instead of Earls of Mar; but the title had never been validly relinquished, and it was still in existence. Any one of the Lords Erskine, after going through certain feudal formalities, could lawfully have called himself Lord Mar. But they were illegally prohibited from doing so by the sovereign. Mary, therefore, had only to remove the prohibition; for whenever the prohibition was removed, the title emerged. So that in this view, whether the grant of the comitatus did or did not carry the dignity is a matter of comparatively little moment; and indeed, in whatever light we regard the queen's action, the practical result appears to be the same.

1. "*The charter restoring the comitatus restored the dignity.*"—According to that view, the heir-of-line is, of course, entitled to succeed.

2. "*The charter did not restore the dignity.*"—But if the dignity had never ceased to exist it did not require to be restored. In that view also he succeeds.

3. "*The dignity, not being restored by the charter, must have been restored by a separate deed, which has been lost.*"—But being confessedly a deed of restoration, the lost deed must be construed with reference to the constitution of the ancient dignity, and the terms of the contemporary deed restoring the comitatus. In that view also the heir-of-line must prevail.*

* It was a very common practice in Scotland, for one reason or other, to *resign* a comitatus into the hands of the sovereign. During the interval (*i.e.*, when the lands were in the hands of the sovereign) the dignity was, so to speak, *in nubibus;* nor could it be resumed until the lands were reconveyed. The resignation and resumption of the lands were always effected by formal writing, but the dignity was resigned and resumed without any writing whatever. And this was the case even when the comitatus was definitely relinquished,—the person who resigned the lands ceasing to be earl, and the person who obtained the lands becoming earl, without the

The House of Lords—that is to say, Lord Chelmsford and Lord Redesdale—were of opinion that the ancient earldom had somehow or other, and at some remote date (on which they failed to agree), become extinct, and that the modern earldom was created by Queen Mary in 1565. To enable them to arrive at this conclusion they were forced to assume, having decided that the grant of the comitatus did not carry the honour, that the deed—the patent or charter conferring the "peerage-earldom"—had been accidentally lost or wilfully destroyed. "You can't lose what you have never had" is a principle of Scottish jurisprudence which seems to rest upon a basis of reason; and accordingly, the Scottish jurist refuses to admit that a document has been lost until it is proved to have existed. But here there is no such proof,—all the probabilities, indeed, going to negative the assumption. It was quite unnecessary, as we have seen, to execute such a document. It was a document the like of which had never before been heard of in Scotland. There is not the remotest allusion to such a document in any contemporary history on record. It is, in short, a *fictio juris*, or (to speak more correctly) a fiction of the Committee of Privileges in the year of grace 1875. The only particle of proof, indeed, which can be offered to support the fiction, is that whereas the charter of the comitatus was dated the 23d of June, Lord Erskine did not assume the title of Mar till the 1st of August,—the conclusion being that the dignity must have been otherwise conferred during the interval. But to a lawyer acquainted with the formalities of feudal investiture, the fact tells the other way. These formalities could only be completed at the capital or chief messuage of the comitatus: it was "a far cry" to Strathdon in the year 1565; and the interval between the 24th June and the 1st August was exactly such a period as must necessarily have elapsed between the day when the warrant to infeft was issued from the office in Edinburgh, and the day when the instrument of infeftment was returned.* It is well known, as respects the territorial earldoms, that until the formal investiture, or "seisen in the fief," had been completed, the title of honour could not be assumed—or at least in practice was not. Yet on the strength of this inevitable interval, the Lords held that the title of Mar which now exists was created "some time between the 28th of July and the 1st of August in the year 1565." They might as well have gone on, when they were about it, to specify the hour and the minute of this miraculous birth! Is not the true and only logical conclusion this,—Lord Erskine having assumed the title of Mar whenever the instrument of infeftment proceeding upon the grant of the comitatus was returned, it was in respect of that grant, *and of that alone*

dignity being so much as mentioned. The claim of the Erskines was, of course, even stronger; for they had never resigned either the fief or the dignity, only "the iniquitie of the time" (in the words of the Act of 1587) had compelled them to wait for better days.

* The instrument of infeftment for Mar proper is missing; but that for Garioch is preserved, and is dated the 24th July. The ceremony in either case must have taken place about the same time—before the messenger returned to the metropolis; so that legal evidence of the investiture having been completed could not have been received in Edinburgh before the end of the month. Until the 30th or 31st of July, therefore, it was absolutely impracticable for Lord Erskine to have assumed the title of Mar.

(no other deed being in existence), that he assumed the title? We confess that with our present lights we do not see the answer to this argument.

The explanation volunteered by Lords Chelmsford and Redesdale to account for the disappearance of this mysterious document appears to us, we must say, singularly strained and forced. *The Earl himself destroyed it;* and when we go on to inquire why he should have committed such a suicidal act (for as no record of it existed anywhere, it could not have been replaced), we are told that its production might have prejudiced his claim for precedence over his brother earls! The Earl to whom this singular fraud is attributed was at the time engaged in recovering piecemeal the inheritance of his ancestors; and if it could have been brought home to him in any of his numerous litigations, it would have had a very ugly look indeed to the judicial mind. It must be admitted, however, that the secret was well kept; for the Earl was considered by his contemporaries a man of honour and probity; and it was not until 1875 that his character was taken away. But possibly the fact that nobody had ever heard of the deed, enabled him to effect its destruction with impunity!

Such was the view taken by the House of Lords in 1875 of this remarkable case. It had at least all the merit of novelty. The peerage-earldom of 1565 was then heard of for the first time. Yet the earldom had been, so to speak, a standing dish for at least a couple of centuries — in Scottish Parliaments, in Scottish peerage cases, in Scottish histories, in Scottish law courts. It was in particular the subject of parliamentary ratification and judicial decision in 1567, in 1587, in 1606, and in 1626. This is to us the most inexplicable feature of the whole affair. The facts connected with the earldom have not now been brought together for the first time: they were sifted in every possible way within a few years of its restoration,—scores of highly influential people in Scotland, peers and commoners, being closely interested in the result. But from first to last the suggestion that the dignity had been created by patent in 1565 was not once made. We have heard of patents of nobility granted by fugitive princes, which were put aside by those to whom they were granted, in the hope that when the king enjoyed his own again they might be taken out of the secret drawer and publicly used; but the Mar "patent," granted by a reigning sovereign to a great noble, was hidden away with such anxious care, that from the day it was executed —29th, 30th, or 31st July 1565— it has never seen the light. How did it happen that the Earl's contemporaries were so utterly deceived about events which were being transacted before their eyes that they required to be put right in 1875 by Lord Chelmsford and Lord Redesdale?

The parliamentary ratification of 1567 and the Act of Parliament of 1587 proceed upon the assumption that the Earl of Mar is the successor in the fief and the dignity of the Countess Isabel; but it is unnecessary to enter into an examination of these statutes. The proceedings, however, which took place in 1606 and 1626 are of the utmost importance. In the former year a commission was appointed to draw up a roll of the Scottish Peers according to their precedence. The Commission numbered among its members the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of the age, and the result of its labours is

what is known in Scottish history as the "Decreet of Ranking,"—the official register of the Peerage of Scotland. It is a document of the highest authority (being, in fact, the basis of the Union Roll), and although its verbal accuracy has been occasionally impeached, Lord Crawford has shown that the criticism to which it has been subjected is ignorant and unwarranted. The earls were ranked according to their precedence, — those holding the high and hereditary offices of State coming first, while the others followed according to priority of creation. The all-important question then arises—Was the Earldom of Mar inserted in this nearly contemporary document as a creation of 1565? *It was not,—a much higher antiquity was assigned to it,* —the earl being placed above several earls whose titles date from the fifteenth century. Whatever else the Decreet of Ranking may fail to establish, it at least clearly establishes that, in the judgment of the eminent persons of whom the commission was composed, the Earldom of Mar then existing was *not* created in 1565. If it was not created in 1565, there is, of course, only the other alternative—that it was the ancient earldom; but the main point is, that men, most of whom must have been born before 1565, were satisfied that in *that* year the creation did not take place. Is it possible to believe that these men were wrong, and that Lords Chelmsford and Redesdale are right? Common-sense would appear to reply in the negative, even though it could be proved that the Earl had wilfully and fraudulently put his patent in the fire.

Again, in 1626, a final judgment was given by the Court of Session in the Earl's action against the Elphinstones for the recovery of Kildrummie. During the century of suppression the lands of the great earldom had been scattered broadcast by the Crown; and it became necessary to recover them from the new owners by due process of law. The action against Lord Elphinstone was only one of many: but it was the leading case, and it was fought, as was natural, with remarkable skill, keenness, and pertinacity. The Earl ultimately succeeded in recovering a great portion of the princely territory which had belonged to Countess Isabel; and he succeeded mainly, if not altogether, on the ground that all the acts by which, between 1435 and 1565, the Erskines had been prevented from enjoying the lands, were utterly illegal as well as grossly unjust; and they were placed by the Court in the exact position they would have held as heirs of the Countess if they had succeeded in asserting their rights on the death of Alexander Stewart. But their title to the dignity rested on precisely the same grounds as their title to the lands, and it had been withheld from them by the same illegal and arbitrary exercise of force. When this forcible dispossession was declared by the Supreme Court to have had no effect in alienating the lands, it necessarily followed that it could have had as little in alienating the honour—less, indeed; for while the interests of third parties who had innocently acquired the lands might invite the equitable protection of the law, on the other hand, in so far as the dignity was concerned, no such interest was involved. The charter extorted from Isabel in 1404, the charters granted by the liferent Earl, were swept away. These were the pretexts which had served to keep the Erskines out of the dignity as well as out of the lands; for there can be no doubt that if, in 1435, they had succeeded to the lands,

they would at the same time have succeeded to the dignity. So that their right to the dignity was as expressly declared in this solemn decision of the supreme judicature of Scotland as their right to the fief.

"The unbroken and unimpeached tradition of centuries," we have said; and even as late as 1771, even in the House of Lords, even by hostile judges, the continuous existence of the ancient earldom was emphatically recognised. Whoever has read the "Additional Case" of Lord Hailes must have been impressed by its stately diction, its logical force, and its profound learning; and there can be no doubt that it sensibly influenced the decision of the Peers. This remarkable law-paper, it may be safely said, insured the success of the infant Countess of Sutherland. Even Lord Mansfield could not resist its logical argument and its exhaustive research; and among all the instances of female succession on which the learned writer relied, none was stronger than, none so conclusive as, that of Mar.

At the time when the Sutherland decision was given, the ancient earldom, however, was once more under a cloud. The Erskines were mostly Jacobites, as was natural; and the rising of 1715 was headed by the Lord Mar of the day. The attainder which followed was not reversed until 1824, when the grandson of the attainted Earl was restored by Act of Parliament to the ancient dignity. The lawyers and statesmen by whom the Act was drawn may, of course, have been mistaken; but there can be no doubt that it was passed on the assumption that John Francis Erskine was, through his mother, Lady Frances, the heir-general of the attainted Earl, and as such, in right to the honours and estates of Mar.

We have related the story of Elyne of Mar and the Countess Isabel as concisely, as fairly, and with as little of technical jargon, as was possible; and now, without further comment, we leave it to the judgment of our readers. We are sorry that the most ancient of the historic earldoms has been abolished by what may be called a somewhat *un*-Happy Despatch; and if, without any invasion of existing interests, it were possible to have the case reopened and reheard before a fresh jury (as Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne seem to have suggested) we should be inclined very heartily to wish the heir-of-line—in words familiar to English lawyers—"a good deliverance."

RECENT NOVELS.

In novels as in everything else, there is occasionally a disturbance of the level, a higher tide than that which marks the ordinary ebbing and flowing of the ocean of light literature by which, to believe the critics, we are sometimes in danger of being swept away. Ordinarily the rise and fall are monotonous, coming just so far and no further, rousing us to no exceptional interest.

Nevertheless, by times there is a spring-tide in the sea of fiction. The little secondary waves go on with their rhythm, which has become an inevitable portion of the concert, demanding little or no attention; but now and then a more individual one does compel our ear, if it were only in an amused and puzzled inquiry whether it is worth the trouble of special investigation. One of the most important of these larger voices is that fine serene and melodious one, not without a certain character of monotony—monotony not accidental or proceeding from weakness, but elaborately chosen as the desirable medium for studies more *fin*, and an investigation more delicate, perhaps, than plain English permits (something which requires American-English, polished to the finest point by applications of French and other sharpening appliances), which is the appropriate utterance of the champion and exponent of the New World.

We will, however, postpone Mr Henry James for the moment to another candidate for the public favour, whose appearance is more original than that of any other which has for a long time come before us. The name of Mr J. H. Shorthouse has not hitherto been known in literature, but there is nothing of the novice in his work. His style has a completeness, care, and grace which is as unlike as possible to the careless English of the ready writer, in haste to get his burden out of him, lest, perhaps, somebody else equally eager may forestall him. The leisurely, elaborate, and scholarly composition of 'John Inglesant'* is so out of the habits of contemporary work, that it is entirely new to us by dint of being old, and startles our unaccustomed faculties as do the stately buildings and princely tissues of a past age. We build no such piles and weave no such brocades in our day: the fashion of them has gone out, though there never was an age in which they were so much applauded. What we attempt now is to make our thin brick and flimsy stuffs resemble them, which is a hopeless effort. This is not the inspiration of Mr Shorthouse. He has gone to work as if he had been born in the fourteenth century, working out every curve and stalk with the patience and devotion of an old workman, who knew no difference of small and great, and took as much pains with the turn of a leaf as with the poise of a noble dome. The atmosphere in which he works is that of an elder world—a sphere of leisure and thought, with the breath of Bacon, of Milton, still lingering in the air—when literary composition is the product of a slow and stately process of thinking, without haste or excitement. This is one of the books which certainly he who runs may *not* read. It is for the study, not the railway

* John Inglesant: a Romance. By J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan: 1881.

journey or the smoking-room at the club — a book which Lady Jane Grey might have lingered over when Plato's great folio wearied her tender arms if not her mind —a book for youth full of leisure, for stately maidens more than rash young men, which holds the reader in a half-compulsory absorption, the narrative being altogether without those breaks where it is natural to leave off, or intervals which liberate the attention. The book, indeed, is unique in our recollection, a study of an age and a system as well as of a particular mind. The ways of thinking portrayed in it are not as ours: the hero keeps his noble and somewhat melancholy grace unbroken through episodes which in our age would scarcely be consistent with the honour of so fine a gentleman; but, indeed, there are no gentlemen so fine in any recent age.

The character of this romance is that of a biography. It is introduced, somewhat conventionally, with a mysterious portrait and a bundle of papers belonging to the subject of the picture; but this prologue is too brief to harm the history. It is the 'Memoirs of the Life of Mr John Inglesant, sometime Servant to King Charles I.; with an Account of his Birth, Education, and Training by the Jesuits, and a particular Relation of the Secret Services in which he was engaged, especially in connection with the late Irish Rebellion; . . . also a History of his Religious Doubts and Experiences.' The quaint title-page, in which this and a good deal more is inscribed in formal lines like the inscription on a tombstone, belongs to the time of Donne and George Herbert, like the rest of the book. The story opens with a curious account of the way in which the Priory of Westacre became the property of Richard Inglesant, the founder of the family, who was commissioned at the time of the suppression of the monastic establishments under Henry VIII. to visit this house, a peaceable and learned convent, spoken well of by all men, but which would, were it suppressed, become a fine appanage for a thriving courtier. The manner in which this commissioner fulfils his office, failing in no respect, not even in good wishes for the prior and the adherents of the old faith,—vexed even when the old priest ruins his own cause by a fiery sermon against the so-called Reforming party, the king and his minister—yet receiving the gift of the priory for himself at the end,—strikes an admirable key-note to the strain which is to follow. It is in the priory, full of the relics and memories of the old monks, that John Inglesant, the hero of the story, great-grandson of the Richard aforesaid, is born, and, being weakly, is left to spend a visionary childhood—his elder brother, Eustace, being with his father in London. "The boy grew up among strange stories, and lived indeed in the old world that was gone for ever. His grandfather's dimly remembered anecdotes were again and again recalled by others, all of the same kind, which he heard every day,—stories of the rood in the chapel—of the Mass wafer, with its mysterious awfulness and power—of the processions and midnight singing at the priory." His first teacher is a gentle Platonist, who communicates to him the lore and knowledge of Plato, along with the teachings of a still more divine Master; and by the time he has become "a tall, handsome, dreamy-looking boy of fourteen," he is put by his father into the hands of "a fine handsomely dressed man, with a lofty high-bred look," who is to train and mould the boy to play a curi-

ous and important part in the strange, confused, and pregnant life of the times. We have had many studies of the great Rebellion, both from the Cavalier and Roundhead point of view—from the easy and brilliant narratives of Scott down through many a lesser attempt to make the stern Puritan or the gay king's-man visible to us. But so far as we can remember, the view given by Mr Shorthouse is entirely novel. Puritanism, in the ordinary sense of the word, has no charm for him; the much more abstruse, mystical, and romantic section of religionists who, while sharing a great many of the beliefs and almost all the sentiments of the Church of Rome, still adhered conscientiously to the Church of England, is the portion of English society which attracts his deepest interest; and his descriptions of that curious but attractive and highly cultivated sect of Quietists are wonderfully beautiful and interesting. The Anglican Church, according to the ideal of it fondly conceived by those who are glad to forget the external circumstances of Reformation in England, was never more attractively set forth; and the strange and misty border-land between that region and the finer and more tolerant side of the Roman Church, becomes apparent to us by a kind of revelation. The picture is full of a subdued and hallowed light, as of the silent morning before even the birds are awake: a soft ecstasy of devotion is in it, more sad than glad. The strength of the Puritan is altogether absent, and his straightforward practical uses. A heavenly despair yet tender readiness to minister to all wants gathers those subdued and saintly groups together to deck their altars and say their prayers, and shed forth an ineffable light of pity and kindness upon the poor about them, though they are hopeless of making any impression upon the times which are so sadly out of joint. The account of the "Protestant Nunnery" of Little Gidding, which young Inglesant, seeking everywhere for what is best and holiest, and moved alike by a longing for the communion of saints and the light of Platonic teaching, visits when himself on the verge of his strange life and mission, is one of the most touching and beautiful studies we know. It would be most appropriate to read it in an undertone, with soft pauses, with a subdued light, and perhaps a hushed accompaniment of distant music. This is altogether novel and unparalleled, so far as we are aware, in fiction. Style and spirit, tone and colour, are so harmonious, so complete and mutually conducive to the desired effect, that the story is like music in its mystical perfection—like music, too, perhaps more satisfactory to the feelings than to the understanding.

We have omitted, however, to note the training of the noble, devout, and thoughtful gentleman who, always more contemplative than active, though he is the agent in so many stirring scenes, occupies the central place. He is carefully educated by the Jesuit whom his father brings to the profound seclusion and quietness of Westacre for the purpose, in order to occupy the position of an ambassador and negotiator between the Catholic party and the Anglican. It was a time in which it was a capital offence to say Mass, and a Papist was under every kind of scrutiny and repression; yet a great part of the country still remembered the old faith with tenderness, and it still might lie upon a quiver of the balance, which would eventually be paramount. The father of John Ingle-

sant himself held something of the position to which he was anxious to train his son.

"Occupying himself a neutral position, and possessed of the confidence of members of both Churches, he was peculiarly fitted for such negotiations, and was in constant communication with those Churchmen, very numerous at Court, and among the clergy and country gentry, who were favourably disposed to the Papists, though at the same time sincere members of their own Church. The value of emissaries possessing in this way the confidence of Church people and Papists alike, was so obvious, that Mr Inglesant and his friends did all they could to add to their number, especially as they were not very easy to procure, great jealousy existing among nearly all Church people of any foreign or armed interference in England on the part of the Romanists, who were always suspected of such intentions. Mr Inglesant, therefore, whom nothing escaped, had marked out his younger son's temperament as one peculiarly fitted to be trained for such a purpose, and had communicated this idea to his intimate associate among the Papists, Father Sancta Clara, as he was called, of an English family called St Clare, a Jesuit missionary priest who travelled in England under the name of Mr Hall. The latter was a man of great influence, unbounded devotion to his order, and unflinching courage,—a profound scholar, and, according to the knowledge of that day, a man of science, trained indeed in every variety of human learning, and taking advantage of every scrap of knowledge and information for the advancement of his purpose. Of elegant and fascinating manners, and accustomed to courtly life abroad, he was perhaps the most influential agent among the thousand mission priests at that time scattered through England. His time, of course, was fully taken up with his difficult embassy, but he was interested in the account Inglesant gave of his son; and the idea of training him to such usefulness in three or four years' time, when their plans might be expected to be ripe, commended itself exceedingly to his peculiar genius and habit of mind."

The reader must recollect that this was the crisis upon which everything depended for or against the Church of Rome, and when it was still possible, or so at least enthusiasts hoped, to crush the sterner Puritan element, and unite the different sections of the other party upon that sure foundation and apostolical certainty in which the "Papist" has always the advantage of the Anglican. Mr Shorthouse is not without a serious sense of the characteristics of the present time in his very curious and profound study of the former crisis; and his point of view is, as we have said, entirely new to fiction. Numberless sketches of the Jesuit have occurred in English literature, especially on the lower levels, where he is one of the familiar monsters of the popular imagination, but also in better spheres, where his powers and culture are acknowledged only by way of making him a more fit instrument to corrupt and lead astray the minds of his victims. But Father Sancta Clara is an entirely novel figure. He leads his pupil to that partial but elevated and grand confusion of the absolute rules of right and wrong which is necessary to his purpose, by the highest results of philosophical teaching—by pointing out to him the general fundamental resemblance, underneath all superficial distinctions, of good men and elevated aims everywhere—and by bringing within the range of his sympathy all fine and enlightened impulses.

"He made no effort to draw his mind away from the English Church, farther than by giving him a crucifix and rosary, and teaching him the use of them, and pointing out the beauties of the Roman use: he even took pains to prevent his becoming attached to Popery, telling him that his father would not wish him to leave the Church of England; and though that

Church was at present in schism, it would probably be soon reunited, and that meanwhile the difference was unimportant and slight. He knew indeed that, from the excitable and enthusiastic nature of his pupil, if he once became attached strongly to Roman theology, all his use as a mediator between the two parties would at once be lost."

So far did this enlightened preceptor go, that when his pupil, now launched in the agitated yet stately life of the Court, had been too deeply touched by the mystical life and inward light of the Quietists at Little Gidding, he placed him deliberately under the influence of Hobbes, being "anxious to infuse into Inglesant's mind a larger element of rational inquiry than in his sacred character it was possible for him to accomplish without shocking his pupil's moral sense." Thus cultivated on all sides, the young man becomes first a page of Henrietta Maria, then a gentleman in the king's immediate retinue, in which capacity he is soon employed on various missions, with a modesty and reticence on the part of the narrator which gives a wonderful air of truth to the story. One of these missions is to meet and convey instructions to Montrose at Edinburgh,—a fine opportunity, one would have thought, for the picturesque story-teller; but Mr Shorthouse confines himself rigorously to his proper ground. The danger and defect in this is, of course, as the reader will perceive, that some very great issue is necessary, and that—history standing sternly behind, and forbidding divergence, even forbidding the interpolation of a new agent unknown to her—an issue proportioned to the skill and originality of the education is impossible. Unfortunately there has been nothing great enough left for John Inglesant to do. The author cannot take upon himself the licence of Dumas, and all the great *rôles* have been appropriated these two hundred years and more. Nothing could more clearly show the limits of historical fiction; and this necessarily brings with it a shade of disappointment, a sense that the picture must be out of proportion, and that all these elaborate preparations are too much for any practicable result. The most important position in which the author has been able to place his hero provides a very highly wrought and powerful episode, which, had it been possible to follow it out with other efforts of a similar description, would have sufficed to justify his training; unfortunately, however, it is not followed up, but remains an episode and no more. When Charles, in his embarrassment and distress, is driven to negotiate with the Irish rebels, and in return for many concessions made to them is promised the aid of an Irish contingent, especially for the immediate relief of Chester, Inglesant is fixed upon as the messenger most likely to persuade the besieged garrison at that place to receive the deliverance which comes to them from such strange hands. It is his master, the Jesuit, who places before him the character of the service required.

"'Still more, as you are a Churchman, and a favourite of the Church people—especially since the death of the Archbishop—you will be able to prepare the mind of the Lord Biron and the commander at Chester to receive the Irish troops favourably; they will believe you act by the King's direction, and will not know anything of the concessions which have been made to Ireland. You are ready to undertake it?'

"Inglesant hesitated for a moment; but then he said simply and without effort, 'I am ready—I will do my best. But there are some things I should like to ask.'

"'Ask what you will,' said the Jesuit, quickly; 'anything I know I will tell you.'

"'As a Churchman,' said Inglesant, 'if I lend myself to this plan, I shall be considered by all Churchmen to have betrayed my religion, and to have done my best to ruin my country as a Protestant country. Is not this the case?'

"'Probably,' said the Jesuit, after a moment's hesitation.

"'Shall I have any authority from the King for what I do?'

"'I have advised not,' said the Jesuit; 'but his Majesty thinks you will need some other warrant both in Ireland and at Chester than the mere fact of your belonging to the household. He therefore intends to give you an interview, and also a written commission signed by himself.'

"'And in case the whole scheme miscarries and becomes public?' said Inglesant.

"'I cannot answer,' said the Jesuit, 'for what course his Majesty may be advised to take; but in your case it will, of course, be your duty to preserve the strictest silence as to what has passed between the King and yourself.'

"'Then if I fall into the hands of the Parliament,' Inglesant said, 'my connection with the King will be repudiated?'

"'His Majesty pledges his word as a king——' began the Jesuit.

"Inglesant made a slight impatient motion with his hand, which the other saw, and instantly stopped. He raised his eyes to Inglesant and looked fully in his face for a moment, then with that supreme instinct which taught him at once how to deal with men, he said, 'If the necessities of the State demand it, all knowledge of this affair will be denied by the King.'

"'That is all I have to say,' said Inglesant. 'I am ready to go.'"

With this extraordinary assurance, the devoted envoy sets out on his mission. Of the first part, which relates to Ireland, we have but the briefest narrative; but from the moment he reaches Chester, making his way in the disguise of a miner, the story is detailed and full of the deepest interest. Lord Biron finds it at first impossible to credit that it is from a band of Irish kernes, robbers, and murderers that he is to expect relief; but convinced against his will by the King's warrant, which Inglesant shows him, subdues his own repugnance, and treats the messenger with respect if not with unbounded faith. At last the moment comes in which the plan is made public; and the King, as has been foreseen, in face of the horror and indignation of England, disowns his agent. Lord Biron immediately sends for Inglesant, and informs him that Glamorgan has been arrested in Ireland for conspiring to bring over a Papist army, and that his authority, as commissioned by the King, is denied; and holding out the paper which Charles had signed in Inglesant's presence, asks, "Will you pledge me your honour that this paper was written by the King?"

"Johnny hesitated: the circumstances of the case were beginning to arrange themselves before him, racked and weary as his brain was. If this news were true—if the Lord Lieutenant and the Council had really disclaimed in the King's name the negotiations, and boldly before the world proclaimed them unauthorised, and the warrants a forgery — the game was evidently played out, and the course before him dark and gloomy enough. Yet he thought he would make one effort to recover the paper—a matter, whatever might turn out, of the first importance to the King.

"'If I swear to you, Lord Biron, that the King wrote it, will you give it me back?'

"'I am sorry, sir, that I cannot,' said Lord Biron. 'I am grieved at my heart to do anything which would seem to doubt in the least the word of a gentleman—such as I have always believed you to be; but in the post I hold, and in the crisis of an affair so

terribly important as this, I must act as my poor judgment leads me. I cannot give this paper up to any one until I learn more of this distressing business.'

"'If I swear to you,' said Inglesant, beaten at every point, but fighting to the last, 'that it is the King's writing, will you give me your word of honour that you will burn it immediately?'

"'No, sir,' said the other, loftily; 'what the King has been pleased to write, it can be the duty of no man to cancel.'

"'Then it is not the King's,' said Inglesant.

"Lord Biron stared at him for a moment, then folded up the papers carefully and replaced them in his pocket-case. Then he went to the door of the dining-room at the top of the stairs, and called down, 'Without! send up a guard.'

"Inglesant unhooked his sword from his scarf and handed it to Lord Biron without a word. Then he said, 'It can be of no advantage to me now, may probably tell against me, when I entreat your lordship to believe me when I tell you, as I hope for salvation before the throne of God, that if you burn that paper now, you will be glad of it every day you live.'

"'I certainly shall not burn it, sir,' said the other, speaking now with a cold disdain; and he turned his back upon Inglesant, and stood looking at the fire.

"Johnny went to the window and looked out. The bright winter's sun was dawning on the walls and roofs of the town, on the dancing waves of the estuary, and on the green oak banks of Flintshire beyond. He remembered the view long afterwards, as we remember that on which the eye rests almost unconsciously in any supreme moment of our lives."

After this there is nothing but ignominy and suffering for the disowned envoy, who is considered an emissary of the Jesuits, and abandoned by all. One interview between the King and the Jesuit is given, by way of showing that Charles had compunctions. When the priest says, "He must be given up; your Majesty has no choice," that fated sovereign cries out with momentary bitterness, "What right have I to suppose that my servants will be faithful to me when I give them up one by one without a word?" "There is no fear of John Inglesant, your Majesty," replies the other.

"'No,' said the King, rising and pacing the closet with unequal steps; 'there is no fear of John Inglesant; I believe you. There is no fear that any man will betray his friends and be false to his order and his plighted word, except the King!—except the King!'"

Inglesant plays his part throughout with perfect steadiness, repeating his lie heroically, with a determined effort to look it true, which would make it a *splendide mendax*, if there ever was such a thing. He carries it to the very scaffold, from which he is reprieved after he has given up all hope—when he has stood to his sacrifice against all the scorn and hootings of an exasperated crowd. There is never a doubt in him of his duty, neither are we admitted to see any questions in his mind as to the character of the master who thus leaves him in the lurch, or the tutor who brought him up for such a fate. He is even prepared to find the Jesuit too withdraw from him as a tool which has rendered its service, though in this he does wrong to the heart of Father St Clare. After the striking scene of his escape, the narrative abandons politics suddenly, and comes back again to the existence of a gentleman in that confused and agitated world of England after the death of Charles. The brother, of whom we have for a long time lost sight, brings Inglesant the order of release, and they set out for the country together, after having paid a visit

to an astrologer, in whose mysterious house Inglesant, looking into a crystal, sees a vision of a man lying wounded, who, he feels convinced, is either his brother or himself. Immediately after the vision comes true, and Eustace Inglesant dies by the hand of a treacherous Italian, whose frauds he had been about to expose. The entire cutting asunder of all the hero's bonds to life, which has been accomplished by the death of the King, though never verbally insisted upon, is very forcibly represented, and is one of the singular and skilful touches by which the air of a real biography is given to the book. Entirely detached, set free and at leisure, separated from all the meshes of his training, and with no longer a mission in the world, the reader is rather glad to find that the man in whose life he cannot but take so warm an interest, has devoted himself to a search for the murderer of his brother. It is clear that England has no sphere for this servant of the King; nor has the author a word to say of that strange Government and Court which had displaced the graceful household but tragic service of Charles. He admits us to a glimpse of a great family in the country, in which various religious opinions are at work. "The doctor said grace after supper; but when he had done, one of the female servants, a Quakeress, stood up, and spoke some words recommending patience, and a feeling after God, if perchance He might be found to be present, and a help in such a terrible need. The singularity of this proceeding roused Inglesant from the lethargy in which he was, and the words seemed to strike upon his heart with a familiar and not uncongenial sense." Thus the graceful Cavalier hero, in the dejection of his fallen fortunes, finds solace and interest, not in sentiment or dissipation, according to the common fashion, but in sympathetic tones of mystical piety.

And here the author pauses to give us an account of his hero's religious faith in a passage which we would fain quote. It was "Christianity without the Bible" he tells us. "It is doubtful whether, except perhaps once or twice in college chapel, he had ever read a chapter of the Bible himself in his life." His was the doctrine of the Laudian school, which held that "the very slightest recognition on the part of man of the divine sacrifice, the very least submission to the Church ordinances, combined with freedom from outward sin, were sufficient to secure salvation to the baptised," and looked upon a holy life as "a spiritual luxury and privilege, to which high and refined natures might well endeavour to attain, rather than as absolutely necessary to salvation." Thus it is a sort of spiritual aristocracy—the highest and finest spirits everywhere, gifted with an insight which approaches the divine, as a courtly training approaches the atmosphere of kings—which he seeks wherever he goes; and accordingly, all the hidden sanctities of the devout and pious, the private and nameless centres of religious life hid in the silence of country fields and houses, where religion is the chief occupation of life, reveal themselves wherever he goes. Nothing could be more unlike the ordinary picture of the profane but light-hearted Cavalier than the panorama, always dim in a faint religious light, which is thus disclosed to us. No iron shadow of the great Protector, no Praise-God Barebones, no ungainly Puritanism is visible, but a gentle seclusion of thought and prayer and peaceful converse,—the atmosphere

of a heavenly quiet, saddened perhaps by the tumult outside, but detached from it; as the hero himself, his king being dead, is detached from all duty or special concern with his country. The picture is very remarkable and instructive in its way.

Inglesant in Italy is less striking and real than Inglesant in England. We cannot stop to remark upon his discouragement, his sense of failure, his conviction that the best wisdom would be to follow the advice of the Oxford Benedictine whom he meets in Paris, to abjure everything,—not only the world and its attractions, but even the pleasure of the intellect,—and give himself up to God's service in the meanest ways, rather than that of the Jesuit who sends him into the politics of the Papal States, and all the crooked ways of Italian diplomacy. The only other scene we shall attempt to indicate is the very picturesque one in which, riding in splendour towards Rome, to be married, he meets, among the mountains, the Italian Malvolti, whom, amidst all his graver pursuits, he has been looking for everywhere,—the murderer of his brother, who has already, once or twice, crossed his path. This time the force is all on Inglesant's side; the wretch is alone and miserable, and Inglesant is sternly determined to kill him. When, however, the criminal appeals to him, for "the love of Jesu," his hand is stayed, and two of his attendants secure Malvolti. The train then goes on till they reach a little chapel among the hills, into which Inglesant enters with all his followers, including the murderer and his guardians.

"The priest, who was an old and simple-looking countryman, continued his office without stopping; but when he had received the sacred elements himself, he turned, and influenced probably by his appearance and by his position at the altar, he offered Inglesant the Sacrament. He took it, and the priest, turning again to the altar, finished the Mass. Then Inglesant rose; and when the priest turned again he was standing before the altar, with his drawn sword held lengthwise across his hands.

"'My father,' he said, 'I am the Cavaliere di San Giorgio; and as I came across the mountains this morning, on my way to Rome, I met my mortal foe, the murderer of my brother,—a wretch whose life is forfeit by every law, either of earth or heaven — a guilty monster, steeped in every crime. Him, as soon as I had met him—sent by this lonely and untrodden way, as it seems to me, by the Lord's hand—I thought to crush at once as I would a venomous beast,—though he is worse than any beast. But, my father, he has appealed from me to the adorable name of Jesus, and I cannot touch him. But he will not escape. I give him over to the Lord. I give up my sword into the Lord's hands, that He may work my vengeance upon him as it seems to Him good. Henceforth he is safe from earthly retribution; but the Divine powers are just. Take this sword, reverend father, and let it lie upon the altar, beneath the Christ Himself; and I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul.'

"The priest took the sword, and kneeling before the altar, placed it thereon, like a man acting in a dream. He was one of those childlike peasant-priests to whom the great world was unknown, and to whom his mountain solitudes were peopled as much by the saints and angels of his breviary as by the peasants who shared with him these solitudes, and the legends that gave to these mountain fastnesses a mysterious awe. To such a man as this it seemed nothing strange that the blessed St George himself, in jewelled armour, should stand before the altar in the mystic morning light, his shining sword in his hand.

"He turned again to Inglesant, who had knelt down once more. 'It is well done, Monsignore,' he said, 'as all that

thou doest doubtless is most well. The sword shall remain here, as thou sayest, and the Lord doubtless will work His blessed will. But I entreat, Monsignore, thy intercession for me, a poor sinful man; and when thou returnest to thy place, and seest again the Lord Jesus, that thou wilt remind Him of His unworthy priest. Amen.'

"Inglesant hardly heard what he said, and certainly did not understand it. His sense was confused by what had happened, and by the sudden overmastering impulse upon which he had acted. He moved as in a dream: nothing seemed to come strange to him, nothing startled him, and he took slight heed of what passed. He placed his embroidered purse, heavy with gold, in the priest's hand, and, in his excitement, totally forgot to name his brother, for whose repose masses were to be said. He signed to his men to release the prisoner; and his trumpets sounding to horse before the chapel-gate, he mounted and rode down the pass. But his visit was not forgotten; and long afterwards, perhaps even to the present day, popular tradition took the story up, and related that once, when the priest of the mountain chapel was a very holy man, the blessed St George himself, in shining armour, came across the mountains one morning very early, and himself partook of the Sacrament, and all his train; and appealed triumphantly to the magic sword, set with gold and precious stones, that lay upon the altar from that morning, by virtue of which no harm can befall the village, no storm strike it, and, above all, no pillage of armed men nor any violence can occur."

The manner in which the story is completed, and the issue of this giving over of vengeance into the hands of the Lord, is eminently dramatic and picturesque; but it is too miraculous and highly strained for the rest of the work. Indeed, throughout all the second volume there is a sort of lurid gleam in the dim light, which reveals the confused and tumultuous Italy of the period, not like that clear yet mystic shining which lights up the sacred scenes in England. Nor is the story of Inglesant's love and marriage an attractive one: the beautiful romance of devotion and sacred friendship which links him to Mary Collet is far more delicately done. But no doubt the author meant to embody something of the demoralising influence of his return to political subterfuge and scheming in his love for Lauretta, who is a sort of voluptuous shadow, and nothing more.

The book altogether is one of the most remarkable that has been written for a long time. It will not probably attract the multitude, but its close narrative has much of that spell of unbroken continuity which carries the reader along whether he will or not. We can scarcely guess what is the attitude, any more than what is the purpose, of the author, or whether he will ever have anything more to say to the public, or has written his heart out in this large and singular utterance; but what he has produced is a work very different from the frivolous volumes which are generally distinguished by the name of Romance. 'John Inglesant' is romance indeed, but of the noblest and most unusual kind.

We must pause after going over this strange work before we can come down contentedly to the ordinary ground of fiction, even when represented by a writer so little ordinary as Mr Henry James. This gentleman's work in the world seems to be a peculiar one. It is to record and set fully before us the predominance of the great American race, and the manner in which it has overrun and conquered the Old World. All, or almost all, of his social studies have their scene laid on the Continent, or in this island. It is true there are occasional interludes of America,

but it is not in these that he seems most at home. The manner in which the heir of time—in the shape of the cultivated and accomplished son, or, still more, daughter, of the West—dominates the old-fashioned scenery of countries which were, as old people say, great and powerful before America was ever heard of, is both amusing and impressive. Italy and France and Old England have lived their lives and had their reverses, and built their old castles and towns, and even arranged their landscapes —for him. The chief use of their old families is to furnish victims, in the shape of elder sons, for those delicate beauties who come conquering and to conquer from the fashionable circles of New York or the exotic plains of California. They inspect our antiquities as Germans criticise Hamlet, with the view of showing that we ourselves are unable to appreciate, and take comparatively little interest in, either the Tower or the Poet; and they patronise our institutions, most frequently from the high aristocratic side of the question, and object to our reforms, as the Solomons of the earth—who have tried all that man can do in that direction and found it naught—have perhaps some right to do. In short, they overshadow altogether the background against which they pose, and make London and Paris and Rome into Western settlements, with the most easy consciousness that they are lords of all. In some of M. Tourgenieff's books the same position is tacitly claimed, more or less, for the Russian; but then it is only world-playgrounds (which, if we remember rightly, is the dignified title by which some philosophers on our own side honour Switzerland) which are represented as in the possession of the Muscovite. English performances of the same kind are of a more modest description. We do indeed plant our little colonies of pleasure all about, yet we give them, when we can, some relation to the "natives," and love to show our respect for that society into which, we are humbly aware, we are but sparely admitted. But Mr James shows us his countrymen in the attitude of conquerors, dominating, not intruding, upon the foreign world about them. Sometimes the picture is not quite favourable, as when he sets before us, with a few touches of his delicate pencil, the American colony in Paris, of which we may at once present the reader with the following sketch. Mr James's style is so clear, so fluent, and so delicate, that one of his fine sketches may be detached to read by itself, not only without disadvantage, but almost to its benefit,—since, when we peruse a description like the following, in the course of something which is supposed to be a story, and to possess a certain amount of dramatic interest, it is scarcely possible to take time enough to get the whole good of it.

"Mrs Luce had been living in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe: she used to say seriously that she was one of the generation of 1830—a joke of which the point was not always taken. When it failed, Mrs Luce used always to explain, 'Oh yes, I am one of the romantics:' her French had never become quite perfect. She was always at home on Sunday afternoons, and, surrounded by sympathetic compatriots, usually the same. In fact she was at home at all times, and led in her well-cushioned little corner of the brilliant city as quiet and domestic a life as she might have led in her native Baltimore. The existence of Mr Luce, her worthy husband, was somewhat more inscrutable. Superficially, indeed, there was no mystery about it; the mystery lay deeper, and resided in the wonder of his supporting existence at all. He was the most

unoccupied man in Europe, for he not only had no duties, but no pleasures. Habits certainly he had, but they were few in number and had been worn threadbare by forty years of use. Mr Luce was a tall, lean, grizzled, well-dressed gentleman, who wore a gold eye-glass, and carried his hat a little too much on the back of his head. He went every day to the American banker's, where there was a post-office, which was almost as sociable and colloquial an institution as that of an American country-town. He passed an hour (in fine weather) in a drive in the Champs Elysées, and he dined uncommonly well at his own table, seated above a waxed floor, which it was Mrs Luce's happiness to believe had a finer polish than any other in Paris. Occasionally he dined with a friend or two at the Café Anglais, where his talent for ordering dinner was a source of felicity to his companions, and an object of admiration even to the head-waiter of the establishment. These were his only known avocations, but they had beguiled his hours for upwards of half a century, and they doubtless justified his frequent declaration that there was no place like Paris. In no other place, on these terms, could Mr Luce flatter himself that he was enjoying life."

The political opinions of this type of American occupiers of the soil are easily divined. It is not from any sympathy with republican institutions that they chose France for their headquarters; indeed they are to be found in Italy in as great luxuriance as in France, regretting everything that has passed away—the Pope's supremacy and the French occupation, as well as that bland Tuscan Court where all was so amiable, and the days when Rome wished for nothing more than a good season, and Italy continued to be medieval for the gratification of its visitors. Here are Mr Luce's views upon the subject in France:—

"Like many of his fellow-colonists, Mr Luce was a high—or rather a deep—Conservative, and gave no countenance to the Government recently established in France. He had no faith in its duration, and would assure you from year to year that its end was close at hand. 'They want to be kept down, sir—they want to be kept down; nothing but the strong hand, the iron hand, will do for them,' he would frequently say of the French people: and his ideal of a fine government was that of the lately abolished Empire. 'Paris is much less attractive than in the days of the Emperor—he knew how to make a city pleasant,' Mr Luce had often remarked to Mrs Touchett, who was quite of his own way of thinking, and wished to know what one had crossed that odious Atlantic for, but to get away from republics. 'Why, madam, sitting in the Champs Elysées, opposite to the Palace of Industry, I have seen the Court carriages from the Tuileries pass up and down, as many as seven times a-day. I remember one occasion when they went as high as nine times. What do you see now? It's no use talking—the style is all gone. Napoleon knew what the French people want, and there'll be a cloud over Paris till they get the Empire back again.'"

The young of the species is still more accurately and acutely put upon the canvas. The type in this instance is Mr Edward Rosier, who has been brought up in Paris, and whom the reader who has had any acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon society abroad, will at once recognise. The heroine had met him at an early age, when living the strange life common to American (and, alas! sometimes to English) children in great Continental hotels, when he spoke "a queer little dialect of French-English, expressing the properest sentiments," and told his new friend that "he was 'defended' by his *bonne* to go near the lake, and that one must always obey to one's *bonne*."

"There was still something agreeable to the nostrils about him, and something not offensive to nobler

organs. He was a very gentle and gracious youth, with what are called cultivated tastes — an acquaintance with old china, with good wine, with the bindings of books, with the 'Almanach de Gotha,' with the best shops, the best hotels, the hours of railway trains. He could order a dinner almost as well as Mr Luce; and it was probable that, as his experience accumulated, he would be a worthy successor to that gentleman, whose rather queer politics he also advocated in a soft and innocent voice. He had some charming rooms in Paris, decorated with old Spanish altar-lace, the envy of his female friends, who declared that his chimney-piece was far better draped than many a duchess. He usually, however, spent part of every winter at Pau, and had once passed a couple of months in the United States."

We linger upon these sketches of the dominant race, of which all readers have come to appreciate the importance through Mr James's very popular works, because it is more easy to enjoy studies so fine and so keen, cut with the precision of an old gem, than to find our way, as we should like, through the maze of delicate analysis and psychological study, tempered with a number of brilliant social sketches, which makes up in three very large volumes 'The Portrait of a Lady.'* The one thing which the book is not, is what it calls itself. There are several portraits of subordinate ladies—of Mrs Touchett and Miss Stackpole, for example, both of which are admirable pictures; but of the heroine, upon whom the greatest pains have been expended, and to whom endless space is afforded for the setting forth of her characteristics, we have no portrait, nor, even with the enormous amount of material supplied by Mr James, do we find it easy to put together anything which will serve to supply the defect. We doubt much whether, in all the historical records that exist, we have as much material for the construction, let us say, of a recognisable portrait of Queen Elizabeth —no insignificant figure—as we have for that of Isabel Archer, the young lady who suddenly appears in the doorway of an old English country-house, inhabited like most other desirable places by American tenants —in this case her uncle and her cousin — fresh from her native country, prepared to take instant possession of her birthright as the explorer, discoverer, and conqueror of the old country,—and, in fact, reducing the gentlemen who meet her into instant subjection in the course of half an hour. How she does so, except by being very pretty, as we are told she is, we do not know; though the gentlemen in question are too experienced and clever in their own persons to be immediately subjugated by simple beauty. "Her head was erect, her eye brilliant, her flexible figure turned itself lightly this way and that, in sympathy with the alertness with which she evidently caught impressions. Her impressions were numerous, and they were all reflected in a clear, still smile," is Mr James's description of his heroine; and it is about the clearest view we get of the young lady. For once in a way he is outside of her: but as he goes on he gets more and more within the circle of this irresistible young woman's personality; and we have to receive both herself and her immediate surroundings, not so much as they actually are, but as they are seen through her eyes. This is always confusing; for self-knowledge at its closest has many limitations, and the most impartial student of his own mind will probably get more

* The Portrait of a Lady. By Henry James, jun. Macmillan.

light upon it by overhearing one sharp characterisation from outside than by weeks of self-examination. Isabel's aspect from outside is conveyed to us only in the raptures of her adorers; for all the men she encounters fall in love with her: first, her cousin Ralph Touchett, then Lord Warburton, then Osmond, whom she marries: besides a persistent Boston man, who makes nothing of crossing the Atlantic to get a glimpse of her, and turns up again and again with a sort of dogged inappropriateness at every new stage of her career.

There is but little vicissitude, however, in her career; she comes to "Europe" with something of the intention which Mr James illustrated with, we think, a great deal more power, though less of the extremely refined and cultivated skill of which he is now master, in 'The Americans,' the first work by which he was known in England; that is, to get everything she can out of her life and its opportunities,—all the sensation, the information, the variety of experience which it is possible it can convey. There is this difference between the young and visionary girl and the mature man, that whereas Mr James's first hero wanted practical satisfaction for his desires, and to get possession of all that was best, including, as the most indispensable article of all, the fairest and most costly flower of womanhood which was to be found or purchased anyhow,—Isabel prefers not to have anything but the sense of having—the wealth of spiritual possession. For this reason she likes to retain a hold upon the lovers whom she will not marry. The English lord with all his fine qualities—and it cannot be said that our American author and heroine do not do full justice to these qualities with a refined sense of the admirableness of the position, and the importance which attaches to so curious and desirable a specimen of humanity—gives her the most agreeable consciousness of power, though all his advantages do not tempt her to marry him, and she is sorry for vexing him—almost as sorry as she is agreeably excited by the incident altogether. Indeed it would appear that this accompaniment of homage is natural to the young American woman, and that she would feel herself to be treated unfairly if at least one English lord, besides innumerable other candidates of different descriptions, did not attest her power. This is very different from the more vulgar development of the American young woman, who is bent on securing a title for herself. Mr James's young ladies never do this. They are totally different from the Irene Macgillicuddys. Their curiosity about the English aristocrat is fresh and eager. They contemplate him attentively as the greatest novelty within their reach, and like and admire him as one of the wonders of the world; but they do not care to go any further. Isabel Archer passes through this phase very serenely, liking the new interest it puts into her life. But as a matter of fact she does not care for anything much except new interests. The adventures, or rather encounters, through which we are permitted to accompany her, are in reality but a small part of her career. There are gaps in which she travels far and wide—rapidly, eagerly, arduously. "She was like a thirsty person draining cup after cup," but always coming back again to the old investigation—the earnest study of all new phenomena—the consideration of how everything affected herself. Her desire for new experiences never fails, even when she gets into the dead block

in which, as is natural, her perpetually increasing circle of moral enlightenment and sensation ends. "Take things more easily," her cousin advises:—

"'Don't ask yourself so much whether this or that is good for you. Don't question your conscience so much; it will get out of tune, like a strummed piano. Keep it for great occasions. Don't try so much to force your character—it's like trying to pull open a rosebud. Live as you like best, and your character will form itself. . . . You have too much conscience,' Ralph added. 'It's out of all reason, the number of things you think wrong. Spread your wings—rise above the ground. It's never wrong to do that.'

"She had listened eagerly, as I say, and it was her nature to understand quickly.

". . . 'What you say is very true,' Isabel went on. 'You could say nothing more true. I am absorbed in myself. I look at life too much as a doctor's prescription. Why, indeed, should we perpetually be thinking whether things are good for us, as if we were patients lying in a hospital? . . . I try to care more about the world than about myself, but I always come back to myself. It's because I am afraid.' She stopped: her voice had trembled a little. 'Yes; I am afraid. I can't tell you. A large fortune means freedom, and I am afraid of that. It's such a fine thing, and one should make such a good use of it. If one shouldn't, one would be ashamed. And one must always be thinking—it's a constant effort. I am not sure that it's not a greater happiness to be a pauper.'"

It was inevitable that such a heroine should end unhappily—even if it were not inevitable that all Mr James's books should break off with a sharp cut of arbitrary conclusion, leaving all the questions they so skilfully raise unsolved. Isabel, through the means of a wonderful woman whom she meets in her aunt's house, and who is a sort of symbol of unusual experience, as the younger woman is of the craving for it, falls under the fascinations of a certain æsthetic and beauty-loving American, Gilbert Osmond by name, who lives on one of the heights which surround Florence, a poor yet elegant *dilettante* life, "picking up" rarities of all kinds, making amateur drawings, surrounded by the faded silks and crafty embellishments of a collector, with a pretty little Dresden shepherdess of a daughter, newly returned from the convent, whose perfect conventional simplicity, freshness, and submission, afford Mr James the means of making one of his most finished and perfect sketches. We confess to being quite unable to understand how it is that Isabel falls into Osmond's toils, unless it is because so elaborate and self-conscious a personality recoils instinctively, even though full of an abstract admiration for truth, from the downright and veracious, and finds in the complications of an elaborately conventional mind something that has the air of being larger and richer than the true. The reader is never for a moment taken in by the superiority of this most carefully dressed and posed figure, whose being altogether is mysterious, and of whom, notwithstanding the author's elaborate descriptions, we never penetrate the *fin mot*.

"Success," says Mr James, "for Gilbert Osmond, would be to make himself felt; that was the only success to which he could now pretend. It is not a kind of distinction that is officially recognised, unless, indeed, the operation be performed upon multitudes of men. Osmond's life would be to impress himself not largely but deeply—a distinction of the most private sort: a single character might offer the whole measure of it. The clear and sensitive nature of a generous girl would make space for the record.'

It is to be supposed, therefore, that this refined and philosophical *dilettante*, secluding himself among his faded silks and æsthetic ornaments, in his villa on Bellosguardo, is like a spider in his web awaiting the arrival of the fly which it shall be worth his while to capture. But, after all, these elaborate preparations were scarcely necessary for the capture of a young lady who was only Miss Archer, with a fortune of sixty thousand pounds. Had a Grand Duchess been his aim, it would have been comprehensible. There is far too great an effort for an insufficient result; and the almost immediate failure of their after relations is confusing and unaccountable. Something of the same curious failure we remember to have found in 'Daniel Deronda,' where Gwendolen and her husband, after their elaborate drawing together, fly asunder the moment they are married, with a suddenness and bitterness—brutality on the man's part, and misery on the woman's—for which we find no adequate motive, since there was neither passion between them to die out, nor motive enough beforehand to force a union which was to end so abruptly. That Isabel should discover her husband to be, as he describes himself, not only conventional, but convention itself, when she believed him to be nobly superior to the world, is one thing; but that she should discover him to hate her is quite another; and his jealousy and tyranny in the one development seem out of character with his easy gracefulness and gentlemanliness in the other.

The last volume is full of the complete and utter failure to which the heroine's hopes and high desires have come; but it cannot be said that she acquits herself with the dignity that might have been expected of her under the disappointment. Not only does she allow her wretchedness to be taken for granted by all her friends, but it would almost seem as if, in the utter collapse of the world about her, this most abstract and intellectual of heroines is driven at last to the conclusion that the only good in life is to make a snatch at happiness anyhow—to take what is offered her at last in utter relinquishment of any better hope. She has left her husband to watch at the deathbed of the devoted cousin Ralph, who has loved her all through, and has been her best and most faithful friend; and when all is over, is suddenly brought face to face with the true American, the violent lover, with all the ardour and practical force of the New World, of whom, among the rest of her sensations, she has always been a little afraid. No trace of love for Caspar has ever appeared in her before; but he comes upon her suddenly, when she is weak with grief for Ralph, and contemplating with horror her return to the bitter round of her duties with Osmond. The American not only pours forth his passion, but proposes to her to fly with him from the wretchedness of her fate. "Why shouldn't we be happy?" he says; "the world is all before us, and the world is large," as—we are obliged to remind Mr James—a great many gentlemen in Mr Caspar Goodwood's position have said to a great many unhappy wives in the pages of fiction before.

"Isabel gave a long murmur like a creature in pain: it was as if he were pressing something that hurt her. 'The world is very small,' she said at random; she had an immense desire to appear to resist. She said it at random to hear herself say something; but it was not what she meant. The

world in truth had never seemed so large; it seemed to open out all around her, to take the form of a mighty sea, where she floated in fathomless waters. She had wanted help, and here was help; it had come in a rushing torrent. I know not whether she believed anything that he said; but she believed that to let him take her in his arms would be the next best thing to dying. This belief for the moment was a kind of rapture in which she felt herself sinking and sinking. In the movement she seemed to beat with her feet, in order to catch herself, to feel something to rest upon."

She does not yield, it is needless to say: our author could not have so far forgotten himself. But when this impetuous lover, by no means despairing of success, finds that she has returned to her home, he is consoled by her friend Miss Stackpole, with the significant words—the last in the book—"Look here, Mr Goodwood," she said; "just you wait!"

It is not very long since a respectable and gifted writer in another work of fiction permitted a young man of the highest virtue and honour to propose to a pure and honourable girl, utterly unprotected, that she should go away with him and be happy in a world which was large enough to conceal them, in much the same way; prefacing his proposal by the compliment that he knew she was not one of the prejudiced people who would be shocked by such a proposal: and so far was that spotless maiden from being shocked, that she took herself severely to task for her cruelty in refusing to make to her lover—poor fellow—the little sacrifice he asked. What do these gentlemen mean, we wonder? Isabel, so far as she has any body at all, is as free from fleshly stain as the purest imagination could desire. Is it only that in her search after experience her author felt it necessary that she should taste also the excitement of an unlawful passion? or is it his mind to preach that the world being so hollow and miserable, and devoid of hope, the best thing we can do is to eat and drink, for to-morrow we die? Anyhow, it is a most equivocal if not debasing conclusion, and brings us up sharp with a discord instead of the symphony of harmonising chords with which it has been the habit of art to accompany the end of every story. As a rule Mr James rejects symphonies, and attempts no harmonising conclusions. He leaves us usually tantalised, half angry with an end which is left to our imagination. But this is not a way of leaving matters to the imagination which we can at all consent to take from his hand. Abstract as is his heroine, a congeries of thoughts and questions rather than a woman, we cannot endure the possibility, even, of a future stain for her. It is a sort of insult to his own art, which is altogether out of accord with any such harsh effects. Let smaller workmen avail themselves of these easy means of startling the reader; from him we have a right to expect better things.

In following out the chief thread of this elaborate work, we have in reality neglected the best of it, which is to be found in the characters which are secondary. Mrs Touchett the aunt, who introduces Isabel to all the dangers of Europe,—the little dry independent woman, whose correspondence with her family is by curt telegrams—who consults her own independent fancy in all she does, asks little, and gives little in the way of affection, yet is by no means destitute of kindness,—is a curiously individual figure, so real and so odd that she must, we suspect, come from the life—that shelter of all eccentricities. Her son Ralph

Touchett is by far the most lovable character in the book. The easy spectator position which his bad health and his temperament alike make natural; the smiling renunciation of life and all individual hopes which he has made without a word, without the sympathy or support of any consoler; his shuffle of easy contemplative indolence; the mild half-pathetic fun which he gets out of every incident,—go to our heart from the first appearance he makes on the scene. His love and care for his father; his profound tenderness and half-amused watch over his cousin, changing towards the end into a melancholy sense that his own act in securing her possession of a fortune has been her ruin; his unfailing courage and sweetness of temper,—make his appearance always delightful. If he did not smile in the face of fate, and turn off his worst pangs with a jest, we know and he knows that there would be in the world no more melancholy spectacle than this gradual going down of youth and hope and intelligence into the grave, imbittered by the sense that his weakness makes him powerless to help the being he loves best, and that his death will leave her to fight alone with a thousand troubles. He is conscious of all this, yet is amused with the vagaries of existence to the last, and keeps sorrow at arm's-length —keenly though he is aware of its presence. Miss Stackpole, too, is delightful in her genial Americanisms. We feel, indeed, that this lady—the correspondent of the 'Interviewer,' who comes to Europe half with the intention of watching over her friend, and more than half with the determination to fathom the inner life of England, especially in the homes of the great—is a concession on Mr James's part to the British public,—a somewhat defiant proof that he is not afraid to take up even the conventional American of commonplace satire and make her captivate and charm the unbelieving. Her perfect boldness, combined with a modesty and purity so complete, that we are ashamed even of the thought that it is necessary to give her credit for qualities so innate and self-evident, are made delightfully comical by Henrietta's own unconsciousness of anything odd in her perfectly dauntless proceedings—her roamings about the world with Mr Bantling in attendance—her free movements and still more free speech. Her speech, however, is free only in the way of interrogation and advice, in which her self-confidence is absolute—as is also, whenever there is any call for it, her kindness and devotion. Mr James is not so successful with the personages who are not American. Lord Warburton is a very careful study of a fair big Englishman of rank and every heroic quality—but the author has too much the air of walking round and round the typical figure he admires so much, and pointing out his proportion—the size and nobility, the unconscious and easy grace of the aristocrat who puts his aristocracy so little forward, and is so modest and genial. And perhaps his contrast of the inanimate and submissive young ladies, who are Lord Warburton's sisters, as of the perfect little Pansy—the convent child of French and Italian breeding,—with his all-fascinating and all-intelligent American young woman, is not a very fair proceeding. This, however, we leave to his own conscience.

The book altogether is one of the most remarkable specimens of literary skill which the critic could lay his hand upon. It is far too long, infinitely ponderous, and pulled out of all proportion by the elaboration of every detail; but

there is scarcely a page in it that is not worked out with the utmost skill and refinement, or which the reader will pass over without leaving something to regret—that is, if he has leisure for the kind of reading which is delightful for its own sake in complete independence of its subject. The conversation in it is an art by itself. To give an appearance of actualness and spontaneity to an artificial production so careful, refined, and elaborate, must have required a prodigious effort. We have heard it characterised very cleverly as resembling one of those games in which one of the party has to go out while the others task their ingenuity in devising how to puzzle him. When he returns with his mind on the full strain, the ingenious succession of questions and answers which are struck out by a party accustomed to the art may approach, if it is very well done, the perfection of the endless pages in which Mr James carries on his word-fence with the most curious *vraisemblance* and air of being real. But nothing so elaborate ever could be real, and the dazzle sometimes fatigues, though the effect is one which cannot be contemplated without admiration.

The authors of 'Reata'* have scarcely been so happy in the subject of their second novel as they were in the first. That delightful story, so full of freshness and youthful force, with its charming spontaneous heroine, one of the most original and delightful of our new acquaintances in fiction, took the world by storm: and we cannot help regretting that they have not left a little more freedom to their imagination in their second work, but have chosen to bind themselves down to the regions which they evidently know so well, with a too modest idea, apparently, that the originality with which everybody credited them, was due to the subject, and not to genius. Let us hasten to assure them that this was not the case, and that though we are amused and instructed by the picture of an unknown society which they place before us, yet that we regret extremely the limit they have put upon their powers by confining themselves to this hitherto unexplored world. A painter often glorifies his art all the more by his conquest of an unlovely subject; but we need not go further than the recent exhibitions which have placed before us so many productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's inexhaustible brush, to see how much the finest artist is aided when the subject of his picture is as noble as his art. It is impossible not to weary a little, even of Sir Joshua, when all he has to show us with that inimitable grace of his, is an insignificant little face perched between the powder and the brocade. So even the graceful power and freshness of the Miss Gerards are perhaps misapplied when, instead of their former delightful heroine, they expend their strength upon a pretty little soulless fool, who is indeed admirably rendered, and the good and noble, but also very repellent and discouraging, person who is Xenia's foil and cousin.

Notwithstanding all the charms of realism, we demand that one of the heroines at least of a story should, if need be, even sacrifice some of the angles of personal character to the indispensable necessity of being charming, and securing our affections. There is much

* Beggar my Neighbour. By E. D. Gerard, author of 'Reata: What's in a Name.' William Blackwood & Sons: 1881.

fine workmanship and considerable pathos in the picture of Vizia, and even the high temper which mingles with her noble qualities is perfectly legitimate in the circumstances; but it is perhaps too much insisted on, and she is too systematically and constantly wronged. We feel almost as much pained and injured, and as strong a sense of injustice when we leave her in the power of the heartless woman into whom, with wonderful force and truth, the trifling little cousin is developed, as we did when a still more potent magician compelled us to look on and see Colonel Newcome crushed beneath the odious foot of Mrs Mackenzie. Such miseries may be real, but they are too painful for fiction, which has a right to assert its power and make wrong right, as we all would do in life if we had the chance. This, we think, is an error into which the uncompromising genius of youth is very apt to fall, bating us no jot of the injustices of existence; but it is an uncalled-for addition to Vizia's wrongs that the very authors of her being should not love her, and that the reader, too, feels with Kazimir, and has only a certain cold admiration and no tenderness, much less passion, for this ill-used young woman who sets her wrongs so proudly at defiance, and will make no effort to escape from the persecutions of fate.

The title of the book is carried out with punctilious care, each subdivision following somewhat elaborately the vicissitudes of the game. We are introduced to the group whose fortunes we are to follow in the act of playing—something which in Polish corresponds to the English Beggar my Neighbour—for "there is always some way of beggaring one's neighbour, if only one has the will and the talent for doing so," the authors say. The sketch of the three boys is symbolical, and gives us the key of their relative positions throughout the book.

"The eldest card-player—Kazimir by name—whose age is eleven, has brown wavy hair, and eager, resolute brown eyes, which correct the softness of his smiling lips. He plays his cards with determination, but scarcely with prudence; for calmness has given way at sight of the brilliant prize at stake,—an old battered silver watch, I think it was.

"Marcin, the second card-player, a year younger, is like his brother—but as a blurred photograph is like the original, as a face in the water is like a living face. He does not play his cards at all, unless he be reminded to do it.

"The youngest card-player never misses his turn, and as the game reaches the climax he grows a little pale. . . . Lucyan is not like his brothers, nor like the pictures on the wall. He has coal-black hair and a sallow face."

When these children are asked what professions they will choose, Kazimir decides instantly, before the question is fully put, for that of a soldier. "Marcin has no opinion; and when pressed for one, looks as if he would like to cry, if it was not too much trouble." Lucyan says to himself, "I am going to be a rich man." The house is a great ruined Polish house, in which the father—the heir of a prodigal race—hospitable, free-hearted, and careless, according to the old ideal, so long obliterated, of the Irish squire—is himself a gambler, with his ruin very nearly accomplished. His wife—a woman with a Greek face and powerful will—powerless, however to affect him—waits till the ruin which she cannot avert is accomplished, when she removes to her own estate, and takes the control of every-

thing into her hands. This she accomplishes in good time — for there is no power which can stop the prodigal in his downward career. "There are other estates belonging to this family, and there have been more estates belonging to it which now belong to other families, or which have been swallowed up by a great insatiable monster, which in Poland they call 'the Jew.' When 'the Jew' has once had a taste of any one's ancestral houses and lands, it is very difficult to check his appetite." We are obliged to admit that if the Jew in Poland is fairly represented in these pages, the cause of the horror and hatred with which he is regarded is not very far to seek. Aitzig Majulik, who is the Jew agent, money-lender, and villain of the piece, is a touch more odious than even the Glossins of native birth, who, in other regions, fulfil the same office. It must be added, however, that he is in everything the attendant spirit of the villain proper — the younger brother, Lucyan, from whose fertile brain most of the suggestions of mischief come. Kazimir, the soldier brother, is the one for whom our interest is engaged. He is the generous and unsuspecting hero upon whom his brother plays—getting his inheritance with the easiest artifices, and even cheating him out of his bride without any great difficulty. Kazimir is an Austrian officer, and one who is too sensible to be beguiled into any of the perpetual risings of Polish effervescence. He is described as having had the force of character, in '48, when his regiment went off in a body to aid in the Hungarian insurrection, to stand fast. There were some doubts among them, he says, and "one unfortunate man with a conscience" shot himself to escape from the dilemma.

"'For my part I never could see where the difficulty lay, nor what there was to argue about. Either they meant to break their oath of allegiance or they did not. I did not mean to break mine, so I stayed. It never puzzled me for a moment, but it hurt me for many days.'

"'And how many stayed altogether?'

"'How many? Oh, nobody else stayed of my division. I stood behind a tree and watched them ride off one splendid autumn morning; they were all singing and shouting; and when I had seen the last sword glitter and heard the last hoof-fall die away, I turned back, and, Mademoiselle Vizia —I——'

"'Well?'

"'I cried,' he finished with half-comical pathos. 'I was very young, remember—scarcely seventeen; the youngest lieutenant in the regiment.'"

The lady who listens to this confession and whose heart is much touched by the young hussar, is somewhat staggered in her strong sense of nationality; but, after all, it was a Hungarian revolution which he resisted.

"'And if it had been a Polish regiment?' she asked with a not quite steady smile, and in a voice which might have been made hoarse either by emotion or by her cold; 'and a Polish revolution, which you were called upon to help?'

"'Then perhaps I should have cried a little harder,' said Kazimir, half laughing and half moved."

Does this mark a change, we wonder, in Polish feeling? It is, at all events, a new attitude altogether for a noble Pole. Kazimir is the first who has presented himself in fiction who was not a patriot, and ready with his sword for his country at a moment's notice. The man who played so individual a part at seventeen, ought to have made a finer figure at six-and-

twenty. But Kazimir allows himself to be cheated on every hand. He is mysteriously shut out from his mother in her last illness, so that the inheritance falls into the hands of the schemer Lucyan, who cheats his brothers shamelessly even in the pretended equivalent to their shares which he agrees to pay them, twisting not only the indolent Marcin, but the high-minded soldier, round his fingers. The frauds of this respectable swindler, however, serve to introduce us to many amusing scenes and people, and especially to a certain jovial and delightful personage called the Auditor—an official unknown, we think, to military service among ourselves—the lawyer of the regiment, who makes the wills and attends to the interests of the officers generally, with a sincere pleasure in the difficulties which he steers his clients through. "The scrapes of the regiment are the only things I have given up numbering," he says. "Sands of the sea, sands of the sea—that's what they are! Not in a scrape, you say? What a pity!" There is not very much of this genial official, who grows more and more clear-headed as his potations increase, and who does all that a wise man can do to remedy the hero's generous over-trustfulness, and confound the schemes of the villain; but so much as we have is delightful. He is entirely a novel figure among the many military forms with which we are intimately acquainted, both in fiction and out of it; and the Austrian service is to be congratulated on the possession of such a functionary.

It is when Kazimir is on the point of falling into his brother's toils, when he is on his way to visit his dying mother, that he meets at the foot of an icy hill, a carriage, which cannot, any more than his own, be dragged up the ascent without danger, in which are two ladies returning from a ball. He helps them up the hill in the frozen landscape which is curiously picturesque and real, the country all bound in chains of ice, the stormy night coming on, and snow ready to fall. As he helps them along, all muffled and invisible, one of them, who has a voice like a silver flute, and who is the most helpless and clinging of the two, exercises a mysterious charm upon the traveller. Through the gloom he has a glimpse of an oval face and frightened blue eyes; and though her fright is rather silly, and her beauty only guessed at, the young man's mind is instantly fired with a hot determination to find out who she is. This curiosity leads him to make a long expedition in the snow some short time afterwards, avowedly to see a horse which is for sale, with the hope that the neighbour who has it to sell is also the father of the two ladies in question. On his first visit he meets Vizia, the one whose voice was not flute-like, who, however, takes no notice of the occurrence, and denies having a sister. Kazimir, however, who is an unconscious winner of hearts, "an innocent flirt who killed his victims with an excess of kindness," finds this plain but intelligent and noble young woman sufficiently attractive in the dearth of anything better; and considering that they have but one interview, their friendship makes great progress, what with "his unlucky warmth of tone and glances, and his unfortunate propensity for making the best of any man or woman he met," and her inexperience and readiness to believe in him. But, alas! on the second visit, Xenia, the lovely little

fool of fiction, who is not Vizia's sister, but her cousin, appears, and the young soldier is at once swept away by a devouring passion. Xenia is very cleverly put before us. She is too trifling for any larger sentiment, and can neither love nor hate, nor indeed feel at all, and is incapable of anything but to be petted and played with. The reader is not deceived for a moment by her prettiness, though poor Kazimir is, getting a broken heart by his folly, after having given a similar wound to poor Vizia, who had supposed herself, for a moment, to be the beloved. But Vizia is not adapted to console the heart which, but for this little golden-haired witch, would have been hers. Her misery shows itself only in a stern coldness. When Lucyan steps in and easily persuades the beauty to marry him instead of his brother, the passion and misery of the crisis is increased by the reproaches which in mad injustice poor Kazimir lavishes upon Vizia as well as upon all the others involved. "Every one has wronged me excepting her —she is innocent," he cries. Space will not permit us to follow the story to the point at which Kazimir, after retaining his love in his heart for years, is in a moment disenchanted by the foolish and shallow creature upon whom he has lavished his affection; but we may point out his last interview with Xenia, which is as powerful a piece of writing as it is pitiless.

One of the most amusing episodes in the book is the story of Marcin the second brother, and his odd love-tale. He is the apathetic and indolent boy who would have cried at the thought of having to choose a profession, if crying had not been too much trouble. Everything in life is too much trouble to Marcin, who lives peacefully at home, permitting himself to be cheated and tyrannised over, and finally dies out like an exhausted lamp, with a characteristic nonentity which has something pathetic in it. Janina, the lively little brisk daughter of the village apothecary, with whom he falls in love, and whose energy is as remarkable as his apathy, is a capital sketch, and the humorous treatment of their love-making is admirable. There is a wonderful life and nature in Janina altogether: her honest determination to have her way, yet equally honest affection for her helpless lover; her hot rage, and resolve to avenge herself, and passionate compunction afterwards, are all set before us with wonderful graphic force, and perception of the impulses and motives of an uneducated and self-willed, yet on the whole honest and simple nature.

The pictures of life in Poland, so carefully drawn, and so evidently true, are, however, the great attraction of this book. Hitherto a sort of vague 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' romance has hung about the Pole and all his ways. That he should have fought for his country, done prodigies of fighting, and been on the edge of Siberia, were items in his history that went without saying. And his home was naturally a medieval castle, vague in its architecture, still more vague in its details, and filled with a general suggestion of fur and braided coats, and French civilisation. But the landscape here is perfectly distinct; the manor-house is not French; the miles of dreary plain that lie in all directions, traversed by heavy roads, now deep in mud, now suffocated in dust—the huts by the way where villanous Jews sell *vodki*, lying in wait like hungry spiders for the peasants—are quite new but completely real. And above all, the figure of

this villanous Jew rises with the force of a spectre out of the unlovely landscape. Let us hope that Miss Gerard has not yielded to prejudice —or rather let us hope that she has, and that the atmosphere of hatred and disgust which seems to float about these weird figures, with their wild beards and snaky curls, is derived in some degree from theoretical dislike and repugnance. There is a bitterness in all that is said about the race, which it is very difficult to understand. Were they few in number it would be comprehensible; forming part of every village, as they do, it is curious above conception. Here is our author's description of this hated people :—

"They cannot be kept away or pushed back; for you cannot fight with their own weapons: they do not push, they crawl. Like a network they spread over the country: a nation of detectives bound together by the bond of their religion, and by that national *esprit de corps* which will always make one Jew help a Jew, hold a Jew's secrets inviolate, if necessary conceal a Jew. They have their own secrets of success, but this last is not the least. You cannot ignore them, reptiles as they are. The best you can do is to reconcile yourself to them, and that is what every Pole does. He treats them as the scum of the earth, uses any amount of violent language towards them, and on occasion kicks them down-stairs. And next time he wishes to save himself trouble he sends for his Jew, and the Jew comes with the same cringing smile, obsequious and oily-tongued, as though they had parted the best friends."

The author here forgets that her arch-Jew is rather the tool than the director of her native-born villain, Lucyan, who is certainly inferior to him in no trick of knavery. The sudden appearance of these strange figures, rushing with a sort of wizard speed against the darkening skies, in overladen sledges or wild funeral processions, the wind blowing in their *kaftans* and curls and the dismal *Tales* or cloak-shroud which they carry about with them, has an almost alarming effect as we meet them from time to time always hurrying along through the dismal landscape. Here is the factor, Aitzig Majulik, the evil spirit of the tale :—

"His nose had the orthodox hook, and his face was framed in the orthodox corkscrew curls, one at each side. He had brows so protruding as to throw his eyes into deep shade; and he had hands long and thin and yellow, which might have made a fanciful person think of claws. His long gown had turned greenish in hue from extreme old age; a tattered cord was round his waist; with one yellow claw he waved about his battered hat —which on entering he had removed, leaving visible a greasy black skull-cap,—with the other he gave furtive pulls to his corkscrew curls. He had not stopped talking since he entered. His hungry shining eyes wandered round the room."

These descriptions have a special interest in the present position of affairs, and they show very clearly the strong instinctive repugnance which exists against the peculiar people. But a hundred years ago Scotsmen were almost as hardly spoken of by Englishmen; and old Indians often express a similar disgust and loathing for the natives of Hindostan, all and sundry. Not to go so far afield, we suppose the Gordon riots did as much damage to Roman Catholic inhabitants of London in the end of last century, as has been done to the Jews.

We know pretty well by this time what we are likely to get

when by good luck we fall upon a novel of Mr Blackmore's.* A great many quaintly humorous descriptions, full of unexpected turns and twists of fancy, the author watching, as it were, with a broad smile, round every corner, aware of the little traps he has set for us, the surprises that await us, the quiet fun that has been prepared to flash out upon us, when we look for nothing but gravity: and odd friendly people with innumerable quips and cranks of individuality—and breezy happy landscapes, and wealthy orchards, and a general mellow fruitfulness. Other people keep their quaint reflections and humorous touches for their dialogues, and thus confer individuality of character upon their *dramatis personæ;* but Mr Blackmore has no sense of economy in this respect, and cannot make a page without sending a sly bolt of amused perception through it, finding somebody out, or pricking some bubble of pretension, but always tenderly as if he loved his victims. His is a fault which is exactly the reverse of the Miss Gerards', perhaps because of the difference between the keen unshadowed observation of youth, and that indulgent and softened sight of maturity which finds out a thousand excuses and knows that nothing is ever so bad as it seems — or perhaps so good either, a kind of insight which partially neutralises the other. He interests us in all his people—even the villain. There is nobody in the book that is quite beyond the sphere of his charity. His young men are gallant fellows, his maidens are sweet. They are true Arcadian lovers, with not a word to say against them, no wavering nor infidelity, no possibility of wrongdoing. This is most satisfactory, but it limits our author's possibilities so far as they are concerned; for the course of true love, when the lovers are exemplary, cannot retain its roughness for ever. Accordingly, it is not in them that the little drama finds its necessary amount of difficulty and pain. The interest centres in the garden where "Captain Larks," *alias* Mr Arthur, who is neither Mr Arthur nor "Captain Larks," but a mysterious soldier whom misfortune and evil fate have driven into retirement, lives among his flowers and fruit, getting comfort out of the fresh heart of nature, and the unremitting work which his little demesne requires. Nobody knows anything about him, nor will he know anybody save the clergyman, "Parson Short," one of the genial clergy, full of muscular energy as well as sound doctrine, whom Devonshire loves. Mr Arthur has a daughter, Rose, who, after visiting him as a child during her holidays for several years, at last comes to live with him at his cottage, to join in his horticulture and rejoice his heart. Rose can pot plants and fry fish to perfection; but neither of these gifts impairs her perfect beauty and grace, or makes her white hands less white, which is a special grace afforded to heroines. It is when she appears, however, that her father's troubles may be said to begin; for a young lady could have no right to be planted in such a place if she was not to be fallen in love with by some one. The some one in this case happens to be the son of a retired officer—a hero of the Peninsula — whom

* Christowell: A Dartmoor Tale. By R. D. Blackmore. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.: 1881.

Rose's father declines to see, though he does not deny that he knows him. We cannot congratulate Mr Blackmore, however, either on the nature of his mystery, or the way in which he permits it to crop out. It is one of those *splendide mendaces* which fiction loves, but which, out of fiction, are, we think, pretty nearly impossible. To secure a brother from shame, this too perfect man has taken upon himself the stigma of cowardice and treachery, narrowly escaping a military execution; but though his character for courage and truth was well known, and the brother by no means so favourably looked upon, not one of his comrades seems to have doubted the truth of the accusation, or attempted to find out its reality, although by this time the true culprit has been long dead, and all need to keep up the fiction would seem to have passed away. Self-sacrifices involving so much suffering to so little purpose, are very unsatisfactory moral incidents either in fiction or in real life; and it is a pity, we think, when so unreasonable a piece of generosity is made the basis of a fiction representing real life. But if we put this aside, and the uncomfortable and somewhat foolish melodrama of the villains who attempt to get our injured hero out of the way, there is enough left of racy character and slow rural wisdom to make up for the deficiencies of the tale. Parson Short, above mentioned, is of himself a delightful new acquaintance; his adventure on Dartmoor, when he secures his sheep-stealing ruffian in the cleverest way, yet is outwitted by the bold readiness of the wild man of the moors, is a thrilling piece of adventure, full of Mr Blackmore's fine appreciation of all the sights and sounds of nature. We have not space at the end of our article to do justice to this invaluable clergyman, nor to the family of the Touchwoods, who are introduced to us first as purse-proud *roturiers*, but who, before we are done with them, according to Mr Blackmore's gift of human interpretation, get hold of our sympathies one by one, though he never falls into sentimentality, but keeps his perennial enjoyment of human follies and vanities through all. The rustic groups are not amiable, but they are very racy of the soil, and far less laboured than the corresponding rustics of Mr Hardy, of whom we have heard so much of late, and who talk in their way with as much elaboration as Mr Henry James's ladies and gentlemen. The scene of this story is laid in a region in which Mr Blackmore is at home. It is on the skirts of Dartmoor, where the smell of the heather and all the wild moorland odours, the honeyed gorse, the fragrant thyme, and the danker breathings of the marsh, get into the pages and render them fragrant. A few villages on the edge of that wild region, with a lively trout-stream darting by them, and the wild background of moor and sky behind, furnishes the landscape, which always adds to the interest without intruding too much into the story. The author pursues his meditative way along all these moorland paths along with us; always with his smile of genial observation—and he is himself the best of all his personages. Here is a vignette of the village of Christowell, which we take at random—the first that turns up:—

"Christowell village affords to the places above it, or below it, fine pleas for contemplation. Many sweet beauties of tempered clime flower the skirts of the desolate moor, and the

sweetest of them is Christowell. Even the oldest inhabitant cannot, to the best of his recollection, say whether he ever did hear tell that the place was accounted beautiful. He knoweth that picture-men do come, and set up three-legged things, and stand as grave as judges to make great maps, like them that be hanging in the schoolroom; but he never yet hath known any odds to come of it. The rocks abide the same as if they had never been drawed, and the trees—you may look for yourself and say whether they have fetched another apple. For when the Lord rested on Saturday night, His meaning was not that the last of His works should fall to, and make pictures of the rest of them. Sound sense of such lofty kind is the gift of this village. Every man here would be contented if he only had his due; failing of that, he keeps his merit to the mark of his wages by doing his day's work quietly. If a neighbour gets more than himself, he tries hard to believe that the man should have earned it; and even his wife is too good to declare what she thinks of the woman next door to her. Among themselves sometimes they manage to fall out very cordially; but let anybody sleeping out of the parish have an unbecoming word to say of his betters that are inside it, and if he walk without a magistrate behind him, scarcely shall he escape from the sheepwash corner."

Mr Blackmore is often eloquent, and has the command of many of the deeper chords by which our hearts are touched; but he is never more entertaining than at this homely level, on page after page, which in other books we should skip, but which here we enjoy as we should a walk in the company of the most genial and gentle of humorists, full of observation and thought as ripe and mellow as are the orchards that he loves.

A WORD WITH JOHN BRIGHT.

I.

Yes, I would, for one hour, that John Bright had his way,
Just to hear, when in power, what his comrades would say;
When the Church is cast out and the Throne levelled down,
And the lords' lands divided 'twixt huxter and clown.

II.

"Now the land's all divided, John Bright, tell me why,
That cash in the bank to your credit should lie?
Universal equality has now got the vote;
Make it halves, or I'll make my remarks on your throat!

III.

"Shall the clowns, too, be lords of the lands that they till,
And the *hands* not have equal good right to the mill?
No! Tot up the books, strike the balance, declare
The profits in gross, and disburse me my share!

IV.

"For I'll none of your losses; and by the same rule,
Refuse lot or part in the wits of a fool;
But, sharing all else, in reward for your pains,
I shall leave you the whole of your politic brains.

V.

"You may need them, John Bright, if you live, as I fear
You may do, to find foreign-grown corn growing dear,
Notwithstanding the laws of almighty Free Trade,
When the costs of the convoying fleets have been paid.

VI.

"You may need them, John Bright, if you live, as I hope
You may not, to find trade at the end of its rope,
And, no more self-supporting, see Britain laid low,
In hunger and tears, at the feet of the foe."

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

LAST month we made our humble but very earnest appeal to all thinking men in Great Britain against the reckless administration which, having already ruined Ireland, stood ready to inflict rapid and greater ruin on this island.* We endeavoured to lay stress on the magnitude of the destruction to which Ireland is a victim, and on the very short period of Mr Gladstone's misgovernment in which that destruction, great as it is, had been wrought by him. And our entreaty to our countrymen was, that they would at once rouse themselves to a perception of the danger which impended, and, *malgré* the attempts which would certainly be made to divert their attention from it, that they would vigorously join hand in hand, and put a curb in the mouth of the only too fleet destroyer.

That important event—the meeting of Parliament—has occurred since we wrote; and if peril to the nation was to be apprehended when we had only irresponsible information to guide us, much more is peril apparent now that our condition can be juged of from the voice of the Legislature. Our prediction that the Government would use its utmost endeavours to obtain a farther trial, spite of signal failure, and to lead the mind of the country away from the rocks on which we are drifting to subjects of comparative indifference, has been exactly accomplished. We say now, as we said before, that our safety demands that no more time should be given, but that the career of one of the most incapable and disappointing Ministries that ever existed should be cut short. There is literally not one good reason for allowing things to remain any longer as they are; and there are many plain and pressing reasons why we should arise and help ourselves.

Doubtless there are well-meaning persons who, up to February, were unwilling to believe that the politicians who promised so lavishly such brilliant legislation in 1880, should be found to be absolutely without achievement in 1882; or that men whom it had been the fashion to credit with all wisdom, all knowledge, and a plaster for every sore, should, when brought to confession, prove to be without resource. There may be many, we say, who have cherished an expectation that Ministers, though they remained for a time reticent, were only awaiting the proper opportunity, and that when the oracles should speak, we should receive not only ample satisfaction for the delay, but a clear guidance to a bright and blessed future. But, O ye powers, with what a chill at the heart must such sanguine spirits have heard or read the Royal Speech!—that dull, vague, cheerless document, without compensation for the past, comfort for the present, or hope for the time to come. If it had been composed with a view to crushing out every spark of self-esteem from our breasts, it could not have been more completely adapted to that end! Save for one faltering note of success, which reads as though it had been wellnigh strangled in the birth, and concerning which we shall have something to say

* Art. "Ireland's Fate—Britain's Warning," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Feb. 1882.

presently, there is not a word in the Speech fit to impart a ray of knowledge, or to arouse the faintest emotion. Had the times been prosperous, a commonplace address might best have sorted with the easy-rolling period. But these are days of stirring changes, of cruel reverses, of lawless violence, of overbearing injustice; and the session of the Legislature is opened as with ten sentences out of a hornbook. To them who asked bread was given a stone.

By a curious omission there is no ascription to Mr Gladstone of praise for his goodness, after the mention of the mild winter weather; but every devout mind will readily supply that.

After all, a tame insignificant speech is better than a delusive one. Last year, let us remember, there were sounding words about maintaining the rights and dignity of the Crown, which were coolly departed from three or four weeks after they were uttered. We can well dispense with paragraphs of that kind, and accept commonplace sentences.

The announcement which we excepted above as being not so vapid as the other paragraphs, was to the effect that the condition of Ireland had improved since the Royal Speech of last year was delivered. Lord Granville, Mr Gladstone, and Mr Forster, in discussing the Address, made the same assertion. Thousands will have been, like ourselves, astonished by this information; and some, as we have perceived, have endeavoured to dispute the Ministerial utterance. But when one remembers how easy it is for those whose wish is father to the thought to think they see a change for the better here or there, and the proneness of mankind to state cases in the light most favourable to themselves, it seems possible to concede what is contended for without in the least altering one's opinion as to the general bad condition of things. Rents, as we are told, have in some instances been paid; there has been a rather diminished amount of terrorism generally; and the area of the Land League's dominion has been restricted. We do not doubt that evidence could be produced in proof of the changes named having taken place at some particular time or times. Returns are made periodically, while crime and knavery are perpetrated by fits and starts. It needs must be, therefore, that now and then reports will honestly record a decrease of unlawful practice.

Nevertheless, we regret much that the public estimate was in the main correct, and that Ministerial hopes will be found to be but flattering tales. Mr Forster did not feel warranted by his boasted little success in relaxing the number or strictness of his imprisonments; and Mr Gladstone still flits about between policemen as timidly as ever—proofs that the amelioration of which these right honourable gentlemen would convince others has not sufficed to quiet their own alarms. Any one who may pretend to prove from the figures of every succeeding return that things go from bad to worse, will be likely now and then to be baffled by official acuteness; but any one who has the means of comparing the criminal history of an extended period, with that of a similar period six, twelve, or eighteen months ago, will probably see reason to lament over the downward course. We think that Ministers have been indiscreet in making their comparison between the troubles of twelve months ago and the troubles of to-day. The "No-rent" cry had not been raised in February 1881,

while now it is not only the decree of the League, but it is being acted upon only too widely. This fact alone must make the weight of unlawful action incline against the present. Again, mobs of ill-disposed persons are in the habit at present of trespassing on land, and killing and stealing the game, in open daylight; and this, we believe, is a pitch of disorder which was never reached until the present winter. Murders, boycottings, arsons, outrages, seem to be more rife than ever; and an attempt has very recently been made on Mr Forster's own life. Whatever may be the statistics of crime in one month as compared with another, certain it is, from the Secretary's own words, that Ireland is a hell; and the remark that it is now a deeper and now a shallower hell, is not worth considering. The sad—and to the Ministry the damning—fact is that Ireland is a hell; while in the spring of 1880 it was, *teste* Mr Gladstone, a land in which "there was an absence of crime and outrage, with a general sense of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of the country." * What Ministers have to answer is, not whether the ruin of Ireland is more or less apparent, but how they could, in twenty months, ruin it utterly!

Well, it is of no use to call upon Mr Gladstone to answer for having ruined Ireland; because, as we well know, he can give no reasonable answer. That he feels himself to be without excuse is the more evident because he saw fit, during the debate on the Address, to begin to tamper with "Home Rule." Everybody seemed to be astounded at this sudden diversion—his own followers as much as any. It is the measure of the strait in which he felt himself to be—perhaps of the pressure put upon him in the Cabinet. No territory, no possession, no institution is safe, if the destruction of it can procure Mr Gladstone a little longer continuance of power. His behaviour in this respect fully justifies the observation made by us a month ago, that every day that we retained Mr Gladstone in office was fraught with danger; and that he would, if allowed, proceed to ruin Great Britain as he had ruined Ireland. Ireland, as we said before, and say again, is herself ruined; but he is planning now how to make her a depot for sedition, and a place of arms for our foreign enemies. This is a matter far better worth our attention than the plus or minus sign which may distinguish the criminal calendar of one month from that of another. It is a danger from which we may yet free ourselves if we take time by the hair, whereas the case of Ireland is past praying for.

It must be confessed that, after Parliament had met, and while the empty speech was being criticised, the country did not seem as much alive as could be desired to the urgency of our peril, although there was good proof that it was not altogether insensible. The default of the Radicals to propose a candidate for the representation of Westminster told eloquently of the depression of the spirit of the party; and the open assaults of the two Earls

* Mr Gladstone, during the debate on the Address, stated that he had, in the spring of 1880, been not quite correctly informed concerning the then state of Ireland—that is to say, that the flourish about comfort and satisfaction, and so forth, had done its work, and the recollection of it was becoming exceedingly inconvenient. It might be a curious inquiry, How much of all the sayings which he voided in Mid-Lothian in 1879 and 1880, has Mr Gladstone since contradicted? beginning with the insults to Austria, and ending with the flourish about Ireland.

—Grey and Zetland—showed that the old Whigs were, with more or less quickness of intelligence, waking up to a perception of the character of the alliance which had been made with theorists and revolutionists. And meanwhile the chapter of accidents was not unfolding in a manner that could be at all agreeable to the Ministerial party. That party, having thought fit to espouse the cause of the notorious Mr Bradlaugh, found that the House of Commons was not tame enough to be dragged into the iniquity and meanness of allowing the oath to be profaned. Ministers were beaten in a full House by a majority of 58. The defeat did not, as appears, necessitate the resignation of Ministers, or an appeal to the country; yet it was a very damaging defeat, and a proof that resistance to arbitrary demands of the Administration may certainly be hoped for. Then the accounts of the behaviour of Mr Gladstone's friends, the Boers, were not quite satisfactory. They were said to have been making war outside of their own territory without taking the trouble to ascertain how their suzerain might regard their proceedings. Basutoland was also reported to be far from tranquil or contented.

The first week of the session closed without the Address having been voted. The impression that the Ministers who had promised so much had egregiously failed was by this time strong upon all classes of the community. Government had no substantial defence to offer. Everything which had been reported previously to the assembling of the Legislature, was found to look no better when authoritatively examined. There was no success to point to, but there was much misfortune, and proof of much incapacity. The result of the week's debate would, but for the diversion of thought which Mr Gladstone furnished by his Home Rule declaration, have been disappointment and melancholy. It was apparent from the utterances of the weekly press all round, that the intelligence which had been confirmed or been brought to light in discussion was unpalatable and discouraging. Ministers had set themselves to prove two distinct things in order to propitiate two distinct classes of people. To please those who might care more for their country than for party, they proffered evidence of a diminution of crime, dishonesty, and rebellion in Ireland. To soothe Radicals and revolutionists, they dilated upon the number, brutality, and fiendishness of the atrocities which have there been recently perpetrated, in order to excuse the rigour, such as it was, with which they had used their powers of coercion. The arguments and revelations which helped them in one direction told inversely against them in the other. They were in the difficult position of serving two masters. Had they fallen, or been thrust, into this position, they would have been entitled to our compassion while in their miserable wrigglings; but as we know with what efforts they sought and attained office, we may dismiss their case with the remark that they have reaped as they have sown.

The speech of Mr Gibson deserves to be noticed, as having plainly, skilfully, and unanswerably driven home against Ministers the chief of the charges which the utterances of the press and of irresponsible persons have for long been repeating. He was most successful in establishing the accusation that Ministers might have taken, and ought to have taken, as vigorous action against the Land League in the

early months of 1881 as they afterwards did in October of the same year. Six months of comparative impunity were thus given to the League, which gathered strength for itself, and caused the perpetration of innumerable atrocities :—

"We have it now upon the authoritative statement of the right hon. gentleman the President of the Board of Trade himself, as we had it before from the inexorable logic of facts, that until the 20th October the Government, as an act of policy, did not resolutely apply themselves to put down the Land League. Thus we have it that, although the Government had the decision of the law courts in their favour, they permitted these outrages to increase and these 'boycottings' to go on to the ruin of the country, when they might have put a stop to them by enforcing the law at any moment. But why were they not put down before? The right hon. gentleman the Chief Secretary has applied himself with great power to show that when he did put the law into action, it was absolutely necessary that he should do so, because if he had not put down the Land League, the Land League would have put down the Government. I have shown that the state of facts would have justified, and in fact demanded that the Government should have taken action in the matter long before they did attempt to put down the Land League. The Prime Minister makes the observation that the Land Act brought about a crisis as regarded the Land League. That is quite true; but why did it do so? It was because the Government elected that it should do so. The Government selected the occasion for bringing about the crisis—they selected the 20th of October for bringing it on. My argument is that at any time you could have brought it on, whether in January, in March, or September, and that you did not do so."

This is a sufficiently grave accusation of which to stand convicted; but when it comes to be seen for what reason the Government withheld the application of the powers which they had received from the Legislature, the case against them becomes ten times worse. The President of the Board of Trade is Mr Gibson's authority for coming to the conclusion that Ministers deliberately, and by choice, allowed the agitation and disturbances of the Land League to continue, because, by putting a stop to them earlier, they might have endangered the passage of the Land Bill through Parliament. Human life was allowed to be sacrificed, and the most cruel acts to be perpetrated, for six months, in order that the political objects of a party might not be in danger of miscarriage!! No weightier charge has been brought home against any rulers in modern days. It renders the men who did it infamous. And these are the same men on whose lips two years since was continually the charge of "wickedness" against their Conservative rivals! If Liberals want to find wickedness—cold-blooded wickedness—they should look at home.

Mr Gibson did not stop here. He commented upon the acts of, and appointments in, the new Land Courts, in a manner seriously damaging. He brought out before the House of Commons peculiarities of those Courts which, although they had been freely spoken of by the press, had not before been stated and examined by persons of responsibility. He showed that the Courts were invariably one-sided; and that they had been inclined to be mouthpieces of the Land League rather than interpreters of the Land Act. Here is his account of the early proceedings of the Commissioners :—

"I think that it was an unfortunate thing that the Commissioners did not open their Court quietly like all other Courts. Instead of that, before open-

ing the Court at all, they issued an appeal to all the tenants of Ireland, telling them of the fine things they would get if only they would go into the Court; and they issued another notice, calling on them to take advantage of the Act at the earliest possible moment. I should like to know what would be thought of any other Court which appealed, not to all the classes of suitors—not to the whole people—but picked out one particular class, and appealed to them as the party for whom the Act was intended. The Act has inflicted immense injustice."

Mr Gibson has been much complimented on his speech, and, in our opinion, not a whit more than he merited. His remarks were searching and to the point; his style was modest and dispassionate; his proofs were incontrovertible. Not only from such evidence as he adduced, but from everything that we are allowed to hear of the practice of the Land Courts, and of the qualifications and antecedents of its Sub-Commissioners and officers, it is becoming more and more certain that this is not a court of justice, but a tribunal expressly instituted for the advantage of one class of litigants, and for the plunder of another class.

The solicitor to the Land Commissioners has, it would appear, already resigned his office. The secretary has tendered his resignation, but the resignation has not been accepted. A "scandal" is the cause of these officers being ready to throw up their appointments: and a very curious scandal it would appear to be—one, however, entirely in keeping with the other habits of the Land Court. The exact facts are but imperfectly known; but from some proceedings in the House of Lords, and from some hints dropped in the House of Commons, there is ground of hope that the public may be enlightened as to the machinations which have secretly been going on. What is already known is, that a pamphlet of a character which both sides in politics—that is to say, Ministers and the chiefs of Opposition—and which the Land Commissioners have condemned, has been issued in an official guise, and, as we understand the matter, as if published by authority of the Land Commissioners. The latter, on becoming acquainted with the contents of the work, endeavoured to suppress it. That much wrongdoing has occurred there can be no question; but as to how many may be implicated, and to what extent, information is not so readily forthcoming. We greatly desire that the scandal may be sifted to the very bottom. It is quite true that, with so much to investigate in the actions of more important offenders, such small deer as solicitors and secretaries are scarcely worth running down on their own account; yet as their manœuvres may, and probably will, throw light on the interior of the Land Commission, we must not, at this time, consider them as beneath our notice.

The speech of Mr Plunket on the Address was by no means inferior to that of Mr Gibson. He expressed his distrust of any signs of improvement which as yet the Government might conceive to be discernible in Ireland. He is convinced, like ourselves, that the mischief lately done there extends far below the surface, and that no superficial cure of it can be real or lasting. So much does he seem to concur with us in the view which we expressed last month as to Mr Gladstone's treatment of the sister island—namely, that it has been disintegrating and ruinous—that we extract a few of his remarks, glad to find ourselves at one in this matter with a profound thinker and a distinguished Irish member. He says:—

"The Government have pointed to the great signs of improvement which they say are discernible in the present state of Ireland. I greatly rejoice that they are able to find such grounds for hope, and I must say that the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant has stated those grounds of hope most fairly and moderately. I am afraid, however, that we have not yet thoroughly estimated the evil worked by those last two years of agitation, because those matters which have been referred to are, after all, only signs upon the surface. If we consider what has been going on underneath—what wild work has been done in the minds and consciences of the people—no one who knows the state of Ireland at the present time will take, without considerable qualification, those symptoms of improvement which have been exhibited to us by the Government."

Mr Plunket spoke at much length of the great and cruel injustice that is being done to Irish landlords, and showed such intimate knowledge of the subject, that we hope none of our readers will fail to study the details which he presented. These unhappy landlords appear to have been, by some mysterious fate, given over wholly to plunder and ruin, few Britons laying their misfortunes to heart, and none being powerful enough to avert the evil influence which is against them. It is almost incomprehensible how, in an age and a country to both of which we are fond of applying the epithets *liberal* and *generous*, such wholesale spoliation of a particular class, by consent of the community at large, can be possible. With the evidence that it *is* possible before their very eyes, English landlords refuse to recognise the truth, that unless they shake off the incubus which is doing the mischief, they may find themselves in a few months in as pitiable a plight as their Irish brethren.

Mr Sexton, whose speech closed the debate, appeared to be ashamed of the atrocities which have been committed—at any rate he wished to repudiate connection between them and the Land League. He abused Mr Forster roundly, and compared him to Cromwell. The Land Act he described as a "miserable failure;" which description hardly requires to be stated at this time of day. It, however, shows how the Act has operated on those for whose gratification it was specially intended. Moreover, the honourable member exhorted Ministers to "extinguish the interest of landlords in the soil of Ireland."

Foremost among the truths which were learned from the speeches of members is the lost, hopeless condition of Ireland. We were carped at last month for saying in round terms that Ireland is ruined. Will those who objected to our language say, after having read the speeches in Parliament, in what respects it is unwarranted? Very many have commented upon the speeches, and have in their own words described the condition of that country; but we do not find that their descriptions, except in being more periphrastic, differ at all from ours. We will cite an instance. The 'Saturday Review,' following Mr Forster, and apparently not seeking by any means to favour a side, has the following remarks: *—

"In itself, Mr Forster's speech was highly interesting. In the first place, it was an unintentional, but a most severe, satire on the speech of Mr Gladstone. It drew a faithful picture of the real Ireland, which, when a few little details have been further considered, is to be presented with an independent legislature. It painted Ireland as a prey to social war, flooded with sedition and bloodshed by men who, in their expressive language, are

* 'Saturday Review' of February 11th.

trampling upon the lion and the unicorn. It showed that a murderous and cowardly agitation was fed with foreign money, and directed to the institution of an Irish republic. It demonstrated that the mass of the Irish people was prostrate at the feet of leaders who treated Land Laws and Home Rule as poor stepping-stones towards the grand aim of getting the English Turk's bag and baggage out of the Irish Bulgaria."

Our opinion, as readers may think, has been fully endorsed by the 'Saturday Review;' and indeed the 'Saturday Review' by no means stands alone among daily and weekly papers in taking our view. Besides these, we appeal to a speech recently delivered by Sir Stafford Northcote at Balham—a thoughtful speech, in which he explains not only the patent, but the as yet undeveloped, dangers which hang over us. In the course of his address he said:—

"You have in Ireland a state of things in which all property seems to be absolutely thrown to the first comer to take. It is all very well to talk about landlords and landowners, but the principles which are now published will extend far beyond property in land. Depend upon it every kind of property is in danger by the spread of this doctrine. Men who have been doing their duty, striving earnestly to do their duty their whole lives as landowners in Ireland—men who have made great sacrifices for what they believed to be the interest and welfare of their tenants—men who have never raised their rents from the time when they came into the properties, from what they were in their fathers' and grandfathers' time, suddenly find themselves looked upon as criminals, refused any rent at all, deprived of any rights of citizenship, boycotted, and in every way tormented, for the avowed purpose, on the part of those who are responsible for this, of driving them out of the country."

We look upon it that our opinion as to Ireland has been now confirmed by the public voice in sequence to the revelations in Parliament. And we insist upon this, not so much to rejoice in our own sagacity, as to induce our readers to trust to what we had to say in connection with Ireland's Fate. If we judged rightly concerning that, it is not unreasonable to assume that we spoke rightly concerning Britain's warning. We pointed to the exceedingly brief space—only twenty months—in which Mr Gladstone had brought this ruinous affliction upon Ireland; and we besought our countrymen to stay his destructive hand before he had gone further in his process of ruining Great Britain. It is no bogle that we have conjured up, with which we are endeavouring to excite alarm, but a real substantial danger, against which this island cannot too promptly protect itself.

Already, before Parliament had been a week in session, the Prime Minister had expressed his sympathy with, and taken under his protection, the general project of Home Rule for Ireland. We presume that there is not one of our readers who can require to be told what Home Rule is, or how it would tend to injure Britain. It will be sufficient to say that it is an imagination, which, by consent of the sober men of all parties, has been placed without the pale of discussion or tolerance, from regard to the public safety. Mr Gladstone's indiscreet words will have put the match to a train which for long has been laid, and awaiting a spark from some political source to cause a new conflagration in the miserable land. Ireland itself will not, perhaps, be worse than it was before; but the mischief now directly touches Great Britain. We said that he would

ruin this island, and do it quickly, if we failed to pull him up sharply. Here is one of his bolts already shot against us. The only way to render it harmless is to take his power from him, and show to all concerned, before the excitement spreads further, that we will allow no one, be he who he may, to move, though never so undecidedly, towards a severance of Ireland from Britain.

The amount of mischief on which we have just remarked is sufficient for one week, but it by no means exhausts Mr Gladstone's powers. He is likely to be hatching farther trouble before the session has advanced much further. We still look with alarm upon the Land Nationalisation Society. It has had another meeting since we last drew attention to it; and the proceedings will be found reported in the daily papers of the 1st February. The Society has found it expedient no longer to use words which by any chance may have the effect of veiling its intentions. It has now openly announced that CONFISCATION of the land is its object. The influence of the Society would appear to be at the present moment but small; but what may it become when Mr Gladstone shall announce some day that its attitude deserves attention, and that he will give to its aims and arguments his best consideration? Its condition will suddenly change then, and it will become a power in the State. It will spring into an organisation which it will be impossible to put down until it shall bring down the whole framework of society with it. Do we wrong Mr Gladstone by supposing him to be likely to act in this destructive way? Every man in the country must know that we do not. Such conduct is simply of a piece with what he has already done. He is quite capable of it. When he has proved us right by doing the wickedness, it will be too late to cure the injury. He should be stopped at once.

If those persons whose delight it is to listen to Mr Gladstone's eloquence would reflect, it would soon be apparent to them that he would talk ten times as much when in Opposition as when in office. And in an irresponsible position he might stump away with much reduced danger of his doing harm. Therefore, to enjoy the greatest amount of his speech at the very smallest risk, his admirers should keep him from power. Besides, he is not quite *au fait* at governing,—not too, too awfully successful as a Minister.

In speaking Mr Gladstone is undoubtedly a proficient; but it is in speaking of a peculiar kind. It is in the science of equivocation—the art of instilling certain ideas by words which, when they come to be strictly examined, may be held not to present the meaning which has unhappily been gathered from them. It is the art, in 'Macbeth,' of

> "The juggling fiends
> That palter with us in a double sense."

To practise it successfully is, no doubt, very clever; and so it is to rig the stock-market for one's private advantage, or to make a fortune out of trusting investors through the medium of bogus companies. But is either of these arts honourable? That is the question. The man who has destroyed Ireland, and is now jeopardising the empire, is the same who, not two years since, was so sharp on what he was pleased to call the "wickedness" of the Tories. There is, as we suspect, many an elector who was then seduced by his crafty words that wishes with all

his heart that he had let "the wicked Tories" remain quietly in office. The empire would not then have been quaking to its foundations; nor the Parliament have been accused by the people of having sat through two whole sessions and done nothing but mischief and iniquity.

Before the Address was disposed of, Mr Gladstone had announced what would be the new Rules of Parliamentary Procedure, which he intended to propose for the adoption of the House of Commons. The subject took at once great hold of the public mind, and was copiously commented upon by the press. Opinion generally inclined to hold that freedom of debate would be unnecessarily trenched upon if the Rules proposed by Mr Gladstone should be affirmed. There were signs that very active opposition would be offered to them both without and within the House. On the other hand, various Liberal bodies throughout the kingdom endeavoured to keep the Government firm to its announcement, and deprecated concession of any kind. The National Liberal Federation stood foremost in support of the proposed Rules, and issued from Birmingham a circular letter, addressed to their branches, wherein it was insisted upon that, as the present Government stood pledged to effect many important reforms which might be much impeded by obstruction, it was the duty of every Liberal to maintain them in office and to uphold the *clôture.* The conclusion of this production struck us as being somewhat at variance with its setting out. The reminder that Ministers stood pledged to effect many useful reforms, seemed to point (considering that Ministers had been nearly two years in office, and had done nothing towards redeeming their pledges) to a coming recommendation that they should be relieved of their duties, and replaced by men who would show a little smartness in keeping their engagements. But the Federation is not yet tired of listening to promises, and stands up for Ministers, relying on the promises now two years old.

It is undoubtedly true that freedom of debate has of late years been often found to be a very different thing from freedom to legislate. If the majority were destined to prevail whenever a division could be taken, the minority could, by resorting to a variety of practices sanctioned by custom, almost indefinitely postpone the taking of a division. The practice of minorities, which it is most difficult to restrain, is the spinning out of the debate by the prolonged orations of many persons who contribute nothing new to the arguments, but rather weary the whole audience, yet who insist on being heard to the end, while their eloquence seems never to be exhausted. There can be no doubt that simply to silence or to restrict the tongues of such speakers as we have described would be to do a valuable service. But a regulation must be of general application; and such a one as might be effectual to limit the prosy, wearisome, empty talker against time, might be used also to gag a lucid effective speaker, the suppression of whose remarks would be a most unfair and arbitrary crippling of the case of his party. The problem then is to frame a rule, or rules, which shall reduce twaddlers and wilful wasters of time to their very lowest terms, while they (the rule or rules) remain inoperative against honest and able speakers. But no rule can in itself possess these qualities: the best

rule that can be invented must depend for its fair and wholesome working upon the consent of the House. The consent of the whole House it is, by the nature of things, next to impossible to obtain. There will always be a difference of opinion as to a speaker's intention or ability; and the power which is to be effectual to limit his speech should be vested in only a large majority of his hearers.

Where everything is done by party, and little or nothing by individual men, majorities are likely to be arbitrary and intolerant in the inverse ratio of their numbers. A majority which barely outnumbers its antagonist minority is less to be trusted than one which exceeds the minority by very many voices. And therefore it has been considered just by impartial persons who have studied the subject, that the proportion of "Ayes" and "Noes" which might suffice to decide the main question before the House, shall not be sufficient to close the mouth of a speaker or to put an end to the debate—in other words, the majority which may stop speaking ought to be much larger than that which would be sufficient to decide the main question at issue. Hence it is manifest that to fulfil the conditions stated, a part of those who will be of the minority on the main question must concur with the majority as to the matter of silencing a speaker, before a speaker can be silenced.

Much marvel is caused by Mr Gladstone's persistence in demanding a power which to so many minds appears excessive; for the demand is undoubtedly fraught with danger to himself. It is most unpalatable to a large number of his followers, and may possibly be resisted by many of them. It will certainly be resisted by the Opposition, because Sir Stafford Northcote has given notice that he will meet the motion for its establishment with a direct negative. How the Irish members may vote is uncertain; but, as they have of late years shown a decided *penchant* for speaking at length, and for prolonging debates and postponing divisions, there is at the least a probability that they too may be against the Ministerial proposal. On the other hand, the Minister has at his disposal great means of bending his own side to his will. That he is capable of using them, and that his followers may be bent to his will against their own wishes and convictions, are contingencies which the experience of last session proves to be altogether within the range of possibility. Still there is great risk to the Minister in being so peremptory as he is: and people naturally speculate freely as to the nature of the inducements which lead him to run such a risk.

Time was when any and every act of Mr Gladstone was considered by the public to be prompted by transcendently beneficent and pure motives. The more mysterious might his conduct have been, the more persuaded were men that it emanated from divine impulses strong in his holy mind if incomprehensible to mortal ken. Unhappily those halcyon days have gone never to return. Mr Gladstone has since then come down not only to the level of ordinary mortals, but to the level of a very shifty class of mortals — mortals who, in familiar parlance, are spoken of as "dodgers." An excellent character was once ascribed to him, but he has lived it down. And it is a truth that now profane minds occupy themselves with imagining what worldly advantage may be moving him to this or that

act; and profane tongues can wag concerning his shufflings, his rash speeches, his dirty retreats, his ostentatious humanity, his real callosity, and his crafty plots. In short, it is no longer blasphemy to hint that Mr Gladstone may be principally influenced by considerations affecting "Number One."

Accordingly the public mind is very busy in pointing out the reasons why Mr Gladstone, as it were, stakes the life of his Administration upon a cast, and will stand the hazard of the die. Some have unkindly hinted that there is so much to be said against his Government, and the public voice has become so indifferent about taking his part, that the exercise of an arbitrary *clôture* is almost necessary in order that the fiery darts of the wicked may not overwhelm his righteous being. Others have hinted that Mr Gladstone has wilfully made of this *clôture* a wall against which he may dash out his brains, he being sick of the vain pomp and glory of the world since he found the Irish nut too hard for his elderly teeth. According to these critics, it is a political suicide under the guise of a defeat which Mr Gladstone contemplates. Scorners of a third order would have us believe that a dissolution is not an object of dread to him; and that he would not object to going to the country as the champion of Home Rule, relying upon thus obtaining a purely Radical and revolutionary majority: so, being fearless of the chance of dissolution, he stands out decidedly for despotic power as regards the *clôture*. Yet another unhallowed brood asserts that the Premier's innate love of tyranny makes him lust after this moral rack and thumbscrew.

As to who may be right and who wrong about this we cannot come to a conclusion. We think that his caprices and his temper ought to be taken into consideration when one is trying to get at his motives. It is no more wonderful that he should decree a contest *à outrance* on the *clôture* than that he should have deliberately taken Mr Bradlaugh on his back! He was always a little queer, and (this is a matter of course) he lately entertained concerning the *clôture* views very unlike those which he expresses now.

Another week slipped away while we were daily expecting the debate on the *clôture* to commence; and if we are rightly informed, the division on that exciting subject will not now be taken till after the 1st March. As to the first of the new Rules being distasteful to a large majority of the House of Commons, there is now no doubt at all that it is so; but much fear is felt lest many Liberal members who disapprove of and dislike it, should not have the courage of their opinions when the division may be called.

Towards the end of this second week of the session Conservatives were cheered by the intelligence of the very satisfactory election for Taunton. Taken along with the many other bye-elections which have occurred since Parliament rose last year, it may, we think, fairly be regarded as the 'Times' regards it—that is, as a proof that the tide which floated Mr Gladstone to power is past the flood, and is now ebbing fast. Useful legislation, as that journal thinks, might yet reinstate the Ministry in public opinion. But we would ask leave to add to that opinion that the dearth of useful legislation is only one of the shortcomings of which the constituencies have to complain. There is the making of unjust, in-

effectual laws, and the incapacity to govern: for these there will be, as we hope, no expiation; for these we trust that the bad Ministry is doomed to fall.

It is worthy of remark that throughout the speeches to which the Address gave rise, there was no allusion to the new doctrine that force is no remedy. Both Mr Forster and the Attorney-General for Ireland boasted of the force that was being used, and promised (the latter especially) to use more. The actions of the Government are sufficient to prove that it no longer leans upon the absurd theory. Mr Chamberlain, who spoke during the debate, had not a word to say in deprecation of the use of force. Mr Bright disappointed us by not speaking at all. It was, of course, an awkward position to be a member of a Government which has incarcerated several hundred persons without any sort of trial, and to be at the same time the champion of a system which repudiates coercion. It is not like the Mr Bright of old times to hear his party taunted with failure yet to sit still and make no effort to retort blame on the enemy, even if he could not defend his friends. The Mr Bright of old days would, if we remember right, in default of seeing any defence that could help his colleagues, have singled out some speaker on the other side and charged him with much fury and little regard to decorum. On this occasion he entirely declined to enliven the House. He must have heard some of his colleagues declare that if the Government had delayed longer than to the 20th of October to put down the Land League, the League would have put down the Government. It would have been interesting to hear how Mr Bright would have had the Executive act when the League and the Power of the empire hung pretty evenly in the balance. The League did not hesitate to apply force freely in support of its decrees, — now what would Mr Bright have done to counteract that force?

It was probably to gratify some followers of Mr Bright out of doors that Mr Gladstone spoke big words about Mr Forster having checked the League without shedding a drop of blood. Mr Forster has *not* checked the League altogether; but let that pass for the present. Mr Gladstone evidently thought it a feather in Mr Forster's cap that he had refrained from bloodshed. But why was this? As Mr Lowther very pertinently remarked, the League by no means refrained from murder, and from many another crime which involved bloodshed. The law quite recognises the principle that workers of violence shall suffer by violence; and it was Mr Forster's duty—or rather the Lord Lieutenant's duty, whose secretary Mr Forster is—to protect law-abiding subjects, even though in doing so he might spill some rebel blood. Blood so spilt would, as we are convinced, have effected a saving of life in the long-run: and he who does not hesitate to take strong measures in the beginning, will probably be spared the exercise of much severity farther on. For the contest is not over yet, neither is there much probability that it will end bloodlessly.

We had got thus far, and were about to close our observations when the promulgation of the proceedings in the House of Lords on the night of the 17th February showed that the interest of a most interesting week was still at its height, and caused us to resume the pen for a few last sentences. The action taken by the Peers seems, at first

view, to be of the very highest import. It will, no doubt, be commented upon, and that not sparingly, by hundreds of tongues and pens while our sheets are passing through the press, and opinion will have matured before we can be *en rapport* with our readers. But we quite expect that, from the Prime Minister down to the humblest student of politics, the thinking portion of our people will be profoundly moved by what has taken place. Their lordships, it is true, have simply decreed an inquiry; but that inquiry, looked at by the light which has been given us through a fortnight's debating in the Commons, promises to be of a character so damaging to the Government that one scarcely sees how they can abide it. Still less is it easy to divine how they can avert the exposure and condemnation to which some of their acts will by means of this inquiry be subjected. They cannot coerce the Lords as they do the Commons. It will be useless to rail, call the Peers obstructionists, and threaten the abolition of the Upper House, because that House is acting entirely within its rights, and not in collision with, or in opposition to, any of the established orders of the State. It is not they who invite, but they who evade inquiry, who would blind and obstruct.

The Government has been beaten; what will it do in consequence? One branch of the Legislature has overruled it on a most important question; will it venture to treat the decision of this branch of the Legislature with indifference, and go about its ordinary work as if nothing had happened? We hardly think so. Such a thing has been done, but this is scarcely the time in which to do it again. The jaunty Radical answer to the remark, "The Government has been beaten" may possibly be "Yes; but only in the Lords,—and who cares for them?" The response would be strictly in accordance with the Radical creed, but it would probably not sort so well with the actual state of things. The subject on which the Lords have worsted the Government is one which has been lately examined somewhat profoundly in the Commons, and so examined as to leave the Ministerial case as bruised and shaken as may be. So much is this the case, that it would be, as we think, unavailing to appeal in any form to the Commons against the Lords, notwithstanding the numerical majority in the Lower House. The circumstances do not admit of the affair being thus contemptuously disposed of, for the Government has been beaten in the opinion of the public as well as in the House of Lords. We very much doubt whether this censure from the Peers will be ignored; or, if it should be so, whether a smarter tap from the same quarter may not attract more ready attention before long.

The confessed deterioration of the House of Commons as a legislative and debating body, while it has produced some effects which have made us all ponder, and made some of us moralise as to how we are to be governed in the time to come, has had an effect which was not readily perceived while regard was fixed on the seat of the disorder. The inability of the House of Commons to fulfil its functions —the obstruction, circumlocution, and waste of time which prevail there — have given a prominence to the Upper House, which can despatch business, and is, by comparison, a vigorous and lively chamber. It is vigorous and lively, too, not in the sense of being

rapid, smart, and perfunctory, from which reproach it is perfectly clear, but in the sense of thoroughly sifting every subject with which it occupies itself. How often does the press remark, concerning a subject of general interest, that it was not understood until it had been handled by the Lords?

While the House of Commons has been acquiring the character of a bear-garden and circumlocution office, the House of Lords has taken up public business and got it done. We are strongly of opinion that if at this time it were attempted to raise an invidious comparison between the two Houses as to their respective weight with the country, the exhortation of the people to the Commons would be, "Cast the beam out of your own eye." If this be so, as we suspect it is—if the whirligig of time have brought about a revenge in this direction—if the House of Lords be regarded as a more useful, a more energetic, and a more practical assembly than the House of Commons,—then Ministers had better think twice and thrice before they attempt to set at naught its decisions!

It has been said that there is great danger of many Liberal members of the Commons being constrained, by the threat of dissolution and by every pressure which the Minister can apply, to vote for the *clôture* against their own convictions and wishes. If this be so, the attitude of the Lords may tend to encourage weak natures to act independently. For their lordships have made it evident that the fall of the Ministry or a dissolution must occur shortly. Therefore it were well, by setting threats at naught, to preserve one's self-esteem, and overthrow at once the tyrant. Truckling conduct would only gain a month or two more of parliamentary life, and would leave a lasting remorse.

Certes, events of great moment are pending; and it is possible that before we again address our readers, much progress may have been made towards the displacement of our incapable and most dangerous Government.

In conclusion, we would ask permission to say a few words to the numerous critics who did us the honour to make a little ungentle comment in regard to our article of last month. We are quite ready to admit that they who write for the public must accept criticism. We submit to what was said in disparagement of our former paper; we will profit by it if we can; we raise our voice now with no desire of railing again, or of "showing fight."

It was objected to our article that it was a shriek, a hysterical effusion, an extraordinary production; some who did not desire to be directly offensive thought that we looked at things through a diseased medium; while in one instance it was roundly stated that the article was untrue. If the last accusation were deserved, we do not care to complain of the others. But in proof that it was not deserved, we refer our critics to the long debates which occurred up to the 18th February in both Houses of Parliament, and to the speeches, on many platforms, of leading men during the first three weeks of last month. We say, without the least fear of contradiction, that everything which we advanced concerning the disintegrated state of Ireland and the danger of England has now been put on record from the mouths of prominent statesmen of both parties,—no man, as far as Ireland is concerned, having

confirmed our words more distinctly than Mr Forster.

The observations about shrieks and hysterics mean, of course, that the language used was stronger or more excited than the subject warranted. Yet they who made the comments will, as we think, allow that no subject (putting religion aside) can be of graver import to the public than the affairs of the commonwealth. Still, it is true that, although the subject may be all-engrossing, the occasion may not be such as to justify trumpet-notes, whether of misfortune or alarm. But the occasion, as we viewed it, and as fifty unimpeachable witnesses have since shown that they viewed it, was the recent destruction of a kingdom, and perils gathering thickly about our dearest interests. If these may not excuse the expression of some emotion, and the use of earnest words, we do not know what occasion could do so.

It is much the fashion nowadays to prefer innuendos to statements, and periphrases to a vigorous word. There have been times of an opposite complexion, when it was thought a merit to give their right names to things—or, proverbially, "to call a spade a spade." We did not hunt after euphemisms, and so, it is feared, have shown an indifference to the prevailing fashion,—if, indeed, our severe critics may be thought to control or to represent the fashion of the day. But it is no crime to be out of the fashion in one's style, and it may be an advantage. Our censors, if they live as long as we hope they will, may come to be of our opinion as to this. Meanwhile, we will lay their strictures to heart. We will not suppose for a moment that it was the truth or the aptness of our remarks that roused their objections; and so we bid them farewell, wishing that they may succeed greatly in their endeavours to chasten and regulate the style of their contemporaries.

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THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

The mansion-house of Dalrulzian stands on the lower slope of a hill, which is crowned with a plantation of Scotch firs. The rugged outline of this wood, and the close-tufted mass of the tree-tops, stand out against the pale East, and protect the house below and the "policy," as the surrounding grounds are called in Scotland; so that though all the winds are sharp in that northern county, the sharpest of all is tempered. The house itself is backed by lighter foliage—a feathery grove of birches, a great old ash or two, and some tolerably well-grown, but less poetical, elms. It is a house of distinctively local character, with the curious, peaked, and graduated gables peculiar to Scotch rural architecture, and thick walls of the roughest stone, washed with a weather-stained coat of yellow-white. Two wings, each presenting a gabled end to the avenue, and a sturdy block of building retired between them,—all strong, securely built, as if hewn out of the rock, formed the homely house. It had little of the beauty which a building of no greater pretensions would probably have had in England. Below the wings and in front of the hall-door, with its two broad flat stone steps, there was nothing better than a gravelled square, somewhat mossy in the corners, and marked by the trace of wheels; but round the south wing there swept a sort of terrace, known by no more dignified name than that of "The Walk," from which the ground sloped downwards, broken at a lower level by the formal little parterres of an old-fashioned flower-garden. The view from the Walk was of no very striking beauty, but it had the charm of breadth and distance—a soft sweep of undulating country, with an occasional glimpse of a lively trout-stream gleaming here and there out of its covert of crags and trees, and a great, varied, and ever-changing world of sky,—not

a prospect which captivated a stranger, but one which, growing familiar day by day and year by year, was henceforth missed like something out of their lives by the people who, being used to it, had learned to love that silent companionship of nature. It was the sort of view which a man pauses, not to look at but to see, even when he is pacing up and down his library thinking of John Thomson's demand for farm improvements, or, heavier thought, about his balance at his bankers: and which solaces the eyes of a tired woman, giving them rest and refreshment through all the vicissitudes of life. People sought it instinctively in moods of reflection, in moments of watching, at morning and at twilight, whenever any change was going on in that great exhaustless atmosphere, bounded by nothing but the pale distance of the round horizon,—and when was it that there was no change in that atmosphere?—clouds drifting, shadows flying, gleams of light like sudden revelations affording new knowledge of earth and heaven.

On the day on which the reader is asked first to visit this house of Dalrulzian, great things were happening in it. It was the end of one *régime* and the beginning of another. The master of the house, a young man who had been brought up at a distance, was coming home, and the family which had lived in it for years was taking its leave of the place.

The last spot which they visited and on which they lingered was the Walk. When the packing was over, the final remnants gathered up, the rooms left in that melancholy bareness into which rooms relapse when the prettinesses and familiarities of habitation have been swept away, the remaining members of the family came out with pensive faces, and stood together gazing somewhat wistfully upon the familiar scene. They had looked on many that were more fair. They were going to a landscape of greater beauty further south—brighter, richer, warmer in foliage and natural wealth; but all this did not keep a certain melancholy out of their eyes. The younger of the party, Nora Barrington, cried a little, her lip quivering, a big tear or two running over. "It is foolish to feel it so much," her mother said. "How is it one feels it so much? I did not admire Dalrulzian at all when we came."

"Out of perversity," said her husband; but he did not smile even at the cleverness of his own remark.

Nora regarded her father with a sort of tender rage. "It is all very well for you," she said; "one place is the same as another to you. But I was such a little thing when we came here. To you it is one place among many; to me it is home."

"If you take it so seriously, Nora, we shall have you making up to young Erskine for the love of his house."

"Edward," cried Mrs Barrington in a tone of reproof, "I feel disposed to cry too. We have had a great many happy days in it. But don't let old Rolls see you crying, Nora. Here he is coming to say good-bye. When do you expect Mr Erskine, Rolls? You must tell him we were sorry not to see him; but he will prefer to find his house free when he returns. I hope he will be as happy at Dalrulzian as we have been since we came here."

"Wherefore would he no be happy, mem? He is young and weel off: and you'll no forget it's his own house."

Rolls had stepped out from one of the windows to take farewell of

the family, whom he was sorry to lose, yet anxious to get rid of. There was in him the satisfied air of the man who remains in possession, and whose habits are unaffected by the coming and going of ephemeral beings such as tenants. The Barringtons had been at Dalrulzian for more than a dozen years; but what was that to the old servant who had seen them arrive and saw them go away with the same imperturbable aspect? He stood relieved against the wall in his well-brushed black coat, concealing a little emotion under a watchful air of expectancy just touched with impatience. Rolls had condescended more or less to the English family all the time they had been there, and he was keeping up his *rôle* to the last, anxious that they should perceive how much he wanted to see them off the premises. Mrs Barrington, who liked everybody to like her, was vexed by this little demonstration of indifference; but the Colonel laughed. "I hope Mr Erskine will give you satisfaction," he said. "Come, Nora, you must not take root in the Walk. Don't you see that Rolls wishes us away?"

"Dear old Walk!" cried Nora; "dear Dalrulzian!" She rolled the *r* in the name, and turned the *z* into a *y* (which is the right way of pronouncing it), as if she had been to the manner born; and though an English young lady, had as pretty a fragrance of northern Scotland in her voice as could be desired. Rolls did not trust himself to look at this pretty figure lingering, drying wet eyes, until she turned round upon him suddenly, holding out her hands: "The moment we are off, before we are down the avenue, you will be wishing us back," she cried with vehemence; "you can't deceive *me*. You would like to cry too, if you were not ashamed," said the girl, with a smile and a sob, shaking the two half-unwilling hands she had seized.

"Me cry! I've never done that since I came to man's estate," cried Rolls indignantly, but after a suspicious pause. "As for wishing you back, Miss Nora, wishing you were never to go,—wishing you would grow to the Walk, as the Cornel says——" This was so much from such a speaker, that he turned, and added in a changed tone, "You'll have grand weather for your journey, Cornel. But you must mind the twa ferries, and no be late starting,"—a sudden reminder which broke up the little group, and made an end of the scene of leave-taking. It was the farewell volley of friendly animosity with which Rolls put a stop to his own perverse inclination to be soft-hearted over the departure of the English tenants. "He could not let us go without that parting shot," the "Cornel" said, as he put his wife into the jingling "coach" from the station, which, every better vehicle having been sent off beforehand, was all that remained to carry them away.

The Barringtons during their residence at Dalrulzian had been received into the very heart of the rural society, in which at first there had sprung up a half-grudge against the almost unknown master of the place, whose coming was to deprive them of a family group so pleasant and so bright. The tenants themselves, though their turn was over, felt instinctively as if they were expelled for the benefit of our intruder, and entertained this grudge warmly. "Mr Erskine might just as well have stayed away," Nora said. "He can't care about it as we do." Her mother laughed and chid, and shared the sentiment.

"But then it's 'his ain place,' as old Rolls says." "And I daresay he thinks there is twice as much shooting," said the Colonel, complacently: "I did, when we came. He'll be disappointed, you'll see." This gave him a faint sort of satisfaction. In Nora's mind there was a different consolation, which yet was not a consolation, but a mixture of expectancy and curiosity, and that attraction which surrounds an unconscious enemy. She was going to make acquaintance with this supplanter, this innocent foe, who was turning them out of their home because it was his home—the most legitimate reason. She was about to pay a series of visits in the country, to the various neighbours, who were all fond of her and reluctant to part with her. Perhaps her mother had some idea of the vague scheme of match-making which had sprung up in some minds, a plan to bring the young people together; for what could be more suitable than a match between John Erskine, the young master of Dalrulzian, who knew nothing about his native county, and Nora Barrington, who was its adopted child, and loved the old house as much as if she had been born in it? Mrs Barrington, perhaps, was not quite unconscious of this plan, though not a word had been said by any of these innocent plotters. For indeed what manner of man young Erskine was, and whether he was worthy of Nora, or in the least likely to please her, were things altogether unknown to the county, where he had not been seen for the last dozen years.

Anyhow he was coming as fast as the railway could carry him, while Nora took leave of her parents at the station. The young man then on his way was not even aware of her existence, though she knew all about him — or rather about his antecedents; for about John Erskine himself no one in the neighbourhood had much information. He had not set foot in the county since he was a boy of tender years and unformed character, whose life had been swallowed up in that of an alien family, of pursuits and ideas far separated from those of his native place. It almost seemed, indeed, as if it were far from a happy arrangement of Providence which made young John Erskine the master of this small estate in the North; or rather, perhaps, to mount a little higher, we might venture to say that it was a very embarrassing circumstance, and the cause of a great deal of confusion in this life that Henry Erskine, his father, should have died when he did. Whatever might be the consequences of that step to himself, to others it could scarcely be characterised but as a mistake. That young man had begun to live an honest, wholesome life, as a Scotch country gentleman should; and if he had continued to exist, his wife would have been like other country gentlemen's wives, and his child, brought up at home, would have grown like the heather in adaptation to the soil. But when he was so ill advised as to die, confusion of every kind ensued. The widow was young, and Dalrulzian was solitary. She lived there, devoutly and conscientiously doing her duty, for some years. Then she went abroad, as everybody does, for that change of air and scene which is so necessary to our lives. And in Switzerland she met a clergyman, to whom change had also been necessary, and who was "taking the duty" in a mountain caravansary of tourists. What opportunities there are in such a position! She was pensive, and he was sympathetic. He had a sister, whom she invited to Dalrulzian, "if she did not mind winter in the

North;" and Miss Kingsford did not mind winter anywhere, so long as it was for her brother's advantage. The end was that Mrs Erskine became Mrs Kingsford, to the great though silent astonishment of little John, now eleven years old, who could not make it out. They remained at Dalrulzian for a year or two, for Mr Kingsford rather liked the shooting, and the power of asking a friend or two to share it. But at the end of that time he got a living—a good living; for events, whether good or evil, never come singly; and, taking John's interests into full consideration, it was decided that the best thing to be done was to let the house. Everybody thought this advisable, even John's old grand-aunt in Dunearn, of whom his mother was more afraid than of all her trustees put together. It was with fear and trembling that she had ventured to unfold this hesitating intention to the old lady. "Mr Kingsford thinks"—and then it occurred to the timid little woman that Mr Kingsford's opinion as to the disposal of Henry Erskine's house might not commend itself to Aunt Barbara. "Mr Monypenny says," she added, faltering; then stopped and looked with alarm in Miss Erskine's face.

"What are you frightened for, my dear? Mr Kingsford has a right to his opinion, and Mr Monypenny is a very discreet person, and a capital man of business."

"They think—it would be a good thing for—John;—for, Aunt Barbara, he is growing a big boy,—we must be thinking of his education——"

"That's true," said the old lady, with the smile that was the grimmest thing about her. It was very uphill work continuing a laboured explanation under the light of this smile.

"And he cannot—be educated—here."

"Wherefore no? I cannot see that, my dear. His father was educated in Edinburgh, which is what I suppose you mean by *here*. Many a fine fellow's been bred up at Edinburgh College, I can tell you; more than you'll find in any other place I ever heard of. Eh! what ails you at Edinburgh? It's well known to be an excellent place for schools—schools of all kinds."

"Yes, Aunt Barbara. But then you know, John:—they say he will have such a fine position—a long minority and a good estate—they say he should have the best education that—England can give."

"You'll be for sending him to that idol of the English," said the old lady, "a public school, as they call it. As if all our Scotch schools from time immemorial hadn't been public schools! Well, and after that——"

"It is only an idea," said little Mrs Kingsford, humbly—"not settled, nor anything like settled; but they say if I were to let the house——"

Aunt Barbara's grey eyes flashed; perhaps they were slightly green, as ill-natured people said. But she fired her guns in the air, so to speak, and once more grimly smiled. "I saw something very like all this in your wedding-cards, Mary," she said. "No, no, no apologies. I will not like to see a stranger in my father's house; but that's nothing, that's no-thing. I will not say but it's very judicious; only you'll mind the boy's an Erskine, and here he'll have to lead his life. Mind and not make too much of an Englishman out of a Scotch lad, for he'll have to live his life here."

"Too much of an Englishman!" Mr Kingsford cried, when this conversation was reported to him. "I am afraid your old lady is an old fool, Mary. How could he be too much of an Englishman? Am *I*

out of place here? Does not the greater breeding include the less?" he said, with his grand air. His wife did not always quite follow his meaning, but she always believed in it as something that merited understanding; and she was quite as deeply convinced as if she had understood. And accordingly the house was let to Colonel Barrington, who had not a "place" of his own, though his elder brother had, and the Kingsfords "went South" to their rectory, with which John's mother in particular was mightily pleased. It was in a far richer country than that which surrounded Dalrulzian,—a land flowing with milk and cheese, if not honey,—full of foliage and flowers. Mrs Kingsford, having been accustomed only to Scotland, was very much elated with the luxuriant beauty of the place. She spoke of "England" as the travelled speak of Italy,—as if this climate of ours, which we abuse so much, was paradise. She thought "the English" so frank, so open, so demonstrative. To live in "the South" seemed the height of happiness to her. Innocent primitive Scotch gentlewomen are prone to talk in this way. Mr Kingsford, who knew better, and who himself liked to compare notes with people who winter in Italy, did what he could to check her exuberance, but she was too simple to understand why.

John, her son, did not share her feelings at first. John was generally confused and disturbed in his mind by all that had happened. He had not got over his wonder at the marriage, when he was carried off to this new and alien home. He did not say much. There was little opening by which he could communicate his feelings. He could not disapprove, being too young; and now that Mr Kingsford was always there, the boy had no longer the opportunity to influence his mother as, young as he was, he had hitherto done—"tyrannise over his mother," some people called it. All that was over. Much puzzled, the boy was dropped back into a properly subordinate position, which no doubt was much better for him; but it was a great change. To do him justice, he was never insubordinate; but he looked at his mother's husband with eyes out of which the perplexity never died. There was a permanent confusion ever after in his sense of domestic relationships, and the duty he owed to his seniors and superiors; for he never quite knew how it was that Mr Kingsford had become the master of his fate, though a certain innate pride, as well as his love of his mother, taught him to accept the yoke which he could not throw off. Mr Kingsford was determined to do his duty by John. He vowed when he gave the somewhat reluctant, proud little Scotsman—feeling himself at eleven too old to be kissed—a solemn embrace, that he would do the boy "every justice." He should have the best education, the most careful guardianship; and Mr Kingsford kept his word. He gave the boy an ideal education from his own point of view. He sent him to Eton, and, when the due time came, to Oxford, and considered his advantage in every way; and it is needless to say, that as John grew up, the sensation of incongruity, the wonder that was in his mind as to this sudden interference with all the natural arrangements of his life, died away. It came to be a natural thing to him that Mr Kingsford should have charge of his affairs. And he went home to the rectory for the holidays to find now and then a new baby, but all in the quiet natural way of use and wont, with

no longer anything that struck him as strange in his relationships. And yet he was put out of the natural current of his life. Boy as he was, he thought sometimes, not only of special corners in the woods, and turns of the stream, where he nibbled as a boy at the big sports, which are the life of men in the country—but above all, of the house, the landscape, the great sweep of land and sky, of which, when he shut his eyes, he could always conjure up a vague vision. He thought of it with a sort of grudge that it was not within his reach—keen at first, but afterwards very faint and slight, as the boy's sentiments died away in those of the man.

Meanwhile it was an excellent arrangement, who could doubt, for John's interest—instead of keeping up the place, to have a rent for it; and he had the most excellent man of business, who nursed his estate like a favourite child; so that when his minority was over, and Colonel Barrington's lease out, John Erskine was in a more favourable position than any one of his name had been for some generations. The estate was small. When his father died, exclusive of Mrs Erskine's jointure, there was not much more than a thousand a-year to come out of it; and on fifteen hundred a-year his father had thought himself very well off, and a happy man. In the meantime, there had been accumulations which added considerably to this income, almost making up the sum which Mrs Kingsford enjoyed for her life. And John had always been treated at the rectory as a golden youth, happily exempted from all the uncertainty and the need of making their own way, which his stepfather announced, shaking his head, to be the fate of his own boys. Her eldest son, who was in "such a different position," was a great pride to Mrs Kingsford, even when it seemed to her half an injury that her other children should have no share in his happiness. But indeed she consoled herself by reflecting, an eldest son is always in a very different position; and no elder brother could have been kinder—voluntarily undertaking to send Reginald to Eton, "which was a thing we never could have thought of with no money," as soon as he came of age; and in every way comporting himself as a good son and brother.

There were, however, points in this early training which were bad for John. He acquired an exaggerated idea of the importance of this position of his. He was known both at school and college as a youth of property, the representative of a county family. These words mean more at Eton and Oxford than they require to do at Edinburgh or St Andrews. And in these less expensive precincts, Erskine of Dalrulzian would have been known for what he was. Whereas in "the South" nobody knew anything about the dimensions of his estate, or the limits of his income, and everybody supposed him a young north-country potentate, with perhaps a castle or two and unlimited "moors,"—who would be an excellent fellow to know as soon as he came into his own. This was John's own opinion in all these earlier days of youth. He did not know what his income was; and had he known, the figures would not have meant anything particular to him. A thousand a-year seems to imply a great deal of spending to a youth on an allowance of three hundred; and he accepted everybody's estimate of his importance with pleased satisfaction. After all the explanations

which followed his coming of age, he had indeed a touch of disenchantment and momentary alarm, feeling the details to be less splendid than he had expected. But Mr Monypenny evidently considered them anything but insignificant—and a man of his experience, the youth felt, was bound to know. He had gone abroad in the interval between leaving Oxford and coming "home" to take possession of his kingdom. He was not dissipated or extravagant, though he had spent freely. He was a good specimen of a young man of his time—determined that everything about him should be in "good form," and very willing to do his duty and be *bon prince* to his dependants. And he anticipated with pleasure the life of a country gentleman, such as he had seen it in his mother's neighbourhood, and in several houses of his college friends to which he had been invited. Sometimes, indeed, it would occur to him that his recollections of Dalrulzian were on a less extensive scale; but a boy's memory is always flattering to a home which he has not seen since his earliest years. Thus it was with a good deal of pleasant excitement that he set out from Milton Magna, his stepfather's rectory, where he had gone to see his mother and the children for a week or two on his return from the Continent. The season was just beginning, but John, full of virtue and hope, decided that he would not attempt to indulge in the pleasures of the season. Far better to begin his real life, to make acquaintance with his home and his "people," than to snatch a few balls and edge his way through a few crowded receptions, and feel himself nobody. This was not a thing which John much liked. He had been somebody all his life. Easter had been early that year, and everything was early. He stayed in town a week or two, saw all that was going on at the theatres, got all the last information that was to be had at the club on parliamentary matters, waited a day more "to see the pictures," and then set off on his homeward way. He had everything a young man of fortune requires, except a servant, for his habits were independent. He had been "knocking about," and there was no room at the rectory for such an appendage. So he took his own ticket, and himself saw his multifarious portmanteaus placed in the van which was to go "through." There were a great many mingled elements in his pleasure,—the satisfaction of "coming to his kingdom;" the pleasure of renewing old associations, and taking his natural place; the excitement of novelty—for it would all be as new to him, this home which he had not seen for a dozen years, as if he had never been there before. From thirteen to five-and-twenty, what a difference! He began to look about him with a new sensation as the morning rose after that long night-journey, and he felt himself approaching home.

CHAPTER II.

Old Rolls had been butler at Dalrulzian since John Erskine was a child. He had "stayed on" after Mrs Erskine's second marriage with reluctance, objecting seriously to a step-master at all, and still more to one that was an "English minister;" but the house had many attractions for him. He liked the place; his sister was the cook, a very station-

ary sort of woman, who had the greatest disinclination to move. She was a sort of human cat, large and smooth and good-natured, almost always purring, satisfied with herself and all who were moderately good to her; and, as was natural, she made the butler very comfortable, and was extremely attentive to all his little ways. When Colonel Barrington took the house, Rolls once more expressed his determination to leave. "What for?" said the placid Bauby; "the gentleman was keen to have a' the servants—a' the servants that would bide." "A' the servants! there's so many of us," said Rolls, derisively. There was indeed only himself, the cook, and one housemaid; the other, who had charge of John in his earlier days, and still was attached to him more or less, had gone with the family—and so, of course, had Mrs Kingsford's maid. "We'll mak' a grand show in the servants' hall—we're just a garrison," Rolls said. "We're plenty for a' the work there is the now," said the mild woman, "and they'll bring some with them. What ails ye to bide? You're real well aff—and me that kens exactly how you like your meat. Where would you be studied as I study you? You may just be thankful it's in your power." "It was with the Erskines I took service," said Rolls. "I'm no sure that I could put up with strangers, and them just travelling English. Besides, I've never been clear that service is my vocation. A kent family is one thing, a foreign master another. Him and me would very likely no get on—or them and me would no get on. All went very well in the last reign. Hairy Erskine was a gentleman, like all his forebears before him; but how am I to tell who is this Cornel, or whatever they ca' him—a man I never heard tell of before? I'll give them over the keys, and maybe I'll wait till they're suited, but nobody can ask me to do more."

"Hoot, Tammas!" said his sister: which was the highest height of remonstrance she ever reached. Notwithstanding this, however, year after year Rolls had "stayed on." He was very distinct in pointing out to "the Cornel" the superiority of his native masters, and the disadvantage to Scotland of having so many of the travelling English taking up the houses of the gentry; but he was an excellent servant, and his qualities in this way made up for his defects in the other—if, indeed, those defects did not tell in his favour; for a Scotch servant who is a character is, like a ghost, a credit to any old and respectable house. The Barringtons were proud of old Rolls. They laid temptations in his way and made him talk whenever they had visitors; and his criticisms on the English, and the opinions which he freely enunciated on all subjects, had often kept the party in amusement. Rolls, however, had not been able to defend himself against a certain weakness for the children, specially for Nora, who was very small when the family came to Dalrulzian, and whom he had brought up, as he flattered himself, regretting much all the time that she was not an Erskine and natural-born daughter of the house. Rolls did not by any means see the departure of the Barringtons unmoved, notwithstanding that he hurried them away. He stood for a long time looking after the "coach," which was a sort of rude omnibus, as it jolted down the avenue. The old servant stood in the clear morning air, through which every creak of the jingling harness and every jolt of the wheels sounded so distinctly, and the voice of Jock Beaton apostrophising his worn-out

horse, and watched the lingering departure with feelings of a very mingled description. "There's *feenis* put to that chapter," he said to himself aloud. "We're well rid of them." But he lingered as long as the yellow panels could be seen gleaming through the trees at the turn of the road, without any of the jubilation in his face which he expressed in his words. At that last turn, just when the "coach" reached the highroad, something white was waved from the window, which very nearly made an end of Rolls. He uttered something which at first sounded like a sob, but was turned into a laugh, so to speak, before it fell into that tell-tale air which preserved every gradation of sound. "It's that bit thing!" Rolls said, more sentimental than perhaps he had ever been in his life. His fine feeling was, however, checked abruptly. "You're greetin' yourself, Tammas," said a soft round voice, interrupted by sobs, over his shoulder. "Me greetin'!" he turned round upon her with a violence that, if Bauby had been less substantial and less calm, would have driven her to the other end of the house; "I'm just laughin' to see the nonsense you women-folk indulge in: but it's paardonable in the case of a bit creature like Miss Nora. And I allow they have a right to feel it. Where will they find a bonnie place like Dalrulzian, and next to nothing in the way of rent or keeping up? But I'm thankful mysel to see the nest cleared out, and the real man in it. What are you whimpering about? It's little you've seen of them, aye in your kitchen." "Me seen little of them!" cried Bauby, roused to a kind of soft indignation; "the best part of an hour with the mistress every day of my life, and as kind a sympathising woman! There'll be nae leddy now to order the dinners—and that's a great responsibility, let alone anything else." "Go away with your responsibility. I'll order your dinners," said Rolls. "Well," said Bauby, not without resignation, "to be a servant, and no born a gentleman, you've aye been awfu' particular about your meat." And she withdrew consoled, though drying her eyes, to wonder if Mr John would be "awfu' particular about his meat," or take whatever was offered to him, after the fashion of some young men. Meat, it must be explained, to Bauby Rolls meant food of all descriptions — not only that which she would herself have correctly and distinctly distinguished as "butcher's meat."

The house was very empty and desolate after all the din and bustle. The furniture had faded in the quarter of a century and more which had elapsed since Harry Erskine furnished his drawing-room for his bride. That had not been a good period for furniture, according to our present lights, and everything looked dingy and faded. The few cosy articles with which the late tenants had changed its character had been removed; the ornaments and prettinesses were all gone. The gay limp old chintzes, the faded carpet, the walls in sad want of renewal, obtruded themselves even upon the accustomed eye of Rolls. The nest might be cleared, but it looked a somewhat forlorn and empty nest. He stood upon the threshold of the drawing-room, contemplating it mournfully. A little of that "cheeney and nonsense" which he had been highly indignant with Mrs Barrington for bringing, would have been of the greatest consequence now to brighten the walls; and a shawl or a hat thrown on a chair, which had called forth from old Rolls many a grumble

in the past, would have appeared to him now something like a sign of humanity in the desert. But all that was over, and the old servant, painfully sensible of the difference in the aspect of the place, began to grow afraid of its effect upon the young master. If, after all, John should not be "struck with" his home! if, terrible to think of, he might prefer some house "in the South" to Dalrulzian! "But it's no possible," said Rolls to himself. He made a survey of all the rooms in the new anxiety that dawned upon him. The library was better; there were a good many books on the shelves, and it had not to Rolls the air of desertion the other rooms had. He lighted a fire in it, though it was the first week in May, and took great pains to restore by it an air of comfort and habitation. Then he took a walk down the avenue in order to make a critical examination of the house from a little distance, to see how it would look to the new-comer. And Rolls could not but think it a most creditable-looking house. The fir-trees on the top of the hill threw up their sombre fan of foliage against the sky; the birches were breathing forth a spring sweetness—the thin young foliage softly washed in with that tenderest of greens against the darker background, seemed to appeal to the spectator, forbidding any hasty judgment, with the promise of something beautiful to come. The ash-trees were backward no doubt, but they are always backward. In the wood the primroses were appearing in great clusters, and the parterres under the terrace were gay with the same. Rolls took comfort as he gazed. The avenue was all green, the leaves in some sunny corners quite shaken out of their husks, in all bursting hopefully. "It's a bonnie place," Rolls said to himself, with a sigh of excitement and anxiety. Bauby, who shared his feelings in a softened, fat, comfortable way of her own, was standing in the doorway, with her little shawl pinned over her broad chest, and a great white apron blazing in the light of the morning sun. She had a round face, like a full moon, and a quantity of yellow hair smoothed under the white cap, which was decorously tied under her chin. She did not take any of the dignity of a housekeeper-cook upon her, but she was a comfortable creature to behold, folding her round arms, with the sleeves rolled up a little, and looking out with a slight curve, like a shadow of the pucker on her brother's brows, in her freckled forehead. She was ready to cry for joy when Mr John appeared, just as she had cried for sorrow when the Barringtons went away. Neither of these effusions of sentiment would disturb her greatly, but they were quite genuine all the same. Rolls felt that the whiteness of her apron and the good-humour of her face lit up the seriousness of the house. He began to give her her instructions as he advanced across the open space at the top of the avenue. "Bauby," he said, "when ye hear the wheels ye'll come, and the lasses with you; and Andrew, he can stand behind; and me, naturally I'll be in the front: and we'll have no whingeing, if *you* please, but the best curtsey you can make, and 'We're glad to see you home, sir,' or something cheery like that. He's been long away, and he was but a boy when he went. We'll have to take care that he gets a good impression of his ain house."

"That's true," said Bauby. "Tammas, I've heard of them that after a long absence have just taken a kind o' scunner——"

"Hold your tongue with your

nonsense. A scunner at Dalrulzian!" cried Rolls; but the word sank into the depths of his heart. A scunner—for we scorn a footnote—is a sudden sickening and disgust with an object not necessarily disagreeable—a sort of fantastic prejudice, which there is no struggling against. But Rolls repeated his directions, and would not allow himself to entertain such a fear.

It was not, however, with any sound of wheels, triumphal or otherwise, that young Erskine approached his father's house. It was all new and strange to him; the hills—the broad and wealthy carses through which he had passed—the noble Firth, half sea half river, which he had crossed over in his way,—all appeared to him like landscapes in a dream, places he had seen before, though he could not tell how or when. It was afternoon when he reached Dunearn, which was the nearest place of any importance. He had chosen to stop there instead of at the little country station a few miles further on, which was proper for Dalrulzian. This caprice had moved him, much in the same way as a prince has sometimes been moved to wander about *incognito*, and glean the opinions of his public as to his own character and proceedings. Princes in fiction are fond of this diversion; why not a young Scotch laird just coming into his kingdom, whose person was quite unknown to his future vassals? It amused and gently excited him to think of thus arriving unknown, and finding out with what eyes he was looked upon: for he had very little doubt that he was important enough to be discussed and talked of, and that the opinions of the people would throw a great deal of light to him upon the circumstances and peculiarities of the place. He was curious about everything,—the little grey Scotch town, clinging to its hillside—the freshness of the spring colour—the width of the wistful blue sky, banked and flecked with white clouds, and never free, with all its brightness, from a suspicion of possible rain. He thought he recollected them all like things he had seen in a dream; and that sense of travelling *incognito* and arriving without any warning in the midst of a little world, all eagerly looking for his arrival, but which should be innocently deceived by his unpretending appearance, tickled his fancy greatly. He was five-and-twenty, and ought to have known better; but there was something in the circumstances which justified his excitement. He skimmed lightly along the quiet country road, saying to himself that he thought he remembered the few clusters of houses that were visible here and there, one of them only big enough to be called a village, where there was "a merchant's" shop, repository of every kind of ware, and a blacksmith's smithy. Two or three times he stopped to ask the way to Dalrulzian out of pure pleasure in the question; for he never lost sight of that line of fir-trees against the horizon, which indicated his native hill; but after he had put this question once or twice, it must be added that young Erskine's satisfaction in it failed a little. He ceased to feel the excitement of his *incognito*, the pleasure of entering his dominions like a young prince in disguise. The imagination of the women at the village doors, the chance passengers on the way, were not occupied with the return of John Erskine; they were much more disposed to think and talk of the others who had no right, it seemed to him, to occupy their thoughts.

"Dalrulzian! you'll find no-

body there the day," said a countryman whom he overtook and accosted on the road. "The family's away this morning, and a great loss they will be to the country-side."

"The family!" said John, and he felt that his tone was querulous in spite of himself. "I did not understand that there was a family."

"Ay was there, and one that will be missed sore; both gentle and simple will miss them. Not the real family, but as good, or maybe better," the man said, with a little emphasis, as if he meant offence, and knew who his questioner was.

The young man reddened in spite of himself. This was not the kind of popular report which in his *incognito* he had hoped to hear.

"The laird is what they call in Ireland an absentee," said his companion. "We're no minding muckle in Scotland if they're absentees or no; they can please themsels. But there's nae family of the Erskines—nothing but a young lad; and the Cornel that's had the house was a fine, hearty, weel-spoken man, with a good word for everybody; and the ladies very kind, and pleasant, and neighbour-like. Young Erskine must be a young laird past the ordinar if he can fill their place."

"But, so far as I understand, the estate belongs to him, does it not?" Erskine asked, with an involuntary sharpness in his voice.

"Oh ay, it belongs to him; that makes but sma' difference. Ye're no bound to be a fine fellow," said the roadside philosopher, with great calmness, "because ye're the laird of a bit sma' country place——"

"Is it such a small place?" cried the poor young prince *incognito*, appalled by this revelation. He felt almost childishly annoyed and mortified. His companion eyed him with a cool half-satirical gaze.

"You're maybe a friend of the young man? Na, I'm saying nae ill of the place nor of him. Dalrulzian's a fine little property, and a' in good order, thanks to auld Monypenny in Dunearn. Maybe you're from Dunearn? It's a place that thinks muckle of itself; but nae doubt it would seem but a poor bit town to you coming from the South?"

"How do you know I come from the South?" said John.

"Oh, I ken the cut of ye fine," said the man. "I'm no easy deceived. And I daur to say you could tell us something about this new laird. There's different opinions about him. Some thinks him a lad with brains, that could be put up for the county and spite the Earl. I've no great objection mysel to the Earl or his opinions, but to tak' another man's nominee, if he was an angel out of heaven, is little credit to an enlightened constituency. So there's been twa-three words. You'll no know if he has ony turn for politics, or if he's a clever lad, or——"

"You don't seem to mind what his politics are," said the unwary young man.

His new friend gave him another keen glance. "The Erskines," he answered quietly, "are a' on the right side."

Now John Erskine was aware that he did not himself possess political opinions sufficiently strenuous to be acknowledged by either side. He agreed sometimes with one party, sometimes with another, which, politically speaking, is the most untenable of all positions. And so ignorant was he of the immediate traditions of his family, that he could not divine which was "the right side" on which the Erskines were sure to be. It was not a question upon which his mother could have informed him.

As Mr Kingsford's wife, an orthodox Church of England clergywoman, she was, of course, soundly Conservative, and thought she hated everything that called itself Liberal—which word she devoutly believed to include all kinds of radical, revolutionary, and atheistical sentiments. John himself had been a good Tory too when he was at Eton, but at Oxford had veered considerably, running at one time into extreme opinions on the other side, then veering back, and finally settling into a hopeless eclectic, who by turns sympathised with everybody, but agreed wholly with nobody. Still it was whimsical not even to know the side on which the Erskines were declared with so much certainty to be. It pleased him at least to find that they had character enough to have traditionary politics at all.

"You must excuse me as a stranger," he said, "if I don't quite know what side you regard as the —right side."

His friend looked at him with a sarcastic gaze—a look John felt which set him down not only as devoid of ordinary intelligence, but of common feeling. "It's clear to see you are not of that way of thinking," he said.

As he uttered this contemptuous verdict they came opposite to a gate, guarded by a pretty thatched cottage which did duty for a lodge. John felt his heart give a jump, notwithstanding the abashed yet amused sensation with which he felt himself put down. It was the gate of Dalrulzian: he remembered it as if he had left it yesterday. A woman came to the gate and looked out, shielding her eyes with her hand from the level afternoon sun that shone into them. "Have you seen anything of our young master, John Tamson?" she said. "I'm aye thinking it's him every sound I hear."

"There's the road," said the rural politician, briefly addressing John; then he turned to the woman at the gate. "If it's no him, I reckon it's a friend. Ye had better pit your questions here," he said.

"John Thomson," said John, with some vague gleam of recollection. "Are you one of the farmers?" The man looked at him with angry, the woman with astonished, eyes.

"My freend," said John Thomson, indignantly, "I wouldna wonder but you have plenty of book-learning; but you're an ignorant young fop for a' that, if you were twenty times the laird's freend."

John for his part was too much startled and amused to be angry. "Am I an ignorant young fop?" he said. "Well, it is possible —but why in this particular case——"

"Noo, noo," said the woman, who left the lodge, coming forward with her hands spread out, and a tone of anxious conciliation. "Dear bless me! what are you bickering about? He's no a farmer, but he's just as decent a man—nobody better thought of for miles about. And, John Tamson, I'm astonished at you! Can you no let the young gentleman have his joke without taking offence like this, that was never meent?"

"I like nae such jokes," said John Tamson, angrily; and he went off swinging down the road at a great pace. John stood looking after him for a moment greatly perplexed. The man did not touch his hat nor the woman curtsey as they certainly would have done at Milton Magna. He passed her mechanically without thinking of her, and went in at his own gate—not thinking of that either, though it was an event in his life. This little occurrence had given an im-

pulse in another direction to his thoughts.

But the woman of the lodge called after him. She had made a slightly surprised objection to his entrance, which he did not notice in his preoccupation. "Sir, sir!" she cried—"you're welcome to walk up the avenue, which is a bonnie walk; but you'll find nobody in the house. The young laird, if it was him you was wanting to see, is expected every minute; but there's no signs of him as yet—and he canna come now till the four o'clock train."

"Thank you. I'll walk up the avenue," said John, and then he turned back. "Why did you think I was making a joke? and why was your friend offended when I asked if he was one of the farmers?—it was no insult, I hope."

"He's a very decent man, sir," said the woman; "but I wouldna just take it upon me to say that he was my freend."

"That's not the question!" cried John, exasperated—and he felt some gibe about Scotch caution trembling on the tip of his tongue; but he remembered in time that he was himself a Scot and among his own people, and he held that unruly member still.

"Weel, sir," said the woman, "if ye will ken—but, bless me! it's easy to see for yourself. The farmers about here are just as well put on and mounted and a' that as you are. John Tamson! he's a very decent man, as good as any of them—but he's just the joiner after a', and a cotter's son. He thought you were making a fool of him, and he's not a man to be made a fool o'. We're no so civil-like—nor may be so humble-minded, for anything I can tell—as the English, sir. Baith the Cornel and his lady used to tell me that."

It was with a mixture of irritation and amusement that John pursued his way after this little encounter. And an uncomfortable sensation, a chill, seemed to creep over his mind, and arrest his pleasurable expectations as he went on. The avenue was not so fine a thing as its name implied. It was not lined with noble trees, nor did it sweep across a green universe of parks and lawns like many he had known. It led instead up the slope of the hill, through shrubberies which were not more than copsewood in some places, and under lightly arching trees not grand enough or thick enough to afford continuous shade. And yet it was sweet in the brightness of the spring tints, the half-clothed branches relieved against that variable yet smiling sky, the birds in full-throated chorus, singing welcome with a hundred voices,—no nightingales there, but whole tribes of the "mavis and the merle," north-country birds and kindly. His heart and mind were touched alike with that half-pathetic pleasure, that mixture of vague recollections and forgetfulness, with which we meet the half-remembered faces, and put out our hands to meet the grasp of old friends still faithful though scarcely known. A shadow of the childish delight with which he had once explored these scanty yet fresh and friendly woods came breathing about him: "The winds came to me from the fields of sleep." He felt himself like two people: one, a happy boy at home, familiar with every corner; the other a man, a spectator, sympathetically excited, faltering upon the forgotten way, wondering what lay round the next curve of the road. It was the strangest blending of the known and the unknown.

But when John Erskine came suddenly, as he turned the corner of that great group of ash-trees, in sight of his house, these vague sen-

sations, which were full of sweetness, came to an end with a sharp jar and shock of the real. Dalrulzian was a fact of the most solid dimensions, and dispersed in a moment all his dreams. He felt himself come down suddenly through the magical air, with a sensation of falling, with his feet upon the common soil. So that was his home! He felt in a moment that he remembered it perfectly,—that there had never been any illusions about it in his mind,—that he had known all along every line of it, every step of the gables, the number of the little windows, the slopes of the grey roof. But it is impossible to describe the keen sense of disenchantment which went through his mind as he said this to himself. It was not only that the solid reality dispersed his vision, but that it afforded a measure by which to judge himself and his fortunes, till now vaguely and pleasantly exaggerated in his eyes. It is seldom indeed that the dim image of what was great and splendid to us in our childhood does not seem ludicrously exaggerated when we compare it with the reality. He who had felt himself a young prince in disguise, approaching his domains *incognito*, in order to enjoy at his leisure the incense of universal interest, curiosity, and expectation! John Erskine blushed crimson though nobody saw him, as he stood alone at the corner of his own avenue and recognised the mistake he had made, and his own unimportance, and all the folly of his simple over-estimate. Fortunately, indeed, he had brought nobody with him to share in the glories of his entry upon his kingdom. He thanked heaven for that, with a gasp of horror at the thought of the crowning ridicule he had escaped. It was quite hard enough to get over the first startling sensation of reality alone.

And yet it was the same house upon which the Barringtons had looked back so affectionately a few hours before—which the county regarded with approval, and which was visited by the best families. It would be hard to say what its young master had expected,—a dream-castle, a habitation graceful and stately, a something built out of clouds, not out of old Scotch rubble-work and grey stone. It was not looking its best, it must be added. The *corps du logis* lay in gloom, thrown into shade by the projecting rustic gable, upon the other side of which the setting sun still played; the yellowish walls, discoloured here and there by damp, had no light upon them to throw a fictitious glow over their imperfections. The door stood open, showing the hall with its faded fittings, gloomy and unattractive, and, what was more, deserted, as if the house had been abandoned to dreariness and decay—not so much as a dog to give some sign of life. When the young man, rousing himself with an effort, shook off the stupor of his disappointment and vexation, and went on to the open door, his foot on the gravel seemed to wake a hundred unaccustomed echoes: and nobody appeared. He walked in unchallenged, unwelcomed, going from room to room, finding all equally desolate. Was there ever a more dismal coming home? When he reached the library, where a little fire was burning, this token of human life quite went to the young fellow's heart. He was standing on the hearth very gloomy, gazing wistfully at the portrait of a gentleman in a periwig over the mantelpiece, when the door was pushed open and old Rolls appeared with his coat off, carrying a basket of wood. Rolls was as

much startled as his master was disappointed, and he was vexed to be seen by a stranger in so unworthy an occupation. He put down his basket and glanced at his shirt-sleeves with confusion. "I was expecting nobody," he said in his own defence. "And wha may ye be," he added, "that comes into the mansion-house of Dalrulzian without speering permission, or ringing a bell, or chapping at a door?" John smiled at the old man's perplexity, but said nothing. "You'll be a friend of our young master's?" he said, tentatively; then after an interval, in a voice with a quiver in it, "You're no meaning, sir, that you're the laird himself?"

"For want of a better," said John, amused in spite of himself. "And you're old Rolls. I should have known you anywhere. Shake hands, man, and say you're glad to see me. It's like a house of the dead."

"Na, sir, no such things; there's no death here. Lord bless us! wha was to think you would come in stealing like a thief in the night, as the Bible says?" said Rolls, aggrieved. He felt that it was he who was the injured person. "It was all settled how you were to be received as soon as the wheels were heard in the avenue, —me on the steps, and the women behind, and Andrew,—the haill household, to wit. If there's any want of respect, it's your ain fault. And if you'll just go back to the avenue now and give us warning, I'll cry up the women in a moment," the old servant said.

CHAPTER III.

That night dispersed illusions from the mind of John Erskine which it had taken all his life to set up. He discovered in some degree what his real position was, and that it was not a great one. He got rid of many of his high notions as he walked about the pleasant, comfortable, but somewhat dingy old house, which no effort of the imagination could make into a great house. He made acquaintance with the household. Mrs Rolls the cook, who curtseyed and cried for pleasure at the sight of him, and two smiling, fair-haired young women, and old Andrew the gardener—a quite sufficient household for the place he felt, but very different from the army of servants, all so noiseless, punctilious, carefully drilled, whom he had seen at country-houses, with which he had fondly hoped his own might bear comparison. What a fool he had been! These good honest folk have little air of being servants at all. Their respect was far less than their interest in him; and their questions were more like those of poor relatives than hired attendants. "I hope your mammaw is well, Mr John," Bauby the cook had said. "Let the master alone with your Mr Johns," Rolls had interrupted; "he's come to man's estate, and you must learn to be more respectful. The women sir, are all alike; you can never look for much sense from them." "Maybe you're right, Tammas," said Bauby; "but for all that I cannot help saying that its an awfu' pleasure to see Mr John, that was but that height when I saw him last, come home a braw gentleman like what I mind his father." John could do nothing but stand smiling between them, hearing himself thus discussed.

They made it very clear that he had come home where he would be taken ample care of—but how different it was from his thoughts! He thought of the manor-house at Milton Magna, and laughed and blushed at the ridiculous comparisons he had once made. It was a keen sort of self-ridicule, sharp and painful. He did not like to think what a fool he had been. Now he came to think of it, he had quite well remembered Dalrulzian. It was not his youthful imagination that was to blame, but a hundred little self-deceits, and all the things that he had been in the habit of hearing about his own importance and his Scotch property. His mother had done more than any one else to deceive him, he thought; and then he said to himself, "Poor mother!" wondering if, perhaps, her little romance was all involved in Dalrulzian, and if it was a sacred place to her. To think that the Kingsford household was prose, but the early life in which she had been Harry Erskine's wife and little John's mother, the poetry of her existence, was pleasant to her son, who was fond of his mother, though she was not clever, nor even very sensible. John thought, with a blush, of the people whom he had invited to Dalrulzian under that extraordinary mistake—some of his friends at college, young fellows who were accustomed to houses full of company and stables full of horses. There was nothing in the stables at Dalrulzian but the hired horse which had been provided by Rolls in a hired dog-cart to bring him up from the station; and as he looked round upon the room in which he sat after dinner, and which was quite comfortable and highly respectable, though neither dignified nor handsome, poor John burst into a laugh, in which there was more pain than amusement. He seemed to himself to be stranded on a desert shore. What should he do with himself, especially during the long summer, when there could be no hunting, no shooting,—the summer which he had determined to occupy, with a fine sense of duty, in making acquaintance with his house and his surroundings, and in learning all his duties as a country gentleman and person of importance? This thought was so poignant, that it actually touched his eyelids with a sense of moisture. He laughed—but he could have cried. There would turn out, he supposed, to be about three farms on this estate of his; and Scotch farmers were very different people from the small farmers of the South. To talk about his tenants would be absurd. Three pragmatical Scotchmen, much better informed in all practical matters at least than himself, and looking down upon him as an inexperienced young man. What a fool he had been! If he had come down in August for the shooting,—if there was any shooting,—and let his friends understand that it was a mere shooting-box—a "little place in Scotland," such as they hired when they came to the moors,—all would have been well. But he had used no disparaging adjectives in speaking of Dalrulzian. He had called it "my place" boldly, and had believed it to be a kind of old castle—something that probably had been capable of defence in its day. Good heavens! what a fool he had been!

He had thought he would be glad to get to bed, and felt pleased that he was somewhat tired with his journey; but he found that, on the contrary, the night flew by amidst these thoughts,—fathomless

night, slow and dark and noiseless. Rolls had made repeated attempts to draw him into conversation in what that worthy called the fore-night; but by ten o'clock or so, the house was as still as death, not a sound anywhere, and hours passed over him while he sat and thought. A little fire crackled and burned in the grate, with little *pétillements* and bursts of flame. There were a good many books on the shelves; that was always something: and Mrs Rolls had given him an excellent dinner, which he ought to have considered also as a very great alleviation of the situation. John scarcely knew what hour it was when, starting suddenly up in the multitude of his thoughts, he threw open the window which looked upon the Walk, and gazed out moodily upon the night. The night was soft and clear, and the great stretch of the landscape lay dimly defined under a half-veiled poetic sky, over which light floating vapours were moving with a kind of gentle solemnity. There was not light enough to distinguish the individual features of the scene, save here and there a pale gleam of water, a darkness of wood, and the horizon marked by that faint silvery edge which even by night denotes the limit of human vision. The width, the freshness, the stillness, the dewy purity of the air, soothed the young man as he stood and looked out. What was he, a human unit in the great round of space, to be so disconcerted by the little standing-ground he had? He felt abased as he gazed, and a strange sense of looking out upon his life came over him. His future was like that—all vague, breathing towards him a still world full of anticipations, full of things hidden and mysterious—his, and yet not his, as was the soil and the fields. He could mortgage it as he could his estate, but he could not sell it away from him, or get rid of what was in it, whether it carried out his foolish expectations or not. Certainly the sight of this wide scenery, in which he was to perform his part, did him good, though he could not see it. He closed the window, which was heavy, almost with violence, as he came back to the ascertained,—to the limited walls with their books, the old-fashioned original lamp, and crackling fire.

But this sound was very unusual in the house in the middle of the night. Bauby, whose room was next her brother's, knocked upon the wall to rouse him. "D'ye hear that, Tammas? There's somebody trying to get into the house." Her voice came to Rolls faintly muffled by the partition between. He had heard the noise as well as she, but he did not think fit to answer save by a grunt. Then Bauby knocked again more loudly. "Tammas! Man, will ye no put on your breeks and go down and see what it is?" Rolls, for his part, was already in the midst of a calculation. So much plate as there was in the house he had brought up with him to his room. "They cannot steal tables and chairs," he said to himself; "and as for the young laird, if he's not able to take care of himself, he'll be none the better of me for a defender." Audibly he answered, "Hold your tongue, woman. If the master likes to take the air in the sma' hours, what's that to you or me?" There was a pause of dismay on Bauby's part, and then a faint ejaculation of "Lord bless us! take the air!" But she was less easily satisfied than her brother. When John went up-stairs with his candle, he saw a light glimmering in the gallery above, and a figure

in white, far too substantial to be a ghost, leaning over the banisters. "Eh, sir! is it you, Mr John?" Bauby said. "I was feared it was robbers;" and then she added in her round, soft, caressing voice, "but you mustna take the air in the middle of the night: you'll get your death of cold, and then, what will your mammaw say to me, Mr John?" John shut himself up in his room, half laughing, half affronted. It was many years since he had been under the sway of his "mamma" in respect to his hours and habits; and nothing could be more droll than to go back to the kind annoyance of domestic surveillance just at the moment when his manhood and independence were most evident. He laughed, but the encounter brought him back, after he had been partly freed from it, to a consciousness of all his limitations once more.

But things were better in the morning. Unless you have something bitter to reproach yourself with, or some calamity impending over you, things are generally better in the morning. John looked about him with more hopeful eyes. He had an excellent, a truly Scotch, breakfast, which, at five-and-twenty, puts a man in good-humour with himself; and there were one or two features about Dalrulzian which, in the morning sunshine, looked more encouraging. The stables were tolerably good, made habitable, and furnished with some of the latest improvements by Colonel Barrington; and "the policy" was in admirable order,—the turf faultless, the shrubberies flourishing, the trees—well, not like the trees at Milton Magna, but creditable performances for the North. John's countenance cleared as he inspected everything. Rolls led or followed him about with great importance, introducing and explaining. Had he been an English butler, John would have dismissed him very summarily to his pantry; but it was part of the natural *mise en scène* to have a Caleb Balderstone attached to an old Scotch house. He was half proud of this retainer of the family, though he threatened to be something of a bore; even Bauby, and her care for his health, and her sense of responsibility to his "mammaw," was tolerable in this light. When one is born a Scotch laird, one must accept the natural accompaniments of the position; and if they were sometimes annoying, they were at least picturesque. So John put up with Rolls, and "saw the fun" of him with a kind of feeling that Dalrulzian was a Waverley novel, and he himself the hero. He had been seeing things so much through the eyes of his problematical visitors, that he was glad to see this also through their eyes. To them, these servants of his would be altogether "characteristic," and full of "local colour." And then the subtle influence of property began to affect the young man and modify his disappointment. "A poor thing, sir, but mine own," he said to himself. These were "my plantations" that crested the hill; the fishing on the river was said to be excellent, and belonged to Dalrulzian; the moorland on the eastern side of the hill was "my moor." Things began to mend. When he went back again after his examination to the room from which he had started, John found a luncheon spread for him, which was not inferior to the breakfast, and Rolls, in his black coat, having resumed the butler, and thrown off the factotum, but not less disposed to be instructive than before.

"You may as well," young

Erskine said, eating an admirable cutlet, "tell me something about my neighbours, Rolls."

"I'll do that, sir," said Rolls, with cordiality; and then he made a pause. "The first to be named is no to call a neighbour; but I hope, sir, you'll think far mair of her than of any neighbour. She's your ain best blood, and a leddy with a great regard for Dalrulzian, and not another friend so near to her as you. It came from Dalrulzian, and it'll come back to Dalrulzian with careful guiding," said Rolls, oracularly; "not to say that blood's thicker than water, as the auld Scots byword goes."

This address gave John some sense of perplexity; but after an interval he discovered what it meant. "It is my old Aunt Barbara of whom you are speaking," he said. "Certainly, I shall see her first of all."

"She is an excellent lady, sir; careful of her money. It will be real good for the estate when—— But, bless me! I wadna have you to be looking forward to what may never come,—that is to say, that auld Miss Barbara, being real comfortable, sir, in this life, will not go out of it a moment sooner than she can help: and for a' that we ken o' heaven, I wouldna blame her; for, grand as it may be, it will ay be a strange place. There's nobody more thought upon in the county than Miss Barbara Erskine at Dunearn. Weel, sir, and the neighbours. There's the Earl of Lindores first o' a'. We maun give him the paw, as the French say. Maybe you've met with some of the family in London? You'll see plenty and hear plenty of them here. The Earl he is a very pushing man. He would like to take the lead in a' the county business; but there's many of the gentry that are not exactly of that opinion. And my lady Countess, she's of the booky kind, with authors, and painters, and that kind of cattle aye about the place. I'm not that fond of thae instructed leddies. Weemen are best no to be ower clever, in my poor opinion. Young Rintoul, that's the son, is away with his regiment; I ken no-thing of him: and there's two young leddies——"

"Now I remember," said John. "You are the most concise of chroniclers, Rolls. I like your style. I once knew some of the Lindores family — cousins, I suppose. There were young ladies in that family too. I knew them very well." Here he paused, a smile stealing about the corners of his mouth.

"I ken no-thing about their relations," said Rolls. "It was an awfu' melancholy story; but it's an ill wind that blaws nobody good. The late Earl was liked by everybody. But I'm saying no-thing against this family. One of the young daughters is married, poor thing! The other one at hame, my Lady Edith, is a bonnie bit creature. She was great friends with *oor* young lady. But if you were to ask my opinion, sir—which is neither here nor there," said Rolls, in insinuating tones—"I would say there was not one that was fit to hold the candle to Miss Nora. We had our bits of tiffs, the Cornel and me. There were some things he would never see in a proper light; but they were much thought o', and saw a' the best company. When you let a place, it's a grand thing to have tenants that never let down the character of the house."

"You mean the Barringtons," said John. He was not much interested in this subject. They had been unexceptionable tenants; but

he could scarcely help regarding them with a little jealousy, almost dislike, as if they had been invaders of his rights.

"And they were awfu' fond of it," said Rolls, watching his young master's countenance. "Miss Nora above a'. You see she's grown up at Dalrulzian. It was all they could do to get her away from the Walk this last morning. I thought she would have grown till't. If you and Miss Nora were ever to meet," the old servant added, in his most engaging tones, "I cannot but believe you would be real good —freends——"

"I see you have provided for every contingency," said the young laird, with a laugh. His Caleb Balderstone, he said to himself, was almost better, if that was possible, than Scott's. But John's mind had been set afloat on a still more pleasant channel, and he let the old man maunder on.

"It's true she's English," said Rolls; "but that matters no-thing in my opinion, on what they call the side of the distaff. I'll no say but it's offensive in a man: putting up so long with the Cornel and his ways of thinking, I'm no a bad authority on that. But weemen are a different kind of creatures. A bit discrepancy, if ye may so call it—a kind of a different awkcent, so to speak, baith in the soul and the tongue, is just a pleasant variety. It gives new life to a family sometimes, and mends the breed, if you'll no think me coarse. A little of everything is good in a race. And besides being so good and so bonnie, Miss Nora will have a little siller of her ain, which spoils nothing. Not one of your great fortunes, but just a little siller — enough for their preens and rubbitch—of her ain."

Here, however, the pleasant delusion with which Nora's humble champion was delighting himself was suddenly dispersed by a question which proved his young master to be thinking nothing about Nora. "I used to know some of the Lindores family," John repeated, "a brother of the Earl. I wonder if they ever come here?"

"I know nothing about their relations, sir," said Rolls, promptly. "It's thought the Earl's awfu' ambitious. They're no that rich, and he has an eye to everything that will push the family on. There's one of them marriet, poor thing!"

"I am afraid you are a fierce old bachelor," said John, rising from the table; "this is the second time you have said 'poor thing.'"

"That's my Lady Caroline, sir," said Rolls, with a grave face, "that's married upon Torrance of Tinto, far the richest of all our neighbour gentlemen. You'll no remember him? He was a big mischievous callant when you were but a little thing, begging your pardon, sir, for the freedom," said the old servant, with a little bow of apology; but the gravity of his countenance did not relax. "It's not thought in the country-side that the leddy was very fain of the marriage—poor thing!"

"You are severe critics in the country-side. One must take care what one does, Rolls."

"Maybe, sir, that's true; they say public opinion's a grand thing: whiles it will keep a person from going wrong. But big folk think themselves above that," Rolls said. And then, having filled out a glass of wine, which his master did not want, he withdrew. Rolls was not quite satisfied with the young laird. He betook himself to the kitchen with his tray and a sigh, unburdening himself to Bauby as he set down the remains of the

meal on the table. "I wouldna wonder," he said, shaking his head, "if he turned out mair English than the Cornel himsel."

"Hoot, Tammas!" said Bauby, always willing to take the best view, "that's no possible. When ye refleck that he was born at Dalrulzian, and brought up till his thirteenth year——"

"Sic bringing up!" cried old Rolls; "and a stepfaither that never could learn so much as to say the name right o' the house that took him in!"

Meanwhile John, left alone with his own thoughts, found a curious vein of new anticipations opened to him by the old man's talk. The smile that had lighted on the corners of his mouth came back and settled there, betraying something of the maze of pleased recollections, the amused yet tender sentiment which these familiar yet half-forgotten names had roused again. Caroline and Edith Lindores! No doubt they were family names, and the great young ladies who were his neighbours were the cousins of those happy girls whom he remembered so well. The Lindores had been at a Swiss mountain inn where he and some of his friends had lived for six weeks under pretence of reading. They had made friends on the score of old family acquaintance "at home;" and he never remembered so pleasant a holiday. What had become of the girls by this time? Carry, the eldest, was sentimental and poetical, and all the young men were of opinion that Beaufort the young University Don, who was at the head of the party, had talked more poetry than was good for him with that gentle enthusiast. Beaufort had gone to the Bar since then, and was said to be getting on. Had they kept up their intercourse, or had it dropped, John wondered, as his own acquaintance with the family had dropped? They were poor people, living abroad for economy and education, notwithstanding that Mr Lindores was brother to an earl. Surely sometimes the Earl must invite his relations, or at least he would be sure to hear of them, to come within the circle of their existence again. Young Erskine had almost forgotten, to tell the truth, the existence of the Lindores; yet when they were thus recalled to him, and the possibility of a second meeting dawned on his mind, his heart gave a jump of pleasure in his bosom. On the instant there appeared before him the prettiest figure in short frocks, with an aureola of hair about the young head—a child, yet something more than a child. Edith had been only sixteen, he remembered; indeed he found that he remembered everything about her as soon as her image was thus lightly called back. What might she be now, in her grown-up condition? Perhaps not so sweet, perhaps married—a contingency which did not please him to think of. And what if he should be on the eve of seeing her again!

The smile of pleasure, of amusement, even of innocent vanity with which in this airy stage a young man contemplates such a possibility, threw a pleasant light over his face. He went out with that smile half hidden under his fair moustache, which gave it a kind of confidential character between him and himself so to speak. As he had nothing else to do, it occurred to him to take a walk on the road to Dunearn where he had seen the French-Scotch *tourelles* of Lindores Castle through the trees the day before, and "take a look at" the place—why, he did not know—for no par-

ticular reason, merely to amuse himself. And as he went down the avenue that old episode came back to him more and more fully. He remembered all the little expeditions, the little misadventures, the jokes, though perhaps they were not brilliant. Carry lingering behind with Beaufort, talking Shelley, with a flush of enthusiasm about her: Edith always foremost, chidden and petted, and made much of by everybody, with her long hair waving, and those fine little shoes which he had tied once—thick mountain shoes—but such wonderful Cinderella articles! All these recollections amused him like a story as he went down the avenue, taking away his attention from external things; and it was not till he was close upon the gate that he was aware of the presence of two ladies who seemed to have paused on their walk to speak to Peggy Burnet, the gardener's wife, who inhabited the lodge. His ear was caught by his own name, always an infallible means of rousing the most careless attention. He could not help hearing what Peggy was saying, for her voice was somewhat high-pitched, and full of rural freedom. "Oh ay, my leddy; the young maister, that's Mr John, that's the laird, came hame yestreen," Peggy was saying, "before he was expectit. The carriage—that's the bit dog-cart, if you can ca' it a carriage, for there's nothing better left, nor so much as a beast to draw it that we can ca' oor ain—was sent to the station to meet him. When, lo! he comes linking along the road on his ain twa legs, and no so much as a bag or a portmanty behind him, and asks at the gate, Is this Dalrulzian? kenning nothing of his ain house! And me, I hadna the sense to think, This is him; but just let him in as if he had been a stranger. And no a creature to take the least notice! Mr Rolls was just out o' himsel with vexation, to let the young maister come hame as if he had been ony gangrel body; but it couldna be called my fault."

"Surely it could not be your fault; if he wanted a reception, he should have come when he was expected," said a softer voice, with a little sound of laughter. Surely, John thought, he had heard that voice before. He hurried forward wondering, taking off his hat instinctively. Who were they? Two ladies, one elder, one younger, mother and daughter. They looked up at him as he approached. The faces were familiar, and yet not familiar. Was it possible? He felt himself redden with excitement as he stood breathless, his hat off, the blood flushing to the very roots of his hair, not able to get out a word in his surprise and pleasure. They on their side looked at him smilingly, not at all surprised, and the elder lady held out her hand. "After so long a time you will scarcely know us, Mr Erskine," she said; "but we knew you were expected, and all about you, you see."

"Know you?" cried John, almost speechless with the wonder and delight. "Mrs Lindores! The thing is, can I venture to believe my eyes? There never was such luck in the world! I think I must be dreaming. Who would have expected to meet you here, and the very first day?"

Peggy Burnet was much disturbed by this greeting. She pushed forward, making an anxious face at him. "Sir! sir! you maun say my leddy," she breathed, in a shrill whisper, which he was too much excited to take any notice of, but which amused the ladies. They

cast a laughing look at each other. "Didn't you know we were here?" the mother said. "Then we had the advantage of you. We have been speculating about you for weeks past—whether you would be much changed, whether you would come at once to Lindores to renew old acquaintance——"

"That you may be sure I should have done," said John, "as soon as I knew you were there. And are you really at Lindores? living there? for good? It seems too delightful to be true."

They were both changed. And he did not know why they should look at each with such a laughing interchange of glances. It made him somewhat uncomfortable, though his mind was too full of the pleasure of seeing them to be fully conscious of it. It was Edith, as was natural, who was most altered in appearance. She had been a tall girl, looking more than her age; and now she was a small, very young woman. At that period of life such changes happen sometimes; but the difference was delightful, though embarrassing. Yes, smaller, she was actually smaller, he said to himself,—"as high as my heart," as Orlando says: yet no longer little Edith, but an imposing stately personage at whom he scarcely ventured to look boldly, but only snatched shy glances at, abashed by her soft regard. He went on stammering out his pleasure, his delight, his surprise, hardly knowing what he said. "I had just begun to hope that you might come sometimes, that I might have a chance of seeing you," he was saying; whereupon Edith smiled gravely, and her mother gave a little laugh aloud.

"I don't believe he knows anything about it, Edith," she said.

"I was sure of it, mamma," Edith replied; while between them John stood dumb, not knowing what to think.

BILOCHISTAN, OUR LATEST ACQUISITION.*

TWENTY millions of treasure poured out, and many thousands of men—black, white, and brown—slaughtered. Are these the only results of the last three years' turmoil in Afghanistan? Hardly so. Have we not made a coaching-road from Peshawar to Jelálábád; K.C.B.s, V.C.s, and C.B.s, by the dozen; C.S.I.s, brevet-colonels, and brevet-majors by the score? Have not two men made great reputations—the one as a general, and the other as an administrator-general, and grandly unselfish gentleman besides? And finally, have we not magnanimously withdrawn from Afghanistan, having established, after infinite trouble and *finesse*, "a stable Government" at its capital, in the person of the Russian *protégé* and pensioner, Abdul Rahman? and do not the inspired Governmental journals, both in England and India, already, within a few months of the setting up of this "stable Government," foreshadow its downfall and its consequences—confusion and anarchy—with cynical but hypocritical satisfaction? A great achievement truly, and one for Radicals to be proud of; their *summum bonum* being the disintegration of the social edifice, whether it be in Afghanistan, the Transvaal, or Ireland. The readers of 'Maga' know all these things; but some of them at least do not know of one real achievement, one bloodless and enduring conquest, begun quietly in the last years of Lord Northbrook's viceroyalty, continued boldly through that of his successor Lord Lytton, and now steadily and surely approaching consolidation. I refer to the practical annexation—or if that phrase be too naked and unpalatable, the political absorption—of an area of over 30,000 square miles, vaguely known to geographers as Khelati Bilochistan. True, "his Highness the Khan" reigns there, but he does not rule. British officers perform that perilous function; and for once the head that wears a crown lies nightly on his pillow not uneasily, assured that his revenues are increasing, that his subsidy is safe, that his subjects are content—and that if he is prudent he may live to see the mud-hovels of his capital grow into handsome streets and bazaars of kiln-burnt bricks, and his "ramshackle" hide-and-seek barn of a palace into a comfortable bungalow.

I do not propose in this paper to describe at any length why and how British casual intervention in Khelat affairs has by degrees grown into what is practically the permanent occupation and annexation of a vast territory. It is a long story, full, as such stories must be, of worthy and unworthy incidents. Nor do I propose to describe how the country is administered by an agent to the Governor-General at Quetta, with assistants located at different subordinate centres. I propose merely to give a few illustrative sketches of Biloch life and customs, supplementing them by my own individual opinion of the value of Bilochistan to us as a buffer against Afghans and Russians, and an inexhaustible recruiting-ground for ready-made mounted Cossacks, should we survive Radicalism and our rivals' despotism long enough to let the otherwise inevitable struggle for Asiatic dominion be decided by the sword.

* This paper was written at Derah Gházi Khán in July last.

As deputy-commissioner of the district of Dera Gházi Khán, I am, under the Punjab Government, the immediate ruler of upwards of 100,000 plain Biloches, occupying a strip of country between the Indus and the Sulimàn range, with an area of 6500 square miles. In addition, I have political control over some 44,000 semi-independent hill Biloches, who, owing to their distance from Khelat, the weakness of the successive Khans of Bilochistan, and other causes, are practically beyond the sphere of action of the Viceroy's agent at Quetta. I have now been seven months in charge of this the N.E. corner of Bilochistan, and having spent three of these months in camp, have acquired a fair knowledge of the district and its dependencies, both hill and plain. I am therefore in a position to claim some acquaintance with the people I am about to describe, and am entitled to expect that my opinion on the offensive and defensive value of this our latest British acquisition shall have some weight with my countrymen at home. Landing at Bombay from furlough in Christmas week last year, I hurried up country, and joining the Lieutenant-Governor's camp at Rohtak, near Delhi, for a night, heard there that I was to take charge of this district. Pushing on, I reached my new home in a few days. I was disappointed. The station was well enough, but too tropical—the palm raising her head aloft everywhere, telling of stifling heat to come, and dwarfing the lower growth of *siras* and *sissù* trees. Everything, too, wore an uncared-for look. Here and there a bungalow was in ruins; walls were crumbling away; the mud-built cavalry lines looked like a confused collection of mole-hills. The very soil had a cold unnatural appearance, a white saline efflorescence called *reh* cropping up wherever there was moisture without cultivation. It was January, too, when vegetation is at its lowest. Behind, some thirty miles off, rose a wall of bare brown hills —the hills of Bilochistan. On the whole, the prospect was not exhilarating. However, the aspect of things improved after a good dinner at mess, where I met many old friends, ruddy, sun-burnt, and jolly—"Afghan heroes," fresh from their two years' campaigning, and now revelling in a return to the luxuries of an Indian cantonment. The reason for the general uncanny look of everything inanimate was soon explained. In August 1878 the Indus had risen in flood, had burst all the protecting barriers erected against it, and had swept through the station. We had not yet recovered from that. Then since the Maiwand disaster the heavens had been as brass, the proverbial Christmas showers even having failed: consequently the soil, and what ought to have grown thereon, was dry, parched, shrivelled up; famine prices prevailed; and wherever there was a small oasis—and there were, and are, some 20,000 in the district — there the droning creak of the Persian wheel tortured the ear day and night.

Next morning I took over charge. Having as yet neither baggage nor servants, not even a horse to call my own, I looked now to have a fortnight's rest wherein to set up house and study my district, from the office records, written and printed. Vain hope! within forty-eight hours I found myself on horseback, bound for a distant frontier post on a matter of life and death—for Biloches. The way of it was this: An old blood-feud between semi-independent tribes—the Khetrans and the hill section of the Gurchànis — had

about six months before broken out afresh. My predecessor, instead of patching up a peace between them, had allowed matters to go from bad to worse, until the lowland Gurchànis, our own subjects, were drawn into the quarrel of their highland kinsmen, and for forty miles our border became quite unsettled: outposts constantly harassed and turned out; alarm-fires blazing on the mountain-tops; flocks and herds withdrawn from their border pasturage, and sent into the interior of the district, or crowded together in the village enclosures. All this time the feud was being actively prosecuted, *more Bilochiano*, by the two principals—now one side sweeping up a flock of sheep here, and the other massacring a few unwary shepherds there, and cutting the throats of the four-footed booty they had not time to drive off. One or two successful marauding expeditions on the part of Durkhanis, in which the lowland Gurchànis had joined, stung the Khetrans to united action. They suddenly collected 700 horsemen, and making a forced march of 60 miles, crossed the Sulimàn mountains, rode on to our border, and there—most lame and impotent conclusion—salaamed to our boundary pillars, and withdrew to their own country. The Gurchànis called it an attack foiled by their alertness; the Khetrans a demonstration, an appeal to the great *Sarkàr Angrez* (English Government) to intervene and settle the feud, of which they were heartily tired. And high time it was for a settlement. The immunity with which two petty border clans had enjoyed six months of unchecked blood-letting and sheep-stealing, had infected the distant Boydar clan—a clan occupying a network of hills and vales eighty miles to the north of the centre of disturbance. They too went on the war-path, but in a more profitable way. They began to attack and plunder caravans going through their defiles. On Christmas-night they had a grand haul,—280 laden oxen captured, and 28 out of their 44 Pathan (Afghan) owners surrounded and butchered.

Such was the state of the border when I took charge of the district. Knowing nothing of the Biloches, and nothing of the district's history or geography, I felt myself rather at sea. Telegrams kept coming at all hours from the agent to the Governor-General, Quetta; from my assistant at Rajanpore, a garrisoned out-station; from Derah Ismáil Khán, the headquarters of the division; and from Lahore, the seat of government. Thicker than the telegrams kept coming the native callers, Nawábs and chiefs of clans—this, that, and the other—each man anxious to ingratiate himself, to air his grievance, to urge some request, and lastly, to offer his advice as to how the border was to be pacified. With my head still buzzing from a 2000 miles' grinding and shaking in an Indian train, and my limbs still aching from a ride of thirty-eight miles on rough, freshly caught nags from a Government run (I had not ridden for six months, and had to ride from the nearest railway station to Derah Gházi Khán without the comforts of breeches and boots), I had not been, as I have said, forty-eight hours in my district before it came clearly home to my confused senses that I must, servantless, bootless, breechesless, horseless, as I was, get into the saddle once more, ride to a distant border fort, and there contrive some sort of a settlement. I wired to my various telegraphing persecutors—I mean my official superiors and other high authorities of the State—all round, that I would settle

the row as best I could; asked the district superintendent of police—whom, owing to the length of his official designation, I shall call Mr Smith—to come with me, instead of going to Multan to ride a steeple-chase, as he had intended; and, on the morning of January 11th last, off we set.

Our escort consisted of some thirty Biloches mounted on small, angular, badly groomed mares, very lean but very wiry. Each man was dressed entirely in loose white robes—or which had been white a few days before; each rode with very long stirrups; and as the make-speed pace of the Biloch mare is a trot, our guards, with their narrow, high-peaked saddles and military seats, looked very uncomfortable. The first afternoon we did thirty-two miles, changing horses twice on the way, in about four hours. Our escort kept up with us the whole distance, not a man getting out of the saddle except to help us; and their active little mares looked as fit at the end of their thirty-two miles' trot as they did on starting. On the following afternoon we rode to Harrand Fort, about twenty-five miles. The country was flat and uninteresting—no water, no trees, no cultivation, no habitations, except occasionally a small hamlet with a tower in the centre, locally called a *tool;* and yet as we advanced we found our cavalcade increasing, until it had grown into a troop of seventy or eighty horsemen, every one of whom was mounted on a mare. Two of them were famous animals,—one a handsome blood-looking chestnut, which had for the last two years running won the great annual Biloch horse-race. The sporting owner had exchanged twenty camels for her. The other, also a chestnut, had never been beaten before the appearance of her camel-bought rival. Although the races were not to take place until the 12th of March, both mares were even now undergoing hard training, "being dried," as the Biloches called it—that is, getting nothing but dry food, and being sweated daily.

Evening twilight was deepening into night, when a great square mass of brickwork and *débris*, crowned with a few buildings, loomed before us. This was Harrand Fort, once the westernmost possession of Maharajah Runjeet Singh, now an outpost of ours held by a company of infantry and half a troop of irregular cavalry. The little garrison, already drawn up outside the chief gateway, presented arms as we entered. Smith's servants and some of my own orderlies having been despatched ahead of us on riding-camels, the cosy rest-house, which surmounts the highest part of the mound, was ready for our reception. We gladly dismissed our mounted attendants, and after a hasty toilet, sat down, hungry as hunters, to dinner: that over, ulster-clad and digestive pipe in mouth, we sauntered out on what once were battlements. The night was still and starry. Below, glowed the fires of the different Biloch camps. Round two fires, a hundred yards apart, were two groups of men moving slowly backwards and forwards, to the tuneless noise of tom-toms and tambourines, now advancing and clapping their hands in time to the "music," and now retreating, the monotone of their song being broken at measured intervals with a loud "ha-ha-haah." Smith and I puffed on in silence for a time, each enjoying his surroundings in his own way. The moon, about her full overhead, added to the weirdness of scene and sounds. Two miles to westwards we could distinctly trace the mouth of the great Cháchar Pass, up which lay the

directest and easiest route to Candahar, and from which had debouched two months before General MacGregor's army, after its rough promenade through the Murree mountains. The course of the Kahà stream, too, was visible from the closely packed clumps of palm-trees which fringe its sedgy banks. All round were rice-fields interspersed with marshy grass fallows, and here, there, and everywhere rose slender palm-trees, singly or in groups together—gracious to man as things of beauty and things of use. The rhythmic cadence of the never-ending song of the wild Biloches floated up to us in the still night air; the figures of the dancing singers advanced and retreated; the ha-ha-haah had been repeated for the five-hundredth time, when, at the five-hundred-and-first perhaps, burst out from right below us a rattling confusion of quack-quack-quacks, then a rush and a brush of wings swirled and swished through the air, followed by a splash, a babel of quacks, and then again stillness.

"Ducks, by Jove!" said Smith.

"The first I've seen," said I, "since I left home." (I meant "heard," not "seen;" but people when taken by surprise often blurt out the most obvious commonplace as Smith had, or nonsense as I.)

Whilst Smith, who was a keen *shikàrée*, went off to "try his luck" in the vain sport of shooting ducks by moonlight, I turned into bed.

Speaking antecedently, I ought to have slept soundly, but did not. The situation was too strange. For the last two years I had been knocking about England and Scotland, amusing myself as men do on furlough after twelve years' grind on the Punjab frontier. I had, too, wandered over a large part of unfrequented Europe, and had but a few short weeks before been enjoying the *dolce far niente* of bright sunny Cannes, in the society of some charming girls and picnic-loving matrons. Now in one month all was changed. No longer an afternoon existence for me; no longer love and laughter, music and dance, and close association with the pure and elevating. No, no; all that was over for a time at least—the crowd of dark-visaged, long-curled Biloches I was to meet to-day, every day perhaps for years, to rule over, to humanise, were but little if at all above the brute creation in feelings or actions. Beyond the two facts that they were human beasts of prey and very lax Mohammedans, I knew at the time as much about them as I know to-day about the Patagonians. Small wonder then, on the whole, that my sleep was disturbed, and that when I rose I longed, like Falstaff before the battle of Shrewsbury, that it "were night and all were well." Before night I realised that, provided the instrument be firm, earnest, and patient, it matters little who that instrument is: it is not he who by his personal influence wins or coerces the untamed Biloch highlanders to better ways; it is the knowledge that he represents the orders of the great all-potent, all-pervading, all-generous, all-just, mysterious organisation known as the *Sarkàr Angrez*—it is this knowledge which makes these hillmen obey the instrument sent to rule them. Let the best missionary who ever breathed devote his life to the regeneration of the Biloches,* and at the end of it he will find he

* A mission has been started for the purpose. The Rev. Mr Gordon, who so nobly sacrificed his life in endeavouring to save that of a wounded officer in the sortie from Candahar in August last, was the founder.

has less authority or influence over them than the youngest schoolboy of a competition-wallah, if that schoolboy signs himself "Assistant-Commissioner Dera Gházi Khán."

I learnt all this before night, I say. Let me sketch the history of the day.

The early morning was spent in my being interviewed by the leading men of both sides; they, eager to impress upon me the absolute truth of their representations of facts, and I both to gather facts and get a glimpse behind the curtain of the face, into the workings of their minds. As to facts, I learnt that the number of men hitherto killed on both sides was nearly equal; so the amount of blood-money—whether paid in cattle or young maidens—which would have to change hands, would be moderate. None of the said men had been killed in fair fight; all had been what we should call murdered, having been surprised by superior force when asleep or herding their flocks, surrounded and butchered. Accounts as to the number of cattle, sheep, goats, and mares lifted by each side, differed by many hundreds. On the whole, by breakfast-time I began to feel a little confident about the result, and, odd though it may seem, to sympathise heartily with both sides. After breakfast, the *Jírga*, or sitting of the council of elders and representatives, began, and with it the real business of the day. A large open tent had been pitched for the purpose, in the middle of which was a chair and small camp-table for myself. Round me in circles, squatted tailor-fashion, the chiefs and elders of the contending clans—the most pushing and important in the innermost ring, others in the second or third. In the background outside the tent, were rows and rows of humbler tribesmen, come either as followers or as claimants, in the hopes of obtaining compensation for slaughtered relatives or lifted cattle.

New to the country, new to the people, with the recollections of two years' furlough fresh on my mind, I confess to a feeling of self-diffidence as I glanced round that sea of faces so imperturbable, so prepossessing in their massive manliness, enhanced yet softened by their long well-oiled ringlets, which reposed like black snakes on their white Levitical frocks. For hours I sat there listening to speaker after speaker, taking notes, asking questions, and deciding point after point; and now nothing remained but to settle the cattle account—and that, it was finally agreed, should be decided by oath on the Koran, taken by a few selected men.

The Gurchàni chief—a fine, fearless old man, with a great beard as white as his dress—said bluntly, "What is the use of oaths? They all know I never lie: I will speak"—and then a fit of asthmatic catching of the breath came on and stopped his speaking for a time. As no one contradicted his assertion about his own veracity, and as Smith had told me he was, where honour was concerned, as truthful as an English gentleman, I thought it best to humour him. When he had done coughing, I asked him the number of cattle his clan had lost and looted. He told me—to his own detriment—and all present bowed their heads in assent.

"And did you, a British subject, *Tumandàr* (tribal chief), and *Jagírdár* (revenue assignee), take *punjuk* (chief's share of plunder, nominally one-fifth)?" I asked.

"Yes, I did; it was my right as their chief: why should I lie?" Then looking round at his brother chiefs, mostly British subjects, he added quietly, "They all do it."

All the said chiefs here looked virtuously indignant at the libel. Believing that they did take this *punjuk*, I thought it wise not to press the question further, but simply to say that so long as I should be in charge of the district, I would not allow any chief in it to take any share of plunder.

On the following day, what may be called the ratification of the terms of the *anjám* or peace took place. The previous day's proceedings were read out, with my decisions as to the retention of hostages, the surrender of four-footed plunder, amount of the fines I imposed on the part of Government, &c., &c.; and then commenced the swearing of every man on the Koran that he would neither rob nor murder his late enemies in future. The Koran, swathed in cloths, like a new-born infant, was reverentially brought into the middle of the assemblage on an orderly's head, and tenderly placed on a specially dusted corner of my table. During this little ceremony every one rose up, stroked his beard, and muttered the Creed, — those who knew it, audibly—those who did not, merely moved their lips with a sibilant slovenliness. The Gurchànis, from their asthmatic chief down to their youngest elder, were first sworn to keep the peace. During this ceremony each man stood in succession in front of me, first raised the Koran to his head, after touching it with his lips, then repeated the Creed as best he could, and finally engaged to live in good neighbourliness with the Khetrans. The leading men, before handling the Koran, laid a rupee or two on it as a kind of deprecatory peace-offering for its holy owner in case they should break their oath, and also to keep up their position in the eyes of their lesser tribesmen. The holy owner, by the way, though a great saint, and seated on a chair, seemed to think I had insulted his dignity when I asked him to administer the oath. He drew his fine white muslin robes about him, tucked up his naked feet on to the chair, and whilst uttering his *non possumus* and indicating that some inferior personage would perform the duty, tried to look loftily sanctified. His manner annoyed me intensely, and I told him sarcastically that the sooner his apotheosis occurred the better, as he was evidently too holy for his present *rôle* of priest. This little speech tickled those of the Biloches who understood it, and made them grin. It made the saint look very foolish, and brought his feet down to the ground again. I believe he did not recover his spirits until his servant had carried off the Koran and he himself had counted the pile of rupees on it.

The Khetrans were now called on to swear. There was, however, some hesitation amongst them. One passed on a whisper to another, until it had reached the ultimate man of the third row back. They were evidently uncomfortable. I began to feel so too, as I supposed the whispered conversation indicated a disinclination to take the oath. I, too, began to whisper. I whispered my apprehensions to the Mazárí Nawáb, who sat on the ground next to me. Chairs were at a premium; no native had one but my friend the saint. The Nawáb looked up in my face with a winking twinkle in his eye, and said, "Never fear, sahib; they can't find any rupees—that is all." Just then a Khetran rose up, and, after hunting over his person, pulled out a few rupees, and chucked them to his chief. At this the Gurchànis guffawed, whilst the Khetrans looked relieved. Silence being restored, the Khetran chief deposited

his silver offering upon the Koran, and took the oath glibly, as if accustomed to it. Not so some of his headmen. They had almost to be pushed forward; and once in the centre of the assemblage, they were so sheepish and shy, so shaggy and wild-beast-like, with their loose mane-like hair tumbling over their shoulders, and their scanty clothes all put on anyhow, that the absurdity of administering an oath to such wild men of the hills, struck the whole assemblage simultaneously, and an involuntary laugh broke out. They had apparently never seen a Koran before; and as for the Creed, Mohammedans though they were, they did not know it. Had a Pathan made such an exhibition of himself, he would have been expelled by his tribe as a *Káfir*, or infidel. But this being a Biloch assemblage, every one thought it a good joke. By the time the last oath had been taken, the shadows of the grim rocky portals of the Cháchar Pass were stretching over the stony girdle which skirts the Sulimàns, and advancing towards the palm-adorned plain, in the centre of which stands the Harrand Fort. We were still in the warmth and glory of the fast-disappearing sun. Here and there the waters of the Kahà stream still flashed like brilliants in their emerald setting of tangled palm-scrub and grass. The rice-fields below us, with their bleached stalks standing up tall and serried, told us that here at least, in this thirsty and weary land, was wealth of corn and water. They, too, were still in the sunlight. There all was peace—at least so it seemed to me; and the lordly palm, so gracious to the eye, so gracious to the taste, was the emblem of peace. Beyond, night-shades and distance, with the grim background of verdureless rocks and hills, combined to make up a landscape of desolation. That was *Yàgistàn*, the land of strife, where the thin inhabitants murdered each other for a goat or a sheep. So my thoughts ran on, and then perforce reverted—as they had done often during the day—to bright sparkling Cannes. A month ago I was there, amidst all that makes life sweet and refined; to-day here (I looked round), closely surrounded by brute-like barbarians.

"Bah! a truce to sentiment!" said my duty-sense. "At Cannes you led an aimless, silly, vegetable existence; here you work, you are useful." It was true. I broke off my reveries—I rose—I dismissed my uncouth, dark-faced, lion-maned parliament, giving the highland portion a present of 300 rupees, whereon to indulge their animal propensities for fat mutton. They went away like children, happy, laughing, cracking jokes, and, no doubt, quizzing my ignorance of their ways. I tubbed and dressed for dinner. I felt I had begun to like, to appreciate, the Biloches. Hitherto most of my service had been in Bannú, a country inhabited by Pathans (*i. e.*, Afghans) and Syuds — both treacherous, lying, cowardly, bigoted democrats, who hated us with all the concentration of hatred which antipathy of race and religion, and subjection to foreigners, can engender. But these Biloches, they were careless and ignorant, the laxest of lax Mohammedans.

Asked if they ever prayed, they said, with a Frenchman's grimace and an Englishman's laugh, "No; our chiefs relieve us of that bother."

"Did each clan maintain a Moolah and possess a Koran?"

"No — neither; they had difficulty enough in maintaining themselves." Then they were truthful; they liked us, and were proud and happy to be under our rule; and

above all, they had no democratic tendencies: each clan obeyed its own chief implicitly so long as that chief proved himself able and hospitable; did he fail in the necessary qualities, he was deposed or murdered, and a more deserving man elected in his stead.

In all such respects, particularly from a governing aspect, the Biloch is infinitely to be preferred to the Afghan. Though physically inferior in bulk and weight of body, he is the Afghan's equal in courage, and his superior in endurance and intelligence. One specially good trait in his character is, that he never sulks or bears malice long, whereas the Afghan does both. Here are illustrations in point. I never remember having an Afghan whipped in jail without the fellow showing by his sullen looks and scowling face that he bore the striker, if not myself, a grudge for it. But here, in the Derah Ghází Khán jail, the punishment over, the Biloch is as frank and pleasant as he was before. One man, I remember, who was in as a bad character, would not work. He was warned that he would be whipped. He merely laughed, and said, "That won't make any difference, sahib." He was shown a man being whipped; he only looked grave. Finally, he was whipped himself. He was taken out of his cell, stripped naked, tied wrists and ankles to the triangle, and given twenty or thirty—I forget the exact number—strokes with a ratan. During the operation he bit at the wood, bit almost through his tongue, but never either groaned or winced. The punishment over, he threw himself on the ground on his face, when the usual skin of cold water was dashed over him, and then the commiserating water-carrier stood upon the beaten parts to deaden the pain. Still he would not work. I saw him a day or two after in his cell, looking happy and unconcerned, though he must still have been very sore, and for days would not be able to sit down. He was pleased to see me. He seemed to have an idea that not being in jail for any specific and proved offence, it was not right to give him hard labour, and so put him on the level of a convicted felon. I remonstrated with him for his obstinacy, to no effect. One day I observed his splendid curls shining with oil or *ghee*. I asked how he had got it. He had saved it from his food, was the answer. I cut his *ghee;* still no effect. At last, as his example was becoming infectious, I warned him that if he would not work I should have him transferred to the Multan jail, where I believed his Absalom-like hair would be cut short. That threat frightened him—his ringlets being the glory of the Biloch: he said he would try to do work. He made a pretence of trying; and failing, was sent off to Multan, where I have no doubt he is now, though prison-cropped, as smiling and light-hearted a do-nothing as he was here. Now it is not in the Afghan nature to behave as that Biloch did, and that Biloch's case is typical of others. Similarly circumstanced the Afghan would have sulked, worked, fallen ill from fretting, and some day after his release, perhaps killed the human instrument who had beaten him. I have known that happen in Bannú. Writing of whipping in India recalls to my mind that whilst I was on furlough I read in the 'Times' that some tender-hearted M.P. had brought to the notice of the House that so many thousands of his Indian fellow-subjects had been whipped in, I think, 1878; and consequently he demanded returns about this inhuman brutality, with a view to procure legislation for the abolition of whipping out

here. I was half inclined at the time to write to the 'Times,' and inform this emotional sentimentalist that in addition to the numbers stated by him—all probably punished under the Whipping Act—many thousands were annually whipped administratively in our jails for breaches of jail discipline; and that the common experience of all enlightened Anglo-Indian administrators was, that whipping is the best, cheapest, and least degrading deterrent conceivable for certain classes of offences. Should the British Parliament, on nineteenth-century humanitarian grounds, do away with whipping in India, I trust that the British people will see the justice of paying the extra few lakhs a-year which India will have to spend on her convicts.

Now to return to Harrand Fort, at which I have just settled the Gurchàni-Khetran feud.

That night I slept soundly. I was relieved. I was free. I had gauged the character of the people with whom I had to deal. Smith and I would start to return to cantonments on the following day; he to his police, his polo, and races—I to quietly set my house in order, and learn something of my district. Morning came—we rose. A telegram was put into my hand, brought by express *sowàrs* (mounted men). It was from the Lieutenant-Governor, ordering me to attend a conference on Biloch affairs at Umballa or Karnál in three days' time. "Nothing so sure as the uncertain," I muttered to myself, quoting the plea for indecision of a late vacillating Foreign Secretary, who never made up his mind to anything in his life but to leave the Cabinet.

"Read that," I said to Smith, going into his room and handing him the telegram; "that means about 600 miles by the Slow, Poor, and Dirty,* after a ride of nearly 100 miles, and not a horse laid out."

"And no breeches and boots yet," added Smith, laughing.

A couple of hours saw us ready to start. I was being interviewed in the tent for the last time by the different chiefs. My horse was standing saddled outside. I was about to mount, when Smith came hurriedly in and said, "The Khetrans are excited: they say two of their women have been abducted by Gurchànis near here; and that, unless they are restored at once, they will seize two Gurchàni women by way of retaliation."

"Nothing so sure as the uncertain," again occurred to me, as I felt that this *contretemps* would postpone our start.

"Are they in earnest?" I asked.

"They seem so. Come and see the husbands."

I went into the bungalow and questioned the men. One said his wife was middle-aged like himself.

"Then he'll divorce her for fifty rupees," I remarked to Smith, who nodded assent.

The other, a nice lover-like youth, said, half crying, "His wife was young and pretty, and all that a husband could desire."

"Then he's in earnest," was my comment. "What is to be done, Smith?"

"Call in Mazár Khán, a plainsman chief, and hostile to the Gurchàni chief, and order him to produce the women in two hours. I am sure he can."

I did so. In a few minutes the astonished chief was off on horseback with half-a-dozen followers, and in four hours' time the abducted or absconded wives were produced, and made over to their

* S.P.D. (Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi) Railway.

grateful husbands — to be again used as household drudges, or quietly murdered or sold, who can say?

The way Biloch wives and daughters are treated by their mankind—whether our subjects or independent—must be a little trying for the said wives and daughters. Husbands — though when young generally gay Lotharios themselves —cut their wives' throats, or require them to hang themselves, on even a suspicion of infidelity. If the husband does not do it, a brother or near agnate will. He will wait years for his opportunity if necessary; but take the suspect's life he will, as well as that of her supposed lover. In this the Biloch is less brutal than a Pathan, who often only mutilates, cutting off the nose and slitting the lips. A Biloch wife, like Cæsar's, must be above suspicion. Then the daughters,—they are supposed to have no feelings; they must marry whom their papas will; and once married, they are the slaves of their lords. Their only excitement or pleasure in life is an intrigue. It has a double sweetness, surrounded as it is with mortal danger, and being perhaps the only time in all her life when passion or sentiment is felt. Of course we now hang any Biloch murderer we catch; and we ignore the plea—gravely urged as I have heard it by one of the best educated and most enlightened chiefs in the district—that but for the "*tulwar* tied to their *pyjama* strings" no Biloch woman would be faithful. I have said we *now* hang, because in the early days of our rule we did not always do so.

In conversation with some of the district chiefs lately, I drew a comparison between Pathan and Biloch, holding that the latter, though often hardened and brutalised by his surroundings from cradle to grave, was the superior for absence of religious prejudices, amenability to rule whether indigenous or British, and lastly, for the sterling quality of truthfulness. "But," I added, "if the highland Biloch cannot lie, the lowland Biloch can and does, and will in time be as skilled an adept in the art of successful lying as races that have been under our rule for a century. It is humiliating that we cannot civilise without degrading in this respect. Can you explain it?"

"Yes, sahib," replied an outspoken chief; "the mouths of you sahibs may not lie much, but your laws and regulations, and your actions, all teach that with you the honest man must lie to succeed in life, and the rogue to escape punishment. Look at ——; he is now a Nawáb, the greatest and richest Biloch in the district. You sahibs call him 'the old fox.' I know why you do it. I call him a snake. Then take a murderer: if a simpleton, he confesses—you hang him; if wise, he maintains silence, or accuses some innocent man, or the police of having tortured the witnesses—he is acquitted for want of what you term 'legal proof.' Bah! ——Sahib was a great ruler. There were few laws in his time, and those few he neither read nor knew. He used to march about in hill and plain, and would call us round him to settle cases. 'I am your king,' he would say, 'and rule you chiefs, and you rule the people. Now bring up your cases and we'll decide them by Biloch custom.' What you now call 'murder cases' were first heard, and we chiefs would award the murdered man's heirs blood-money or a betrothal or two. Then the murderer would return from the hills, where he was hiding, pay the money or make over the maidens, and herd his flocks and till his land again.

Ah! we all spoke truth in those days. —— Sahib was a great governor; he knew how to reward, how to forgive, and how to use the stick. 'A rupee in one hand and a stick in the other,' is the way to manage us Biloches, says the proverb."

As I have wandered into the subject of murder, the readers of 'Maga' will perhaps allow me to continue the digression, and give a case illustrative of the opposition between Biloch and English notions of justice. Two years ago one Allan, a Gurchàni Biloch, caught during the night a fellow-clansman named Gela in his house. In the struggle which ensued Allan was wounded, and bled to death. Gela the murderer escaped to the hills. Allan's heirs thereupon took the vindication of his honour upon themselves, came to his widow, and sternly though pityingly placed her upon her late husband's mare. They led her to a solitary olive-tree growing across the border, and pointed to its highest branch. She knew what was meant. Without a word of protest the faithless wife hanged herself. Aware that the *Sarkàr* would call this act of Biloch justice a murder, those who wrought it have since lived in the hills as outlaws. A fortnight ago Gela, the original murderer, paid a secret visit to his home in British territory, and was arrested, and is now awaiting trial. When his enemies, the four "heirs" or relations of the murdered Allan, heard this, they sent down a message to me from their asylum, that unless the case should be settled by "Biloch custom," the blood-account must run on until they should succeed in taking the two lives owed them—one for Allan, and one for Allan's wife, whose death they debit to Gela, death being the penalty for infidelity. Even should Gela be hung under English law, Allan's relations will not be satisfied, as his life will in that case be forfeited to the *Sarkàr*, not to them. Ten years ago the case would probably have been decided by "Biloch custom," thus ending at once the blood-feud and restoring the outlaws to their homes in our territory. But now Gela must swing for Allan's death, and the blood of Allan's faithless wife—who was, be it remembered, rightly killed according to "Biloch custom"—must go unavenged until her husband's relations, now outlaws and robbers from necessity in the hills, are captured or die; and in the meantime they will kill two of Gela's relations when they get the chance, to make the blood-account equal according to that custom.

Thus we see how diametrically opposed is the English and Biloch view of justice.

Before I digressed, Smith and I were mounting, on our return to Derah Gházi Khán. No new surprise awaited me there. The conference over, I returned to my district, and settled down to the work of administering it. Before long I acquired a fresh insight into the bloody side of Biloch character. I was touring in the north of the district, and there heard some particulars of the way an Afghan caravan had on Christmas-day been murderously surprised and nearly destroyed by Biloches one march out of our territory. In the massacre, twenty-eight Afghans out of forty-four, I think, had been killed outright, whilst only a few Biloches had been wounded. One morning, whilst collecting information about the case, the orderly at my tent-door came in and asked if one Rahím Sháh, a holy Sayad and chair-sitter, might pay his respects. He was admitted, and greatly impressed me by his slow frankness of speech and dignity of

manner; a cicatrised wound on his upper lip and left cheek, received in an encounter with a bear, rather enhanced than marred the look of power about his face. In our talk, we of course discussed the Afghan caravan case, and he showed right-minded indignation at the Bozdars—the Biloch clan which had headed the attack—and promised me his assistance in hunting down all British subjects who had joined their hill brethren in the outrage. When he had gone, I said to myself, "Surely this is a good, simple man, and determined too; for he has fought with a bear in the hills, and though his face was torn open, he killed his enemy with his sword."

A few days later I was sitting trying a case connected with the plundering of another caravan by the same Bozdars and their allies, when an Afghan said to me in Pashto—his own language, which no Biloch understands—that he wanted to see me privately. I gave him the interview he sought. He then informed me that he had been one of the leaders of the Afghan caravan, and had alone of all the male portion of his household escaped; that Rahím Sháh, my simple Sayad visitor, had organised the attack, and was even then disposing of his share of the plundered oxen. I at once sent off an express to a local official whom I could trust, directing him to follow up the clue given. This he did with a persistent thoroughness unusual amongst natives, and in two weeks' time I was in possession of the whole case against Rahím Sháh. It appeared that the Afghan caravan had foolishly halted for several days in British territory at the mouth of the pass up which they intended to march. Rahím Sháh, observing this, formed his plans accordingly—sent word to his Biloch friends up and down the border, and succeeded, easily enough, in bringing down a body of 300 or 400 Biloches on the devoted band of Afghan traders, numbering in all about forty-four souls. The Afghans were taken unawares and overwhelmed, and the only wonder was that so many as one-third escaped. The wounded despatched, the loot secured, the victors divided the spoil. To Rahím Sháh fell six grain-laden oxen. These he had the temerity to bring down into this district. The evidence against him seemed so conclusive that I had him arrested, and commenced trying him regularly—that is, under the Penal Code. The prosecution, however, broke down: friends and disciples rallied round the prisoner, supplying funds and cowing or bribing witnesses; a wily pleader defended him. I determined to discharge him, and try him by "Biloch custom." This I did, and a man who deserved hanging has escaped with a heavy fine. During the hearing of the case, the fact that local feeling was entirely with the Sayad came out very strongly. Biloches and Afghans are natural enemies, have been at open war with each other for centuries, and prey upon each other whenever opportunity offers; and the Afghans, being neither so aggressive nor so offensively intelligent as the Biloches, are generally the greater sufferers. Thus, from a Biloch standpoint, the massacre of those twenty-eight Afghans, and the looting of their property, was a highly laudable action. Biloches, therefore, professed not to understand why I thought it reprehensible.

"You have just been fighting the Afghans," said a local chief to me, "and we have been helping you. No former deputy-commissioner troubled himself much about Afghans, whether in or out of the district; why should you?"

I quite admitted that, from all I

had heard, some previous deputy-commissioners may have been rather partial to the Biloches, but I said I intended to protect law-abiders of both nationalities equally. This I have since done, fining villages in a few cases where Afghan camels have been stolen within their limits, and the tracks not carried beyond, and making as searching an investigation when Afghan women have been abducted or have disappeared as if they were Biloch wives. Independent Afghans whose countries adjoin Biloch territories, I should explain, are all so poor, that in the cold weather hunger drives hundreds of families down into the plains to work for a living. Being splendid labourers, and Biloches—rich and poor alike—being the reverse, their services are appreciated. Their women, possessing at best a dog's attachment to their masters, and receiving at best a dog's treatment from them, either work themselves as coolies, or are left in Biloch towns and villages whilst their lords are at labour. There they soon pick up a little of the Bilochi language or Jagdallí *patois;* and after that, a kindly word from some hairy Biloch, and the promise of plenty of *jowàr* cakes dipped in *ghee* (clarified butter), will suffice to make the young wife forsake her husband, and consign herself to the blows and embraces of a Biloch master. When an Afghan loses his wife in this way, the tracing of her is necessarily a matter of great difficulty, as popular feeling sides with the abductor; and if by his own persistence, or by aid of the police, the husband does at last find her, he generally prefers pocketing fifty or a hundred rupees, and divorcing her, to taking her off and cutting her throat.

Now let me turn from what is repulsive in Biloch character to what is pleasing. I refer to his love of horses and horse-racing, or rather mares and mare-racing; for these outer barbarians kill all their colts, partly because from the scarcity of fodder at certain seasons rearing them would be expensive, but chiefly because the horse is almost valueless amongst them. One man can hold twenty mares, but not two horses. Mares neither fight nor neigh; horses do both. Mares are gentle, easy to manage, gregarious; horses are rough, troublesome, unsociable. So argues the Biloch; and in his hills, where every man is still a predatory animal, living largely by sheep-stealing, making long forced marches, — often fifty or sixty miles in one night, and swooping down on the sleeping prey in the early dawn, — he is right. For such work horses are not suited. No Biloch is a "man" until he possesses a mare. Until that climax to his ambition is realised he is a coolie, a cutter of grass, a herder of sheep, a mere cipher, a clod, a thing of no account in the body politic of his clan. Government, seeing the wiry endurance of the Biloch mare, has for some years been wisely liberal in its endeavours to encourage horse-breeding, especially that of colts, in the district. With this view a large number of first-class Arab and T. B. E. horses have been introduced into Derah Gházi Khán, and an annual horse-fair is held, at which large money-prizes are given for young stock, particularly for colts and geldings. Thus, in spite of his prejudices, the Biloch is, by that all-powerful destroyer of inherited customs, self-interest, slowly but surely learning that it is worth his while to rear his colts. Another means, and almost more effectual, has been followed for years by successive district-officers, and that is, by having at the annual races for mares, races for colts.

This passion for horse-racing is more innate in the Biloch than in the Englishman. With the former

it is universal; every large village has its race-course, generally a straight run of three or four miles. With us not more than a very small minority care two straws about it. Every Biloch mare is more or less always fit to run, because she is expected to travel, hot weather or cold, at a minute's notice, fifty or more miles in the twenty-four hours, perhaps for days and days together; if belonging to a highlander, on a distant plundering expedition—if to a lowlander, to visit his deputy-commissioner, to attend to a case or suchlike object. For instance, if a party to a case in the south of this district carries his appeal to my immediate superior, the commissioner of the Derajàt, the appellant has to journey not less than 235 miles, and possibly over 300, to find the commissioner. To do so he mounts his mare, and in less than a week's time will have reached his destination.

Now to describe what may be called the "great annual national" of the Biloches. I mentioned early in this paper that soon after my arrival in the district I was accompanied to Harrand by a Mázarí chief on a famous racing mare of his, for which he had paid twenty camels. The mare was even then in training, as was a smaller animal, also already referred to, which, however, had been beaten twice before, and was not intended to compete this year in any but minor events. The races had been fixed for 12th March, during the third day of the Biloch horse-fair. As the time drew near, go where I might in the district, whether twenty miles or a hundred miles from headquarters, there I was sure to see some aspiring racer, thickly swathed from ears to hoofs, being trained, or "dried," as it is called, for the coming struggle. Her exercise being constant, her clothing of the thickest, and her food of the driest, no wonder that by the day of contention she was thoroughly "dried," and able to gallop her three or four miles without showing any signs of distress, and hardly turning a hair.

In training his mare the Biloch follows much the same system as we do in respect of the food. He gradually reduces the allowance of hay or chopped straw, and increases that of corn (*jowàr*), until, as the day of competition draws near, the whole food consists of corn. But his way of exercising his mare is very different from ours. Every third day he gallops her at full speed five or six miles, though the race be for a shorter distance. During the two days which intervene between each gallop the animal is only given walking exercise. Well, as I have already said, the Mázarí mare looked hard and fit two months before the day. In the opinion of all Biloches, no mare had a chance against her, as she had already won for two successive years. In the following month, when marching in the south of the district at a place called Rojhán, I saw a Bugti mare which had been specially trained to run against her twice-victorious Mázarí rival. She had just come in from her distant home in the Bugti hills, in charge of four attendant grooms; and her master—an independent chief—was expected in a few days. Though a glance at the mare, which was rather slight, and seemed to have no racing points, made me think her master would not achieve success, I felt that he well deserved it for his pluck in bringing her in a march of 160 miles and more.

At last the great day arrives. The horse-fair is over; the prizes have been given; the officers of the garrison have, after a plentiful though by no means sumptuous lunch, passed lenient criticisms on most of the prize-winners; the Govern-

ment Arabs, English thoroughbreds, and Norfolk trotters have all been paraded round the central enclosures before the admiring eyes of all the Nawábs, chiefs, chair-sitters, and carpet-sitters of the district, and of the independent hills beyond. And now a general move is made to the grand stand. The blue-coated policeman of the period is told to clear the course. This he does easily. There are no roughs here; no passion-stirred men of the ring shouting themselves hoarse, and making one wonder at the coarse brute-faced ugliness of the Anglo-Saxon betting-man. Well, the *nautch* girls are driven back behind the ropes, for even they have poured out of the city to make an honest penny and see the fun; the great creaking merry-go-rounds and swings cease their grating and grunting, and nothing is seen from the stand but half a mile of a broad circular course, bordered on either side with deep rows of turbaned heads, behind which is a line of riding-camels—some decked out with many-coloured silk and cotton ribbons and cloths; one in particular, directly opposite the stand, glitters in the fancy armour of small mirrors set in frames of vermilion, blue, and yellow. From the stand the course appears a broad green walk, parterred with variegated flowers, or bordered by "a rainbow fall'n upon grass." From the back of the mirror-armoured camel the stand appears like a great white lily speckled over with black—for every Biloch who is entitled to a chair is there, and many others; and all are clad in their national colour—white from turban to toe—and the faces of all are dark, and the hair of all as black as jet. The whole scene is intensely Eastern, intensely tropical, owing to the clear balmy sky, pencilled everywhere by the delicate tracery of palm-trees, and merging to the west into the dusty yellow of the many-folded hills.

And now the competitors, ten in number, appear. Each jock leads his mare past the grand stand—each mare is barebacked.

"Poor dears," murmurs the sympathetic Mrs H. "Will they be ridden without saddles?"

"Yes; that is the Biloch custom," I answer.

"And won't they canter by?"

"No, they won't mount," is the inconsequent reply, "until they are at the starting-post, and even then not until the last moment. The mares know what they have to do, and their riders will not be able to hold them in."

"And why are several of the riders such old men, and some of them quite heavy, and all of them almost naked?—it is really so shocking," warbles innocent Mrs H.

"I suppose the owners trust old ones more than young ones. They have no weights, you know," explains some one.

By this time a start has been effected, and the mares sweep round by the stand in a cluster. We all follow them in a dead silence with our eyes until they come round a second time. They are stringing out now; the Bugti mare is leading, the Mazárí second, *sed longo intervallo.* As they pass, there is a buzz of talk, a comment or two is heard, and then again a breathing stillness. They pass again; the positions are still the same, but the interval between the first and second is now small, and the stringing out of the rest has increased. As they gallop by, the buzz becomes a loud hum. Encouragement is shouted to this rider, mocking praise to that. The chair-sitters in the stand are sitting no longer; they have risen, and all are talking. We, too, are on our feet, but we are quiet; we are not very much interested after all. One

man—a racing sub., whose eyes have been on his watch since the start—asks me if I know the length of the course.

"A little over a mile," is my inaccurate reply.

A curl of disdain lengthens the corners of the sub.'s thin mouth as he glances after the fast-receding mares. I know what is passing through his mind; but that matters not, the mares are now coming round for the last time. The Mazárí is leading now; her grey-haired rider sitting close, knees and head well forward, feet drawn back, hands down, and back like a bent bow. The Bugti is twenty yards behind, and losing ground at every stride—her rider's legs working like the arms of an agitated windmill. As they approach there is a roar of delight at the Mazárí victory from the multitude. The Biloch occupiers of the stand are all on their feet, on chairs, on benches, on each other, shouting and vociferating, as if each was a schoolboy with his half-year's pocket-money lost or doubled on the issue. I glance at the young Bugti chief. He alone is quiet. Nothing shows feeling in his handsome face but a strange brightness in the eyes. A little notice, and he might break down and cry from vexation. He had come a long way to win, plucky fellow, and had failed. Never mind, his overfed three-year-old filly, whose shoulder-muscle was at first mistaken by the veterinary judge for an unnatural swelling, has carried off the first prize that day in the horse-fair; that ought to be consolation enough, I think. The great race is over: the Mazárí mare has won for the third time; her owner is happy. We are contented, all of us but the racing sub., who remarks, as he returns his watch to his pocket, "Just over nine minutes. The slowest race I have ever seen. Call these racers; my old country-bred could beat them in a canter."

"Well," replies some one, "nine minutes is pretty even time. Why, the course is nearly four miles; part of it is heavy too, and one of the turnings is very sharp. I doubt if your old country-bred could keep up a gallop for two miles, let alone four. That winning mare and some of the others were full of running at the end. Remember the Biloches often have a ten-mile race, and go at a gallop the whole distance."

Other races followed, but the excitement about them was less intense, and one race resembled another. Then came some tent-pegging and lime-cutting, and as evening closed we all returned to cantonments two miles off. Numbers remained until long after nightfall watching the city *nautch* girls dance and sing, the huge clumsy swings and the merry-go-rounds gyrate groaningly on their grating axles, eating dusty fly-crowded sweetmeats at one of the many lollipop-vendors' booths which avenued the approaches to the ground. Each was happy in his own way, and went home when he was tired. By midnight a score of the wakeful guardians of the peace, our blue-bloused constables, were the sole occupants of the fair-ground and race-course; and they, I am persuaded, after their day's exertions, slept as soundly as did we. Here had been held a three days' fair and race-meeting on the confines of the Indian empire, to which city, cantonments, plain, and mountain had contributed their thousands of spectators; and during those three days not a theft, not an offence, not a row of any kind, had occurred. Could the same be said of the pettiest one-day fair held in the remotest corner of Great Britain?

I have, I hope, said enough to

show what manner of men the Biloches are,—how untamed, how careless of human life, how incapable of national self-government, and yet how amenable to rule if the ruler be a British officer, just, fearless, and earnest. After seven months' acquaintance with this rude but interesting, and in many respects amiable, people, I have become convinced that both humanity and self-interest require us to vigorously prosecute the good work of governing and civilising them, begun so quietly many years ago, and continued so boldly since 1877. Humanity demands it; for the Biloches, wearied out by centuries of intertribal wars and family blood-feuds, are themselves importunate for us to stay amongst them as rulers, and teach them the arts of peace. Self-interest demands it; for the Biloches are the natural buffer against Afghans and others approaching India by Candahar, and, moreover, can supply us at short notice with upwards of 25,000 ready-made mounted Cossacks, both mares and men inured to every fatigue and exercise which war can impose.

It is only within the last decade that Biloch affairs have been pushed into imperial importance. Previously, the Punjab policy, short-sighted though it was, was to treat all highland Biloches as beyond its border, and *de facto* beyond the range of its influence; whilst the Scind policy was to bolster up a chief, termed in misleading official documents "his Highness the Khan," the "king," the "sovereign" of Bilochistan, by a large annual subsidy, wherewith he maintained in his pay a force of some eight or nine hundred foreign desperadoes. These mercenaries lived on "his Highness the Khan," and with the aid of some ambitious *khánazádahs*, or household slaves, enabled the puppet-king to keep up a show of beggarly state in a dilapidated agglomeration of hovels called Khelat—known officially as "the capital of the dominions of his Highness the Khan." After some twenty years of anarchy, the nominal position of affairs was, that for several months each year his Highness and his mercenaries remained squatted, in miserable plight for food and raiment, on the top of a hill, whilst bands of his exasperated subjects encompassed him round about below; until, by some successful intrigue or piece of treachery, the confederacy would be broken up, and "his Highness" would return to his tumble-down palace for the remaining months of the year, anoint his long curls, and think himself a king indeed. All this time each of the outlying Biloch *tumans* or clans did what was right in its own eyes; and each having for the last 500 years led a nomadic predatory sort of life—now domineering over their Khan, now owing him a loose allegiance, but always preying on each other and on the plains below—saw no reason why this free-and-easy sort of existence should not continue a few hundred years longer. Since the annexation of the Punjab, a few lessons had taught them that raiding in force on the plains of Scind or of Derah Gházi Khán, generally resulted in the ignominious slaughter of the raiders; hence they now only sent small bands of robbers down, who swept up and carried off all the camels and cattle they could, and killed the herds when they caught them. The internal condition of Bilochistan being then one of widespread lawlessness, and the Scind border being vexed by continual cattle-lifting raids, the Scind authorities hungered and thirsted for an expedition, with its prospective sequel of honours and decorations, to bring "his Highness the Khan" to reason.

But that part of the Punjab border which marches with independent Bilochistan—that is, the border of this district—was not so disturbed as that of Scind. Here the quiet persistence of successive deputy-commissioners—and particularly of one, now a distinguished man, who owes his success in life (credit to his Scotch descent) to the natural sagacity and pertinacious energy and obstinacy of his character—had already borne fruit. By encouraging the hill tribes to settle in the plains, and by enlisting their services for the protection of our border, a few British officials had converted thousands of hill robbers into peaceful, law-abiding cultivators. Upwards of 90,000 Biloches were already settled in the district, a loyal and orderly people; and 40,000 more, though still of necessity highland shepherds and thieves, and still nominally independent—owing to a faulty border-line—were already hankering after the benefits of our rule.

The deputy-commissioner of this district to whom I have just alluded, saw his opportunity; saw that his policy—that of dealing with each clan directly, and of ignoring the Scind system of Bilochistan being a "kingdom" ruled over by a hereditary sovereign—must win in the end; and with admirable determination and indifference to snubs and official censure, maintained that his method of treating the Biloch was *the only* method which could wean him from his evil ways. He pointed to its success: the Scind authorities could not gainsay the fact. He pointed out that it was rational and humane: that, too, was patent. He pointed out that an expedition would cost many lakhs of rupees, and could have no civilising, if any permanent, effect: the sequels to all previous expeditions, from Hazára to the sea, taught the same. Lastly, he foretold, with the dogmatic inspiration of a latter-day Radical, that his method would rescue an "oppressed nationality," and would be—cheap. This crowning argument decided a parsimonious Ministry in favour of what was sometimes called "the Punjab system;" and they sent him—a simple Captain—to Khelat, on a friendly mission to the misguided Khan, instead of sending generals and an army to burn and destroy, and make the miserable still more miserable. A year or two passed; the parsimonious Government fell, and was succeeded by one better able to appreciate an intelligent policy. The simple Captain, now an insinuating political, again saw his opportunity, and seized it, and in 1877 was appointed "Agent to the Governor-General for Bilochistan," with residences at Khelat and Quetta,—in other words, he was to rule, while the puppet-Khan was to reign, over what is known as Khelàti Bilochistan.

I should have explained before this that Bilochistan—that is, the country occupied by the Biloches, who claim Arab descent, and settled in their present territory upwards of a thousand years ago—is a vast tract of arid crumbling hills, offshoots of the great Sulimàn system, valleys, and plains,—bounded on the north by the mountains of various independent Afghan tribes, on the east by this district and Scind, on the south by the Arabian Sea, and on the west by Persia. The area enclosed within these limits covers about 148,000 square miles, of which some 60,000 belong loosely to Persian Bilochistan, 80,000 to Khelati Bilochistan, and 8000 to what may be termed Punjabí Bilochistan. The first-named portion is a dependency of Persia, and is supposed to have a population of 110,000, or a little under two

to the square mile; the second, which has been politically administered by the Agent to the Governor-General since 1877, has a growing population which now cannot be much under 400,000, or five to the square mile; the third, in which I comprise the so-called independent hill tribes, Bozdars, Khetrans, and the highland portion of what are sometimes termed "the divided tribes"—Kasrànis, Laghàris, and Gurchànis—are under the direct political control of the deputy-commissioner of this district, and therefore under the Punjab Government. The population of this third division of Bilochistan fluctuates greatly with the season; hence to give an approximate estimate of its resident numbers is difficult. As the fighting men are reckoned at upwards of 10,000, the whole population cannot well be under 40,000. We have then, within the last ten years, practically annexed—or, to be more euphemistic, politically absorbed—a territory of 88,000 square miles, occupied by a sparse and largely nomadic population of 440,000 souls. The ratio of this population to the square mile is five, or about the same as it must have been eight or nine centuries ago; the ratio of cultivated to cultivable land cannot be more than as one to twenty-five. Where, in valley or plain, cultivation is attempted, it is pursued literally in fear and trembling, with shield on back, *tulwar* on loin, and rusty matchlock lying ready to hand. Every collection of huts is a walled fort; every field contains a tower of refuge beyond whose matchlock-range no land is ever sown. In the hills the shepherds tend their flocks and herds much in the same way—armed to the teeth. They never rest long in one place, knowing that did they settle anywhere, some neighbouring or distant clan would collect its horsemen, who would ride a forced march through the night, dismount near the devoted settlement, and leaving their mares secured in some ravine, sweep down upon it in the early dawn, kill all the males, and drive off all their four-footed wealth. This endless strife, this life of war and rapine, has been going on for centuries, ever since the Biloches had a history. They harry each other's cattle and lands because they must live; the males of whole families are destroyed, because, once a blood-feud has commenced, it must by custom continue until the number of killed on both sides is equal, and even then a formal settlement is necessary. The sole cause for this awful state of things is, that the Biloch is incapable of *national* self-government. He knows this; he sees that those settled in this district have fixed homes, are comparatively affluent, and he implores us to take him also under our protection and authority. The good work has been begun, then, in civilisation's name; in humanity's name let it be prosecuted energetically and earnestly. If a lower reason is wanted, I appeal to self-interest. Let us make Bilochistan strong as a bulwark against Afghan and Russian. The Biloches are a nation of hardy and daring horsemen; they hate the Afghans, they love us; they have no fanaticism,—then let us make use of them. The days may come ere long when 25,000 loyal Biloch horsemen on our side may turn the scale and roll back an invasion.

FENIANISM—ITS FORCE AND ITS FEEBLENESS:

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF THE FENIAN DIRECTORY.

WERE Irish discontent confined to Ireland, the nation would, under a capable Government, have an easy task in coping with it; but, unfortunately—and we must deal with facts as they are—Fenianism is actually stronger in America than it is in the unhappy island which gave it birth. Exiled kings and families have ever been dangerous and troublesome to lands that have driven them forth: how much more likely to be dangerous must be an exiled people? Formerly, when, after the surrender of Limerick to William and De Ginckle, many thousands of born Irishmen were driven into the services of France, Spain, and Austria, the compelled absenteeism of a professional military class was rather a help to Government than otherwise. The Irish exiles were scattered, were in many instances poor, and had to look, when thinned by battle and sickness, for recruits to Ireland, whence the supply was uncertain and scanty. The "brigades" abroad had, in fact, as much as they could do to preserve themselves. With them the struggle for existence was a sharp one, and they had neither means nor opportunities to stir up revolts at home. This fact is recorded even in their songs, one of which gives a painful enough picture of the struggle between love and duty, that rends but too often the heart of exiled man, be he of whatever nation or race he may. The soldier's sweetheart has written to him, saying that if he will not return to wed her—to the enjoyment of her parents' wealth and home comforts—or permit her to join him at the front, she will believe him unfaithful. He refuses. Why?

"For never shall my true love brave a life of war and toiling,
And never as a crouching slave I'll tread my native soil on.
But—were it free, or to be free, the battle close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need from the girl I left behind me."

In these latter days the exile is better off. He can visit Ireland. She is not only within his thoughts, but within his reach; and then, again, no less than half of the Irish race are assembled in America. We have to contemplate the Irish exiles no longer as a few free-lances, serving foreign monarchs for hire, but as a community rapidly rising in numbers, wealth, and education; sheltered under a republican flag; provided with a powerful and unscrupulous press, well-organised machinery for collecting funds, leaders, a treasury, and regiments. There is no use disguising facts, or endeavouring to close our eyes to their importance. The Fenian Brotherhood of America is, for every purpose of evil, a power—and one that must be taken into account in Irish politics. At the last of the conventions—Chicago, 1881—the committee appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the force of the organisation, reported the existence, in the United States and Canada, of no less than 913 circles, having a nominal roll of nearly 250,000 men. Of course, not all of these, or indeed even a moiety of them, are fighting men; but for fiscal purposes numbers are useful. These 250,000 men bring Fenianism home to the whole of the Irish community, reckoned at between

three and four millions; so that the working body rests, as it were, on a solid substratum of people willing to aid the common cause with—so far as they can—vote, pen, and purse. Were we dealing with any other people than the impulse-torn, passionate, and factious Irish, we might here be forced to say, "This is a nation;" but it is fortunate for us—and indeed it may be said, fortunate in a still higher degree for Ireland—that the Irish are, in America as elsewhere, utterly incapable of domestic union. Parliaments and conventions are unfitted to their genius. They are hero-worshippers, and born subjects for a king to rule over autocratically, despotically, anyhow,—it matters little, so long as he dazzles and gratifies the mob by liberality, success in war, feats of personal strength, or even by the natural gift of personal beauty. The Irish are not and will never be republicans. The Irish in America are, therefore, not a nation. They have no one man around whom to rally. Jealousies, petty ambitions, greediness, and intolerance of each other's views, keep them from any true union. If, however, it had but one responsible chief, answerable to none other for his acts, words, or intentions, the Fenian Brotherhood, resting on the Irish abroad, would be not only numerically strong, but capable of dangerous activity.

The original body, known to us as "Fenian," was raised by John O'Mahony and James Stephens. Of the career of the latter, sufficient is already known. His colleague, O'Mahony, was "out" with O'Brien in '48, and had to fly the country. Of his connection with the Young Ireland movement, enough is known to justify the confidence placed in him by his disaffected countrymen abroad from 1858 to the collapse of his authority over the Fenians in 1866. O'Mahony was of the farmer class. His parents were respectable and respected residents of the county of Tipperary; and they were well able to afford to their children an education which would have been liberal, were it not for the deadening tendencies of the Roman Catholic teachers in Ireland to exclude knowledge from the pupil. When O'Brien's insane rising took place, and failed in 1848, John O'Mahony was one of those whose mind was not convinced that, with the arrest of the leaders, all prospects of success were lost. He accordingly reorganised his club, and on the 12th of September following went into insurrection on his own account. His failure was quite as ludicrous as Smith O'Brien's. The rebel leaders endeavoured to possess themselves of the country from Slieb-na-mon to Comeragh; and they did succeed in setting in motion some bands of half-armed undisciplined peasants in the neighbourhood of Carrick-on-Suir. They burned an abandoned police barrack at Piltown; tried to break down a bridge of but two arches at Graney and failed; made an attempt to reduce the little police station at Glenbower, but were repulsed by a combined force of eleven constabulary, with the loss of one killed and two wounded. A few more men were shot in an abortive attempt on Portlaw barracks; and then, in just as purposeless and weak a manner as it had risen, the rebel army dispersed to its homes, leaving, as usual, its leaders to be hunted up, and hung or transported. O'Mahony got over to France; and in Paris, then the paradise of revolutionists, he again met with Stephens and others, who together formulated this programme of the Fenian conspiracy:—

1. To swear in, in America, an

Irish army, for the purpose of effecting a landing in Ireland.

2. To create in Ireland a brotherhood to welcome them on their arrival.

3. Outside of the fighting circle, to organise a working and subscribing one.

4. To gather together sufficient store of arms and ammunition for the use of a field-force "when the time would come."

5. To secure the aid of certain American statesmen, and, if possible, to involve the Union in war with England.

6. To draw together the "Irish nation" at home and abroad for purposes of hostility to England.

The work laid out was at once undertaken. Mr James Stephens, who had all the pedagogue's self-conceit,—he had been a schoolmaster,—undertook the organisation of Ireland. This, with some aid from America, he set about in 1857. He was not twelve months at work, when the nucleus of the intended Republican brotherhood of Ireland was denounced, scattered, arrested, tried, and sentenced. But Stephens, who was vanity itself, was not to be disheartened by failure,—he, an unmilitary person, who had not even the courage of his convictions, boasted that he could create an Irish army on Irish soil. If self-confidence could have helped him, he would have succeeded; but he did not succeed, and there for the moment we may leave purely Irish Fenianism—a nerveless organisation, whose darling achievement was the wearing of bog-oak harps or green *kepis* trimmed with gold, in the presence of some dozens of detectives, or the theft of a few rifles or revolvers; but whose numbers and strength, when tested in the field, were contemptible.

O'Mahony's work was better done. By the beginning of 1860 he had organised in the United States about 130 circles, averaging 400 men each. Of these, the majority were military circles, being formed of the Irish volunteer and State militia regiments. General James Shields, of Mexican note; Colonels Corcoran, Cass, and others in the eastern States; and Jeremiah Smith in San Francisco,—with at least 200 officers and nearly 40,000 trained volunteers, were available for Fenian purposes previous to the outbreak of the American civil war. The mass of the Irish served the Union; but in the ranks of the Southerns were also many Fenians, such as General Cleburne, killed in action—and Burke, afterwards tried in Dublin for his complicity in the movement of 1867, and sentenced to death. Fenianism was at first actually strengthened by the outbreak, because many thousands of Irishmen rushed to the front; and wherever there were sufficient numbers of them together, Fenian circles were at once formed. Besides this, there can be no doubt of the fact, that at the period of the Trent affair, when England and the United States were all but at war, hopes were held out, and promises made, to the Irish leaders in America, fairly inducing them to rely on Republican neutrality, if not on direct aid, in any action they might at any later time take against England. On the other hand, these disclosures of their strength and plans to officials, caused the betrayal of their secrets to our Government; and the result of the war as a whole, was to weaken active Fenianism by more than half of its fighting men and nine-tenths of its officers. The elevation of Mr Johnson—a man of no fixed principles, and whose only desire was to get through his term in peace, and with no trouble to himself—to the Presidentship, which occurred

on the death of Abraham Lincoln, affected the Fenians most injuriously; and another cause of weakness began to operate. After the war, the remnant of the Fenian officers persistently pressed for action. The fact is, they were disbanded soldiers, who had acquired something of the military taste, and whose motto was, "Those that take the sword shall live by the sword." Action was promised; and James Stephens the Irish organiser could afford, in 1865, to assure the American party that Ireland was ripe for revolt. He was able, on the other hand, to promise much aid in men and money from America; but here he was reckoning without his host. The Fenian leaders had no store of arms at all; and notwithstanding the fact that they had been receiving comparatively vast sums for years, in contemplation of a war against England, the treasury was all but empty. Boastfulness at this time, 1865, was the grand feature of the organisations. Banquets, extensive and expensive picnics at St John's Wood and elsewhere, were the order of the day; and canvas-back ducks, Mumm's and Moet's champagnes, rich suppers, and the usual personal concomitants and pleasant society, with national song-singing, and the building of "castles," not *en l'espagne* but "in Connemara," the work of the night. The treasury was also burdened with pensioners; an expensive staff was kept up; emissaries were constantly passing over to France and Ireland; and James Stephens, with his gang of harpies, chiefly ex-schoolmasters and tailors, had to be kept going in Dublin.

The result came all too soon for those who had been living in a fool's paradise. Government struck in Dublin, on the night of September 15, 1865, its first blow against Fenianism, by the seizure of the 'Irish People' newspaper, its staff, and the staff of the Irish brotherhood,—nearly all of whom fell into the hands of the police at one and the same time. It was expected in America that this catastrophe would have been succeeded by an immediate rising in Ireland, so funds began to pour into John O'Mahony's treasury; but when Stephens himself had been captured and liberated, State trials had taken place, and law had fully avenged itself on some fifty of the Irish principals—and when, to shameful inaction, succeeded tales of equally shameful waste, folly, and misdirection of funds—the American Irish party, the true Fenian Brotherhood, deposed O'Mahony from his office of chief. The body now split into two factions, one that clung on still to O'Mahony and Stephens, and another called the Senate party, who elected William Roberts as their president. This gentleman was a merchant, had travelled much, and was well educated and accomplished. He had for a time very much of the confidence of the better class of Irish Americans. He was not long in power when his branch of the order inaugurated an invasion of Canada.

On 1st June 1866, a number of Fenian soldiers crossed Niagara, took a half-manned fort named Erie, with its guns of old-world pattern, and marched towards Toronto. An action resulted. The Queen's Own Canadian Militia tried to stop the raiders; but being only parade soldiers, became confused on seeing their enemy. The Fenians occupied a wood with about 1100 sharpshooters. The Queen's Own were thinking of dislodging them, when some one cried out, "Cavalry!—cavalry are coming!" The militia looking, saw about six horsemen—General O'Neil and his staff, trot-

ting into the open—when, on the supposition that these were the head of a column, the order was given to "form squares." This movement, hastily performed, brought the Canadians mobbed under the Fenian rifles; and after sustaining but two volleys, away scampered the whole force. Nor did they stop running till they, some miles off, met artillery coming to their relief. Here, however, ended the campaign. The Government of the United States most loyally interfered to suppress raiding from their territory, and threw a force in rear of the Fenian column, which, cut off from its base of supplies, was forced to recross Niagara on the night of June 2—thus having very successfully kept the field for twenty-seven hours.

Now came a crucial moment in the history of the order. Forbidden action on American territory, there was nothing for the "professional" portion of the conspiracy but to fall in with the Stephens plan—"A fight for Ireland on Irish soil!" But ere anything was decided, mutual recriminations were indulged in: section denounced section, and leader leader; and to such an extent was this, to themselves, highly pernicious agitation carried on, that between speeches at conventions and letters to newspapers, addresses and counter-addresses, there was not one secret of the society—not one leader's name, a hope or a plan—that they did not themselves parade for the information of an amused and wondering world.

Stephens announced, as a sort of check to contention, that he would fight; and actually went so far in his candour as to publicly fix the day on which the "Sunburst," or Fenian banner, was to be unfurled on the green hills, &c., of his native land. In a little work called 'Speeches from the Dock,' by the brothers Sullivan of Dublin, is to be found the following passages describing the result of this announcement:—

"The prudence of thus publishing the date which he had fixed for the outbreak of the insurrection was very generally questioned; but however great might be his error in this respect, many believed that he would endeavour to make good his words. The British Government believed it, and prepared for the threatened rising by hurrying troops and munitions of war across to Ireland, and putting the various forts and barracks in a proper state of defence. As the last days and nights of 1866 wore away, both the Government and the people expected every moment to hear the first crash of the struggle. But it came not. The year 1867 came in, and still all was quiet. What had become of James Stephens? The astonished and irate Fenians of New York investigated the matter, and found that he was peacefully and very privately living at lodgings in some part of that city, afraid to face the wrath of the men whom he had so egregiously deceived. We need not describe the outburst of rage and indignation which followed on the discovery; suffice it to say that the once popular and powerful Fenian leader soon found it prudent to quit the United States and take up his abode in a part of the world where there were no Fenian circles and no settlements of the swarming Irish race. Amongst the men who had rallied round James Stephens in America, there were many whose honesty was untainted, and who had responded to his call with the full intention of committing themselves, without regard to consequences, to the struggle which he promised to initiate. They believed his representation respecting the prospects of an insurrection in Ireland; and they pledged themselves to fight by his side and perish, if necessary, in the good old cause, in defence of which their fathers had bled. They scorned to violate their engagements; they spurned the idea of shrinking from the difficulty they had pledged them-

selves to face, and resolved that, come what may, the reproach of cowardice and bad faith should never be uttered against them. Accordingly, in January '67, they began to land in scattered parties in Queenstown, and spread themselves through the country—taking every precaution to escape the suspicion of the police. They set to work diligently and energetically to organise an insurrectionary outbreak; they found innumerable difficulties in their path; they found the people almost wholly unarmed; they found the wisest of the Fenian leaders opposed to an immediate outbreak,—but still they persevered."

Persevered! yes—and failed; and those of them who remained in the United Kingdom—notably Kelly—furious at the before-mentioned opposition of "the wisest of the Fenian leaders," set themselves to the task of hounding down as traitors the men who sought to save them from the treachery they invited by their wilful, because admittedly hopeless, attempts at further revolt after the *fiasco* of March 1867.

The next display of American Fenianism was when a small vessel, with a cargo of arms, attempted a landing in Ireland later in the year. The whole of the expeditionary force was captured, and a few of them tried and condemned to various terms of imprisonment. These men sheltered themselves under the plea of American citizenship; but at the trials this was deemed of little weight. If they were not British citizens, liable to punishment as Fenians, then what were they? The choice left open was a dangerous one at best. They had hoisted a flag—not the American one—on the broad ocean over an armed ship, and might, perhaps, have met with scant mercy had they been tried for piracy. With these men much sympathy is expressed both in Irish and American circles. For their constancy they may deserve admiration; but as its failure proved, their plan was folly, their calculations baseless. To attempt the reconquest of Ireland with a force of at most forty-five men, and a navy consisting of one little sailing vessel mounting two guns, was as wild a conception as ever dawned upon the mind of man; and although the daring of the attempt speaks highly for the character, for the personal courage, of those engaged in it, it must yet be conceded—even by Fenians—that the unwisdom of the enterprise says little for the military skill, and still less for the political sagacity, of its authors.

The main result of the expedition was to procure, in 1870, for Irishmen, and presumably for all British subjects, the right to adopt a foreign allegiance, and to forfeit for ever their own should it become through any cause hateful to them. With the fall of Stephens, the failure of all attempts against Canada, and the hopeless cruise of the Jackmel brig, terminated for a time most of the visible manifestations of Fenianism. The subscribing members fell off in number; and notwithstanding the addition to the American circles of numerous enthusiasts from Ireland, ex-prisoners, and others, the movement lost life and force between 1869 and 1878, when the agitations that culminated but a short time ago in the No Rent manifesto of the Irish Land League chiefs, again aroused all the sympathies for Ireland, all the hatred for British imperial sway, of the Irish abroad.

With regard to the actual effects of American Fenianism during the important years 1865, '66, '67, and '68, there is but little to be said that is not known to the public through the revelations made at the various State trials, save that the object of the American officers who from time to time came over to this

country to forward Fenian projects, was primarily to excite certain factions to acts of especial violence. The Irish organisation was, as a matter of fact, jealous of the dictation of the representatives of the American Fenian body, who were ever in favour of the adoption of some terror-striking line of action that would arouse a paying enthusiasm in the United States. The adoption of such courses was rejected by the Dublin Directory in 1867; and on the failure of the projected rising of that year, a violent contest between the Dublin Centres and Colonel Kelly's party ensued. This led to an incident that has been very much misrepresented, and which even now may, with advantage to the public, be rightly explained.

In April 1867 there fell into the hands of Government, through a fracas with the police in Grafton Street, Dublin, one Michael Coady, whose circle was formed of the most determined partisans of Kelly, but whose line of action was such as could not be approved of by the Irish Directory. It was proposed to rescue Coady, whose wounds compelled him to be kept for three days in Mercer's Hospital, Dublin; but a singularly active and ambitious Irish American, Captain L——, would not allow the intended rescue to take place, and in time succeeded to Coady's position. He and those acting with him now resolved to cut off by assassination the principal opponent of the Kelly policy. This man had declined to act with Kelly, chiefly on the grounds of his unscrupulousness; and he denounced Kelly as, not an informer, but as a traitor who was in some way working to destroy the Irish National party, by promoting violence of a useless and wholly reprehensible character. The Dublin Committee pretended to be swayed by this advice, and it was proposed that Kelly should be seized and his lodging searched, when, if any papers were found bearing out the charges against him, his alleged machinations could be brought to an end. In May the information was brought in that on a particular evening, 5th or 9th, Kelly would be found at a house on Charlemont Mall, Dublin, and orders were given for his arrest. But now the Fenian chief of police, Kelly's opponent, found himself mysteriously deserted by those he had relied upon to carry out the project, and at the last moment an offer was made to him by Coady's successor to take "for the job" a few of his men. The Fenian chief of police said that two would be enough, as it was very unlikely that Kelly would offer any resistance if surprised. The offer of aid was accepted, and then it became necessary that he should be introduced to the men intended to work under him. Whilst conversing about the matter with a well-known Fenian leader in Georges Street, Dublin, a blood-red mark was made with sulphuric acid upon the left-arm sleeve of the unfortunate chief of the Fenian police, who was then taken about by the American officer, before referred to as Coady's successor, to various haunts in the city, where he was made but too well known to men who, from their after-conduct, were clearly an organised band of assassins. Towards evening, one at least of the Fenian Directory seems to have shrunk from the intended crime—at all events, he warned the Fenian chief of police to trust "none but his own men" in the anti-Kelly enterprise.

Night came, and with night the hour when the attempt had to be made. Believing in the honesty and good faith of his comrade, the investigator went alone to the banks

of the Grand Canal, and walked down the north side towards Charlemont Mall. As he did so, he marked the fact that he was noticed and saluted by quite an unusual number of men; and as he came to Charlemont Street bridge, he observed, *inter alia*, two detectives sitting on the bar of the lock gate. It was a bright moonlight night; and before him now lay, crossing the canal, a railway bridge of metal, beyond the opening under which was a lampless space, with, on its left, a deep sunk field, in which were foundations of a new church; but from where he actually entered, the scene of operations was on his side of the canal, a row of houses forming Charlemont Mall, and on the edge of the canal were mounds of bricks. Down he went towards the bridge and the dark field, when, from the bricks, came out first three and then five men, who announced themselves as under his orders. He at once replied that he did not want so many, when the leader asked him to come farther, pointing to the darkness, as an officer (Fenian) wanted to see him. The tone in which this was said, with the approach of other men, on whose coming he had not calculated, now awoke the doomed man to his danger. "No!" he said; and to save himself, instantly commanded the squad present to fall in, facing them all towards Charlemont Mall, and himself going around to their rear to march them off the ground with their backs towards him. "Posting one man from the left, at every ninth pace," was his next command; "forward." The squad moved onwards, but only for a moment. "We are far enough now!" shouted the leader, when all turned together and fired straight in the face of the entrapped man. He saved his life for the moment by stooping to the ground; a second volley was fired as he rose, but the shots, although rending his clothes in many places, missed him. Through the men in front of him he could not get, although he was but forty yards from Charlemont Street and comparative safety; but fear reasons quickly—he at once turned and fled towards the dangerous corner, the dark space beyond the bridge, although he knew that there other men awaited to take his life. He was fired at repeatedly as he ran the gauntlet, but at length reached the sunk field, over the ditch of which he threw himself, some ten or twelve feet. Even here he was not safe, being pursued by shots from the bank, one of which touched him on the back of the head, bringing him down. Three of his pursuers caught up with him as he fell; but his sudden movements, changes of directions, and contortions, threw their bullets out, though the pistols were fired in front of, behind, and beside him, and that within arm's length. At length, held by two men, he reached a deep ditch bordering on the canal-bank, towards which he had again struck, intending to shelter himself by springing into the water. Here a soldier of the 2d Dragoons came to his aid, and by simply calling aloud and threatening drove off the pursuers, two of whom had, however, in the eagerness of pursuit, fallen into the ditch. The attacked man reached Mercer's Hospital, where he submitted his wounds for examination. The surgeon detained him, assuring him it was necessary he should have a bed, if for only one night. The now thoroughly startled Fenian chief of police, however, declined, and was leaving in haste when the hospital hall was filled with policemen, and he found himself a prisoner. On the next morning he was brought up before the magistrate at Exchange Court,

and accused of having been one of an armed, riotous party, who had met on the canal-banks for the purpose of committing a felony; so that the person injured was the one to be punished. It is a remarkable fact, that although witnesses who were at or near the scene positively stated that the firing was continuous,—even the water of the canal being torn up by bullets,—and that at least thirty-seven persons were assembled for this attempt, the Government of the day made no arrests, although the police—especially the two detectives—present must have seen many of the intended perpetrators of a very wanton act escaping.

The next and only important design entered into by the Brotherhood was the Manchester affair. Kelly had become utterly unpopular in Ireland; but in England there were whole bodies of Nationalists still faithful to him. He and Richard Deasy were, as is well known, arrested by what is known to gamblers as a "fluke," in Manchester—the value of the prize only becoming known through Deasy's at first apparently unaccountable apprehensions of something dreadful likely to happen him, although he was taken on only a comparatively trivial charge. The police took the ordinary steps to identify their prisoners; and their nationality being unquestionable, Fenian informers were brought into requisition, who speedily recognised their old leaders. Later came the question of rescue. It was chiefly organised in Liverpool, and was mainly carried out by men from that city, led in chief by an ex-Dublin centre—the son of a fruiterer — since dead in America. A large number of persons — many of whom had nothing whatever to do with the fatal affray, or with Fenianism — were arrested; and no less than sixty men were at various times imprisoned for what, after all, was but the act of a very few. Five were selected for trial—Condon, Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, and a man named Maguire, who had never been a Fenian, never knew what a Fenian was till he heard it in the dock, and who had not been at or near the scene of the rescue at all. It was an unfortunate circumstance that all those witnesses that swore positively to what they alleged to have been the acts of the prisoners, insisted on connecting this man Maguire as a leader in the affray and rescue. Of the five prisoners, four delivered speeches of a distinctly nationalist character —Maguire alone alleging that all the evidence against him was false, and that he was a thoroughly loyal man. The whole of the prisoners were tried together, and all were included in the verdict of guilty; so that when, a little later—to wit, 21st November—the sentence against Maguire was set aside on the grounds that the witnesses against him were mistaken, whatever measures the Fenian body had taken, or were taking, to aid the prisoners, were stayed, as none of the conspirators believed that any Government could proceed to execution on a verdict not only impeached, but overturned, by themselves.

What the measures intended to have been taken were, may be briefly stated. Lord Derby was at Knowsley, near Liverpool, and he was to have been seized as a hostage for the lives of the imprisoned men. So were others; but the Fenian body was full of half-hearted fellows, who gladly took advantage of the cry in reference to the prisoners, "Oh, the Government dared not to execute them," to shrink from or deprecate active measures; so that although plans were discussed, they

were not ripe for execution when the liberation of Maguire made it apparently impossible that the last sentence of the law would be carried out. A number of men, however, went from Liverpool and other towns to Manchester; and it was at the time asserted that an agreement had been come to by a party of good riflemen to fire upon the scaffold on the appearance of the executioner and the law's victims, so that the men should not be degraded by the touch of the hangman. It was not to be; the whole scene was overclouded in fog and vapour, and no interference was or could have been attempted. From that time, although the Fenian movement has increased abroad, it has been practically extinct in England, where, however, much confusion was occasioned by the horrible and disastrous Clerkenwell outrage—the work of a few unorganised fanatics, but the conception of a spy, who used these wretched beings for his own purpose.

The revival of American Fenianism was most marked during the last year, and there need be no doubt whatever that the Land League derives its strength almost solely from the agencies of the republican organisation, which are so widely spread that they are able to procure unlimited funds whenever they can show to subscribers a prospect of getting value for their money. The Fenian organisation in America has, however, no faith in moral force or passive resistance, in speeches or agitations; and it only uses the Land League system as a means to arouse a spirit of active resistance amongst the Irish, and as a help towards the attainment of Irish independence. It must be understood that Fenianism is adverse to every party—hostile to every man, be he whom he may—who seeks to benefit the Irish people by the remedial parliamentary processes so popular with O'Connellites, Tenant-Righters, and Land League agitators. The League, however, has the support of Fenians, because it tends towards violence—aims at provocation rather than conciliation. Hence it may be fairly assumed, that unless the No Rent doctrine is well supported in Ireland, and unless the Land-Leaguers follow the orders of the Fenian Brotherhood in such a way as to keep open instead of close the quarrel, they will very soon lose all American support, or fall under Fenian ban as did the Nationalists.

Fenianism will always avail itself of the most ardent, audacious, and irreconcilable Nationalists and factionaries in Ireland, to worry the empire, and to keep Celtic blood up to the required fervid heat. The most forward party, the most thoroughgoing chief, always must lead in revolutions, subject only to deposition when he or his backers wish to stand still. This much is certain, that in speculating on the designs of American Fenians, we must not lose sight of the fact that Ireland may give them a leader; and who so fit for the post as men who have baffled Parliament, made a mockery of the Ministry, rendered government all but impossible in Ireland, enforced special, exceptional, and even destructive legislation on the empire, and who now, behind the bars of Kilmainham, wield a moral influence over a whole people greater than that possessed by any of their predecessors in revolution? Observe, it is not said, nor is it meant, that Mr Parnell or his colleagues are Fenians. He individually was but lately on anything but friendly terms with that body; but he is following out consistently and firmly a course that must eventually unite around him the sympathies of

all Irish seditious parties, be they Ribbonmen, Whiteboys, Irish Foresters, or Fenians.

To return to the subject more particularly in hand, American Fenianism has, since the commencement of the Irish land agitation, vastly developed; and it has freed itself from the jealousies, bickerings, and personalities that rent it to pieces when, after the failure of 1867, the Roberts wing fell foul of O'Mahony's following. Senators and members of the Directory interviewed their opponents with cocked revolvers; and accusations of mean motives, thefts, jobberies, and treacheries of all sorts, were bandied about, to the discredit of every one connected with Fenianism. The organisation may now be said to consist of but one solid body, in the hands of the Chicago Convention,—a delegated assembly, liable to be summoned to meet together as occasion may arise or the necessities of the party demand. There is existing as a sort of parasite of Fenianism—that is to say, of the controlled and regulated Fenianism of the Convention—a small but fanatical body, the following of O'Donovan (Rossa),—men who call themselves Fenian avengers and skirmishers, but of whose existence we know less through the character of their deeds than through the violence of their boasting. These are the people who talk of dynamite, and who possibly may have had a hand in getting up abortive attempts at outrages, but who are really harmless, save only to defenceless individuals that may incur their vengeance. A number of these, however, or men to be recruited by their agencies, might at any time, by the aid of the Fenian treasury, be got together for use in some desperate emergency, or for the execution of some enterprise of a startling character.

The weakness of Fenianism is, however, something that must also be carefully considered by those who desire a full knowledge of the condition, hopes, and means of action of this formidable organisation. The Fenians have no longer an army of accustomed, trained, and partly disciplined soldiers as they had in 1865. Taking their own estimate—General M'Millen's—they had then 40,000 men, all of whom had seen more or less of actual service; but seventeen years of civil life, with its vicissitudes, its trials, and its responsibilities, have sadly thinned that force, the average age of which was unusually high, the men making from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age all round in the last year of the American war. The American climate and mode of life both tend to unfit a man for soldierly duties, for the hardships and exposure of the field, rather more than do our own; and it is an incontrovertible fact, that only exceptionally can we find men of forty years and upwards either able or willing to undertake the duties of the private soldier. In the Fenian circles there are, of course, many who are fit for command as captains, majors, and even colonels. Men who need not carry the knapsack or the rifle may endure the fatigues of war to an age comparatively great; but yet, even in our own service, usefulness in old well-worn human materials is looked upon as the exception and not the rule. The veteran Fenian army is therefore no longer existent. With regard, then, to the members of Fenian circles at present existing in regiments of the recognised militia and volunteer services of the United States, they, of course, are numerous, and, as a rule, are young men unencumbered by family ties, and fit for war. Of them this may be said, that they are not to be feared,

unless we become involved in a quarrel with the United States Government, or unless by some monstrous mismanagement or ill fate an Irish revolt should keep its flag flying for ten weeks on Irish soil. It is undoubted that America will never permit, unless an international quarrel should ensue, filibustering against our Transatlantic possessions. The precedent set by such an allowance might, in after years, constitute a danger to the United States itself, as it assuredly would be a breach of all international law and custom. The other question, whether the revolt might maintain itself in Ireland for ten weeks, is one of some importance, and depends upon facts to a great extent beyond our knowledge, and on possibilities of which we can glean but the vaguest outlines. The British army in Ireland is stated by her Majesty's Opposition to number about 50,000 men, while Government fixes its strength at about 30,000. We grant that the constabulary are loyal to a man, but the hesitation to call out the Irish militia would not justify us in believing the same of them. A leader intrusted by the American Directory with sufficient funds and authority, might, without ever coming into individual contact with centres, organisers, heads of Ribbon societies, or other disaffected persons, gather in a few days the nominal roll of all who might be relied upon by the Irish republic to take the field in case of necessity. Of course, amongst those applied to for information for his guidance, would be the usual proportion of spies, informers, and detectives. They, however, could not harm him (as they would have no direct communication with him), except by misleading him as to the strength of the bodies they professed to represent. It would be for him and his staff to test the value of the reports reaching his hands, and if he found that in all Ireland there were but 10,000 men for whom proper arms could be provided, able and willing implicitly to obey his orders, neither 30,000 nor 50,000 soldiers could prevent their junction. The limit of 10,000 named by the writer is that fixed upon by General Cluseret, in London, when offered the post of Generalissimo by the Fenian Directory in 1866. Even a smaller number might do astonishing things. In favour of a concentration of these people would be the fact—the hands of British officers are so fast bound by the punctilious scrupulosity of a humanitarian twist of feeling in the bosom of the Government—that immediate action is all but impossible in the face of emergencies, however great. Authorities must be invoked, and councils held, and orders and counter-orders issued and received, before force can dare, in the present state of public opinion, to exert itself vigorously for the suppression of that which might, after all, turn out to be a trivial, although proximate, danger. Let us assume,—and it is not assuming too much, — that a concentration of only 6000 capable, drilled, or even half-drilled Irish republicans, was achieved in any one county. Could the troops abandon Cork, Waterford, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, Galway, Roscommon, and the King's County, to march through districts swarming with hostile populations against the insurgents?

The question hardly needs an answer. No Government could, in the face of the excitement and agitation of the last three years, abandon the gentry and professional classes, who are still loyal, to the chances of peasant insurrection. In the same way any concentration of the constabulary would defeat its

object, because it would permit of the extension of the revolutionary agitation to the districts we should elect for abandonment. The Government might, it is true, spare some flying columns for an attack on the concentrated rebel force; but the operations of war are at best but slow. There is a wide chapter of accidents to be expected, if not feared; and it would not surprise military men if the field were kept by the republicans in face of every man we could throw into Ireland for a period at least as long as it took Lord Cornwallis and General Lake, with 144,000 troops of all arms, to bring the insurrection of 1798 to an end. There are many chances for the Irish republic to display itself in the field, and that these are being carefully weighed by the American Fenian organisation is undoubted. It would be most unwise — in fact, almost childlessly simple—for us, in forecasting Fenian possibilities, not to remember that there are in the American order men of talent, special knowledge, and ambition, who have made victory over England the dream of their lives; a successful Irish revolt their pet subject and favourite topic for discussion. Were the Irish flag kept floating in any part of the sister island for but a little while,—did only one gleam of success brighten up the prospects of Fenianism,—these men would speedily secure from the military circles, for an expedition to this side of the water, many thousands of volunteers. There is no existing law by which these could be prevented from, as emigrants, leaving the United States for Ireland. Their multitude could not, and neither would the intention ascribed to them by irresponsible newspaper writers, be evidence against them of sufficient value to convict them of any breach of international law. If effecting a landing in Ireland, they were attempted to be repulsed, new fury would be given to the revolt. On the other hand, it might not be an easy task merely to arrest and imprison all of them as "suspects." The mere fact of their departure from America, the evidence that a war of races was once more inaugurated, would hurt the empire as much as if a victory had been won against her arms. So that, in point of fact, Fenianism, notwithstanding the loss of the trained military service it commanded after the close of the American civil war, has still the means at its disposal of putting us to great alarm and great expense. Here it must be again remembered, that the appearance of a Fenian cruiser might, not unfairly, be expected to follow fast on the heels of any Irish rising. Another source of weakness in the American body is its system of holding caucuses, senates, conventions, and other pretentious tomfooleries that expose it to the scorn of Americans, who cannot understand the secret-society-ism that "gushes" all over the land about its plans, its hopes, and its means of action, to such an extent that newspaper-readers are quite as *au fait* with the designs of the leaders as are the wisest of the initiated; but, of course, the danger always exists that the whole Irish body may agree to recognise some one man as dictator.

At the present hour the resources of Fenianism begin to show symptoms of expansion; and there can be no doubt that from many lands, and even from our own colonies, cash is regularly remitted to the treasuries at New York and Chicago. The Fenian press is well, even if coarsely, conducted; and the newspapers of the most advanced

type command an extensive circulation. With these facts plainly in view, the Irish Question assumes a degree of serious importance fully warranting public writers in endeavouring to attract the attention of the empire to what to-day a difficulty, may to-morrow be a danger of the first magnitude.

No more striking proof of the incapacity of the present Government for dealing with Irish affairs can be adduced than the fact that Mr Gladstone's policy takes no account whatever of the existence of Fenianism. He has dealt with Ireland as if all the sources of dissatisfaction were to be found on Irish soil, whereas it has been shown that the motive-power of disaffection and rebellion must be sought for among the American Irish, whom no "message of peace" from Parliament can reach. A Government that has been powerless in the presence of "veiled rebellion," is little likely to act with nerve and decision when the insurgents have thrown off the mask. There can be little doubt that the gain to Fenianism from the Liberal legislation will be immediate and direct. Of the difference between the tenant-farmers' old and new rent, a considerable portion will assuredly flow as a thank-offering into the Fenian funds, or into the coffers of some scarcely less treasonable organisation; while the only classes in Ireland who might have been depended on to stand by the Government with purse and person have been alienated, plundered, and ruined. The present Government has done more to pave the way for a successful revival of Fenian influence in Ireland by its exhibition of the weakness of the central power in the presence of general combination, than the most successful of the Fenian organisers have been able to accomplish; and it will be well for the country if the American Fenians resist the temptations which Mr Gladstone's Government has prepared for them in Ireland until the reins of power are in the hands of an Administration that is not likely to palter with rebellion.

THE BORDERS AND THEIR BALLADS.

If there is a district in our Islands where the romance of history and of poetry, of legend, tradition, and daring adventure, associates itself with all that is most characteristic in scenery, it is in the Border counties between Carlisle and Berwick. We call the scenery characteristic, because with all its picturesqueness it is wild and suggestive rather than beautiful. It is true that there are spots of exceeding loveliness, where a river winds peacefully under hanging woods, or a lake lies sleeping in the shadows of the encircling hills; where we look from a castled height through leafy vistas down the rich meadows of some pastoral valley; or where we linger, lost in the memories of the past, in the sculptured cloisters of some ruined shrine. But as a rule, we are still most impressed by the sense of desolation, which must have been overpowering in the lawless days of the moss-troopers, had the stranger who for his sins found himself in those solitudes, been in a mood to yield to the sentimental emotions. The lairds and the farmers have wrought wonderful changes. The plough has been passed over many a famous battle-field besides the brown ridge of Flodden; black moss-flows bear waving grain crops; plantations have been covering the bare hill-sides; and gentlemen's seats, in their smiling "policies," have replaced the keeps of the riders who shifted for their living. Yet the general aspect of the country is to this day so little altered in essentials, as to enable us to realise all that it used to be. Standing on some frontier height like the Carter Gate, we can picture the condition of the marches when their martial wardens may be said to have lived in the saddle; and when the gear of the good people within their bounds was perpetually changing owners between sunset and cock-crow. We look across a wild jumble of heathery and grassy hills, seldom rising to the dignity of mountains, and intersected everywhere by valleys and chasms. Rills or brawling brooks tumbling down each hollow in a succession of pools, rushes, and cascades, draining the upland peat-bogs, or filtering between banks of gravel, swelled the streams that meandered through meadows and mosses. A heavy fall of rain might flood these rivers at any moment, and send them down in foaming torrents "like the mane of a chestnut steed," when they would not "ride," and effectually cut the retreat of invaders, who were brought up at the fords that were guarded in their rear. If we take one of those crystal streams for our guide, and leave the crest of the ridge for the lower country, we find ourselves wandering among green heights and in valleys where the sense of solitude is almost oppressive in the brightest day. Here and there we may come upon the substantial steading of a sheep-farmer, or on the snug shealing of one of his shepherds. The silence is only broken by the bleating of the scattered flocks; by the shrill whistle of the wary curlew; by the call of the lapwing swooping viciously overhead, or the note of alarm of the startled grouse. But on many a commanding point of vantage we look up to the remains of a shattered keep, with its weather-worn walls of massive masonry. And now and again we skirt what remains of one of those

trackless and treacherous morasses which were the real strongholds of the freebooters of the olden time, when inroads in force put fighting out of the question.

Except Berwick, Roxburgh, Caerlaverock, and perhaps Lochmaben, there were no such baronial castles in the Scottish frontier counties as the ancestral holds of the Percys, the Nevilles, or the Howards, which were the stately bulwarks of cultivated England. The strength that the Scots relied upon in the last resort was expressed in the memorable reply of the Earl of Angus to the threats of Henry VIII., his overbearing brother-in-law, who had been irritated by the Earl's sturdy patriotism: "Little does King Harry know the skirts of Cairntable: I could keep myself there against all his English host." The Douglas belonged to a family which, since the days of Lord James, had always "loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak;" and that was the feeling of all the Border clans between Berwick-on-Tweed and the sands of the Solway. Unrivalled except by their English neighbours as skirmishing light-horsemen, skimming swamp and morass on their light-footed nags like so many web-footed wild-fowls or Wills-o'-the-wisp, their peculiar talent for fighting was altogether opposed to standing wearisome sieges behind walls and battlements. Their rude towers may be said to have served the purpose of the umbrella or light waterproof which throws off the heavy flying shower. They made them good against the chances of a casual raid, rather than leave them to be gutted by the fire that consumed their plenishing. But when a march-storm burst upon their heads in its violence, then, driving their cattle before them with their tough lance-shafts, and mounting the women and bairns on the crupper behind them, they sought shelter in the labyrinths of the moss-flows, where it was foolhardy to follow them.

Yet in those wild days of raiding, cattle-lifting, and fire-raising, when the forays left famine and pestilence behind them, the middle and western marches, at all events, were far more populous than at present. As the birds of prey of the East come flocking to the feast on a dying animal, from what seemed a speckless sky over a lifeless solitude, so the glens that have long since been cleared for sheep-walks, sent forth their swarms of hardy moss-troopers, when the bale-fires were kindled on the heights, and messengers went round with the gathering word. And these men made love in their own rough fashion, marrying and multiplying, and rearing their ragged families. It is a mystery how they managed to maintain themselves, when the arable land around each keep or hamlet was measured by the field-works that could be thrown up to protect it. For although cattle were "lifted" at least as often as bred at home, there must have been limits to the herds on either side of the Border; and when the jackmen found short commons at the tables of their chief, the unlucky non-combatants must often have gone fasting. But the fittest survived, struggling up somehow; and the men were a lean, long-winded generation, who, with hard exercise and spare diet, trained down to sinew and bone; who carried no superfluous weight in the saddle; who were always in condition to give the blood-hounds a breather, if it were their mishap to be hunted like William of Deloraine; and who frequently lived to extreme old age, but more often came to their end by spear or halter.

We said the Border scenery was suggestive as well as characteristic; and the very names either reflect the past, or associate themselves with its memories and traditions. Thus Wolfshope, Wolfscleugh—scores of places similarly christened, though we do not vouch for the exactness of our designations—remind us of times when the exterminated beasts of prey haunted the tangled undergrowth of vanished forests. The ancient family of Swinton may be supposed to have borrowed their honourable patronymic from some formidable tusker destroyed by a progenitor—as the "worms" or gigantic serpents of Lambton and Linton succumbed to the prowess of valiant local knight-errants. There is no mistaking the meaning of Harthill, Hindlee, Earnescliff, Todholes, Brockenhope, &c. While the Otterburne, called after the otters that infested its hollow banks, brings us down to the semi-historical ballad of Chevy Chase, when the "doughty Douglas" sought a prey in Northumberland, as a challenge to the rival house of Percy. Who can look up from Belford or Wooler to the lowering brown masses of the Cheviots, now veiled in their draperies of cloud and mist, now standing sharply out in the brilliancy of a sunburst, without thinking of that memorable hunting-party that was to be rued by the child unborn? The shadows of those hill-tops in cloud or storm, seem to fall heavy on the resting-places of the heroes of romance whose souls were untimely despatched to Hades. Yet, as it happens, it is the genius of some forgotten Border minstrel that has consecrated those scenes with their mythical associations; and it is agreed that the Homeric hunting-party in the Cheviots is founded on the historic fight of the Otterburne. Not that the battle loses much in poetical fire, if we read of it in the pages of the chivalrous Froissart. Then, again, with its changing fortunes and its actual death-roll, it has been seized upon by the genius of some later bard, and immortalised in one of the most soul-stiring of the Border ballads. What can be more touching than the last words of the fallen Douglas, to the mourners who, in the very crisis of the conflict, stood bending in the distraction of sorrow over their dying leader?—

> "Oh bury me by the bracken bush,
> Beneath the blooming briar;
> Let never living mortal ken
> That e'er a kindly Scot lies here."

If we may believe the old chroniclers, making due allowance for romantic exaggeration, Otterburne was the most fiercely contested of all the Border fights, not even excepting disastrous Flodden. It was the typical decision in arms of a warden-raid in force, when all the fighting strength of one side had been deliberately mustered to repel an organised onset from the other. But there are scores of other fights and skirmishes, of which we are reminded either by some moss-grown memorial-stone, or by a casual glance over the county maps, down to the bloody rout of Philiphaugh, where "the great marquis" of Aytoun's noble ballad, for once the victim of some unaccountable mischance, was as much out-generalled as outnumbered. Philiphaugh was fought between opposing bodies of the kindly Scots; but unfortunately, that was no novel experience in the troubled annals of the northern kingdom. For the blood-feud prevailed among our Borderers as among the Arabs; and a homicide committed "red-hand" in some hot-headed broil, led to the bitter clan-quarrels that lasted through generations.

The English and Scottish dales have each their separate history, generally similar in outline as in the grim uniformity of details—Tynedale and Redesdale, Teviotdale and Liddesdale—and written in characters of blood and fire. Then there are the royal and feudal fortresses, each of them with its memories, that have supplied the materials for many a thrilling ballad or stirring episode to the chroniclers. The very fastnesses of the obscure freebooters, whose names were never known beyond the districts that they pillaged, have fired the enthusiasm of local antiquaries, and suggested themes for popular modern songs. And yet, though those pictures of the past are dark and lurid, they are not unrelieved by their gleams of light. For the moss-troopers,—who knew neither fear nor ruth, who laughed at any notion of the rights of property, and who seldom gave a thought to religion, unless they had time to send for a priest to hear their shrift, —had their chivalrous, and almost their generous side. They were as stanch friends as they were relentless enemies; they would run any risks to rescue a comrade who lay shackled in some dungeon awaiting his doom. They were seldom guilty of wanton, or at least of deliberate cruelty, though they would burn the "bigging" of a wretched family, and carry away or destroy all its means of subsistence. In ordinary raids, we seldom hear of their offering violence —Russian and Bulgarian fashion—to females. And above all, they were true to their plighted word, when solemnly given under certain conditions; while perjury was held in such general detestation, that the most reckless ruffian was suffered to go free if he "cleansed himself by oath of march-treason stain."

The idea of writing an article on the Borders in the olden time has been suggested to us by reading a striking and interesting piece of county history that has been written by Mr John Russell, on the fortunes of the very ancient family of the Haigs of Bemersyde.* It seems strange enough that a stock of no great strength, and boasting few influential connections, should have flourished under the same roof-tree for seven centuries, and survived the convulsions and vicissitudes that shifted or uprooted the most powerful families, whose heads held the state of petty princes. We shall advert to that point again. In the meantime, we may remark that Mr Russell's book throws many interesting lights on early Border history. He points out that, in opposition to the ordinary course of things, and owing to a combination of adverse circumstances, the Border districts, after making a respectable start in civilisation, — after submitting to the softening influence of the intelligent religious communities, and making creditable progress in the arts of peace,—relapsed into hopeless lawlessness and barbarism. In the days of the Anglo-Saxons, the Border line, as it has been subsequently defined, did not exist. The Saxon Northumbria included a considerable part of southern Scotland. Even subsequently, when the Saxon kingdom had shrunk to an English earldom, there was no chronic hostility between England and Scotland. On the contrary, noble Norman adventurers held domains indifferently in the two kingdoms, and not a few of them attached themselves speci-

* The Haigs of Bemersyde: a Family History. By John Russell. William Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London: 1882.

ally to the Court of the Scottish king. Scotland, being seldom engaged in foreign wars, had become relatively wealthy. That is shown by the pious but somewhat improvident liberality of David I., styled by the old chroniclers "ane sair sanct for the Crown." He founded and generously endowed the abbeys of Melrose, Jedburgh, Kelso, and Dryburgh; and it must be admitted that if the monks had the selecting of the conventual sites, the choice does infinite credit to their taste. In his interested anxiety for the weal of his soul, he endowed the worthy fathers, some of whom he allured from England, by an indiscriminate alienation of Crown property. Nevertheless, even from a national point of view, the investment might not have proved a bad one had things gone smoothly. The monks, as Mr Russell explains, set an admirable example to their neighbours. It was their interest to live in charity with all men, and to preach peace and progress to the flocks that paid them dues and reverence. They encouraged their serfs and the kirk-vassals to labour industriously on their fertile domains; they reclaimed the waste places, and promoted tillage, according to the most advanced lights of that age. The abbeys and priories, surrounded by their orchards and meadows, their home-crofts and fish-ponds, were so many smiling oases in the surrounding wilderness. Nor did the recluses devote themselves only to their religious duties and the increase of their material comforts. There were students in their peaceful cells who kept alight the lamps of learning. There were cunning illuminators who wrought at the reproduction of rare manuscripts and missals. Those of them who had any artistic susceptibilities were refined by living in an atmosphere of art; for the designs of the stately abodes, and the sculptured tracery of their chapels and cloisters, show that brilliant precocity of primitive architectural genius which our professionals of modern times have vainly attempted to imitate. The hospitable monks must often have entertained in their refectories the masters and enthusiastic scholars of the early medieval artistic revelation.

But all that brilliant promise was doomed to sudden eclipse. The most famous prophecy attributed to the Rhymer, who predicted the long stability of fortune of his friends and neighbours the Haigs, warned Scotland of the dire train of disaster which was to follow the death of the good King Alexander. The story is well known. The sage had spoken of a terrible storm which was to desolate Scotland on a certain day. The morning had dawned fine; the skies were singularly cloudless; and the Earl of March, who was probably the feudal superior of the laird of Ercildoune, had laughed at the "bad shot" of his gifted county neighbour. The seer retorted in the mystical epigram that was to prove pregnant with calamitous meaning, when news was brought to the Court of the accident which had befallen the monarch: "That was the storm I foretold, and so it shall prove to Scotland." And so amply was the black prophecy fulfilled in the course of successive centuries of bloodshed, that we might well believe it to have been a subsequent invention of some ingenious compiler of the sanguinary chronicles, were it not probable that in that case we should have had the means of fixing its date. The Rhymer's sagacity might well foresee some of the evils that were to flow from the death of Alexander. The death of the "Maiden of Norway" following that of her father, opened the

vexed question of the Scottish succession. The ambition of the first Edward, "the ruthless king" of Gray's magnificent ode, was favoured and forwarded by the fierce jealousies of rival baronial claimants. And as it chanced that those warlike barons, the Bruces and the Baliols, the Cummins and the Soulises, had their chief seats in the frontier counties, the Borders were doubly convulsed, and the subversion of their growing civilisation was more absolute.

The vicissitudes, migrations, and extinction of the great Border families are curious, though, considering the circumstances, scarcely extraordinary. Bruce's assertion of the national independence was followed by a series of sweeping proscriptions. As a feudal chief and as a patriot, the "good King Robert" had naturally no liking for the rival houses who had allied themselves with the Southerns, and pushed him hard. The Baliols were banished, their lands were confiscated, and though one of them usurped the crown for a few months, in future we only find them figuring in Scottish history as the vassals and followers of the English. The Cummins, who counted kinship with the MacDougalls of Lorn, shared the same fate, though they afterwards recovered rank and power as north-country barons, and have left their lineal descendants in the northern counties. The last of the Lords Soulis, if he be the sorcerer and tyrant of sinister memory who was boiled in a leaden shroud, if we may trust Leyden's ballad, had in reality a more peaceful end. He was seized at the head of a formidable following, and tried before his peers in full Parliament on a charge of conspiracy against the sovereign. He saved his life by confessing the crime; but he had to submit to the forfeiture of his vast estates, and died in confinement in Dumbarton Castle. Very probably he deserved his fate, though the exploits of his elder brother, who had done gallant service against the English, and once been joint-warden of the kingdom, might have pled in his favour. But he had dangerous pretensions to the throne, depending on a disputed point of pedigree and legitimacy; and undoubtedly he was as ambitious as he was turbulent and scheming. It may be remarked, by the way, that though the chief fortress of the Soulises was in Liddesdale, they had extensive possessions in the Lothians. Gilmerton, close to the capital, belonged to them; and it is said they gave their name to the parish of Saltoun—originally Soulistoun. The Gordons, like the Cummins, were another family who shifted northwards from the frontiers; they have carried the names of their southern estates along with them; and indirectly they owed their aggrandisement to the forfeitures which made so many of the nobility landless. Scott tells their story in the notes to his 'Border Minstrelsy.' Originally they were settled on the lands of Gordon and Huntly in the Merse. Adam de Gordon, a distinguished ancestor of the "Cocks of the North," was a troublesome neighbour to the Northumbrians, and a favourite companion-in-arms of the Bruce. He received a grant of the confiscated estates of David de Strathbolgie, Earl of Athol—which showed, as the event proved, nothing more than the gratitude and kind intentions of his sovereign, for De Strathbolgie saved his feudal territories by a timely return to his allegiance. However, the suspended title was revived in the person of Adam de Gordon's great-grandson, who was actually invested with the wild dis-

trict of Strathbolgie when the Lord Athol, who then possessed it, had fallen in open rebellion. That John de Gordon had fought under the Douglas at Otterburne — when

> "The Gordons good, in English blood
> They steeped their hose and shoon."

The romantic vicissitudes of the Douglases are well known. Tracing their origin back to the myth of the "dark grey man," and to times when tradition confounds itself with history, by warlike deeds and illustrious alliances they grew to a power that repeatedly overshadowed the throne, and excited the fear and hatred of their sovereigns. The last of the elder branch aspired and almost attained to a position much resembling that of Lord Warwick, the mighty kingmaker, whom Lord Lytton has described as the last of the English barons. There was no disputed succession, however, in Scotland, and the Douglases were loyal, though ambitious and overbearing. Since the father of the "Good Lord James" had allied himself with the Southern faction, they never made unpatriotic compacts with England, like their east-country rivals the Earls of March, and too many of the great Border nobility. But they provoked the jealousy of their peers and neighbours as well as of their king, and their aggressiveness had prepared the way for their fall. The honours of the mighty family that was exiled and proscribed were revived in its younger members. There were Earls of Angus so powerful that it became a common saying that none durst strive with a Douglas or a Douglas's man; and one of the lords of Morton became Regent. Yet the Douglases never again permanently asserted the exceptional position they once had occupied. We are told that when Montrose tried to raise the Border counties before Philiphaugh, only a mere handful of horse answered the call of the once-honoured name. As for the last Duke of Douglas, he died childless in 1761, and the Border possessions of the family have passed to descendants in the female line. Their wealth and greatness in the earliest times, as well as the generous patronage they extended to the arts, are commemorated in those remarkable monuments in their chapel of St Bride in Douglasdale, which date from the fourteenth century. In Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' there is a most interesting account of the visit to the spot, when the author of 'Waverley,' in the decay of his powers and memory, had been writing his last novel of 'Castle Dangerous.' It seems strange, by the way, that among all his wanderings in the Borders, he had never before made a pilgrimage to the scenes of historical associations which had inspired many of the finest passages in his works. Five hundred of the race, Lockhart tells us, had been laid to rest in the overcrowded vaults, which had been closed for burials a century before that time.

As the Douglases, richly rewarded for the loyalty of the Good Lord James, had risen, like the Gordons, on the fall and forfeiture of the rebel barons in King Robert's time, so in repeated confiscations their vast domains came to be distributed among the lesser clans of the Border. Scotts and Kerrs, in a lively hope of favours to come, preferred to fight for the King, who had lands to give away, rather than follow the banners of their formidable neighbours. They acquired other estates afterwards, by gift or purchase, exchange or marriage. The Scotts and Kerrs have flour-

ished and multiplied. Though descents may have been transmitted in the female line, the representatives of the ancient chiefs occupy the highest rank in the peerage; while sundry cadets of the clans have been ennobled, whose forefathers were lesser barons, and famous for their moss-trooping feats. Ayton, who inherited the fire and the patriotism of the best of the old Scottish bards, pays a graceful tribute in his 'Bothwell' to the sagacity of the successive heads of those gallant families—

"Wise was Buccleuch, and Cessford too,
Who stoutly held their own,
And little cared amid their clans
For threats from either throne."

But other races of reivers, likewise very "pretty fellows in their day," and at least as daring, have been far less fortunate. The Grahams of the Scottish border, for instance, — proclaimed a headless and broken clan,—were at one time transported bodily to Ireland. While the fate of the gallant Armstrongs, the heroes of so many of our most soul-stirring ballads, is still more melancholy. They had once owned the greater part of Liddesdale, where they had built the keeps, which remain in picturesque decay to the present day, on many a point of vantage. Their chief fortress was Mangertoun, even in its ruin an imposing building of its class; though their real stronghold was among the black flows of the Tarras moss, in which the wizard Lord Soulis had "stabled his stalwart steeds," sent in the disastrous expedition under Red Ringan. But James V. effectually broke their power when, marching southward in guise of peace, he held his rough-and-ready hanging assizes on the Borders; and the ruthless convictions and executions in his grandson's time seem to have finished the work he began. Since then the Armstrongs have gradually disappeared from the districts they had so gallantly defended against the English; and, considering the easy morality of the age, and the better fortune of many of their reiving neighbours, it must be owned that they were hardly treated.

While lands were changing hands in wars and insurrections; while families were being extinguished in savage blood-feuds, or falling victims to the thorough-going justice of the Crown,—the Haigs stuck to the bulk of their Bemersyde acres, and continued to be fairly flourishing. And the fact is almost as extraordinary as the popular prophecy which tradition attributes to "true Thomas." They may have owed something to the protection of the powerful Earls of March, who appear to have been their feudal superiors. But the Earls of March themselves were often on the losing side; and when a great insurgent made his peace with the Crown, his dependants were often likely to suffer. Be that as it may, and setting aside the fanciful traditions which traced the pedigree of the Haigs directly to the Pictish kings, they seem to have been settled on Bemersyde in the reign of David I., and consequently in the middle of the twelfth century; so that already they were a highly respectable "county family" when Edward I. invaded Scotland. To quote Mr Russell, who has shown as much acuteness as research in arranging their interesting family annals:—

"Of the hundreds of forts and castles which once existed on the Scottish Border, and whose ruins still excite the wonder and curiosity of the antiquary, Bemersyde is the only one that is still inhabited as a manorial residence, and inhabited, too, by the family that were its original founders."

And he adds, very naturally:—

"This singular tenacity of possession, extending as far back as into the twelfth century, would under any circumstances be remarkable; and in the present instance becomes all the more so when we bear in mind that its locality is in the very centre of that district of Scotland which for more than three hundred years was the battle-ground of two hostile nationalities, as well as the scene of almost unceasing internal conflict, rapine, and dissension."

The Haigs may well be proud of their descent, and there is enough that is curious or suggestive in their chronicles to make Mr Russell's volume both valuable and interesting. We can only refer to it, however, in connection with our subject, and in so far as it throws a light on the condition of the Borders at different periods. What was in the riding-days an ordinary Border tower, has been added to and modernised as "Bemersyde House," though the ancient *stamm schloss*, which has been subsequently battlemented and bartizaned, still exists in the body of the building. The situation is characteristic of all these places of strength, though the surroundings are softer and more romantic than they often were. Indeed the site of the original Abbey of Melrose, founded by the pious David, is on the opposite reach of the river; and we have referred already to the taste of the monks in the selection of their residences. Bemersyde "stands on an elevated, rocky bluff, overhanging this, one of the most beautiful reaches of the Tweed." So that on the one side it was effectually protected by the river; while on the other, by the fall of the ground nature had assisted art in repelling any onslaught of an enemy. The tower, although of no great size, had its regular outworks; and the position of the barbican is indicated by a magnificent Spanish chestnut, said by tradition to have been planted when the foundations were laid. The venerable chestnut is cherished as the *covin* or trysting tree, beneath which the lairds of Bemersyde were in the habit of welcoming their guests. We may believe, too, that they occasionally held "beds of justice" there, for doubtless they had a right of pit and gallows. The Haigs had established themselves in their ancestral seat in the days when the country was comparatively quiet and prosperous. Its general aspect was very different from what it has become since it was desolated by the ravages of war, and reclaimed by agricultural enterprise. It is only fair, however, to let Mr Russell speak for himself, since his description happens to be remarkably spirited:—

"Next to those everlasting hills and majestic rivers which best defy time and change, the great stretches of forest and woodland that everywhere prevailed formed the chief external feature of the Border country. From the Cheviots to the Lammermoors, the higher grounds were clothed in all the waving luxuriance of a primeval forest—the hillsides that now stand out bare and brown being dark with ancestral pines or shaded by wide-spreading groves of venerable oak. Round Jedburgh and Hawick were immense belts of country covered with trees, the traces of which are visible to the present day. At Bowden, in Roxburghshire, was a wood of 500 acres; and almost the entire area of the county of Selkirk was one vast forest, abounding in magnificent herds of deer. . . . The lofty mountains between the Yarrow and the Tweed, which now yield no higher growth than the heath and the bracken, then bore upon their heaving flanks a 'dark forest,' which a royal army of a later day still thought was 'awsome' to see. The whole country between the Gala and the Leader, down to the Eildons, was covered with wood, the

memory of which is still retained in the nomenclature of the district. We have Langshaw, and Allanshaw, and Hareshaw; Broadwoodhill, and Wooplawwood, and Oakendean. Even on the estate of Bemersyde were Woodhead, and Flatwood, and Threepwood—names now either lost, or shorn of their significance. . . . The principal rivers were then less restricted in their course than now; for at that time the beautiful haughlands and meadows which modern industry has reclaimed, were in general mere wastes of bog and morass, studded with clumps of willow and alder, and fringed with beds of water-flags and rushes, where the boom of the bittern resounded at nightfall, and flights of wild-fowl darkened the sun at noonday."

From the early charters granted by the lairds of Bemersyde, we learn something indirectly of the habits of life of a considerable landed proprietor of the period and his dependants. The oldest of those charters which now exists is undated, but it is assumed on good evidence to be *circa* 1215. By it, Petrus de Haga gives two oxgates of land, a portion of one of his forests, and a tenement, to the monks of the adjacent Abbey of Dryburgh, in which the Haigs have always had their burial-place. The consideration was, of course, to be masses for the souls of Peter himself, his departed wife, his ancestors and successors. The tenement alienated by the pious donor had really been the Bemersyde dower-house, as the deed sets forth that it had been occupied by his mother Goda, "of good memory." It is accurately designated as "the fifth to the east," from which Mr Russell jumps to the conclusion that the village of Bemersyde must have been of considerable size; that the dwelling in question must have been not greatly distinguishable from the others; and that probably it was one of the peels or bastel-houses common upon the Borders at a later period. From that charter, and another which De Haga had signed as witness, he reconstructs and peoples one of those feudal villages which sheltered under the keep of the proprietor or superior. Mr Russell is probably right in asserting that they were then constructed chiefly of wood; though it is certain that afterwards, when forays were frequent, the principal houses appear generally to have been built of solid stone, which might be gutted but could not be destroyed by fire; while the bondsmen kennelled in hovels which cost but a few hours' labour. They were inhabited partly by freemen, partly by the villeins or born thralls, who were either sold separately or went with the estates, like the blacks on our own West Indian plantations. The charter shows, moreover, that the villagers were in comfortable circumstances, and that they even paid an attention to the graces of life, which became impossible as the country grew more unsettled. Each had a garden round his cottage, with rights of grazing on the commonland. And Mr Russell refers for confirmation of his pleasing picture to the rental-book of the rich Abbey of Kelso, which, although bearing a somewhat later date, applies to a similar state of things. In the village of Bowden, which was owned by the monks, there was a society of thirty-six thriving cottagers, and to each cottage was attached from one to nine acres. They paid rents which were not exorbitant—even considering the values of that age—partly in coin, varying from one to six shillings, and partly in labour. The services, however, were very different from the crushing conventual *corvées* which went so far towards bringing the French Revolution to

a crisis; for they were limited to nine days in the year. There were besides, in Bowden, twenty-eight cultivators of a higher class, who each paid half a merk for his husbandland with its right of patronage—which was precisely our lawyer's fee of six shillings and eightpence—with services payable to the monastery, including labour in harvest. They were further bound, of course, to follow the convent banner in time of war, which in those comparatively happy days was only tantamount to an undertaking to turn out in case of need for the common protection.

There is another very singular charter, which is well worth notice. When Petrus de Haga attached his seal and signature to a formal deed of trivial tenor, he never dreamed that he was suggesting a subject for the speculations of inquisitive antiquarians six centuries later. The writing sets forth that he had covenanted with the abbot and convent of Melrose, in quittance of certain transgressions committed by him and his, to make a yearly payment of ten salmon, five of them fresh and five old; that the said religious men, moved by piety, and seeing that the payment tended to the disinheritance of De Haga and his heirs, had consented to relieve him of it. Consequently, it was to be compounded for the annual delivery of a half-stone of wax, under a penalty of thirty pennies to the lamp of the chapel of St Cuthbert, for each month that the delivery might be delayed. The deed is undoubtedly puzzling. It is a mystery why the delivery of the salmon should have tended to the disinheritance of the Haigs; for the theory that salmon could ever have been so scarce in the Tweed as to make the discharge of the obligation in any way difficult, is altogether untenable. Mr Russell's suggested interpretation is far more plausible. He thinks that the fishings on Bemersyde may have been vested in one of the powerful over-lords, who may have resented any encroachment on his rights as superior; and that the monks had granted a release to the Haigs from engagements which might embroil them with a formidable neighbour.

But another fact of still greater interest is connected with this curious deed. Among sundry subscriptions of witnesses of rank and consequence, we find that of "Thomas Rimor of Ercildun," demonstrating clearly, were demonstration needed, that the Rhymer was a real historical personage. Besides, although this deed is likewise undated, on collateral evidence it may be assigned to somewhere between the years 1260 and 1270, which approximately fixes the time when the Rhymer flourished. Scott, when speculating on the age of the seer and the events with which tradition has associated him, found it necessary to stretch certain dates to the limits of credibility, that he might reconcile facts which were barely reconcilable. But Sir Walter, although admiring the family of his good neighbours at Bemersyde, as he admired everything that was ancient, honourable, and romantic, was not so thoroughly versed in their pedigree as Mr Russell, who has ransacked the family records. Scott assumed that there was but a single Peter de Haga, and he felt bound to attribute to him a patriarchal length of years; while Mr Russell has discovered that three lairds of the name had inherited the lands in succession, which simplifies the dates amazingly, by smoothing away sundry difficulties; and there seem fair grounds for presuming that the Rhymer was an aged man when he set his hand to the deed in question. He is said

to have lived at Ercildoune, now Earlstown, in Berwickshire, where the ruin still exists which bears the name of the Rhymer's Tower. And the lands of Ercildoune are only separated from those of Bemersyde by the Cowdenknowes, so familiar to admirers of the Border minstrelsy; so that True Thomas may well have lived in friendly intimacy with the successive generations of the Peters de Haga. As for the celebrated prophecy, from which the Haigs are said to have borrowed their motto of "Tyde what may," which surmounts the heraldic rock, which is happily suggestive of their stability, if not genuine,—and the embodiment, as Mr Russell suggests, of a kindly wish—it has at least proved *ben trovato.* It is admitted that it has been in circulation from a very remote antiquity. And Scott, while demonstrating that many of the predictions attributed to the Rhymer were spurious and obviously adapted *ex post facto* to memorable historical events, as others might well have been based on a shrewd forecast of probabilities, says, "We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death." He adds, that the author of the metrical romance of 'Sir Tristram,' — the solitary known copy of the romance is treasured in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, — would never have been immortalised in tradition as "the Rhymer," had it not been for the popularity of his prophetical staves.

The storm that the inspired bard had predicted, burst, as we have said, with disastrous violence on the Border. For centuries they became the bloody scenes of universal terror and anarchy; and such infant institutions as we have seen flourishing on the banks of the Tweed, under the protection of the convents and the feudal strongholds, were everywhere uprooted. When the places of strength were stormed and sacked—when the very monasteries were burned over the heads of their inmates by men who set spiritual censures at defiance — it was certain that the humbler classes would have more than their share of suffering. When men hardly hoped to reap where they had sown, anything like careful agriculture was at an end. There were no more orchards of fruit-trees, grafted from foreign stocks, to be found within the precincts of the monasteries; no more patches of garden-ground around the cottages of the villagers. We have seen that the tenants of Bemersyde and of the Abbey of Kelso had been in the habit of paying regular rents according to the terms of their tacks. Nothing is more significant of the melancholy change than the fact that, from the wars of independence to the Union, money rents had ceased to be paid altogether. The feudal barons and the chiefs of the clans distributed their bleak domains among their kinsfolk and vassals on tenures of man-service; and the only other return they received was in the shape of occasional help in their own rude farming. Indeed there was little or no current coin forthcoming; and the wealth, or rather the poverty, of the Borderers consisted in their droves of half-starved sheep and cattle. Life, even in the households of the nobility, must have been rough to wretchedness; and often, especially in the winter, they were reduced to extreme privations. When flesh was plentiful, they feasted on huge joints, with coarse-baked cakes of oatmeal or barley; and when girnel and larder were exhausted by their improvidence, the replenishing them depended on the success of their raids. We have al-

ways thought that the worthy housekeeper "cut it rather fine" who was in the habit of serving a pair of spurs on her baronial table as a signal that it was high time for her riders to bestir themselves. But the Borderers, like the trappers of the Fur Companies in the far west of America, were accustomed to tide over times of fasting by taking up a hole or two in their leathern belts; and if they set little store by the ceremonial observances of the Church, they were constantly keeping involuntary Lents. Yet the Scots, we fancy, were seldom in such dire extremities as some of their neighbours and enemies on the English side. Like the wilder English dalesmen, they were secured from utter devastation by the natural fastnesses to which they could retreat, driving their four-footed property before them. But the more open country between the Tweed and Alnwick, or even Newcastle, lay helplessly exposed to a Scottish invasion; famine used to become chronic there, when there was prolonged war between the crowns; and pestilence and deadly epidemics followed closely on the footsteps of the famines. Things could scarcely have been worse, in north-eastern Northumberland, than during the Wars of the Roses, before and after the battle of Hexham. But in the fourteenth century, as we learn from contemporary documents, the rich living of Morpeth had become entirely worthless, though Morpeth was defended by a tower and castle. And it is said that at that time, in all Northumberland there were only eight benefices of any value. Redesdale is as strongly defended by nature as any of the Scotch valleys; and from the times when the Umfravilles held their manors on condition of clearing them from thieves and wolves, the Redesdale men had always been famed for their ferocity and hardihood, as Bernard Gilpin nearly learned to his cost when he undertook their spiritual education in the sixteenth century. But it is significant that in the extensive parish of Elsdon there is not a single gentleman's house of an older date than the reign of Queen Anne.

When all lived by the good old rule that "they should take who had the power,"—when men held their lives by as precarious a tenure as the property they were sure to defend desperately,—the marvel is that the weaker clans should not have been exterminated. The probable explanation is, that by offering their military services they could make sure of powerful allies or protectors. Hardy fighting-men were always welcome to chiefs with half a score of feuds on their hands, committed to a continual struggle for ascendancy. And there are bonds of manrent still to be found in family charter-chests, by which barons of good descent and position placed themselves and their people unreservedly at the disposal of some more powerful noble. So in later days, when the lords of Buccleuch, who were always politic as well as valiant, had been rising into prominence on the decline of the Douglases, they enlisted the spears of the Elliots and Armstrongs, who were ranking already among the "broken clans." But strong or weak, each man fortified himself as best he could against the impending surprise or onslaught which could only be a question of time. The villages more immediately on the Borders were necessarily the most exposed. In these the strength of the peels or bastel-houses was duly regulated by statute. They were to be surrounded by a wall, which was to be one yard in thickness and six yards in height, and which was

to enclose a space of 61 square feet. To the larger peels there were double doors—the outer of grated iron, the inner of oak, crossed with iron-bars, and clenched with hammered horse-nails, such as yielded to the house-breaking experience of Christie of the Clinthill, when he released the imprisoned inmates of Glendearg. The ground-floor of the smaller bastels formed a shelter for the cattle — it communicated with the living-room above by an iron trap-door; and each gloomy little fortress had its loopholes, if not its battlements, from which arrows, bullets, or boiling water were discharged from under cover on the assailants. Many of those villages of clustered forts, the counterparts of which are still to be found in Thibet and Afghanistan, were encircled by a triple wall, enclosing the very limited arable land which was divided by alternate strips among the little community. Where there chanced to be a church, the roof was of stone, to minimise the damage of the periodical conflagrations. Surprises secretly planned and adroitly carried out were most destructive. When there was apprehension of a foray, the passes were watched; scouts were in readiness to carry the alarm to the adjacent hills, where there were old men and lads to tend the bale-fires; and the forts and passes were occupied in force, if there seemed a fair prospect of defending them.

Meanwhile the alarm-fires, kindling from hill to hill, blazed the news to the warden or the lord of the district; while mounted messengers, following fast, explained details and the strength of the foray. If it proved a mere dash of a handful of reivers, probably neither one nor the other thought it worth while to stir. But if a lord warden deemed the affair of sufficient importance, he had a right to summon every man within his bounds, between the ages of sixteen and sixty. As for the isolated deeds of "spulzie," which were encouraged by custom, they were admittedly illegal if the nations were at peace; though the legalised proceedings, by way of redress, were somewhat rough and primitive. A thief might be followed up by "hot-trod," with hue and cry, hound and horn; while any of his resetters or rescuers were equally answerable to justice with the culprit himself. One of the peasants in the 'Black Dwarf,' discussing the old fashion of "following a fray" across the Border, describes it, as we have no doubt, very accurately: "Hout! there's nae great skill needed: just put a lighted peat on the end of a spear or hay-fork or something, and blaw a horn, and cry the gathering-word; and then it's lawful to follow gear into England, and recover it by the strong hand, or to take gear from some other Englishman, provided ye lift nae mair than's been lifted from you;—that's the auld Border law made at Dundrennan in the days of the Black Douglas. Deil ane need doubt it." William of Deloraine, as we remember, had "baffled Percy's best bloodhounds:" hounds were kept at towers and castles, as much for the chase of the moss-troopers as of the deer; and where there was a lonely hamlet or an outlying peel, wakeful ban-dogs were let loose in the enclosures after dusk, to give warning of the approach of a stealthy enemy.

But lawless as they were, the Borders had their rude system of laws, or rather of customs, and their semi-barbarous virtues. The wardens held their courts of justice, whither aggrieved parties came with their complaints, and where those charged with offences which they stubbornly denied, were some-

times persuaded to appear under safe-conducts. When no blood had been shed, outrages that had brought unexpectedly unpleasant consequences were not unfrequently compounded for by agreement. It strikes us that one of these wild open-air tribunals would furnish a fine subject for the painter; and we are surprised that no artist of genius has had the ambition to attempt it. The execution might be difficult, but it needs no great stretch of imagination to design the composition. We can conjure up the scene on the fells, with a broad river sweeping swiftly round a hill-locked haugh, and a stern fortress rising in the background. A warden of lofty port, in bright armour, but bare-headed, stands or sits in his chair of dignity, surrounded by the chivalry of the neighbourhood. The dismounted riders, in the battered mail that has been rusted by exposure to the weather in many a night-ride, or in their storm-beaten buff-coats —fierce-eyed, hollow-cheeked men, but hard as iron — stand grouped about, leaning on their long lances. Their undersized horses, far more serviceable than showy—many of them strained, half foundered, and touched in the wind with reckless usage and desperate gallops—are picketed or knotted together by the bridles; while savage dogs with shaggy coats and blood-shot eyes, prowl about the outskirts of the gathering. When a case comes up for solemn judgment, what fierce gesticulations between contending suitors, smarting under the sense of mortal outrages! Even respect for the baron sitting *in banco*, whose hand is as heavy as his speech is austere, can hardly hold them back from flying at each other's throats. Or take, as a companion picture, one of the great football-matches, in which not only rival clans would meet each other, but even the marchmen from opposite sides of the boundary-line. Then the armour was cast aside, and the jack-boots likewise, as we should suppose; and the sinewy lads, as long in wind as in limb, "brattled over the braes" after the ball, like their half-bred deer-hounds. What savage "scrimmages" when the Border blood was hot, and old enemies meeting in the way of play had a blissful chance of half throttling each other! Naturally the players had to part with their whingers as a preliminary; but we may conceive that many a quarrel beginning with fisticuffs came to be settled afterwards with the cold steel. And in the feasting that followed, with the flow of ale and the bursts of barbaric minstrelsy that fired their fierce tempers, the conviviality must often have degenerated into brawling when the "malt got abune the meal." Then we see the guests separating after the stirrup-cups, with hand-shakes like bear-hugs, and rough farewells; the riders stagger towards their neighing horses, and break up in boisterous bands, riding through bog and swamp and ford in the wan moonlight — waking the echoes in the hills with shouts and snatches of song, till they had taken the edge off the mettle of their fretted steeds, and sullen silence settled down upon the party.

The union of the crowns, preceding that of the kingdoms, did much to bring that state of bloody anarchy to an end. A man was no longer safe from his sovereign's justice when he had left the frontier line behind him. James VI. of Scotland, unlike his grandfather and his great-grandfather, had no great fancy for acting the Grand Justiciar in person; nor did he care to face the flash of the Border steel, when desperate men drew swords in earnest. But if he did not per-

sonally superintend summary executions like those of Piers Cockburn of Henderland and the much-lamented Armstrong of Gilnockie, he went about the work of extirpation more systematically. Strongholds which from time immemorial had been the nests of rebel chiefs, were destroyed or dismantled, and their occupants were heavily fined and banished, condemned to indefinite periods of imprisonment, or bound over to keep the peace under penalties. The "debatable lands," the inhabitants of which had long eluded a jurisdiction that, being claimed by both kingdoms, was enforced by neither, were transferred to the Earl of Cumberland for a fixed yearly fee-farm. The Earl, with the law and its forces at his back, took order with his new tenants, and thenceforward the territories of the notorious Grahams became tolerably orderly. In fact, from the reign of James in England, reiving may be said to have ceased as a profession. But it was a task of time and trouble to change the habits of men who lived in the isolation of their inaccessible valleys, among hills where the intricate passes were only known to themselves. They began to breed sheep and rear herds of black cattle, and occasionally carried their colts to the horse-fairs, which were scenes of deep drinking and hard fighting. But they were still addicted to "lifting" in a quiet way, and were the terror of their more peaceably disposed neighbours, who often found it prudent to pay them liberal black-mail. We need scarcely say that the king's writ never ran in these dales, and the hue and cry, unless supported by the sheriff and the *comitatus*, discreetly stopped short of the well-guarded entrance. Gradually matters improved, as the law succeeded in asserting itself, and when criminals had no longer the confidence of impunity. The dalesmen had been effectually disarmed after the latest of the Jacobite risings; and though the constable's calling was still a dangerous one, it was found that putting him in bodily peril did not pay in the end. If the law were baffled for the moment, it was nevertheless inexorable, and culprits were followed up and ferreted out. But, in times comparatively recent, the lawless classes were largely recruited from the Border population. It was the districts near the Solway that furnished the boldest smugglers to the fair-traders who ran their cargoes from the Isle of Man by moonlight. It was the Border farmers who furnished well-armed escorts to the strings of pack-horses, laden with tea-chests and spirit-casks, that might be heard jingling along the hill-causeways in the dead of the night; and the wastes were favourite encampments of those roving gangs of gipsies who established a permanent winter settlement at Kirk Yetholm.

We have referred already to the Borderers' notions of good faith, and to the stanchness with which they kept to their plighted word. Being everything rather than religious, an oath had with them little more sanctity than a simple promise solemnly given. But when a Borderer pledged his "hand and glove," the enemy who had burned the roof-tree over his household, driven his cattle, or slain his brother, might lay aside all distrust and "take a tryst" to talk matters over. And they seem to have always prided themselves on free hospitality, even when the sacrifices in practising it were almost as great as in the case of Boccaccio's poverty-stricken gentleman, who wrung the neck of his favourite falcon to entertain the lady of his heart. We often hear in the old ballads of

refugees who were entertained for years at free quarters, though sometimes, no doubt, they did good service for their keep—as, when Hobbie Noble, the sturdy Bewcastleman in "Jock o' the Side," was picked out as one of the chosen three sent to snatch Lord Scrope's captive from the warden's clutches. In later days, the hearty sheep-farmers, living in rough plenty, could better afford to make their guests comfortable. It was from the actual experience of his own youthful wanderings, that Scott sketched the reception of "the Captain" by Dandie Dinmont at Charlieshope. Week after week Scott and his companion had gone from solitary homestead to solitary homestead, never putting hand in pocket except to pay the turnpikes. To be sure, the favour was felt to be by no means on one side. A farmer who vegetated where no wheeled-carriage had ever been seen, and who let his fly-blown correspondence accumulate in a distant post-office till pleasure or business chanced to take him to the market-burgh, would gladly welcome "the cracks" of a cheerful stranger. And the future author of 'Waverley' must have been "grand company," with his endless store of jest and anecdote; with his quick sympathy in the tastes of his companions for the time, and his enthusiasm for their "auld warld" songs and traditions. By the way, there is no better story told in Lockhart's Life than one that is highly characteristic of the excessive hospitality of those hill-folk. After many nights of carousing far into the small hours, Scott was congratulating himself on one occasion on having been let off very easily. There had been only a single bottle of the classic elder-flower wine at supper; and the household, after a temperate repast, had knelt down to its devotions,—when suddenly there was a noise of horse-hoofs outside, and the goodman conducting the "exercise" jumped jovially to his feet. He rubbed his eyes, "with an exclamation of 'By ——, here's the keg at last!' and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen," whom, in expectation of the advocate's visit, he had despatched for a supply of rum.

In so savage a country, with its scarcely less savage inhabitants, the most sombre and fantastic superstitions were sure to flourish. The moss-trooper on his lonely rides, with the crimes that burdened even his callous conscience, heard strange cries in the winds and the moaning of the waters and the cries of the night animals, and evolved terrible and spectral shapes from the mists and the gloomy shadows. His imagination peopled his solitudes with those tutelary spirits that we find in the mythology of all barbarous peoples; and they took their colour on the Borders from his uneducated fancy, so that their individualities were as rude as their designations were homely. The streams and the depths of the black lakelets were inhabited by shellycoats and kelpies, while the dwarfish and malignant brown man of the moors would show himself for the most part as a messenger of mischance or disaster. The brownie, more properly so called, was a familiar and friendly spirit, who, like Milton's hard-working and good-humoured "lubber fiend," attached himself to a dwelling. The Cumberland dalesmen, we believe, called him Hob Thross. The fairies, or "good people," who were spoken of with bated breath, led up their moonlight dances within the fairy circles on many a green hillock. As for the reality of their existence, how was it possible to

question it, when they left such material proofs of it behind them as the goblet that became the famous "luck of Edenhall"?—while, so late as the end of the sixteenth century, an old lady was tried, sentenced, and executed, chiefly on her own damning confession that she had "hanted and repaired with the gude neighbours and the Queen of Elfland." Then there were many holy or enchanted wells, whose waters were either believed to have marvellous healing properties, or which were consecrated to saints by the Church, and recommended as objects of pilgrimage. The belief in witchcraft was of course universal; but on the Borders there had been wizards and witches of all degrees of rank, from the terrible Lord Soulis and Sir Michael Scott, down to the woman who cast her spells on the kye, and would turn herself, by the help of her familiar, into a mawkin. Surveying the lonely wreck of the Soulis Castle of Hermitage in the gloaming, and recalling the sinister fame of its tyrant of evil memory, we can well understand how the belated peasant should have shuddered at it. Built by malignant demons coerced by magic spells, imprisoned fiends continued to haunt its ruins. But it is strange, when tradition has been confirmed by the credulity of centuries, how imagination from the abstract will condescend on the concrete.

"The door of the chamber where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years by that demon to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled or stripped of its bark when drawn back."

As for the illustrious Michael Scott, though his bones are said to have mouldered in one of the Border abbeys, as the lands where he had his "local habitation" lay in Fife, he is only remembered on the Borders by the handiwork of his familiar spirits. It was a demon in his service

> "That cleft Eildon hills in three,
> And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone."

But even that potent necromancer, the evidences of whose supernal powers are so unmistakable, having never put the country people in bodily terror like Lord Soulis, has been ridiculed and vulgarised in the popular recollection. Some of the stories told of him show in a ludicrously grotesque light the enchanter whose horse-hoofs shook the towers of Notre Dame, making him the sport and mockery of inferior intelligences—as when he was turned into a hare by a malicious hag, and only enabled to resume his shape when he found a moment's breathing-space from his greyhounds in his own common sewer.

The manners and rugged simplicity of the Borderers are reflected in their ballads, which are often as harsh, abrupt, and inconsecutive as the uneducated minds that conceived them; but are not unfrequently beautiful in the extreme. In their evident realism, with the frequent undercurrent of quaint drollery, they are the most trustworthy and invaluable contributions to the pictures which fancy dimly evokes from the past. Some of them are unmelodious enough; and the "maker"—for we can hardly call him the poet—has simply thrown into halting metre everyday inci-

dents in most vulgar speech. We need hardly say that these, for the most part, are indisputably genuine and ancient. But the majority show true poetical fire, with the higher qualities that make popular lyrics immortal. Account for it as we may, and by the admission of the most critical judges, the Scottish national poetry of the olden time is of a far higher order than the Southern ballads. To prove it, we need only compare Percy's 'Reliques' with Scott's 'Minstrelsy.' In the English collections we have the narrative of some more or less sensational episodes turned into rhymes that are often mere doggerel, by some practically-minded bard who mainly concerned himself with material facts. Robin Hood was surely a noble subject, as was Clym of the Clough and the other gallant archers who roamed the merry greenwood in Plantagenet times, as the yeoman-champions of the oppressed lower orders. But the exploits, in which these heroes had not always the best of it, might almost be contemporary police-reports conscientiously versified. Even the romantic story of the "Heir of Lynn," a prehistoric type of the victims of our modern money-lenders, where the imminent tragedy has a dramatic and delightfully unexpected *dénouement*, is related with a singular perversity of baldness. The old English ballad, as compared to the Scottish, is Bishop Percy's "Hermit of Warkworth," to Leyden's "Lord Soulis" or Scott's "Eve of St John." The former, with its languidly monotonous flow and insipidly harmonious rhythm, deserved the caustic ridicule of Johnson, though the Lexicographer may have cherished a grudge to the Bishop, arising out of an after-dinner wrangle. While the others, with their mingled smoothness and fire, with their vigorous touches of character and their bright intensity of local colouring, are as good as anything that had gone before them. For the Scotch ballads, with their appeals to the passions and sentiments, with their animated outbursts of martial or patriotic feeling, with their brilliant touches of vivid description, with their turns of pregnant suggestiveness, and their notes of melting pathos, have passages that must always live in the memory, as their echoes ring in the ears.

Lyrics of warlike adventure, of feats of harebrained peril, and audacious deeds of stouthreif, were naturally most in favour; and the memory of many an obscure freebooter has been kept green because he happened to number a "sacred bard" among his acquaintances. But some of the most ancient lyrics are in great measure fanciful and allegorical, showing such refinement in imaginative poetry as we should hardly have expected of the times. Noticeable among these is "Fause Foodrage," beginning—

"King Easter has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comely face
And for her fair bodie."

While others, which are either singularly beautiful or morbidly fantastic, are the idealism of the superstitions that must have sent a shuddering thrill through the group that gathered round the chimney-place to listen to them. In "The Young Tamlane," with its blending of vulgar fable and vivid realism, with its exquisitely graceful images and its quaintly descriptive epithets, we have the story of a mortal's intercourse with the Court of Elfland. More happy than the venerable Thomas of Ercildoune, whose unhallowed passion

for the Fairy Queen seems to have transported him finally to her unknown country, fair Janet, by her faith, constancy, and courage, succeeds in recovering an enchanted lover. There is admirable spirit in the eager earnestness of Tamlane's instructions to his beautiful mortal bride :—

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the broun ;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider doun.

. . . . . .

They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask ;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast."

Fair Janet is watching at the mirk midnight, listening to the "strange eldritch sounds" borne on the wild north wind, till the painful tension of expectation is relieved by the melodious ringing of the elfin bridles.

"And Janet was as glad o' that
As any earthly thing."

Strong in her love, the valiant maiden lays grip on the bridle of the milk-white steed; and as the elfin *cortège* draws rein, powerless to meddle in the strife, the weird predictions of her lover are fulfilled from point to point, till, after the manifold transformations, each more horrible than the former,

"They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mither-naked man."

The spiteful outbreak of the Queen of Fairyland, as she sees the lover she has held in her spells transferred back again to the arms of her rival, reflects the popular conceptions of those soulless spirits, and contrasts finely with the more earnest passion and deep maternal feeling of the maiden of mortal race. Infinitely pathetic, and exhibiting a still rarer instance of fantastic power tempered by true poetic feeling, is the wild ballad of "Clerk Saunders." The minstrel indulges freely in the horrible, and yet it never passes into absolute repulsiveness; for what might be loathsome is rather suggested than expressed. For a melodious masterpiece of ghostly and ghastly fancy, it may rank with the night-ride of Wilhelm and Leonore. The unfortunate clerk has been slain in deadly sin: he has died like Sir John Le-Spring, the hero of a modern English Border ballad, in the very embrace of his fond leman.

"And they lay still, and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw ;
And kindly to him she did say,
'It is time, true love, you were awa'.'

But he lay still, and sleeped sound," &c.

In the morning, when the "clinking bell" has gone through the town, and the "dead corse has been carried to the clay," the clerk presents himself at May Margaret's window an hour before cock-crow, to reclaim his faith and troth. But with Margaret, as with Janet, the maternal instincts are even stronger than lawless love, and she is loath to give back either faith or troth to the unwedded father of her unborn child. What a thrilling picture of despair, when she invites the shape she knows to be a spectre to come within and kiss her "cheik and chin"! He, too, has been impelled to revisit the scene of their sinful joys by some mysterious but irresistible fatality :—

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell now of the ground ;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be long."

What a leave-taking it is when he tears himself away as the cocks are crowing and the "wild-fowls boding day"!—

"Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

And the mysterious sympathy with the murdered man is so strong upon her, that, hap what will, she must follow. She loses sight of his shade in the depths of the forest, but she knows where to find him in the churchyard :—

"'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?'

'There is nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now—
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

. . . . . .

'But plant a wand o' bonnie birk,
And lay it on my breast,
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul good rest.'"

The best modern imitation of "Clerk Saunders" is in Scott's wonderful story of the "Eve of St John,"—by the way, Smailholm Tower is still standing near Bemersyde and Ercildoune. But there is a double mystery, or rather a complication of mysteries, in the original, which Scott has scarcely succeeded in imitating.

The author of "Clerk Saunders" leaves the connecting-links in his conception to the awakened fancy of his hearers: we understand that he must have assigned definite motives to his characters, even when he carries us within the bounds of the supernatural; and yet he leaves his meanings open to the ingenuity of plausible interpretations. But let us change the scene from that midnight chamber of horrors to the saddle, and leave the haunted graveyard for the fresh breezes of the open moors. If we search the minstrelsy of the Borders for forays and hard-fought skirmishes, we have only an embarrassment of choice. We might take the "Raid of the Reidswire," where a friendly Border meeting broke up in a fierce combat, and where the bard runs over a whole beadroll of notorious Border names in describing the gathering of the clans to that unhappy tryst. But perhaps "Kinmont Willie" is even more characteristic, as recording, with the most unvarnished simplicity of language, one of those dare-devil exploits, which might seem incredible were they not matters of history. Kinmont Willie was an Armstrong, and a follower of the laird of Buccleuch. He had been chased and captured by the English, and laid by the legs in fetters in the dungeons of Carlisle Castle, strongly garrisoned at that time by one of the warlike Lords Scrope. It became a point of honour with his friends to rescue him, and "forty march-men bauld" were found to attempt the desperate adventure. Craft smoothed the way for the display of their courage :—

"And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men,
And so they reached the Woodhouselee."

There is a dash of humour in the answers to "fause Sakelde," who questions them when they have crossed the Border; and the mason lads tell him that they are bound to harry a corbie's nest. But when Sakelde comes to cross-examine the "broken men," he finds their taciturn leader eminently practical :—

"The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust his lance thro' his fause bodie."

The castle is stormed, the dungeon is forced, and the Kinmont, still encumbered by his fetters, is mounted on the broad shoulders of Red Rowan :—

"'O mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.'"

And there is an appropriately facetious finish, when the Bold Buccleuch, coming up with a body of horse to the support of his followers, bandies what we should call "chaff" with the irate Lord Scrope, when the chase has been stopped by the brimming Eden. Patriotism colours all the Border songs, taking poetical liberties with facts and figures, as may be seen in the rival ballads of Chevy Chase; but on this occasion the Scottish minstrel may be excused for making Lord Scrope sing the praises of the enemy:—

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mither a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

"Jock o' the Side" almost reads like another version of the same ballad; though the rescue of Jock is still more foolhardy, since only three riders-errant achieved the venture. The excitement when Jock was taken was tremendous, reminding us of the capture of Fernan Gonzalez, the Castile champion in the Spanish ballad:—

"To Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And doun the water wi' speed she rins,
While tears in spaits fa' fast frae her e'e."

If "Jock o' the Side" was founded on fact, all we can say is that the incidents must have been elaborately embroidered. The three adventurers force the gates of Newcastle; wring the neck of the "proud porter" who withstands them; make their way to the keep, and break open the chained and bolted doors with an ease and dexterity that leave Jack Sheppard leagues behind. And the ride from Tyneside to Cholerford, encumbered by the fettered captive, was more marvellous than Turpin's gallop to York. There must have been giants on the Border in those days. "The Laird's Wat," who was chosen as one of the three, and who may be supposed to have had more than an average amount of pluck, was abused by his brother as a "puir, faint-hearted thief," because he hesitated to ride the flooded Cholerford water. However, the four faced the flood, and got over safely, and then the ballad closes with the usual bitterly practical repartee to pursuers who, while close on their heels, had, like Lord Scrope, been brought to a standstill. The Northumbrian land-sergeant resigns himself to the loss of the prisoner, but begs the fugitives at least to leave him his fetters:—

"'I wat weil no,' quo' the Laird's Jock;
'I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be.'"

We may bring our notice of the Borders and their ballads to a close with one which, to our mind, gives the most graphic idea of the life of the fierce raiding-days; all the more so, that the verses are harsh and abrupt in the extreme, and couched in the rudest and most familiar language. Indeed, Scott characterises it as "the most uncouth and savage of all the Border ditties;" and many of the words are so antiquated, that to understand them a glossary is indispensable. But then each stanza contains a picture, or rather a photograph, with highly suggestive traits of manners. In fact it is just such a ballad as suggested to Surtees his exquisite practical joke of the slaughter of Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh, with which he imposed so thoroughly

on the critical minstrel of the North, that the warder on Norham battlements has been made to hum it in "Marmion." In the "Fray of Suport," "an Englishwoman, residing in Suport, near the foot of the Kershope, having been plundered in the night by a band of Scottish moss-troopers, is supposed to invoke her servants and friends for the pursuit or 'hot-trod;' upbraiding them at the same time in homely phrase for their negligence and security:"—

"Sleepy Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
Ye are baith right het and fou';
But my wae wakens na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me, o' four-and-twenty gude owsen and ky,
My weel-ridden gelding and a white quey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs on ilka side.
Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

But Toppet Hob o' the Main had guestened in my house by chance.
I set him to wear the front door wi' the speir, while I kept the back door wi' the lance;
But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie, and broke his knee-pan,
And the mergh o' his shin-bane has run doun on his leather spur whang:
He's lame while he lives, and where'er he may gang.
Fy, lads! &c.

. . . . . .

Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,
Thou was aye good at a birst;
Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir—
The bauldest march-man that e'er followed gear;
Come thou here.
Fy, lads! &c.

. . . . . .

Ah, lads, we'll fang them a' in a net!
For I hae a' the fords o' Liddell set;
The Dunkin and the Door-loup,
The Willie-ford and the Water-slack,
The Black-rack and the Trout-dub o' Liddell;
There stands John Forster wi' five men at his back,
Wi' buft coat and cup o' steil:
Boo! ca' at them e'en Jock;
That ford's sicker, I wat weil.
Fy, lads! &c.

. . . . . .

Ah! but they will play ye another jigg,
For they will out at the big rig,
And thro' at Fargy Graeme's gap.
But I hae another wile for that;
For I hae little Will and stalwart Wat,
And lang Aiky in the Souter Moor,
Wi' his sleuth-dog sits in his watch right sure;
Should the dog gie a bark,
He'll be out in his sark,
And die or win.
Fy, lads! &c.

. . . . . .

Captain Musgrave and a' his band
Are coming doun by the Siller-Strand,
And the mickle toun-bell o' Carlisle is rung:
My gear was a' weel won,
And before it's carried o'er the Border, mony a man's gae doun.
Fy, lads!" &c.

THE BANDSMAN'S STORY.

At twenty I believed I was sent into the world to become a second Beethoven; at twenty-five I was playing the flügel-horn in a German band, and thought myself lucky in getting that appointment.

It seems a great drop—a fall from the stars to the mire; but as my own particular fortunes or misfortunes have little bearing upon the events I am going to relate, I need not dwell upon them at any length. Left an orphan at an early age, bred up in a small village under the care of an old aunt, what wonder that the astonishment caused in the little world around, by the musical talent I gave early evidence of, quite turned my head? The boy who could play upon all and every instrument by ear alone, and, moreover, play melodies which he really thought at the time were original, was looked upon by the simple people about as a heaven-born genius, and naturally felt averse to earning a prosaic living by commerce. So exalted was he, in fact, that having acquired a smattering of harmony, and, through the kindness of some old friends, a hundred pounds to give him a start, he felt little fear of failure when he resolved to wring fortune, if not fame, from Music, heavenly maid.

How soon a man finds his level in London! How soon I found mine! and found, moreover, that within the boundaries of the United Kingdom there must be at least five thousand young fellows whose talents were equal to, if not greater than, mine.

Having learnt my lesson, hard as it was, thoroughly, the next thing was to find out how to live. My money was at last spent, and I think my dreams of success fled entirely as I changed the last sovereign; and then, almost cap in hand, I was fain to wait upon those great publishers whom in my dreams I had patronised, and beg for work, however humble. So then I became a helot, a drawer of water and carrier of wood to the divine mistress, Art. I copied scores, I tuned pianos when I could get that task intrusted to me; I gave elementary lessons when I could find pupils. It was dreary work, but somehow for the next few years I managed to live; and then, tired of the ceaseless and unremunerative drudgery, I sank all pride and donned the gay blue-and-white uniform of the Upper Rhine Band, engaged to perform from May to October at the rising watering-place, Shinglemouth.

It was a hard life, but I believe not an unhealthy one, if a man had a good constitution, sound limbs and lungs. Being on one's feet the whole day was the most fatiguing part of it. It was unpleasant, also, playing in half a gale of wind, or with cold drizzling rain falling; but worse than all to me were the burning days in July and August, when the sun glared down upon us, —vicious, it seemed to me, at finding his dazzling rays reflected from our bright brass instruments. Then I confess I looked with envy upon the holiday folks for whom we made sweet music, as they sat placidly under the shade of the trees or their own umbrellas; and I longed to tear off my close-fitting tunic, and revel in the green sea at my feet. Yet in spite of all these drawbacks, after my sedentary life in London, I was contented and comfortable enough.

The Upper Rhine Band was none

of those harrowing little atrocities who go about with five or six ignorant performers, braying on battered brass instruments—releasing one of their number every ten minutes to go on a begging expedition. We were a properly organised and fairly musical company, engaged and paid by a committee of the townspeople, to enhance the natural attractions of Shinglemouth. Far too dignified were we to pass the hat round. If our listeners chose to give, there was a box placed for that purpose; but as all such vicarious contributions went to the committee's fund, it mattered nothing to us.

Probably the inner life of a German band would be without general interest, so I will only say that our quarters were in a dingy little street at the back of the fine row of new buildings on the Esplanade. We lodged in twos and threes at various small houses. We met together at a certain hour in the morning to commence our rounds, and at nine o'clock at night our duties were over, our instruments put into their cases, and each man his own master—free to smoke, drink, or go to bed, as he pleased.

Although the name we gave ourselves—"The Upper Rhine Band"—was intended to stamp our origin as Teutonic, there were several in the company who, like myself, only spoke English; but as these were quite as good musicians as their German comrades, the fraud was a very little one. My tale concerns no more than two men, so I need only mention the names of these—Caspar Hoffman, a German, and Stephen Slade, an Englishman. The former played the clarionet—an instrument which, in the constitution of a German band, takes the place of the first violin in an orchestra. The latter played that enormous mass of metal called a serpent.

Hoffman was a tall, light-haired man: his age was about thirty. His face was handsome, and bore an expression of great amiability. His manner invited friendship at once; and my strange new life seemed easier and pleasanter to me when this frank young German chose to discover a kindred spirit in mine, and insisted upon our lodging and chumming together. It took me little time to find out that he was a man of education and reading, and that his acquirements were far more than might have been expected from one in his position. He had lived in England a long time, and spoke our language easily, and he told me he was almost as well acquainted with French. It seemed strange to me that so well educated, I might almost say so accomplished a man, should fill so lowly a post in the world. Indeed I began to weave a little romance about him, fancying he must be an exiled nobleman or political offender. When I knew him well enough to venture to express my wonder, and ask for an explanation, he laughed a bitter laugh, saying—

"There is nothing to explain, my friend. My little history is the history of thousands of my countrymen. The eldest son of a small farmer; given an education that straitened the means of my people; sent out as certain to find employment and fortune for myself and all belonging to me in your great London.

"*Ach!* what find I there? Tens of thousands of young Germans like myself, all striving to get into merchants' offices and make the promised fortunes. Everywhere I offered myself—not even a pound a-week could I get. Then I began to starve, and the consul offered to send me back. How could I return? Then I found I could make

a living by that gift natural to most of my countrymen. And now I play the clarionet till Fortune finds me something better to do."

Any way, if not a prince in disguise, my light-haired German was a fine fellow: a true friend to me when I most wanted a friend, and a great favourite with all. Even the surly toll-taker at the pier gates was civil to him. The nursery-maids, heedless of their charges, looked upon him with that open-mouthed admiration usually reserved for the military; and, although with trembling I say it, I have seen ladies whose rank in life should have forbidden such condescension, glance with approval at his fine face and manly figure. Yet when I said above that he was a favourite with all, I should have made an exception—Stephen Slade, the Englishman.

I knew little of this man, and that little was not pleasing enough to make me wish for a closer acquaintance. I may say, in passing, that I am not a bandsman now. Fortune at last gave the wheel a half-turn, which placed me at least above such struggles for a living. At the time of which I write, I had little enough to be proud of; but, fallen as I was in the world, there were a few men in the band with whom I could scarcely bring myself to associate on intimate terms. This man Slade was one of them.

The son of the poorest parents, his present position was as much a rise in the world to him as it was a fall to Hoffman and myself. Yet he appeared to be a sullen, discontented man. Those who knew him better than I did said he was clever and crafty, but could be pleasant enough company when he chose. I never tried to ascertain the truth of the latter assertion, although I fully believed the former. I disliked the man, his appearance, and his ways. He was broad-shouldered and powerful, although clumsily and coarsely made. That our dislike was mutual, I knew: indeed we had quarrelled about some trivial matter the first day we met; and ever since, I had studiously avoided him. I felt that the man was of a vindictive nature, and would do me an evil turn if he found the opportunity; but unless I was foolish enough to be provoked to a personal encounter, in which his great strength would be of service to him, I could scarcely see how he could harm me.

It often pleased him to throw out sneering remarks about gentlemen and their ways—intended, of course, for the benefit of Hoffman and myself. Caspar would parry these attacks with jesting good-humour and ready wit, oftentimes raising a hearty laugh from his listeners at the expense of Stephen Slade. Yet I knew that even if these merry sarcasms struck well home, it was for another cause that Slade hated my friend—that cause which has ever been answerable for so much bad blood between man and man.

One night, when Caspar and I were sitting in our poor little room, talking, and finishing our pipes before going to bed, Slade's name was mentioned.

"How that wretch hates you!" I said.

"*So!* hates me?"

"Yes; I can see him glaring sideways at you, even whilst blowing his heart out over his awful instrument."

"Ah, he is not a pleasant man. Yet I thought it was you he honoured with his dislike, not me."

"He dislikes me, and would no doubt injure me if he could; but you he hates. I saw it in his look."

"And for what cause?"

"Need we go very far to seek the cause? Certainly not a quarter of a mile."

Caspar laughed, but made no reply.

The cause of Slade's animosity lay very near at hand. Where the corner of our dingy little street went round towards the Esplanade, was a second or third rate inn: not an establishment that for a moment dared to enter into competition with the great hotels on the Esplanade, but which nevertheless did a fair and lucrative business with the rank and file of excursionists to Shinglemouth. This inn we had to pass and repass morning, noon, and evening, going to and coming from the pier. After our work was over, many of us, when able to afford it, were glad to pause and drink a glass of beer or spirits. The inn was kept by a widow named Deane—a woman reported well-to-do in the world, owning, as she did, the house, and doing good business there. Now Mrs Deane had one daughter, an only child, and reputed heiress to all her mother's wealth,—wealth that, to the German members of our fraternity, must have seemed fabulous,—a dower almost large enough for one of the numerous princesses of Fatherland. This girl, Mary Deane, was really handsome—dark-eyed, dark-haired, and rich in colour. She was, I must say, a well-conducted, virtuous girl, perhaps showing at times a little of that coquetry which appears to be inseparable from good looks, when owned by a girl of her rank in life. As it seems necessary for their comfort that every body of men should raise up a goddess to adore, Mary Deane, by common consent of our unmarried members at least, was exalted to that proud position; and the amount of broken but devoted English wafted to her across the shining counter was enough to give the girl ear-ache, if not heart-ache. Of course I ought to have followed my fellows' example, and fallen in love with her; but somehow—and somehow—in spite of all failures, my dreams had not quite left me, and genius in a white apron drawing beer seemed rather out of the fitness of things. Again, it was not long before I found that my light-haired German, Caspar, was the man on whom the girl had set her heart.

Have I written the above lines in a light vein? If so, it was far from my intention. As I picture him now, smiling at the girl with that frank open smile of his, and calling up on her face that scarcely disguised look of pleasure, my thoughts are only sad ones. Not for a moment did I think that Caspar was wooing the girl either for her undoubted charms or possible possessions; but like other men I have known, without meaning harm, he had a dangerous knack of dropping his voice and softening those clear blue eyes of his when speaking to a pretty woman; and if Mary Deane mistook these symptoms for dawning love, who can blame her? You must always remember that in social standing, and as far as outside appearances went, there was a great gulf between her and a clarionet-player in a German band, and she stood on the side nearest heaven. Yet when Hoffman entered the house and gave his modest orders, she invariably came out from the little parlour behind to minister to his wants,—an act of condescension certainly not accorded to many of our comrades.

Let Caspar be grateful or not for the favours shown him, one other man, at least, would have given much for them: this was Stephen Slade.

With all his faults, the man was

not a drunkard, yet at every leisure moment he haunted the corner house, and in his own unpleasant fashion wooed the girl. First to enter and last to leave, he sat and scowled at all who interchanged a word with Mary Deane, till men grew nervous and uncomfortable under his sullen gaze, and the girl herself could only escape it by taking refuge in the private sanctum, where no one was allowed, on any pretence, to enter. Caspar alone heeded not his black looks: he was not his rival, so troubled nothing about them, but talked as long as he chose to Mary, letting Slade scowl his blackest at the broad back hiding his sun from him.

This, I say, was the reason why Caspar Hoffman had one enemy amongst us.

On that evening when we had the conversation as above, Caspar, with a sort of mock gallantry, had given the girl a rose. The act and his manner were harmless enough; but I felt distressed, having noticed the vivid blush that came to her cheek as she pinned his gift to her dress, and had now, in truth, only led up to the subject under discussion with a view of warning my friend not to make the girl too fond of him.

So I resumed.

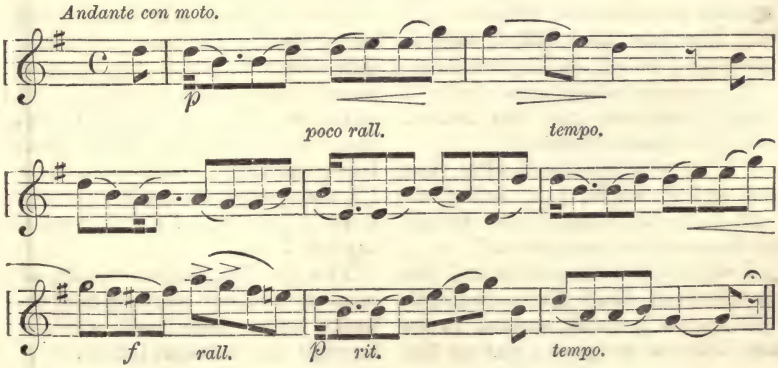
"Slade, you must know, looks upon you as a fortunate rival. He is madly in love."

"Then I am sorry for it. I am not his rival, although I fear he will have little chance, for all that."

"But you really ought to be careful. I don't want to flatter you, but the girl is in love with you."

"Then I am more sorry yet. I am *versprochen*—bespoken. Far away in *Vaterland* dwells a little *Mädchen*, with eyes of blue, and flaxen hair. True and tender is she; and years, weary years, has she waited for me. When I can I will send for her, or else some day I will go back to her, and till the earth, like my fathers before me, for a living."

I said no more, and Caspar's eyes grew dreamy and far away as he fell into a deep reverie, thinking doubtless of the little German maiden waiting and waiting for her lover. Then he sighed, and stretching out his arm, took his clarionet, and played softly, very softly, a plaintive little phrase. It was very simple and very melodious. I was struck with it, but could not remember having heard it before. I listened attentively as he played it over and over again. A sad little tune, and one I should no doubt always have been able to recall, even if events to come had not impressed it for ever upon my memory.



When at last he laid his clarionet down, I asked him what he had been playing.

"A little *Lied*—a setting to one of Heine's songs."

"But who wrote it? It is quite fresh to me."

"A friend of mine, who had dreams once, such as you confess to, *mein Englander*, but who never dreams now."

"You mean you wrote it yourself?"

He laughed and nodded, and at my request played his strange little song several times more; so that, when we went to bed at last, I rocked my brain to repose with its rhythm.

The next day, in spite of the season being summer, was bitterly cold. That evening we played on the pier, with a keen north-east wind cutting our hearts out, and making our scanty audience stamp their feet and clap their hands, more for the promotion of circulation than for applause.

I had not been well all the day. I had only done my part with a great effort; and when at length our hour of freedom came, and we shouldered our music-stands and left the pier, I think I felt worse than ever I did in my lifetime. I was thoroughly worn out, and my one desire was for warmth and rest. Hoffman and I walked together, as was our custom; and without telling him how ill I felt, I said, as we turned out of the Esplanade—

"I am shivering with cold. I think I shall step into Mrs Deane's and get a glass of brandy."

"Very well; although, after your lecture last night, you cannot expect me to accompany you. I shall go home and write a letter."

I entered the inn, and found the dark-browed Slade there as usual. The spirits I drank seemed to do me little or no good: but as the gas was lit, I found the warmth of the room pleasant; so I sat down in a corner, and, thoroughly ill and tired out, dozed off. I must have slept a long time, for the sound of the shutters being put up for the night aroused me. I opened my eyes, and from the dusk of my corner saw Stephen Slade leaning over the counter, talking to Mary Deane, who kept well out of his reach.

"I tell you I love you," I heard him whisper. "I will slave day and night until I can make a home for you, if you will give me one word of hope."

"Why can't you take your answer, Mr Slade?" replied the girl. "When you asked me before, I told you I cared nothing for you, and never should. Why can't you leave me alone and go elsewhere?"

I saw the man's back shaking with suppressed passion as he said:

"If that long-legged cur of a German chose to speak to you as I am speaking, you'd give him a very different answer, I'll be bound."

The girl's face flushed. "What do you mean by insulting me and a better man than yourself?" she cried, with spirit. "His friend is sitting just behind you, so you had better be careful what you say."

Slade, who had doubtless forgotten my presence, faced round and looked at me. I had the sense to shut my eyes again.

"Damn them both for upstarts," he growled. "The boy is drunk or fast asleep." Then turning again, he said in a hissing whisper, "You mind me, Mary Deane—I'll have you, or no one shall. If I see that fellow making love to you again, I'll shoot him like a dog that he is. I will; I swear it! If it costs me my life I will."

The girl laughed scornfully, and without another word turned her back upon him and vanished through the curtained door.

After waiting a minute on the chance of her reappearing, Slade, with a scowl and a curse at my sleeping form, left the house, from whence, after a proper interval, I followed him and crawled home.

The next morning I should have told Caspar Hoffman all I had overheard, but when I awoke I found myself scarcely able to articulate a word, and suffering from severe pain in my chest. I was seriously ill—there was no doubt about it—and, moreover, rapidly growing worse. That evening I was taken to the hospital, where I lay for a fortnight with inflammation of the lungs. Caspar, like a good fellow, came to see me every morning and evening, until within a day or two before I was pronounced well enough to quit. When that time came and I stepped outside the gates, I felt it would be some time before I could resume my place in the Upper Rhine Band. Slowly, very slowly, I walked home, wondering what had kept Hoffman away from me the last few days, and looking forward to the cheery greeting he would give me when we met. Just before I reached our house I encountered Stephen Slade. To my surprise he stopped, and accosting me with quite a show of friendship, inquired after my health, congratulated me upon my recovery, and even carried his new-born civility far enough to beg me to take some dinner with him, it being now the time allotted for that meal. I began to think whether, after all, I had misjudged the man — whether his roughness was but external, and his heart beneath as kind as other people's. However, as I was anxious to get home and see my friend, I declined his well-meant hospitality, saying that Hoffman would be expecting me.

"Hoffman!" he repeated. "Have you not heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Hoffman has left us—suddenly—without a word to any one. He has gone back to Germany, we all believe. Every one thought you were in the secret."

So saying, he bade me good morning, leaving me too much surprised to utter a word.

I entered the room in which Caspar and I had lived together for the last two months, and the first thing I saw was a letter addressed to me lying on the table. I opened it; it ran thus:—

"Dear Friend, — I am called back to Germany at an hour's notice, and deeply regret that I cannot find time to see you again. Please guard all my belongings, and I will write telling you where to send them. My prospects being entirely changed, I shall return no more."

Ill, weary, disappointed, and sorely in need of companionship and sympathy as I was, I sank down on one of the rickety chairs, leant my head upon the table, and fairly cried.

The letter was unsigned, but its being written in that peculiar German caligraphy left no doubt as to the writer. After our daily and almost brotherly intercourse, his abrupt departure seemed almost unkind; yet I felt that he was such a true friend to me, that he must have had strong reasons for it, and also for withholding his present address. I could only hope that soon I might hear from him.

In another week I had recovered my health sufficiently to enable me to resume my place among my Teutonic comrades, and found, upon rejoining them, an idea prevailing that Caspar Hoffman had inherited a fortune—hence the reason he had left so suddenly.

I was still weak, and lagged be-

hind the others as we left the pier that evening. Just outside the toll-gate I met Mary Deane. I suppose she must have hidden herself until Slade had passed by. If I looked ill, she looked worse. The rich colour had flown from her cheeks, her lips looked drawn, and dark circles were round her eyes. Glancing hastily around, she said, in a sharp, quick whisper—

"I want to see you—I must speak to you—alone. Be outside our house at twelve o'clock to-night without fail." Then, without waiting for any answer, she turned and hurried away.

Her manner was so emphatic, so earnest, that I never thought of disobeying her command, and twelve o'clock found me waiting outside the corner house. The door opened stealthily, and Mary appearing, beckoned me in. I entered, when, taking my hand, she led me to the parlour. The gas, turned down low, made a dreary twilight in the room, and through it the girl's face looked wan and ghost-like. I seated myself, wondering what was the reason of this midnight appointment, when, leaning over me, she whispered in my ear—

"Where is Caspar Hoffman?"

"Caspar Hoffman!" I repeated. "Why, gone home to his friends and to fortune, they say. He left me a letter—read it." And as I spoke I drew the letter from my pocket.

She waved it aside without giving it one look. "He has not," she said; "he is dead—murdered—and that man has murdered him."

"You are dreaming, or you must be mad."

"I am not. I know it. I am sure of it. He threatened to do so the night you were taken ill, and he has done it now. When or how, I know not; but every time I see his black face and wicked eyes I can read the deed there. Oh, my Caspar! my bonny Caspar! I will find out the truth."

"But his letter to me—it is written as a German writes. Look at it."

She turned upon me with something like contempt in her voice.

"And would not a man who murders forge also? Has he never seen a letter written by a German? Ah, Stephen Slade is a cleverer man than either you or Caspar ever suspected. Do you know Caspar's handwriting?"

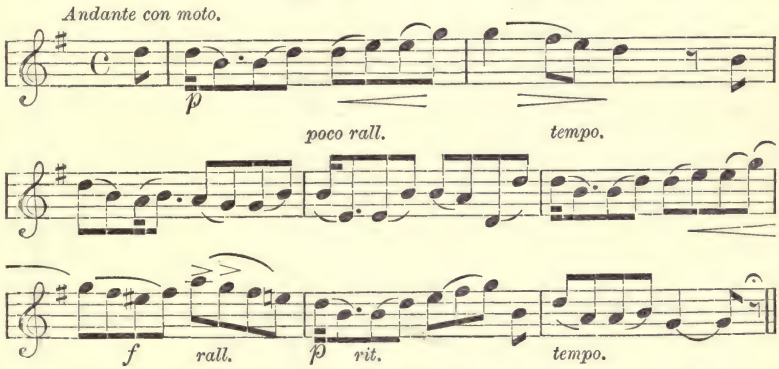
I was obliged to confess I could not remember having seen it.

"Then I say that letter is only a forgery, written to deceive us. He has killed him. I know it. He comes to me in dreams, in more than dreams, and tells me so. You, who call yourself his friend, aid me in bringing his murderer to justice. Oh, my Caspar! my Caspar!" and she threw her arms across the table, and leaning her head upon them, sobbed convulsively.

The girl's passionate words, excited manner, and, above all, absolute, unswerving belief in her wild statement, greatly impressed me. Her dark suspicions were infectious; and as my former opinion of Slade again reasserted itself, I began almost to think that her horrible fancy might have some foundation. It may have been my ill health, or the mystery of this midnight meeting, that induced me to give any weight to her words; but any way, I promised to leave no stone unturned, but try and ascertain whether Hoffman really wrote the letter, and whether he had gone back to Germany. Calmed, apparently calmed by my promise, she bade me good night.

As she opened the door for me to go out—as her hand lay in mine—as I was looking into her great dark eyes, shining through the

dusk; solemn at one moment with the horror they pictured; fierce at another with fire of revenge,—as we stood thus, I say, a sound came on the night wind—a sound that sent a tremor through me and made the blood run cold in every vein with unspeakable fear. And I knew, from the way in which her fingers closed on mine, that as I heard it and trembled, so it was with my companion. It was nearly one o'clock. The street was deserted by all save ourselves. So quiet was all around, that we could catch the dash of the waves on the shingle, audible, even at that distance, through the stillness of the summer night; and then—soft, yet clear and well defined—rose, as it were close to us, a strain of plaintive music. So close it seemed, that I turned instinctively to see the player; but we were alone in the street, which, although dimly lighted, held no recess where one might hide; and I felt, soft as the music sounded, it was not distance that diminished the power of the notes. Whoever or whatever produced it, was almost within arm's-length. And bar after bar of the strange music came sighing to us until I had recovered sense enough to understand the language of the notes, and then my fear was linked with horror, for this was the melody that fell upon my ear:—



Over and over again I heard the pathetic little phrase floating, it seemed, in the air around me; at times so low that I could scarcely say I heard it—at times so clear and distinct that I turned again and again to detect the player, but each attempt was futile.

Many minutes did Mary Deane and I stand, hand in hand, listening with all our power, neither speaking nor trying to speak, until the notes grew fainter and fainter, and finally died into the silence of the night, and the distant murmur of the waves was the only sound left. I looked into the girl's face, but said nothing.

"You heard it?" she whispered.

I nodded assent—my agitation was too great for speech.

"I did not tell you before," she said; "but I have heard it three times. But never so clearly or for so long as to-night. What does it mean? Tell me."

"I do not know," I replied; and then with an effort said, "Let us meet here again to-morrow night at the same hour, and try and find its meaning."

She assented, and closed the door as I turned away towards my home. Agitation is no word to express the state of my mind; for although I dared not tell Mary

Deane so, the unearthly melody that came sighing so softly to us that night, was that same plaintive little air that Caspar Hoffman had played to me the last time we had sat together in the room which now seemed so desolate without his cheery presence.

I knew not what to think—what to do. My sleep that night was restless, broken, and dreamful. All sorts of horrors came to me, but running through and in some way entwined with every dream was that haunting melody. The figures in my visions moved to its notes; their voices, when they spoke, kept time to them. I seemed to breathe to their rhythm; and glad I was when I awoke altogether and found it was broad daylight.

Somehow I dragged through the next day, studiously avoiding Stephen Slade's eyes, lest he should read in my look the growing but as yet undefined suspicions I felt my eyes must utter. At half-past nine I threw myself on my bed and slept with my clothes on for three hours. At one o'clock I was waiting outside the inn. There was no moon, but the stars were bright above. I had not long to wait; the girl soon appeared, and closed the door behind her. Her head was covered with a thick hood that almost prevented recognition. We shook hands, and, without a word, waited with nerves intent on catching the first strains of the mysterious music, if indeed it should be again audible to us. For some time we listened in vain, and I was just on the point of saying, "It must have been our fancy," when close at my right hand arose the plaintive and familiar strain. Mary's cold fingers stole trembling into mine as, in spite of last night's experience, I turned sharply round, feeling convinced that some bodily player must be close by. Up and down the street I looked, but we were alone, and yet the notes lay on the air. Now they seemed at the right, now at the left, now behind, now in front—departing, returning, circling around, yet ever with us. I am not ashamed to say dread—mortal dread—came over me, as with a mournful monotony I heard, over and over again, Caspar Hoffman's sad little melody sighing through the night, whilst with the girl's hand ever in my own we stood still, neither knowing what to do nor how to account for the phenomenon. At last, in an awe-struck whisper, Mary Deane said—

"It is Caspar playing. I know it is—I feel it. What are we to do?"

The sound of her voice recalled my reasoning faculties, and, unbeliever as I had ever been in the supernatural, I felt now that it might be for some weighty reason we were permitted to hear this strange music on these two occasions. I was brave now; fear had left me. I was only eager to learn what message the music bore.

I drew my companion's arm through mine. "Let us move up the street a few paces, and see if the music follows us," I said.

We did so, but after walking some twenty yards could hear it no longer. Then we returned to the spot where at first we stood, and the notes sounded as before. We then walked a little way in the other direction, and yet we heard the melody: farther yet we went, and it was with us; farther and farther yet, right to the end of the street, and yet it kept near us. We turned to the left, and heard it not. We retraced our steps, and took the road to the right, and clearly we heard each note once more.

We neither were frightened now: my companion, like myself, had caught the meaning of the music. It was not accompanying us, nor following us, but, as a bird might, hovering before us—guiding us for some purpose, to some end, although we knew not to what or whither it might lead us. The girl seemed transformed. Her step grew firm and sure; her arm trembled on mine no longer. She turned her wild eyes to mine, and said, almost in exultation—

"I knew it—I knew that music meant something. Listen! it calls us to follow, and it will lead us on and on until we learn the truth. Yes, my Caspar, my love," she continued, speaking in a softer voice, as if addressing one near at hand, —"yes, follow it we will, even to the ends of the earth."

She said no more; and silently, for what seemed hours, we followed as the music led us. All fatigue had left me, and every nerve was strung with excitement and curiosity. Far along the main road we went, turning neither to the right nor the left, with the music ever circling and floating around us, but ever advancing, as the mother bird that seeks to draw the stranger from her nest and its treasure. On and on for perhaps three miles it led us by the road, till, glancing back, I could only see the lights of Shinglemouth dim in the distance. Then the notes stayed, and near us was a gate. We passed through it, and the music passed before us. We entered a grove of pine-trees, with which the country round about is thickly studded. Spectral and weird the trunks looked as they threw their straight shadows on the light brown ground beneath, carpeted many inches deep with cast needles. The pungent aromatic odour of the pines perfumed the air, and to this day that odour sets my heart beating with the memories it bears. Then out again to the open, with nothing between us and the clear stars shining overhead. We were now on the sward that stretched away towards the sea-cliff. There was no road, not even a footpath, over the springy turf; but on and on our feet were led, straight as the crow flies—the girl's step ever falling in unison with mine, and as firm and resolute. Gradually we seemed to be bearing across the downs towards the sea; and I was wondering whether our destination was the sea-coast, when I found we were descending the side of a deepish hollow. We reached the bottom, which was thickly covered with large-sized stones, and then with one accord we stopped short, for we heard the music no longer. Suddenly as it came, so it went: one moment we heard it, as we had heard it for so long, close at hand; the next, and not a sound broke the stillness of the night. I raised my eyes and peered around. Just in front of us was a small, square, grey building; old and venerable it looked, like a ruin of some sort. The sides of the hollow in which we stood sloped upwards towards its roof, which seemed almost on a level with the higher ground. As I knew but little of the neighbourhood round about, I turned to the girl.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"At the old limekiln, about five miles from home."

"Is it worked now?"

"No; it hasn't been worked for years. No one ever comes near it."

"What shall we do now?"

"I shall wait," she answered, decisively.

"Wait!" I echoed; "for what? The music has left us. It has led us here, but perhaps can do no more. Its mission is accomplished.

Let us return by daylight and try if we can find out anything."

"No matter—I shall wait. You can leave me if you like; I am not afraid."

This was entirely out of the question; so finding persuasion useless, I determined to make the best of it. After all, some inner voice I could not hear might be telling the girl what course to take. I pressed her no more, but begged her to sit down and rest herself, and upon her complying, seated myself beside her and longed for the morning to break.

And thus we sat and waited—neither speaking — both listening for the weird music to come again for our guidance,—sat until I feared we should be numbed with cold, for we were not far from the sea, and the night was chilly.

Being summer time, the nights were very short, and with joy I saw at last the welcome greyness tempering the eastern sky. With the coming dawn a mist seemed to be gathering, and a cold wind began to blow in from the sea. I was shivering, and suggested to my companion, who sat motionless as a statue beside me, that it would be well if we took shelter under the side of the limekiln. She made no remark, but rising, followed where I led her. I placed her as comfortably as I could; and then, pressing her hands on her eyes, she sat silent, ever thinking, I well knew, of the man she loved. The morning was now fairly breaking; and I was resolved, as soon as there was sufficient light, to thoroughly examine the place, and ascertain if what I dreaded to think of might be hidden there. I had even risen to commence my investigations—quietly, without disturbing my silent companion, thinking that whatever fearful discovery was to be made had better be made by me alone—when the noise of a stone rolling down the declivity and falling with a slight crash upon its fellows at the bottom, drove all the blood back to my heart, and grasping Mary's arm, I forcibly pushed her back into the darkness cast by the side of the limekiln, as through the grey mist of the morning a man strode down into the hollow and stood within a few paces of us; and as he stood there, for a moment we heard once more the melancholy notes that had led us so far.

The girl clutched my arm with an energy almost painful.

"See," she whispered — "see, there is Caspar's murderer, led here, as we were led, for us to know and accuse."

And the man standing there with pallid face and distorted features, with great drops of sweat rolling from his forehead, was Stephen Slade. Had he looked our way he must have seen us, so close we were to each other; but all his attention seemed to be riveted on one spot, the entrance to the disused kiln, now almost hidden by a pile of stones. He was breathing hard and quick, and stood gesticulating, shaking his fists and glaring in that one direction.

"Devil! devil!" we heard him mutter, "why will you not rest in peace and leave me alone? Three times has that cursed music drawn me here against my will. I hate you dead worse than living."

Then, as if with an effort, he turned away and began to retrace his steps. As he moved, the girl broke from my hold and sprang after him. Her hood had fallen back, her long dark hair streamed loose about her shoulders, and her eyes from under her black and knitted brows gleamed like fire—an avenging fury she looked, claiming blood for blood. Heedless of the consequences, she grasped his

arm and cried with a shrill voice, "Murder! murder!" I had followed her, both to protect and assist her; but as I did so, the danger of bearding this desperate man flashed through my brain like lightning. As he felt her touch, I think he screamed with horror, and with a livid face staggered back, seeming about to fall. So helpless he appeared, that I believe had we then and there thrown ourselves upon him we might have bound him as easily as a child. We let the opportunity slip, and the delay was fatal. In a few moments he had recognised us; then, knowing he had to deal with mortals like himself, not with avenging spirits, the man's horrible courage and ferocity came to his aid. His cruel eyes met mine in the early twilight; and well, from their expression, I knew what was coming, and framed an inward prayer for deliverance.

"So you have spied and tracked me," he said. "You two, at any rate, will never tell the tale. I can make room for both of you beside your friend."

Then, with fell murder written on his face, he came towards me, and I braced myself for the struggle, which I felt was hopeless.

Slade, as I said before, was a broad-shouldered man of great strength. What chance could I have with him, broken as I was with sickness, and worn-out with the night-watching? I had no weapon, not even a pocket-knife. Fly, and leave the girl to his mercies, I could not. Truly, death seemed very near to me at the moment when I felt those muscular arms thrown round me, and my ribs bending beneath their strong grip. I was an infant in his hands. Yet I was not altogether unaided. Bravely the girl stood by me, tore at his arms, at his face, to make him release me. It was but for a moment, however. He loosened his left arm, and, with one backward sweep of it, hurled her, stunned and senseless, upon a heap of stones. "You and I will have another kind of reckoning by-and-by, my pretty maid," I heard him mutter as he closed with me once more. Death was very, very near me now. Backwards and forwards we swayed, then we fell together—Slade uppermost. I was utterly exhausted, and could struggle no more. The ruffian tore himself from my feeble grip, and kneeling on my arms, pressed his thumbs upon my throat. As I lay helpless, I could look straight into his wicked eyes, but saw no gleam of mercy or relenting there. In three seconds my head felt bursting, sense was failing me; I seemed trying to articulate these words, "How hor—ri—ble—to—die—like—this!" when—waking, dreaming, or dying—I heard close, close to me, the wail of Caspar Hoffman's *Lied*,—the same ghostly music that had led us to this spot, and brought the murderer face to face with us. And as I heard it, I knew I was saved. Slade's villanous grip on my throat relaxed; I breathed once more; and although too far gone to move hand or foot to save my life, I could see the ruffian rise, stare around him in a bewildered manner, then, muttering like one in a dream, and with a face as set as a somnambulist's, ascend the side of the hollow, and vanish over the level ground. Then I fainted.

When my senses returned I found Mary Deane kneeling beside me and chafing my hands. She had not been much injured, and upon coming to herself found me lying dead, as she thought, and Slade gone.

We were too much exhausted, indeed terrified, to make any inves-

tigation that might solve the mystery of the night. Painfully we dragged ourselves over the downs until we reached the main road; then having removed, as far as we could, all traces of the recent deadly struggle, managed by the aid of a passing waggon to reach Shinglemouth before its inhabitants were astir.

What could I do now? My only course seemed to be that of going to the police and accusing Slade of the murder of Hoffman. I could give no common-sense reasons for the accusation, but I might beg that the limekiln be searched, and the man kept in sight at least during the operation. It should be no fault of mine if Slade escaped justice. And so I went.

The inspector I saw was rather a friend of mine, and gave me an attentive hearing. Upon learning the gist of my errand, he said—

"You are an hour too late. The man is in custody now, upon his own confession. Says he murdered him and stuck the body in the entrance of the limekiln, making a heap of stones in front of it. We thought him drunk or raving—kept on talking about music that was driving him mad. Any way, he's here safe enough, and some of our men have gone off down coast to find out whether his tale is true or false."

And true enough they found it. Three hours afterwards I saw all that remained of my light-hearted German friend; and two months afterwards Stephen Slade was hanged at Dorchester jail.

He simply confessed to the murder, but would enter into no particulars. Plenty of circumstantial evidence was forthcoming to establish his guilt, but it was never ascertained how he decoyed his victim to that lonely and distant spot. A pistol-bullet through the breast told the way the deed was done, and that was all.

Slade died sullen and impenitent. The prison doctor thought there were grounds for a reprieve, as the man was for ever talking wildly about music he, but no one else, could hear. This was, however, attributed to the profession he had followed, not to higher causes; so as he had no friends to take up his case, and as his character was not such as to enlist strangers in his favour, no steps were taken to mitigate his sentence, and he met the fate he fully merited.

Since that night I have never heard that ghostly music. Its mission was no doubt accomplished when the mysterious power it wielded caused the murderer's hand to drop nerveless from my throat, and drove him, cruel, remorseless, and impenitent as he was, to make confession of a crime that might else have remained undiscovered, and to reveal the tragic end of Caspar Hoffman.

THE SYRIAN SUBJECTS OF THE PORTE.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN his square white palace on the hill facing the Bosphorus sits the man whose single will controls the present history of the Levant, perhaps more completely than that of any statesman in Europe. Surrounded by open enemies and false friends, by Russian intrigue and Austrian ambition; deserted by his ancient allies in England, wronged by France and robbed by Greece,—he still boldly faces the insuperable difficulties which have been bequeathed him by the folly of his predecessors, and stands at bay in the ruins of his empire, hemmed in by the six strong nations which already, with cynical frankness, are agreeing on the division of the spoil.

Once only in the week, surrounded by five thousand troops, does he venture from the precincts of the palace to pray in the mosque. Haunted by a constant fear of assassination, and with frenzied suspicions of the designs of England (to our shame be it said), of France, of Russia, and of Austria,—suspicions for which he has only too much excuse,—he has endeavoured, with an astuteness truly oriental, at once to unite the Moslem world, of which he is the recognised head, against the insidious civilisation of the West, and at the same time to enlist the sympathies of the only Western Power which, from its geographical position and conservative traditions, can be expected to feel a lingering interest in the preservation of his empire.

The year 1882 is commonly expected by devout Moslems to prove extremely critical to the Ottoman empire. The dervish prophets—who play a part in the East, the importance of which is only imperfectly understood in Europe—are preaching the near approach of that "time of trouble" which they expect to precede the coming of the Mahdy or Moslem Messiah, and the final triumph of Islam over the infidel. The Mahdy has already appeared. He is heard of now at Mecca, now in Morocco; and in each case his lineage, his character, and his personal appearance are all that the student of the traditionary writings of Islam would expect. It is generally believed among the Sokhtas and Ulemma that the empire of the Sultan must be lost before it is won; that his enemies are destined to drive him from Europe, from Africa, from Syria, and Arabia; and that the Moslem Armageddon will only take place after the infidels have secured a short-lived triumph. Should the present year pass by without any such catastrophe, the patient attitude of the Sultan and his people may perhaps be radically modified; but there seems only too good reason to suppose that the prophecy will fulfil itself, in part at least.

Meantime the ordinary routine of the empire is suspended almost as completely as was the daily life of parts of Europe in the famous year 1000. The strong man has been sent to speak the truth plainly, the most charming and courteous of English diplomatists to speak the truth kindly, and to both alike a deaf ear is turned. Throughout the capital all eyes are directed anxiously to the palace, for, unable to trust any man, whether of the new enlightened school or of the ancient but corrupt orthodox faction, the Sultan causes all the work of government to pass under

his own hand; and a task which is impossible for any single human being to undertake, becomes daily more hopeless as the arrears accumulate. The British engineer, the Swedish gunmaker, the French man of science, who have been tempted, in the time when our great Minister seemed to have persuaded the Porte to set seriously to work in reforming abuses and opening up the rich resources of Western Asia—tempted to offer their services in the cause of civilisation, now taste the bitterness of hope deferred, and are indeed fortunate if they have escaped the ruin entailed by the failure of their expectations.

The Sultan knows his enemies, and chooses his friends as well as he can where no real friends exist. He knows that the man who invented a "bag and baggage" policy has not changed his mind, and that, whatever be the final policy of England, it is, for the time at least, unfriendly. The test of friendship with Germany has not yet been applied; and therefore, as no money has yet been asked by the Porte from a people who have none to lend, and are not fond, when they are able, of lending money outside their own country, the new friendship, founded on supposed common interest, but which to the West appears to be hopelessly one-sided, has entirely superseded the old friendship, which sprang, in part at least, from the good-hearted wish, on which as a nation we pride ourselves, to do good to the oppressed, and to raise up a real civilisation in the ruined East.

There are few more pitiful sights than the spectacle which the great centre of the Moslem empire presents to the observer able to spare time for its consideration. In dingy yet tawdry Pera, society was perhaps never more gay. The representatives of European Governments find time for balls and concerts, for banquets and dramatic representations. The carnival fills the shabby Grande Rue; and the masked dominoes roll along the muddy pavements from the great ball-rooms, where, "under the highest patronage," the "most irreproachable society" congregates with hidden faces. The sound of music and of operatic airs, followed by the applause of a mixed audience of Greeks, Germans, Frenchmen, and every variety of Levantine mongrel, issues from a long file of *cafés chantants.* The sedan-chairs go to and fro, with their sturdy frieze-clad porters and their half-veiled inmates. The hurry of a busy town, where men make much of little business, is succeeded at night by that gaiety which disgraces the infidel in the eyes of the Moslem.

Meantime the patient people, the true strength of the country, the least pitied and most worthy of compassion to be found in the East, lie down and die because it is the "will of God." Hundreds of dark-eyed, haggard peasant-women, beg on the great bridges across the Golden Horn, with a piteous persuasiveness which brings tears into the eyes; strong men stand idle and desperate; little children are found frozen on the steps of the theatre, while the song and applause ring in their dying ears, and where the gold pieces are eagerly offered for a few fading flowers to throw to the tenth-rate *prima donna.*

Hard as is the fate of the poor Turkish peasant, of the professional man who has embarked his capital in Turkey, of the merchant who can now only sell his luxuries or even his necessary goods at a loss, of the homeless refugee, or of the ruined shopkeeper, it is not with the Sultan that the fault can honestly be said to lie. It is with

those who, in their eagerness to reverse the wise maxims of many generations of British statesmen, have determined to leave Turkey to its fate, and to join in the ignoble scramble for the remains of the empire,—who have not only done their best to destroy the prestige and popularity which England gained in the Levant when she took charge of Cyprus for the Sultan, and founded a model of just government on the borders of his empire, but have yet further so weakened the hands of the Queen's servants and representatives in the East, that an Englishman may think himself fortunate if he obtains bare justice when acting strictly within the laws of the realm.

That the Government of the Sultan's empire is entirely disorganised there can be no reasonable doubt. The murderous assault on Captain Selby, within a few hours of the capital, although due simply to the brutality of a few Albanian shepherds, is yet an unmistakable indication of the collapse of the central authority. Murders and robberies occur constantly in Constantinople, and scarcely a pretence of justice is made. But if we could picture London reduced to the same depth of misery which now prevails in Stamboul, we should have little reason to pride ourselves on the proceedings of the English or Irish rough, as compared with those of the famished Turkish refugees. If we were to compare the forces of the Queen in Ireland with the small number of troops in Constantinople, we should be obliged to confess that a more patient and law-abiding race than the Turks could hardly be imagined. We might even ask what right we have to expect the Sultan, without money and without credit, to protect the shoals of Europeans who have invaded his realms against his will, in ignorance of the laws of the land, and often with the determination of transgressing those laws?

Meantime the Englishman in the East feels bitterly the change which has occurred. Popular as ever with the people, he finds himself unable to obtain the least favour from the ruling class. The *cafés* are full of the new friends of Turkey; the German language, German beer, German pipes, meet ear and eye on every side. No doubt the philosopher pities these new-comers, who are fated to feel later on the same disappointment which the old friends have suffered, when the ill-cemented alliance is found to be hollow; but for the moment they are enjoying to the full their own triumph, and the mortification of others. Tall Prussians in fezzes, with Turkish uniforms and sabres, swagger down the street; and the unemployed officers of the *gendarmerie*, who came out so full of zeal from England, are given the choice of either returning ruined home, or accepting the humiliation of a subordinate post from which they see no hope of being advanced.

Meanwhile clouds are again gathering around the Porte. The incidents which in 1875 preceded the Russian attack on Turkey are now being repeated. An insurrection, incited by Russian agents and supported by Russian gold, again breaks out in the Herzegovina,—directed, however, on the present occasion, against Austria rather than Turkey. The insurrection is of course officially announced to be unimportant, and on the point of being suppressed; but the observer wonders why, in such case, it has been thought necessary for the Austrian Government to ask for so large a sum of money, and to order that all horses and transport-

carts should be at once registered for possible employment.

In Syria it is an open secret among the European residents, that Russian officers in 1877 succeeded in making maps of all the country round Aleppo, Iskanderun, and farther south. It is even known that local authorities objected to the use by these officers of the larger kind of theodolite, and recommended them to use pocket-instruments—an objection which was only overcome by extra payment. We may well ask for what reason these maps were made? We may ask why are 1500 Russian pilgrims annually escorted through the Holy Land by the Russian consul preceded by his *cavasses?* We may ask why are Russian chapels springing up on newly invented sacred spots? Why are whole congregations of Latins bought over to the Russian Church, under heavy penalties if they should return to their former faith? Why do grand-dukes on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre consider it necessary to have 500 sailors in uniform paraded for a fortnight through all the streets and roads round Jerusalem? Why do mysterious Russian nobles come *incognito* to Syrian towns and hold private conferences with pashas? Surely it is from Russian intrigue, rather than from English indecision, that the Sultan has most to fear.

From all quarters bad news is brought to the centre of government. The revolt in Arabia has become formidable, the Mahdy having been found at length in India. We may doubt whether there is sufficient community of interest or religious enthusiasm among the Arabs to allow of their ever becoming a great or united power; for the Turk knows well how to nurse those petty, trivial jealousies, which are more important in the eyes of the Bedawin than any ideas of a Pan-Semitic empire. Nevertheless, the weakness of Turkish administration in Arabia, the want of money to send troops, the private necessities of local governors, may result in the loss of Mecca, and of the narrow strip of Turkish territory in Arabia, and plunge the whole peninsula into the confusion of internecine tribal wars.

In Kurdistan and Armenia intrigue and lawlessness also prevail. Farther east we see Russia steadily advancing along the lines which 'Maga' has more than once indicated as being those which must inevitably be chosen in any attack on India. Meantime, the counter-schemes which private enterprise in England has attempted to set on foot—railroads which in forty-eight hours would convey our troops from Seleucia to our Indian borders—languish because thwarted by our former allies, now rendered suspicious; while the able men who were sent out to watch our interests and foster reform in Asia Minor and Armenia, are suffering the bitterness of disappointed hopes, and stand in enforced idleness, spectators of rampant injustice and cynically open intrigue.

But leaving for a time the centre of government, the unhappy city of Constantinople, let us look at the state of popular opinion in one of the provinces to which the Sultan clings most desperately, and the political importance of which has been constantly urged in the pages of 'Maga.' The long vista of palaces, mosques, wooden houses, white minaret-spires, black Byzantine domes, snow-sprinkled hills, and of the Bosphorus with its shipping, its caiques, its penny steamers; the strange confusion of all that is hateful and squalid in the West, and all that is picturesque and venerable in the East,—all this fades behind

us in the morning mist, as we glide past the flat mud-hills of Gallipoli, the peaks which rise east of Bezika Bay, the grand cones of the "Twin Brothers," guarding the gulf where Smyrna lies beneath the old Byzantine castle, flanked by tall cypresses, with the tomb of Polycarp in the shapeless ruins of the hippodrome. Thence onwards by unhappy Scio and prosperous British Cyprus, until we land at length at Beirut, and may penetrate thence into those quiet and unknown cities where the true East of Burckhardt or Rich may be contrasted with the sham East of Cooke's tourists.

In Homs or in Hamah, even more than in Damascus, the traveller may study oriental ideas at their best. The beautifully rich yet subdued colour of dress and adornment; the calm dignity of Moslem manners; the quiet of the shadowy bazaars, where never has been heard the noise of wheels or the shriek of steam; the venerable traditions of Arab greatness, preserved in beautiful mosques and strong fortress-walls; the reverent air of the Sunnee worshipper, so strangely contrasting with the slovenly ritual of the Greek or Armenian priest; white beards, green turbans, wooden houses, poplars, cypresses, veiled women, Kurdish shepherds, fierce Circassians, swarthy sons of the far desert,—all these details form a picture as yet not vulgarised by the Cockneyism of Europe — a calm and dignified condition of society, which, in spite of ignorance, fanaticism, corruption, and occasional violence, is yet worthy of respect because it is natural and genuine.

It is amid such scenes that a true appreciation of the popular views as to the future may best be learned. At Constantinople, the situation, as it appears to the Sultan and the ambassadors, may be understood; but the real resources of the empire, the hardy Moslem races who form the majority of the Sultan's subjects, cannot be approached, and the important question cannot be asked, whether the Sultan can rely on the goodwill of his people.

There is no doubt that a formidable propaganda has been gradually organised among the religious class (the mosque dependants), with the view of alienating the affections of the Moslem peasantry from the Western nations to whom they may look for protection. When the *beshlik* was lowered to one-half in value, the peasants were told that it was because England insisted that the bondholders should be paid in gold.

The coming of the Mahdy, and the future triumph of Islam, is preached by the dervishes throughout the Sultan's dominions. French intrigue with the Lebanon Maronites is represented as directed against the Mohammedan population, and local jealousy and fanatical feeling are fanned, to prevent a coalition of the innumerable sects which are scattered over the empire. The Sultan is represented as being obliged to oppose his faithful subjects because of the greediness of the great European Powers who have robbed him; and the old calumnies are revived, the doctrine of the Incarnation is misrepresented in the most repulsive manner, while the sacrifice of an infant at the Passover has been again charged against the Jews in Egypt and at Smyrna.

Such are the means whereby the Sultan strives to palliate the tyranny of his rule, and secure the affections of his subjects. Syria especially presents an opportunity of arousing religious feeling, because it contains the two sanctuaries which rank next to that of Mecca as sacred to Islam. In Jerusalem is the great rock which once formed the founda-

tion of the Jewish Temple, where all the patriarchs have prayed according to tradition,—whence, on that famous night when, surrounded by houris, the Prophet floated on the mystic Borak from the sanctuary of the Kaabah to Jerusalem, he ascended to the seventh heaven, and passed beyond every former apostle into the still Presence, where nought was seen, and only the sound of the recording pen was heard. Over this sacred rock, marked with the print of the Prophet's foot and with the fingers of Gabriel, who restrained the Sakhrah from flying to heaven, rises the beautiful chapel built by the Ommiyeh Khalif, Abd el Melek, in 688 A.D., and restored by the famous Saladin, whose inscriptions still decorate the painted woodwork of the dome within. In the last day, when the sword shall be stretched over Gehenna to Olivet, and the faithful shall march safely over the burning gulf, the black stone of Mecca will fly to greet its bridegroom the rock of Jerusalem, and will salute it with the words, "Peace be unto thee." The tongue wherewith the Sakhrah will answer, "Upon thee be the peace," is shown to the devout pilgrim, with the pillar which supports the rock itself supposed to float miraculously in the air.

Nor is this the only sanctuary of Islam in Syria. At Hebron is the only mosque of any antiquity save the Kaabah at Mecca, which is still closed against the infidel—the mysterious double cave which has not been entered since the middle ages, surrounded by the Herodian ramparts, and surmounted by the Gothic church, now a mosque. In Hebron itself only two Christians are tolerated, though a colony of trembling Jews are allowed to live in a quarter remote from the sanctuary. The visitor might fancy, when he witnesses the grief of the blue-robed women in the cemetery, that he was attending the very funeral of Sarah, Abraham's wife; and when he hears the cry of joy ring through the city at sunset in Ramadan, he is forced to acknowledge that Islam is still a power to be dealt with in the East.

But however genuine and strong the Moslem feeling may be in Syria, it does not of necessity entail devotion to the Sultan. It is indeed one motive which makes the Turkish Government attach special importance to the preservation of their power in the province, and which would probably lead them to fight before they could be turned out of Syria, because the loss of their sanctuaries would entail the loss of the Khalifate, and thus of the strongest element of the Sultan's power; but nevertheless the Syrian Moslem, regarding the Turanian Turk as a stranger ruling a conquered Semitic people, is open to the impression, which not a few have endeavoured to strengthen in his breast, that the true Khalif or "successor" of the Arab prophet is not to be sought among the Ottomans, who by right of the sword usurped the power of the Abbsasid, but rather among his own people the Koreish of Mecca, or the Wahabi chief of the Nejed. So great is the misery of the Syrian peasantry, so relentless the tyranny of the unpaid and unfed soldiery, who have been turned loose to feed and pay themselves in the villages, that the Turk and the Sultan are worse hated and more frequently and openly cursed than the infidels of the West. The shepherd flies and leaves his flock when he sees the supposed guardian of the peace riding up to demand a lamb; the recruits hide in the mountains when called to go out to fight the infidel;

the peasantry desert their villages on the approach of the tax-gatherer, who, while robbing the Turkish Government year by year, enriches himself by imposing a double tax in the Sultan's name. Of twenty men who go out to the wars from one little village of two hundred souls, only one or two ever come back to till the soil. Village after village is deserted, and falls into ruins; or it is bought by a Jewish speculator for about a shilling an acre, only to return again to a condition of desolation, when the capitalist is ruined by the extortions of Government officials. The population rapidly diminishes throughout the country. The depreciation of the *beshlik* to one-half its value, the imposition of a property-tax, and of three years' tax on sheep collected in one year, are borne with fatalistic resignation by a people who have no more spirit to resist; but the open curses which Moslems invoke on the Sultan's head show how deep the feeling of hatred has penetrated. The rich and influential Jews of Europe are able to make known to the world the wrongs which their fellow-countrymen suffer from Russians or Germans, maddened by the poverty which springs from their military system, rather than from Jewish usury; but the poor Turkish or Arab Moslem has no such friend in the West. If there be a people who deserve the pity and help of all who are rich and generous in England, it is the Moslem peasantry of the Turkish empire—races which, if help be not forthcoming, seem doomed to extinction, but in whose aid no influential body of men has as yet become interested. May these few lines do them such good as the writer desires to accomplish.

An Englishman may, however, be apt to say, "Why do they not help themselves?" And indeed it seems at first strange that in a country where Turks are found only among the official class, the native population should be unable to set themselves free. Those who know the East are, however, aware that nothing is more improbable than a successful revolt in Syria. On the one hand, the prestige of the Turks is so great, their cruelty and determination are so fierce, and their organisation, in consequence of the expectation of a struggle, is so constantly developing and extending to districts once practically independent, that the native population are cowed by a force the power of which they overestimate. On the other hand, long years of oppression have destroyed the confidence of men among themselves; and a personal enemy has only to denounce any individual, however inoffensive or respectable, as a conspirator, to secure his immediate arrest, and a lingering imprisonment, only terminated by a heavy monetary payment. In addition to this, old jealousies and factions are not yet dead. Not only do the Moslems and Christians hate one another, but every Moslem village is split up into parties following the impoverished descendants of the great rival native families who once gave such trouble to the Turks by their turbulence. It has been the policy of the Turks to ruin these native chiefs, who might, under a wise rule, have now rallied round the Sultan in his time of need, replacing the corrupt and mongrel class which rules the empire; but though decimated and brought to abject poverty, these ancient families are still held in great respect among the villagers.

Palestine was once divided into two great factions, and the traditions of their wars still linger among the inhabitants of the re-

mote villages. Even now in Jerusalem five Moslem factions still exist, and refuse to intermarry. The Turks are well aware of these venerable jealousies, and lose no opportunity of fomenting them, thus throughout their empire fulfilling the ancient maxim, "Divide and govern."

If we proceed eastwards to the deserts where the pure Arab lives in his black tent, surrounded with flocks and herds and countless camels, we find the foresight of the Turkish Government still devising an extension of influence, obtained in the same manner. The strong tribe is flattered by a subsidy, and its chief receives a small salary as a local magistrate. The jealousy of the weak tribe is aroused by this preference, and all danger of united action is dispelled. Barracks are built in places where ten years ago a Turkish soldier had never penetrated, and lines of telegraph are laid down. The suppression of the dangerous Druse rebellion last spring, the capture of the Kurdish chief Obeidulluh, the late defeat of the Arabs of the Nejed and Yemen, are all due to the astute policy and military prestige of the Turkish Government.

Unable thus to aid themselves, the Moslem peasantry look anxiously Westward for freedom. "Give us a just Government, even if it be a Christian one," is the cry of each and all—of the Arab chief or the ruined Syrian gentleman, not less than of the ploughman and trader. England they would prefer to welcome most. The taking of Cyprus raised their hopes, and the strong fair rule of our countrymen has increased the old popularity of the race in Syria. The British nation seems to abound in men specially fitted to govern Orientals, by their natural gifts, their tolerance, patience, good-humour, honesty, justice, and firmness of character. The Frenchman is often hated, and the German despised, where the Englishman succeeds in winning confidence and esteem, and in imposing his will on all the Orientals he meets; and indeed it is in this strength and patience that one of our few advantages over other nations now lies. British protection would be infinitely preferred by the natives of Syria or Egypt alike; but if England holds back, the prize will inevitably fall into the hands of the first Power bold enough to grasp it. The French, the Austrian, even the unsympathetic German, would be welcomed as a liberator from the cruel Turk; and it is only against the Russian that any bitterness exists in Moslem minds.

Those who have known the East for some years are aware that a change of a very remarkable nature has occurred in the constitution of even peasant society. In every Syrian village is found a little *medâfeh* or club-house, where the village elders assemble to drink coffee, smoke, and gossip. Of this little club, the passing stranger is, with genuine courtesy, made an honorary member, entertained at the village expense, and only expected to give a small voluntary fee to the *ghufr* or watchman, who is the humble waiter of the establishment. In such assemblies before the Russo-Turkish war very few young men were to be found. Some of the more important members of the rising generation might stand or crouch respectfully in the doorway, but they were careful not to intrude their opinions on the venerable village wiseacres who discoursed within. The small concerns of the hamlet, wild stories of possession or enchantment, of buried treasure, of Frank magicians who controlled the weather, formed the staple sub-

jects of conversation. The village politics were hotly discussed by the leaders of the little village factions, and convenient marriages and alliances were arranged. The roar of the great Western world fell deadened by distance on the ears of men who had never travelled ten miles from their homes; had, perhaps, never seen any Europeans beyond a travelling missionary; had heard vaguely of steamboats in the Mediterranean, and believed that such boats were also, in the wicked West, mounted on wheels and made to cross mountains.

When, however, the terrible war broke out—when the strong men were hurried away to fight the infidel, and the elders were left behind with the weeping women—the desire to know where their brothers, sons, and husbands (often dearly loved even among these poor, ignorant, oppressed peasants) had been taken, and what they were doing, became naturally intense. The nearest missionary was eagerly questioned; the little Arabic newspaper was bought and painfully spelt out by the village scribe; the designs of the great Powers were comprehended with an acuteness and ability which surprised the inquirer, but which is natural to a people clever and politic by nature, as are all Arab races. At length the war was over, and one by one the survivors returned to their homes, unpaid, unfed, unclothed, just as when they fought in the snows of the Balkans for their religion and the Khalif. They came back as heroes of Islam, and as men who had seen with their own eyes the wonders of the West. The village elders congregated round them, and the old-fashioned gossip of the *medâfeh* was suspended in order that the thrilling adventures of the soldiers might be heard, and that the wondrous tales of magical Western contrivances—guns, shells, torpedoes, railways, balloons, and telegraphs—might be recounted to credulous ears.

Thus in a few years an interest in, and an understanding of, European politics have grown up among the Syrian peasantry with astonishing rapidity. In Egypt, in the same way, ideas of constitutional government, of patriotism and progress, have become familiar through a closer acquaintance with European officials; and although no experienced Orientalist is found to believe that a genuine national party can arise in a couple of years among ignorant peasants who have been oppressed for centuries, it is not less certain that the language of European freethought has been adopted by the clever but superficial Semitic politician, with the same fatal facility which has marked the advanced school in the East throughout history—not only when the Hellenists almost succeeded in destroying Judaism, but even earlier, when Sadducean orthodoxy was overspread with a veneer of Persian ritual by the liberated Pharisees.

Such, slightly sketched, is the situation from a Moslem point of view. Venerable as is the piety of the Oriental in the eyes of a Western Conservative, it must not be forgotten that the narrowness of the Eastern mind is adverse to even such cautious and well-considered progress as is desired by moderate men in the West. Ignorance, fatalism, and intolerance forbid any combination for a purpose among men who have common interests far greater than their individual differences. Suspicion and selfishness override the desire for freedom. The old story, which has been told throughout Asiatic history, is repeated. Through the

mutual hatred of Jew and Samaritan, Titus conquered Jerusalem. The question of succession to the Prophet rent Islam in two, and makes Pan-Islamism, in its widest sense, an impossibility to the present day. The endless sects of Moslems and Christians, which form small isolated groups in Asia, are as incapable of common action in their common interests, as were the parties from which they originally sprang of resisting the broad tolerance of Alexander; and while the West comes ever back again to learn faith from the East, she also comes ever as a conqueror—irresistible, because no combination for resistance is possible.

The views and intrigues of the native Christian sects of Western Asia are, however, not without importance in relation to the future. The oldest sects—Jacobite, Syrian, Melchite, or Coptic—are too small to have any influence; but the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians play a conspicuous part in local politics, and the condition and views of the Maronites are interesting and instructive. The Druses have also a word to say in the future, and the Jewish question has as much importance in Asia as in other parts of the world. The jealousies which divide the great Christian sects are well known to be fiercer than the hatred separating Christian and Moslem. The parties are so evenly balanced and so powerfully supported, each by a Western Power, that the destruction of Moslem predominance would lead to a state of hopeless confusion and discord. Each sect claims the right to dominate the rest; yet the recognition of any one Christian Church, and the establishment of any Christian government in Syria or Asia Minor, would be an injustice in a land where the main stock of the race is Moslem. The memories of old indignities are not yet dead; and the tyranny of a priest-led populace over their Mohammedan fellow-subjects would be far harder to bear than any wrongs which Moslems, within the last thirty years, have inflicted on Christians. Intrigue and obstruction by the other Christian sects which were less prominently represented in the Government of the country, would at once become so formidable that the chief of the State, be he native or foreign, would find his efforts for the good of all paralysed, now by one, now by another, faction.

The Greek Church bears an evil reputation in the East, among Christians and Moslems alike. The ignorance, venality, and vice of its clergy, are scarce veiled by a cynical hypocrisy. It is among Greek Christians that Russia seeks to establish influence, and aims at gathering in one fold round one Holy City the various subdivisions of the Greek Church in the East. Among the Latins, who look to France and England for support, Russia has little power; but even among these she succeeds at times in buying whole congregations of converts. The differences between the orthodox and the Russian Greeks seem for a time to be laid aside, in order that the Church as a whole, and Russia as a political Power, may triumph on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

The Latins in the East, few in numbers, but powerful through the superior ability and education of their clergy, are gradually extending their propaganda and their landed possessions into remote districts, beyond the circle of Greek influence. The half-forgotten communities of Christians, among whom linger the old Gnostic heresies of the second century, afford a field for Roman Catholic missionary enterprise; and French

money and French influence are not wanting in their aid. Yet Latin priests are often heard to say that they would prefer the tolerance of English protection to the tyranny of French republican free-thought. Among the Maronites, also, French intrigue is active. Schools are subsidised on condition of French being the only European language taught; and an attempt is being made to recover the lost influence over this impressionable people, which has waned since English rule has been established in Cyprus.

The appearance of a French military *attaché* in Northern Syria and in the Hauran, has recently alarmed the Turks and excited the whole country; and although he was so surrounded with guards of honour as to be unable to communicate with any natives, and forced to leave the country in a fury, it is not certain that the real object of his mission may not have been accomplished, in demonstrating the interest felt by France in Syria.

The condition of the Maronites is instructive to the observer who wishes to discover the true method of developing the civilisation of the East. Since the establishment of the Lebanon Government, the mountain has become so thickly populated that its borders overflow. Everywhere on the rugged slopes detached farms and white solitary chapels are dotted, showing by their isolation a condition of security contrasting most remarkably with the unsafe condition of other districts, where human habitations are of necessity huddled together on a strong hill-top round the central watch-tower or keep.

The traveller may wander unarmed in Lebanon by night, certain to meet a friendly reception from the cheerful and independent peasantry, who have become so prosperous that they even develop an idea of saving money. Everywhere he finds guardians of the peace patrolling the path. He finds new roads, new bridges, new taverns and houses; hills covered with vines, figs, and mulberries; silk-factories and corn-fields: he sees that what is wanted to develop the riches of Syria is merely the security of life and property which results from a government controlled by Western justice.

It is nevertheless characteristic of the oriental nature that these fortunate Maronites, who enjoy freedom and justice, while the surrounding peasantry are dying out through misery and neglect in districts where crime is unpunished and property worthless, are impatient and dissatisfied. Lord Beaconsfield was unpopular among these shallow politicians, and Mr Gladstone is admired, because it was understood that the former was friendly to the Turks, while the latter is known to have vowed their ruin. It is vain for the Englishman who converses with them to point out the disastrous effects of suddenly destroying Turkish rule; to urge that the security in which the Maronites now luxuriate might be rudely shaken in the confusion and strife which must inevitably follow, if the strong hand of the Turk is stricken down before any permanent substitute can be found or created. Such cautions are vainly addressed to the conceited and confident half-educated Syrian, who imagines he has but to be set on a throne to govern with innate infallibility. The vanity and childish conceit of the native Christian townsman, who has attained a smattering of literature and science from the Arab translations of elementary popular primers, which are circulated by American missionaries, is one of the most ludicrous

features of Levantine society; but it is nevertheless a circumstance not without danger, especially if the newly arrived politician from Europe is induced to take the semi-educated native at his own valuation.

However, it must be admitted that the Arab race appears to have an innate faculty of understanding politics. Among the half-savage tribes of the Syrian desert, the great chiefs are perfectly aware that England holds Cyprus through an agreement with the Sultan, in a manner quite different from that of the French acquisition of Tunis; and they draw shrewd inferences of their own from this fact as to the future intentions of Great Britain. It is no doubt an advantage to the European politician that he would, in dealing with Syria, deal with a highly intelligent and docile people, who, if they were ruled with the same firmness and fairness shown in Cyprus, might be made tolerably contented and happy.

The Armenians preserve in Syria their old reputation for ability and greed. They are the cleverest, the most selfish, and consequently the richest, of the Christian sects. Their churches and convents (and to a certain degree this applies to the Greeks and Latins also) are so numerous, and so full of ecclesiastical treasures, as to form a very important prize for the hungry Arabs, should they ever succeed in invading the Holy Land. The Armenians are usurers even more merciless than the Jews: universally unpopular, they yet succeed, by superior attainments, in introducing themselves into every department and position where a clever clerk is required. They have little to gain, and all to lose, in the violent disruption of Turkish authority; yet in their own country they are practically under Russian authority already, and with the usual short-sightedness of the Oriental, are doing their best to exchange present toleration for future persecution.

Among the most important and interesting of Syrian heretical sects the Druses must for a moment receive notice. The ancient pagan tribes of the northern Lebanon, phallic worshippers and sun-worshippers, Ismáileh and Nuseireh, are too degraded and dispirited to have any political importance; but the Druses, who by virtue of their peculiar faith (a combination of Mazdeism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism) stand almost alone, still retain the warlike independence and energy of character which have made them famous in Europe. The hatred of the Maronites, which led to the Damascus massacre, has been converted into a present hatred of the Moslems, due to Turkish tyranny and local feuds. There is no longer any danger—in Syria at least—of a general massacre of Christians by either Moslem or Druse; for while the position of the native Christians, on the one hand, has been enormously strengthened through foreign protection, the diffusion of a knowledge of European civilisation has done much to mitigate the fanaticism of Moslems, and to dispel illusions as to the power of Islam to crush the infidel.

The Druse population in Lebanon has become almost extinct, and a large migration to the Hauran south of Damascus has created a centre of intrigue which gives constant cause of anxiety to the Turks. The Druses are known to be leagued with the formidable Arab tribes of the Nejed and Shommer, and the movement is suspected of being fostered by English intriguers—a view which is justified by the effusions which have appeared in England from the pens of amateur politicians,

scheming for the establishment of a Pan-Islamite Khalifate; and it may yet prove to be true that unofficial English aid has been given, unrecognised by, and perhaps unknown to, the British Government. It is only a year since a rebellion, which threatened to be formidable, was crushed by the Turks in the Hauran. A cordon of troops cut off the Druses of this district from their friends in the Anti-Lebanon. The unwilling *redifs*, who fled as soon as they knew whom they were to fight, were hunted down, captured, and marched to the field. A wise amnesty was extended to the rebel chief, on the payment of indemnity to the Moslem village where they had committed unprovoked outrages. The force of 10,000 Druse horsemen who were said to have gathered in the rugged defiles of the Druse mountain, was induced to disband itself; and the Government, having thus put down by energetic action, but without striking a blow, a movement which threatened all Syria, at once set to work to render its repetition impossible. The Hauran was divided among five Caimacams; two barracks were built in the heart of the country, and a postal service established. Surely with such evidences of energy and vitality in the hour of danger, it is most important that we should beware of treating the Sultan's Government as utterly effete and useless.

No doubt the days of Turkish rule are already numbered; no doubt it was a blind and short-sighted policy which substituted delay and evasion for genuine reform; no doubt the warning which Lord Salisbury so distinctly gave the Sultan, after the signing of the Convention, has been disregarded, and the Turkish part of the agreement never carried out: yet it must not be forgotten that there is another side to the question. A well-organised Government requires well-paid officials, and money is absolutely necessary to pay them. Reforms do really entail great expense, and a ruined country like Turkey cannot fairly be expected to undertake them unless she is helped with something more substantial than good advice. The odds against the Sultan are too great for it to be possibly hoped that, even with a genuine desire to do the best for his empire, he can now overcome them finally. The outlying provinces must become one by one detached from the Turkish rule —Egypt, Roumelia, Armenia, and Arabia cannot long remain integral parts of the Ottoman dominions. Nevertheless it is probably a mistake to believe that they will be relinquished without a struggle. Egypt is the connecting-link between Constantinople and Mecca on the one hand, and Moslem Africa on the other. The religious element in the question is of primary importance. The Sultan is surrounded by a genuinely Moslem party; he is a firm believer in the apocalyptic ideas of the Moslem religion; his ambition is directed mainly to the acquisition of a recognised supremacy as Khalif throughout the Moslem world. Were he to be banished from Europe to Baghdad, he would perhaps prove a more powerful monarch than ever, for at Constantinople he cannot fail to be influenced to a certain extent by Western ideas: he sees the evidences of Western power and progress before his eyes every day, in the busy fleets of the Bosphorus, and the railroads of Anatolia. At Baghdad, in a truly oriental Court, surrounded only by Ulemma and religious sheikhs, he might be tempted to forget the strength of the forces arrayed against him, and to unfurl

the green standard of a hopeless *jehâd* against the whole Christian world.

Syria and Arabia are therefore the most precious possessions of the pseudo-Khalif, from a Moslem point of view; and Syria specially is held with a tenacity which shows that its importance is fully appreciated. The loss of the great sanctuaries, and the establishment of an Arab Khalifate, would be the death-blow to the Pan-Islamite scheme in which the Sultan's last hopes are placed. Not without blood, therefore, will Syria be given up by Turkey; nor will any scheme find favour with the Porte which seeks to loosen the Sultan's religious or political hold on the most fertile and sacred of his Arab provinces.

The treatment which the Jews have lately experienced gives further evidence of this determination. Within the last six or seven years the number of Jewish inhabitants of the four sacred cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed (in Galilee), has very considerably increased. In Jerusalem alone the population has risen from 20,000 to 30,000 souls, the main part of the new-comers being Jews. But it is instructive to observe that it is only in the cities that this gathering takes place. Jewish colonies, agricultural or pastoral, have continually failed in Syria, because the Jews are essentially a trading people: they soon desert the cultivation of land for pursuits to which they are better accustomed, and which in their hands prove far more lucrative. Many reasons have combined to cause the immigration of Russian, Polish, and German Jews to the holy cities. The conscription is dreaded by these peaceful money-makers, and the persecution which has now become outrageous has long been suffered in a less violent degree. The *halluka*, or distribution of alms, paid annually by European Jews to their co-religionists, in return for prayers offered in Jerusalem (a custom which dates back to Ezra, and is mentioned in the Bible itself), has presented great attractions to the idle and indigent but fanatically devout Ashkenazim who throng the dirty lane which runs outside the magnificent western rampart of the Herodian Temple enclosure.

Before the Crimean war, the Jews were afraid to venture into Syria, and suffered from great disadvantages under Moslem rule; but since British protection has been extended to them, they have begun to increase so rapidly as to threaten in time to become masters of Palestine. They have almost closed the gates of Jerusalem to the native peasantry by establishing outposts on the main roads, where they buy at an enormous discount the produce of the country, which they retail to the citizens at a profit of cent per cent. They have instituted a monetary currency of their own, in the form of dirty fragments of paper, with Hebrew inscriptions, promising to pay the sums of from one to four pennies in Turkish coin. These diminutive bank-notes they have forced the peasantry to accept, and they will rarely redeem them except at a discount.

The oriental Jew is not a lovable character. To those who know the refinement and education which exist amongst European Jews, or who have become acquainted with the true Jewish aristocracy which is to be found among the old families of Spain and Morocco, it is hard to believe that the Ashkenazim can be the same race with the Sephardim. The distinction of character is as broad as that of physical appearance and costume. The tall, black-bearded Spanish Jew, with his aquiline features,

his large brown eyes, his flowing robes, and the black turban which Hakem imposed on the race nine centuries ago, is the very opposite of the dwarfish Pharisee from Poland or Germany, with his greasy "love-locks," his dirty gabardine, white stockings, and furry cap—his face wizened and greedy, his gait cringing and subservient, his religious ideas confined to the senseless repetition of Talmudic ordinances, and his soul filled only with the desire of money. Those who know the Ashkenazim best, have but one opinion of their ignorance, fanaticism, selfishness, and immorality; and the tales which circulate among men quite free from any anti-Jewish prejudice, concerning the filthiness of the domestic habits of the oriental Jew, will not bear repetition or even allusion. It is with such specimens of the ancient people that the four holy cities of Palestine are becoming rapidly filled, while the richer and nobler Jews of Spain and of Western Europe appear to take, as yet, little interest in the home of their forefathers.

It is not surprising that symptoms of the Judenhetz should already have shown themselves in Syria, both among the people and with the official class. The Jew is often beaten in the streets by the Moslem peasant whom he has defrauded, and the increase of Jewish influence is regarded with distrust and dislike by the Turkish Government. The Sultan has shown too much worldly wisdom to break openly with so influential and useful a race, from whom, though at usurious rates of interest, it is still possible to borrow money. He has opened his arms to the refugees from Russia and Germany; but at the same time, he has given them leave to settle in any part of his dominions, with the exception of Palestine. It may be that his suspicions have been aroused by schemes for Jewish colonisation, which he may regard as having a political rather than a philanthropic motive; or it may be that the rapid acquisition of property by Jewish capitalists in some parts of Syria, has given rise to the fear that this important province may become shortly a Jewish principality. But whatsoever be the reason, the fact remains that the Jews have been refused further permission to immigrate into the Holy Land, and that the Jewish paper currency has been forcibly called in by the Government, who have obliged the Jews to redeem their notes at a moderate discount.

Two distinct questions exist concerning Syria, as well as concerning other provinces of the Turkish empire. The first is simply, what is most wanted for the happiness and prosperity of the country itself? the second is, what part must the province play in the general Eastern question, from a military or political point of view? As regards the country itself, all that is wanted is a control similar to that which has been so successful in Lebanon. The right to watch the execution of justice, to be consulted in the election of the Wâly and of his immediate inferiors, should be vested in the representatives of the Governments most immediately interested in the preservation of Syrian independence.

To establish a Christian Government would not only be unfair, on account of the large preponderance of the sturdy Moslem population, but would be most undesirable, because of the endless intrigues which would result. It would be to place Syria under the influence of Russia, and to aid, instead of opposing, that advance on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean

which all military authorities are convinced that Russia is already meditating. The system of control which Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet were anxious to establish in the Sultan's dominions, was not only well considered and well fitted to the wants of the country, but has been historically proved to be successful in the Crusading Courts, now forgotten by all but the archæologist, through which the Moslems of Syria and Asia Minor were wisely governed, and remained contentedly submissive to the kings of Jerusalem and the princes of Antioch.

Under such control, governed according to Moslem law, with Christian sects tolerated fairly, but not unfairly protected; with Jewish enterprise encouraged, but not allowed to tyrannise over the peasantry; with European capital pouring into the country, secure of a fair and handsome interest; with roads, railways, lines of telegraph, aqueducts, and reservoirs spreading over the country,—Syria would soon become one of the richest and most remunerative provinces of Asia. Such we may hope she is still destined to prove, though not perhaps under Turkish rule. Her hills may become covered with vines, her plains with corn, her gardens with figs, olives, mulberries, and every species of fruit and vegetable—an agricultural prosperity not inferior to that of the best times of Jewish independence. There is no curse on her soil but the curse of man—the tyranny which crushes hope and life out of her peasantry. Remove this tyranny by either an autonomy or a transfer of the seat of government from Constantinople to Cairo, and the Syrian question would soon settle itself without the necessity of bloodshed. Russian intrigue would receive a severe check on the shores of the Mediterranean, and an industrious and docile people would be made happy.

This view of the case is, however, strictly provincial, and the fate of Syria is bound up in larger questions of general policy. The Turk, it must be repeated, has a special reason for clinging to Syria, and can neither be bought out nor persuaded to relax his hold. The key to the question is to be sought in the Mosque at Jerusalem; and until an Arab Khalifate becomes an established fact, Palestine will probably not shake off Turkish rule, unless it should be seized like Tunis by France, or absorbed in the onward march of Russia.

Nor can it be desired by moderate men that any disruption of Turkish rule in Syria or other Asiatic provinces should as yet occur. It is true that the Turks are cruel, corrupt, and unprogressive, but they are nevertheless strong. The races they rule are as cruel, and almost as corrupt and unprogressive as their rulers, but they are weaker, and have long been unaccustomed to liberty.

Were Turkey to lose Syria now, the scenes of misery and bloodshed which would ensue are frightful to contemplate. The Moslem would avenge himself on the Jew, the Druse on the Moslem or Maronite. The Greek would fight the Latin, the Arab robber from the east would swoop down on the rich convents which fill the land. Among all these fierce but cowardly races the Turk acts as policeman. He keeps the peace, perhaps, in a rougher manner than Englishmen approve; he prevents progress and prosperity, and regards European enterprise with a not unnatural dislike and suspicion; but at all events he prevents bloodshed among his subjects. "Pray for the established Government," said Rabbi Hanina; "for without it men would eat one

another." The saying is not less true in the Syria of our own times, than it was in the days when the strong hand of Rome kept the peace between Jew and Samaritan, Herodian Hellenists, and zealots of Galilee.

The question of finding an efficient substitute for Turkish rule must be settled, in Asia as in Europe, before it becomes really desirable for that rule to be broken. None who have watched without prejudice the course of events during the last few years can help admiring the courage and ability with which the Turks have fought a losing game. The picture of a dissolute Sultan surrounded by bribe-taking officials, is well known by those who have visited Constantinople to be a fiction. Even the all-powerful *bakshîsh* fails to insure success when the Sultan sees reason for suspicion; and his immediate surrounding is composed quite as much of devout Moslems as of scheming intriguers. The astuteness of the politicians who have saved so much, and given so little to their enemies; who have perceived the true strength of their position in the faith of Islam; who have known when to concede, and when to prepare for resistance, —is a direct answer to those who represent the Turk as stupid and obstinate. They have temporised and treated, not so much through incapacity for action, as because it was the best policy that could under the circumstances be pursued, and because their enemies were thereby wearied into concessions which could hardly have been expected. They have, notwithstanding, kept their word at least as faithfully as some more civilised nations, and have shown signs of military power which prevents any loss of dignity attending their surrender.

Nevertheless the policy pursued by the Sultan is not doomed to succeed. Pan-Islamism must fail through its intrinsic weakness, and because the Prophet himself has said that while two of the Koreish tribe shall remain, one of them must be Khalif and the other his follower. The Sultan is a usurper of the Arab religious primacy, and the fact is well known in Islam. Yet he is, *de facto*, the first man in the Mohammedan world; and the fall of his European empire would send an electric shock through the whole of Islam. But Britain least of all is the Power that should seek to precipitate the fall of the Porte. Not only by treaty obligations, but by self-interest, which is the stronger force of the two, is she bound to aid the Sultan in maintaining his position, and to countenance his efforts for the consolidation of his power. Unsatisfactory as the Ottoman Government undoubtedly is, its integrity still consitutes our best assurance for the peace of Eastern Europe; and it is the interest of all the Western Powers to preserve the Porte from outward attacks, and stimulate it to remedy internal grievances, until the progress of events have clearly indicated a safe and natural successor.

THE EARL AND THE DOCTOR; OR, THE CHAIR AND THE SIEGE.

A Fytte of University Reform.

"My lord, I think we safely may predict—
You saw, of course, our leaders in the *Pict?*—
That academic Scotland now will gain
A signal record of your well-earned reign.
Our game is won. *I* raised—*we* ride—the storm,
And Revolution shall prevent Reform.
Research—Research *alone*—shall be our text:*
Let us be Germans first and Scotsmen next.
What if we close the academic door
On Highland crofters of Macallum More?†
What if the experts smile, the poor repine?
'Twill serve your turn—and yours, my lord, is mine.
Deaf to my vows, let Glasgow taste my steel;
On prostrate Ramsay I will plant my heel;
And Jebb, and Jack, must now that course fulfil
Which in one doom united Jack with Jill."
While thus the Doctor speaks, the Earl is mute;
He strokes his knee, and closely scans his boot.
The claret passes; kindling with his plan,
The prophet seems to rise above the man;
O'er his flushed cheek a sacred rapture plays,
And twice the future swims before his gaze.
E'en thus, 'tis rumoured, in that secret bower
Where Blackie's banquets charm the midnight hour;
Where Grecian garbs embellish Grecian lore,
And guests hear all that Plato said, or more,—
The Doctor holds the Hierophantic seat,
Fair with a wreath, and mystic in a sheet.

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* "Now it seems to me that the University should undertake the work of stimulating and superintending original research, *and no other work*, and that the rest of the boy's education should be done in the school."—Evidence given by Dr James Donaldson before the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Universities of Scotland.—Report, vol. ii. p. 753 (1878).

† "They [the crofters] look to the parish schools to give them the foundation of their education, and they look to the ancient Universities of Scotland to finish that education. . . . I protest against any scheme which shall lower the standard of our parochial education—which shall prevent the children of those poor men from having close to their own doors in every district, in every parish in the Highlands, a school at which they can get a really superior education which will bring them to the doors of the class-rooms in the Universities of the country. . . . I deprecate any plan which would interfere with the access of the poorer classes to education of this kind."—The Duke of Argyll at Edinburgh, Feb. 17, 1882.

Like Pythoness amid the rising fumes,
In strain oracular the seer resumes :—
"No worthy College is for him decreed
Who cares what *is*, or recks of vulgar need.
Not in that mundane sphere my rule I find,
But in the Structure of the Human Mind.
At first the little stranger from the skies
Exerts alone perceptive faculties :
But, ere eleven summers roll away,
Receptive Intellect, we greet thy ray !
Our boy can learn.* And where shall wisdom find
The meetest culture for his opening mind ?
At the Academy ? At Fettes ? No :
Let fops, let apes of England, thither go.†
My lord, though I *am* Rector—you are just ;
You know me,—I can speak with perfect trust :
Our High School, if that boy is blest by fate,
Will claim him early, and release him late.
Through seven full years (but eight are better still)
From mental goose-step he shall rise to drill :
Unstained by fancy, undisturbed by thought,
Accumulation ‡ only must be sought :
Then, at eighteen, the last, the noblest stage §
Arrives ; behold him of *creative* age !
These steps are fixed as posts mark statute miles :
The Child perceives ; Youth crams ; the Man compiles !

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* "Perhaps my suggestion may be too radical in connection with the matter, but it seems to me that our University and school education ought to be based on what we call the laws of human development ; and in regard to that you find this, that at the early stage the receptive faculties are strongest—that is, up to eighteen or so. . . . If we look at the process of development in the average man of considerable capacity, we shall find that from his birth to about eleven he is not capable of much more than observation, and the powers of observation should then be specially cultivated. From eleven to eighteen or nineteen he has the special faculty of imitation and appropriation. He devours books, he gathers in stores of knowledge, he reproduces what others have produced. He can lay up a vast mass of material for original induction."—Dr Donaldson, in Report (1878), *l.c.*, and in Contemporary Review, Jan. 1882, p. 146.

† "In this city there was once but one school of higher education, the High School. . . . All met within its walls, rich and poor, and out of it came most of the great men of last century and the beginning of this, that Edinburgh produced. But a change took place. A more fashionable school, and a school with higher culture than a Scotch school could give, was desired, and the Academy was formed. And then a still more fashionable, and a still more English school was desired, and Fettes College came into existence."—*Ibid.*, p. 158.

‡ "A boy accumulates and accumulates, and is amenable to strict discipline during that time—and then after he has thoroughly furnished himself with the means of acquiring knowledge for himself, he begins original research."—Report, vol. ii. p. 753.

§ "Then comes the last and noblest stage, the stage of creative activity."—Contemporary Review, p. 146.

Consider Nature's universal scheme:
Omit our High School; what remains? a dream!
Now at one bound he gains the power to think;
His pent-up stores roll forth on floods of ink;
A problem yields with each returning sun,
And each semester sees a tome begun; *
Beneath his massive touch, no grace, no joy
Pollutes grave lore with frivolous alloy;
Letters and Science, Art, the poet's flight,
Are purged of all that fools call life or light;
Taught by his own procedure, he divines
That all men's wealth is dug from German mines,
And toils to track, with eager diligence,
Each stolen phrase, each jot of borrowed sense,
Testing home authors by this simple note,—
Our rascals plunder, and our righteous quote.
Each week he makes some vain pretension less,
Or prunes a reputation in the press;
Yet, generously careless of his own,
Unlike great surgeons, he remains unknown,
Nor scorns, a modest guest, to share a meal
With the last patient of his lofty zeal.
But, while he loves the shade, and shrinks from praise,
For public good he bears the public gaze;
Endures to push, is martyred to display,
And softly forces his unselfish way.
Such is the noble being,—now too rare,—
Who soon will flourish by our fostering care;
Such my ideal—reach it if you can:—
Thus I conceive the Scholar and the MAN! †
"But this great vision soars beyond our reach,
While yet a Scottish College deigns to teach.

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* "He can now deal in an independent manner with the materials which he has accumulated. He thinks over the problems which his previous accumulations have presented to him, and works with fresh insight."—Contemporary Review, p. 146.

† Report of Royal Commission (1878), vol. ii. question 6077. *Lord Moncreiff.*—"But how are you to bring the schools up to the necessary mark?" *Dr Donaldson.*—"If the Universities went up, the schools would come up after them." *Lord Moncreiff.*—"But if the Universities went down, what would be the result in the meantime for want of students?" *Dr Donaldson.*—"Well, that is the difficulty which arises. I acknowledge that there are practical difficulties to be encountered, especially in connection with the salaries of the professors; I can easily see that there is a great difficulty there; but still *there is my ideal*, and not only my ideal, but *what seems to be necessary in connection with the constitution of the mind.*" *Lord Moncreiff.*—"Yes, if the only object were to make the most perfect scholar, I do not doubt but that idea would do quite well; but there are many other things to be considered, are there not?" *Dr Donaldson.*—"Yes; but I look not only at what might be the most perfect scholar, but also the most perfect man." *Lord Moncreiff.*—"But must not that be in relation to the existing social conditions?" *Dr Donaldson.*—"Yes; but I am talking of the proposal *irrespective of these conditions.*"

Those owls must stoop no longer from their perch:
Theirs is one task—To SUPERVISE RESEARCH.*
'Tis not my fault if still their classes grow;
Oft in the press I deal my well-meant blow,
Expose their books, prepare their just decline,
And hint more charges than I well could sign:
In vain:—like trees that sprout beneath the axe,
The more I slash, the more their numbers wax.
My lord, you know that in this humble breast
Spite, Envy, Malice ne'er could be a guest:
But when I see the wicked thus prevail,—
When such fair breezes fan the pirate's sail,—
When I survey their multitude, their pride,
Their crass conceit, their fortune's rising tide,
Their incomes—oh, my lord, I never swear,
Or hardly ever—but 'tis much to bear!
Thus handicapped—against such odds"——
But here
Those household words awoke the dozing peer.
"My precious counsellor," exclaimed the Earl,
I was a pig,—your eloquence, a pearl.
Your Theory of the Mind (I heard that part)
Does equal honour to your brain and heart.
Yet think. You are a dominie to-day;
So was MACBETH—a thane, I mean to say.
Think how MACBETH, before his rise in life,
Might have perplexed his admirable wife,
If in the *Pict* he had denounced as banes
All things that squared not with the views of thanes!
Forbear, my friend, while still you wield the tawse,
To place strict limits on our Mental Laws.
The true test of a philosophic head
Is to discern the butter on our bread.
Take *me:* the naked fact of what I am
Is more instructive than eight years of cram.
The Chair of Latin in the Granite Town
Is vacant, and the patron is the CROWN.
I am the CROWN. Now, will you have the Chair?
The income—like our *Pict*, you know—is fair.
Some good men may be standing from the South:
What harm? Our *Pict* will praise, and stop their mouth.
You wrote an epoch-making work, we'll say,—
Your book upon . . . about . . . the Fathers, eh?

* "The work of stimulating and superintending original research, and no other work."—See note above, p. 522.

Like a rich man whose morals are askew,
'Tis sometimes mentioned, but is cut by few.
Go, then, to Aberdeen in Heaven's name—
And in—the *Pict's*—support us all the same."
Before the blushing Doctor could reply,
A servant's entrance checks the colloquy.
"My lord, below there waits a gentleman—
He bid me say, he is a publican."
"Ah, Doctor," sighed the noble, "this is power.
A Licensed Victualler at such an hour!—
Did he explain his business?"—"No, my lord:
He only said he wished a private word."
"Perhaps," the Doctor said, "the term was missed:
Is it a publican? Or *publicist?*"
"As usual," laughed the Earl, "your hint is right.
Our *Pict* has sent for leading and for light."—
Then, turning to the footman;—"LYON, say,
I've nothing for the gentleman to-day.
A headache has obliged me to retire,—
And bring him supper—say it's my desire."
Now of the press they spoke—how dext'rous men
Court not, yet coax, the wizards of the pen;
How, by an editor's Olympian "WE,"
The Fourth Estate can scare the other three:
But, while at ease from point to point they glance,
Behold the footman's troubled countenance.
"Y' please, my lord, the gentleman below
Has had his supper, but declines to go;
Which he's most strange, my lord, and says he'll hear
Something hexplicit as respecks the cheer,
Or else he won't go home till morning."
"How?
The cheer? More supper? Or what wants he now?"
"My lord," the Doctor said, "can . . . could he mean
The . . . my . . . your patronage at Aberdeen?"
"WHAT?" said the Earl, "THE CHAIR?—By Pure Research,
This is presumption that deserves the birch!—
That will do, LYON.—Doctor, we must act.
The press is urgent: 'tis a case for tact.
We must announce our news without delay,
Or else farewell repose by night or day.
Just write a paragraph, and make it strong:
Bring in your Fathers—only don't be long."
Swiftly and smoothly ran the Doctor's quill.
"Now," said the Earl, "just read it, if you will."

The Doctor reads: "Her Majesty the Queen
Has pleased to fill the Chair at Aberdeen
With one whose labours, destined to endure,
So well have served Patristic literature;
And every Scottish heart must feel a thrill,
That native genius, not imported skill,
Has scored a triumph, honourably won,
In this success of Caledonia's son."
"Good, Doctor!" said the Earl: "'tis just the thing.
The *Pict* shall have it straightway. Would you ring?—
But hark! what sounds?"
The door flew wide—a groom
Stood trembling on the threshold of the room.
"My lord, my lord, a muckle crood o' men
Is marching on the castle; weel we ken
They mean nae gude: but gang ye to the tower;
The moon's braw licht will let ye ken their power:
They come like Hieland waters in a spate;
Gang up, gang up, or a' is done ower late."
The Earl, the Doctor, bounding up the stair,
Ascend the turret, gain the moonlit air.
As when to battle armèd legions move
With those proud strains which Scotland's warriors love,
Such measured tramp, such pibroch melody
Came to those awe-struck sentinels on high.
The Earl grew pale, the Doctor's roses fled;
Nearer and nearer swell the sounds of dread;
And now, through spaces where the moonbeams play,
Looms up the vanguard of a stern array.
Rank behind rank, spears bristling after spears,
In serried strength a mighty host appears:
As several limbs obey a single soul,
One mind directs, one impulse moves the whole.
Onward they sweep; the Dorian pipes are still;
The leader's mandate echoes clear and shrill.
They halt; a moment, and their captain's sign
Wakens a voice in every marshalled line;
As from one throat, sonorous, jubilant
Beneath the moon rang out that solemn chant:
E'en thus of old, ere Greek with Mede should close,
To Delphi's lord the choral pæan rose.
"O counsellor! O Doctor!" said the peer,
"Who are yon warriors? Wherefore are they here?"
(His teeth were chattering, for the air was keen:)
"Mark their firm front, their dauntless discipline!

Note how in mid-career, at one behest,
Thousands are spell-bound into iron rest!
See how the whole is ruled through every grade
In scale that mounts from section to brigade;
How office links, with nice dependencies,
Its chain of adamant in just degrees;
How captains, colonels, marshals of the field
In place command, in turn obedience yield,
While, dominant o'er all, yon stalwart form
Controls the word that frees or binds the storm!
Hear you the martial anthem which they raise?
Methinks I heard such strains in other days:
Was it beside the Isis? Every tone
Sounds clear, and yet the language seems unknown.
O Doctor—tell me—what the tongue they speak?"
"My lord," the trembling Doctor answered, "Greek.
Like Spartans at their games before the fight,
Yon warriors conjugate the verb 'to smite.'—
'Tis TUPTO.—Oh, my lord, we need stout hearts.
Yon host is Glasgow's Faculty of Arts!"
"Fate!" shrieked the livid Earl, "we are thy toys!
This is what TULLOCH called—'A MOB OF BOYS!'—
Lose not one instant.—Don your wreath, your sheet,
As when in BLACKIE'S halls you sit at meat:
Take a white flag, and on the rampart go—
Speak with yon giant leader of the foe;
Say you're my own domestic priest of MARS,
And gain us time by asking them to parse.
Meanwhile the lightning's wings shall bear my call
For speedy help to Scotland's capital:
The Extra-mural Teachers in a mass
Shall bring us aid, with BLACKIE'S Private Class.
Never will I surrender till you fall:—
Assume your robe—away, and mount the wall!"
He spake, and hurried from the tower, to send
For each ally whom prayer or threat could bend.
But soon, 'mid busy cares and surging fears,
Fresh from the wall, his envoy reappears.
Small comfort glimmered in that Doctor's eye;
His sheet hung limp—his wreath was all awry.
"My lord," the Doctor said, "our case looks black;
Yon leaguering host have others at their back.
Glasgow has done what Glasgow first designed,
And tests, at Entrance, each aspiring mind.
Yon thousands passed; but thousands more were ploughed;
These, too, approach us in a threat'ning cloud.

Far off I know the banner of their pride;—
'Tis the Fifth Standard* under which they ride!
My lord, I failed. That giant chief was stern.
I strove to give our talk a friendly turn—
Spoke of Subjunctives, touched on verbs in MI:
He frowned, and froze my blood with this reply,—
'Chaplain, we come to claim a traitor's head.'
My lord,—has Doctor TULLOCH gone to bed?"
"Ha!" cried the Earl—"as ever, kind and wise.—
Go, LYON—bid the Principal arise;
Conduct him to the cellar's deepest bin;
Provide a loaf, a corkscrew; lock him in;
And charge him in no case to sing or crow,
Lest his rash voice should guide the searching foe.
Nought on this earth would give me sharper pain
Than to desert a Principal for gain.—
Hark!—heard you those dread shouts around the walls?—
But see! a post!—our safety stands or falls."
Breathless and pale, a groom the answer brings,
Flashed from Edina on the lightning's wings:—
"The Extra-mural Teachers state with grief
That on their part you must not hope relief.
No leisure theirs to man your leaguered wall:
Theirs is the Siege of Troy, the War of Gaul.
By academic rivals sorely prest,
They find scant time to eat, and none to rest.
They must not underbid; within their reach
One shift remains—they still can overteach.
Since quantity, not quality, must pay,
To midnight hour they drudge from dawn of day:
Whose pupil shall attain the highest score?
TOM'S marks were ninety; DICK'S were ninety-four;
And all Mid-Lothian has it in renown
That DICK was taught by JONES, and TOM by BROWN.
BROWN, in the *Pict*, reveals his view of JONES,
While BROWN'S displays from ROBINSON draw groans.
And, as in hundred-gated Thebes of old
Through every gate two hundred chariots rolled
So, when a longing fires parental hearts
To crown their sons with Mastery of Arts,
A hundred roads of study open lie,
And on each road two hundred coaches vie.

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* "Boys have gone direct from the Fifth Standard to Glasgow University."—Dr Donaldson, in Contemporary Review, Jan. 1882.

To Blackie's Private Class you look for aid?
There's none this year; and he's at Inversnaid.
To-morrow he will speak at Scuir of Eigg
On 'Negro Minstrelsy and Dr Begg.'
My lord, we breathe not comfort that beguiles;
Be firm, and read *Self-Help* by Dr Smiles."
"Unfeeling dastards!" hissed the Earl, and tore
Those heartless words in snow upon the floor.
"Say, Doctor, say—does any hope remain?"
"My lord," the Doctor feebly murmured,—"nane.
Speak with our giant foe. I've had enough.
And save us—if you please. You'll find him tough."
Brief was the parley. One who fared that night
O'er the lone mountains, in the moon's pale light,
Glanced towards the Earl's grim stronghold; there he sees
The wonted ensign waving in the breeze;
Again he looks, and, looking, rubs his eyes—
O'er those proud towers no more the ensign flies!
And at that moment on his list'ning ear,
Borne by the night-wind, comes a far-off cheer,
As when some leaguering host's triumphant yell
Greets the flag struck on conquered citadel.
What terms the victor gave, the vanquished bore,
Let not profane inquisitors explore.
But who had witched our *Pict* of other days?
Henceforth one theme enthralled it—Glasgow's praise.
Each morn Auld Reekie watched, with fresh surprise,
Mysterious incense to St Mungo rise;
Was a new volume lauded with a will?
No need to ask—it came from Gilmore-hill.
Were moral graces named, or shining parts?
Their name recalled a Western School of Arts.
Was public worth in question,—tireless zeal,
Selfless devotion to the country's weal?
Of these the *Pict* could shape no lovelier dream
Than as they flourished by the Kelvin's stream.

THE SCOTCH LIBERATIONISTS.

INCUMBENT as it is at all times upon the various divisions of the Christian Church to illustrate in their public policy the higher precepts of their Master's teaching, there are special occasions when the distinctive characteristics of Christianity ought to be put prominently forward, when all minor sources of division ought to be sunk in the presence of hostile and aggressive principles, and when all sects and shades of Christian opinion ought to unite together against influences which threaten the subversion of their common faith. Such an occasion, it must be admitted, is the present, when not only is the subtlest scepticism leavening our culture and literature, when religion has been in a great measure divorced from our national education, and when it is even proposed that the State itself shall throw aside its traditional Christian character and leave the existence of an all-ruling Deity a question for each member of the Legislature to settle for himself by the light of his own wisdom or ignorance. We see on the one hand a Ministry with a powerful following halting between its desire to divest the British Parliament of its Christian character and to recognise the reasonableness of the atheist's position, and its dread of the unpopularity which might result to it from such a measure; and on the other, a party, which unfortunately appears to be a minority, endeavouring to insure that the bare admission of God's existence shall be required of every one who becomes a member of the Legislature. While such vital questions are actually at stake, the duty of the Christian Church must be very plain. All sectarian differences, bitternesses, and jealousies, are surely of small moment when the general principles of Christianity itself are on their trial; and any religious body who, amid the distractions of the time, would seek to press its own private advantages at the expense of the interests of our common religion, must assume a responsibility which can scarcely involve less than a betrayal of the Christian faith. As scepticism continues to gain ground, and assaults upon the public position of the Christian religion increase in frequency and in bitterness, the gain to the various Churches from the union between Christianity and the State is more and more brought home to all denominations. When the issue is between Christianity and Secularism, there are few religious denominations which would hesitate in preferring a variety of the former, even though they could not absolutely subscribe to its formulas in all their details. When Parliament is wavering as to whether the negations of atheism should not receive the same recognition as the faith of the Christian, all the internal differences of our Churches, however much they may deserve serious consideration among Christians themselves, ought to be put carefully in the background, while a united and unbroken front should be presented to all who would in any way seek to sap or overthrow the estimation in which Religion is held among us. Whatever conscientious objections the Dissenting bodies in England and Scotland may feel towards the Established Churches, they must at least, at the present moment, be conscious that these form the great barriers against secularism becoming the dominant principle in the State; and that

their own future interests are directly connected with the maintenance of religion as an integral part of the British constitution.

It is at such a juncture—we say it with shame—that an influential body which has hitherto held a deservedly high place among Dissenting Churches, has thought fit to declare war against the union of Church and State, and to set on foot an agitation characterised by a bitterness and malevolence which never could have been drawn from the doctrines of Christianity. The Free Church of Scotland in its General Assembly has expressed by a considerable majority its disapprobation of the relations between the State and the Established Presbyterian Church. So far it was doubtless within its province, although the neutral attitude assumed by some of its most respected members, and the direct opposition manifested by a strong and influential minority, testified to the fact that it was not without misgivings that the Free Church assumed an attitude of hostile sectarianism. Protesting, however, as a Church, against the exceptional position occupied by another body, is quite a different step from the initiation of a public agitation for severing the connection between religion and the State, and from making common cause with the atheists, secularists, and sceptics of all shades of unbelief, who aim at the overthrow of the Established Churches as the first step towards destroying the Christian character of the nation. Yet this is the course on which the Free Church, under Dr Rainy's leadership, has embarked,—a course which he can only pursue by dragging his denomination through the dirt, and which, wherever it may terminate, must mark its progress by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

The Scotch Liberationists do not as yet profess to be an influential party. They honestly admit that Scotland has yet to be aroused upon the subject; and the attitude which Dr Rainy, and his colleague Dr Cairns, the leader of the United Presbyterians, take up, is rather that of preachers of a gospel of Liberation, than the position of heads of a party who are firmly convinced that the justice and expediency of their demands must make themselves felt. They are at present considerably removed from this latter position. They will have no easy task in uniting the Scotch Dissenters against a Church that has struck its roots so deeply and firmly into the national life of the country. So far as results are concerned, we might confidently leave them to recoil on the heads of the agitators themselves. The specious form of principle which has been given to the movement, and the liberal and high-sounding sentiments which thinly veil sectarian rancour to the Establishment, must, however, be laid bare; and when this has been done, the unprejudiced mind will have little difficulty in satisfying itself that the Liberationist movement in Scotland stands upon no more firm a basis than that of political intrigue and personal self-seeking.

No fact stands forth more clearly in Scottish ecclesiastical history than that the Voluntary principle is an innovation upon Presbyterian ideas of religious polity—an innovation, too, of a very recent date. It was an essential tenet of Knox, Melville, and all the Presbyterian Reformers, that Church and State should be connected by an indissoluble tie; that the conduct of the latter should be leavened by the principles of the former; and that provision should be made for the worship of God and the preaching

of the Gospel. Holding high views of the dignity of their ministry, and of the necessity for plain and fearless speaking, the early fathers of the Scotch Church would have felt their calling degraded had their sustenance been made dependent upon their efforts to conciliate the goodwill of their flocks. The Assembly of Reformers in 1581, in ratifying the "Heads and Conclusions of the Policie of the Kirk," leaves us in no doubt as to what the feelings of the earlier Presbyterians were upon this point. Their claims to the "Patrimonie of the Kirk" are explicitly stated and defined as comprehending—

"First, all things gevin, or to be gevin, to the Kirk and Service of God; as lands, bigings, possessiouns, annual rents, & all sic lyk, wherewith the Kirk is dotted ather be donation, fundation, or mortification, or anie uther lawful tytles, be kings, princes, or anie inferiour persones given to God & his Kirk, with the continual oblationes of the faithfull. We comprehend also all sic things, as be Lawes, Custome, or use of Countreyes, has bein applyed to the use and utilitie of the Kirk; of the quhilk sort are the Teinds, small and grait, Manses, Gleibs, & sic lyk; quhilk by comoun & municipall lawes and universall custom, ar possessed be the Kirk. To tak away onie thing of this Patrimonie be unlawfull means, & to convert it to the particular & profean use of anie man, we hald it a detestable sacrilege before God."

It is well known that the early Presbyterian Church of Scotland did not confine its claims to support from the State, but insisted on being recognised as a factor in the constitution, equal, if not superior, to the civil authority. The Presbyterian ideal was that of the old theocratic government of Israel, which all the fathers of the Scotch Reformation kept steadily in view. The first secessions were undoubtedly due, not to any objections to the union of Church and State, but to the fact that the State would not yield itself to the peculiar views of the dissidents. The Cameronians, who were the earliest of those bodies of Dissenters which have in recent times been grouped together under the name of United Presbyterians, kept aloof from the Established Church, not because they differed from its doctrines, but because they denied the lawfulness of any civil authority that had not taken the Solemn League and Covenant as a qualification. The earlier Presbyterian Dissenters undoubtedly spurned at the idea of divorcing Church from State, and maintained the union in principle, though they could not adhere to it in practice. Their aims and hopes always turned to the reformation of the State Church, and the restoration of what they regarded as true Presbyterian and Covenanted principles to their proper place in the Established religion. Until within a comparatively recent period, they regarded the Voluntary system as an unavoidable accident of their position, and would have treated as gross heresy the assertion that it was the most fitting means for sustaining religion. It is important to bear in mind the views which the founders of the Presbyterian system took of this subject, as both of the principal bodies which are agitating for disestablishment claim each of them to be the only and true representative of the historical Presbyterianism of the sixteenth century.

For a long time after the English Liberationists had commenced their campaign against Church Establishments, their efforts failed to elicit any show of sympathy from the Scotch Dissenters. No doubt the fact that the Church of Eng-

land was the main object of assault gratified those who were the sworn enemies of "black Prelacy;" but then the parties which were combining for its demolition were little better than, if indeed they were as good as, the Prelatists themselves. They were mainly sectarians and secularists, who banded together with Papists and infidels whenever these latter could serve their turn — a course of action which was odious to the pure Presbyterian mind; and so the great mass of Scotch Dissenters for long refused to identify themselves with the Liberationist aims, and indeed generally threw their political influence into the other side of the scale. With all their narrowness and stern religious uncharitableness, there was a consistency and high principle in the older Scotch Dissenters which commanded involuntary respect from the other Churches, but which, unfortunately, they have not been able to hand down to their living representatives. And so they kept the English Liberationists at the staff's end, and determined to await the issue of their operations, taking care the while that the character of Presbyterianism did not suffer in their own policy.

In general, the non-Presbyterian sects of Scotch Dissenters—the Independents, Baptists, and other bodies —cordially lent their influence, which was not great, to the English Liberationists, and did all that they could to support the cause of disestablishment except subscribe money to it. The national prudence of the Scotch character served to wisely temper sectarian zeal; and although the Liberation Society paraded a show of support from Scotland, the local subscriptions were but as a drop in the bucket compared with the money raised among the Radical masses of the large towns in England. Agencies were maintained, and Liberationist literature freely diffused throughout the country; but the tracts wrought little conviction among the Scotch in general, and only opened their eyes to the fact that very unscrupulous tactics were being employed, upon an ostensible pretext of obtaining justice to religion.

We may date the birth of a determined effort in favour of disestablishment among Scotch Dissenters from the time when the present Premier disestablished the Church of Ireland. The spectacle of the humiliation and spoliation of a dominant Church presented too great a temptation to Dissenters in both parts of Britain not to make them anxious to see the operation repeated in the case of the two other religious establishments. The United Presbyterians, who had been overshadowed by the Free Church, and who had least reason to extol the Voluntary system, were the first to identify themselves with the cause of disestablishment. The Free Church, sensible that Liberationist principles implied a departure from historical Presbyterianism, for a considerable time refused to commit itself to the agitation, and gained much respect for the unselfishness and dignity of the position which it took up with regard to that subject. How comes it now that it has so completely reversed its policy as to take the forefront of the disestablishment agitation in Scotland, has at once discarded its claim to represent the Presbyterian Church of the Reformation, and has placed itself in direct opposition to the policy and principles of the Fathers from whom it boasts that it has drawn its Standards? We shall endeavour to answer this question.

The disruption of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1843, and the foundation

of the Free Church, turned upon the vexed question of Patronage; and so long as Patronage continued to be a part of the policy of the Established Church, the Free Church had a distinct *raison d'être* in the eyes of its supporters. For thirty-one years the Free Church had founded its claim to the regard of Presbyterianism on the fact that it was a protest against this particular corruption that had found a place in the system of the Established Church. It is true that around this central point of divergence an individuality of its own had grown up sufficient to give the Free Church a distinctive character of its own; but it would have repudiated the idea that it essentially differed either in doctrine or in discipline from the primitive standards of the Establishment; and to by far the greater mass of its members the only appreciable advantage it offered over the Church of Scotland was its freedom from the blot of Patronage.

The abolition of Patronage in 1874 was fraught with serious results to the future of the Free Church. All at once the only sensible barrier between it and the Establishment was removed; and the Free Church leaders had to consider how the change would affect their position. They had always hitherto held by the theory of an Established Church, provided that Church could be accommodated to the true Presbyterian model. But now that the Legislature had remedied the chief corruption of which they had hitherto complained, they found themselves in the serious dilemma of having either to abandon their separate position, or to assume the weighty responsibility of perpetuating unnecessary division in Presbyterianism. The conclusion at which they arrived affords a very fair gauge of the degree to which the Free Church is influenced by the true spirit of Christ's teaching. The self-sacrifice which the Free Church exhibited at the Disruption has been loudly trumpeted by itself, and generously recognised by most other Christian bodies; but it would have been an infinitely more glorious act of self-surrender had the Free Church leaders frankly admitted that the removal of Patronage no longer rendered it necessary that the Presbyterian Church should be divided into two camps. Unfortunately they chose to follow a more mundane policy. They were conscious that their claims to the sympathy of even their own congregations were greatly impaired; that their prospects of extending the membership of the Free Church were diminished; and that, by the abolition of Patronage, Free Church principles were to all intents and purposes rendered obsolete. They were conscious that the enthusiasm which had hitherto buoyed up the movement was gradually passing away with the generation which had come under its influence. The great leaders of the Disruption had given place to men like Dr Rainy, whose abilities command no recognition outside their own sect. What, then, could they count upon for enabling them to maintain their distinctive position as a sect of Presbyterianism? It was necessary to take some step; and, in an evil hour for its character and Christian influence, the Free Church, under the leadership of Dr Rainy, pronounced in favour of the Voluntary system, and against the union of Church and State.

There can be no doubt that the majority of the Free Church embarked upon this course in a feeling of desperation. It had long stood aloof from making common cause with the essentially secularist pol-

icy which characterised the operations of the Liberation Society. It would not lend its countenance to the United Presbyterian agitation, and its aversion to endorse the Voluntary system was one of the principal barriers to the project of union that was so long and vainly canvassed between the two bodies. We are driven to the conclusion that either its former position was radically wrong, or that under Dr Rainy's leadership the Free Church has utterly thrown aside its former principles, and abandoned itself to the guidance of no higher motives than expediency and the hopes of sectarian gain,—a pitiful declension for a Church that was once animated by the spirits of a Chalmers, a Candlish, and a Cunningham.

The animosity of the other Presbyterian Churches to the Church of Scotland was also greatly intensified by a magnificent bequest, amounting to half a million of pounds sterling, which fell to the latter from the estate of Mr James Baird, a great ironmaster in the west. This legacy, and the vigorous way in which it has been administered for the benefit of the Church of Scotland, appears to have inflamed the jealousy of Dissenters even more than the abolition of Patronage. In the United Presbyterian "Case for the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, by the Rev. G. C. Hutton, D.D.," * a tirade of vulgar abuse is poured over both donor and donee, although a private legacy has nothing whatever to do with the relations between Church and State. It would have probably been too much to have expected that either the Free Church or the United Presbyterians would have professed themselves thankful that so large a sum had been devoted to the cause of their common religion; although, if the spirit of the Gospel had held any sway in their councils, such assuredly is the temper in which they would have hailed Mr Baird's bequest. But at all events, regard for the credit of their sects should have made them suppress their natural jealousy, and not flaunt the envy with which they view the good fortune that has befallen another branch of the Presbyterian Church.

We have thus in Scotland two religious bodies rivals among themselves, and with a mutual hostility to each other little less thinly disguised than their enmity to the Establishment, prosecuting an agitation against Church and State. But even for this common aim the Free Church and the United Presbyterians cannot coalesce in a system of joint action. The Free Church apparently prefers to fight for its own hand, and to keep its plan of action distinct from that of the United Presbyterians, who seem to have merged themselves in the Scottish branch of the Liberation Society. We must say a few words about this new organisation. We have stated that the English Liberationists, until a few years back, "wrought" Scotland with very small financial results, and naturally thought the promotion of religious discord in their own realm had the first claim upon their energies. About four years ago, however, it was resolved to establish a distinct Scottish branch for the demolition of the Presbyterian Establishment, — although, curiously enough, the funds collected in Scotland continue, as before, we believe, to be paid to the credit of the English organisation. This does not look well. Is it possible that the

* The "D.D.," as readers of the "Case" will readily understand, was conferred by an American college.

Southern Liberationists entertain "doots" of their Scottish brethren? Or does the good cause in Scotland require to be kept afloat by English guineas? A glance at the list of the Scottish Council enables us to perceive that the Free Church is not distinctively represented; while Dr Cairns and Professor Calderwood, who may be regarded as the leaders of the United Presbyterian Synod, are both there. The chairman, Mr Dick Peddie, member for Kilmarnock, is a United Presbyterian; and it perhaps should be mentioned that the formation of the Scottish Liberationist Council coincided closely in point of time with that gentleman's conception of the laudable ambition to serve his country in Parliament,—an ambition which various constituencies when appealed to did not see their way to gratify. The Scottish Council have readily taken up the unscrupulous and un-Christian tactics which have so long been pursued by the English Liberationists. One of the resolutions (III.), adopted at a public meeting in Glasgow on 1st November last, records the satisfaction with which the Scottish agitators view the defiance at which the Ritualists in England set the law, and expresses the hope that they may soon be set free to Romanise the Church;* while the clergymen who are most active in the disestablishment contest, Sunday after Sunday daily denounce in their pulpits the dangerous extent to which Ritualism is spreading, and forecast the serious evils with which it threatens the Protestant religion. Let us do evil that good to ourselves may come, seems to be the motto of the Liberationists. Atheism, too, is far less objectionable in the eyes of the Scottish Council than the spectacle of an Established Christian Church. Let Popery and Secularism tear Protestantism asunder,—let the last element of Christianity be obliterated from our national constitution,—rather than that two Churches should be maintained comfortably upon the national revenues, while we are starving upon the crumbs which Voluntaryism throws to us, sometimes with the reverse of a blessing. That the Scotch Liberationists are actively co-operating with the secularists scarcely requires formal proof. If we turn to the last division on the Bradlaugh affair, we shall find that Mr Dick Peddie, the chairman of the Scotch Liberation Council, and Mr F. Henderson and Dr J. Webster, two of its members, voted for Mr Marjoribanks's amendment to facilitate the admission of atheists into Parliament. What, we may ask, would be the attitude of the Free Church or of the United Presbyterians, if Mr Bradlaugh were to come forward and qualify himself for admission to the eldership by a slap-dash oath or affirmation such as he tendered to the House of Commons? Apparently he would not be at a loss for sympathetic and congenial company in either the United Presbyterian Synod or the Free Church Assembly. And yet an oath or affirmation is not a more solemn thing if tendered in a Church court than if in the presence of the Legislature. We thus see that, if the policy of the Scotch Liberationists is correctly expressed by their representatives in Parliament, it includes not only the pulling down of the State Churches, but the es-

* "That this meeting observes with satisfaction the tendency of events in the Church of England to strengthen the conviction in the public mind that that Church cannot enjoy the freedom it requires, or rid itself of admitted evils, until it cease to be established by law, and becomes a self-supporting and self-governing institution,—a consummation which it is desirable to hasten by every suitable means."

tablishment of secularism in their stead. Apparently our disestablishing friends are thoroughly convinced of at least one text of Scripture,—"Make ye friends to yourselves of the mammon of unrighteousness."

Two formal "Cases" for disestablishment have been put before the public,—the case of the Liberation Society by "Dr" Hutton, and that of the Free Church recently formulated by Dr Rainy in a contemporary periodical. The Liberationist document may be dismissed in a few words. The writer simply recapitulates the stock arguments which the English Liberationists have for the past quarter of a century been endeavouring to din into the ears of the public, and shows an abusive aptitude for the "slinging of ink" that quite explains the appreciation which the author's talents have received from his Transatlantic admirers. The only distinctive feature in "Dr" Hutton's case is his insistence upon the unity of the cause of disestablishment in England and Scotland,—a circumstance which certainly ought not to be allowed to drop out of sight so long as the headquarters of the sustentation fund for disestablishment lie in the former country.

Dr Rainy has stated the case of the Free Church so succinctly, that we shall have little difficulty in singling out his essential arguments and dealing with them in detail. He endeavours as much as possible to keep his position apart from that of the Liberationists; but his pleas for disestablishment are mainly those put forward by the other body, adapted to the superior claims which he considers the Free Church to have to public recognition. His first proposition is, that "disestablishment in Scotland is a question of practical politics." Here we join issue with him, and maintain, that while the British Constitution remains on its present footing, disestablishment, whether in Scotland or in England, can be no more a question of practical politics than the disintegration of Ireland from the British empire. The principle at stake, the union of Church and State, is the same in both kingdoms. Neither of the two Churches can be disestablished until this principle is condemned; and if they are destined to fall, both must fall together. Even if Scotland, as Dr Rainy asserts, be ripe for disestablishment, he must prove that the same feeling is predominant with regard to the Church of England before we can look upon disestablishment as a question of practical politics. With regard to the separate position of the Church of Scotland, nothing can be more firmly assured. Its security and maintenance form the basis of the Treaty of Union,—a matter which not even Radicals are likely to meddle with in a reckless fashion. Not only so, but the sovereign, immediately on his or her accession, has to take an oath for the preservation of the Church of Scotland; while the oath which guarantees the Church of England is not administered until the coronation. Is it possible that Dr Rainy and the Free Church can deliberately ask the Queen to exemplify in her own person that disregard for oaths which the Scotch Liberationists, through their parliamentary representatives, are endeavouring to introduce into the Legislature? "Scotch metaphysics" are not more likely to be successful in this case than they were with George III. on a somewhat similar occasion. Dr Rainy's case wisely avoids dealing with this difficulty; but it is the one that must *in limine* prevent the question of disestablishment in Scot-

land from being introduced into the domain of practical politics, so long as Great Britain is governed by a religious and conscientious monarchy.

Dr Rainy's next argument is, that "the Scottish Establishment is based on wrong principles, and that its existence is unreasonable and unjust, there being no tenable public grounds on which it can legitimately claim or can usefully fill the position of the National Church." First, let us ask what grounds the Free Church has to complain of the Church of Scotland being based on wrong principles? Dr Rainy asserts that the Free Church maintained a passive attitude towards the Establishment until challenged by the abolition of Patronage in 1874. But did this change introduce wrong principles into the constitution of the Establishment? It certainly assimilated the system of the Establishment so closely to that of the Free Church as to obliterate all practical differences between their polities; and if the Established Church went "wrong" in 1874, where has the Free Church been since 1843? But Dr Rainy asserts that Patronage was abolished "without any recognition of rights or interests external to the privileged denomination." A poor plea supported by poorer reasoning. How could the Legislature deal with "rights and interests" which had been expressly withdrawn from its province, and which had repudiated all State intervention, whether favourable or adverse? But what the State did was to concede the principle for which the Disruptionists had vainly contended in 1843, and leave them to benefit by it or not as they might elect. But as we have already said, the Free Church showed itself to be too insufficiently leavened with the spirit of Christianity to sink its individuality in a common union of Presbyterianism. But as this individuality had been obliterated by the legislation of 1874, it was only natural to resolve that the Establishment should be done away with next. Dr Rainy in his case does not condescend upon the "wrong principles" on which the Establishment is based. Indeed he has good reasons to avoid specifying them. The Church of Scotland now stands exactly on the platform which the Disruptionists occupied; and if its principles differ from those of the Free Church in the present day, it must be because the latter has developed principles of her own during the last thirty odd years which have no claim to be regarded as essentials of Presbyterianism. Dr Rainy also asserts that all the forces that rendered the "Disruption" obligatory in principle, are operating still with increased strength in the Established Church. Of this misconception, or, we fear, rather misrepresentation, he is unable to produce any proof.

The next plea is that the Established Church is in a minority. This argument, which is Dr Rainy's strongest point, reveals conclusively the weakness of his case. The appeal to numbers is a descent to expediency by which no movement founded on high principle would risk compromising itself. Suppose secularism in this country had assumed the same force as in France, and were exercising a similarly aggressive policy towards Christianity, would Dr Rainy admit, to the detriment of his own Church, that numbers were a proper ground of arbitrament? But how does he make out the Established Church to be in a minority? Of course, if we take the aggregate of all the other religious bodies—the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Free Churchmen, United

Presbyterians, Reformed Presbyterians, Original Seceders and we know not what other Seceders, the Independents, Baptists, Irvingites, Unitarians, Quakers, Lucky Buchanites, if any of that estimable body are still left, Plymouth Brethren, the cohorts of the Salvation army —and we suppose we should add, since the Scotch Liberationists have offered them the right hand of fellowship, the Secularists and Atheists,—if all these are taken together, no doubt the Established Church will be in point of numbers numerically inferior. But Dr Rainy unceremoniously elbows the mass of his fellow-Dissenters out of the question, and pronounces that disestablishment is a matter on which the Free Church and United Presbyterians are alone *jure divino* qualified to decide—although we shall be much obliged by the votes of the Baptists and the Buchanites, even by those of our dear but misguided atheistical fellow-brethren, when we go to the poll. The crushing argument against the Established Church is the allegation that the joint membership of the Free Church and United Presbyterians is greater than the number of members of the Establishment. Now, were this the fact—though the respective numbers cannot be substantiated, as the Scotch Dissenters have always shrunk from submitting to the test of a religious census—why should it affect the question of establishment or disestablishment? Why should we regard a combination of the Free Church and the United Presbyterians in this matter, when they cannot combine on any other ground? They have tried to sink their microscopic differences in union, as a counterpoise to the popularity which the Established Church secured when Patronage was abolished; and the failure only made each sect more rancorous towards the other. The Free Church will not say, "Tweedledum;" the United Presbyterians will not bend their convictions to say, "Tweedledee." Perhaps if they could first succeed in accommodating their own mutual differences, their common concert against a Church which they regard as a rival might be treated with more respect. But the nation is not yet prepared to admit that the question of Church and State is referable to a numerical majority, or that it can be considered with reference to Scotland by itself.

It would be idle to follow Dr Rainy through his benevolent schemes for disposing of the property of the Established Church, which savour somewhat of selling the bear's skin on the animal's back; nor is it at all necessary that we should discuss the arguments by which he seeks to sway the minds of the large and influential body in the Free Church who still maintain in the abstract the principle of Church and State, though they have faults to find with Scottish Establishment. The fact that the greater part of his case consists in an appeal to Free Churchmen to join in the disestablishment agitation, shows that there is by no means a unanimous feeling even within the Free Church itself against the union of Church and State. The Presbyterians of the Disruption, led by Dr Begg and the great bulk of the Highland ministers of the Free Church, are all unfavourable to agitation for disestablishment. A remarkable attempt was recently made by Dr Rainy to secure the support of the latter party to his disestablishment programme. The Highland ministers are the helots of the Free Church. While its ministers in large cities and in populous centres can on comfortable salaries afford to extol the Voluntary system, their

Highland brethren enjoy little more than the barest means of subsistence. They are made the puppets of parties in the Church. At one time they are abused for their stupidity, ignorance, and backwardness; and at the next they are coaxed down to the General Assembly by free railway-tickets to aid in passing some measure for which their vote is absolutely necessary. With a few exceptions, the mass of Highland ministers are favourable to the maintenance of the Church Establishment; and the bulk of them, had they been left free from pressure, would have hailed the abolition of Patronage as a sufficient excuse for returning to the Church of Scotland. Dr Rainy was naturally anxious to secure the Highland vote, and by dint of paying travelling expenses and providing free quarters and food, did succeed in getting together a meeting in Inverness. Could a greater piece of irony be conceived than the assembling in glorification of the Voluntary system of a number of unfortunate clergymen who are more than half starved under it, whipped together by Dr Rainy and a few other brethren in sleek and comfortable circumstances? Only John Leech could have done justice to such a scene.

But Dr Rainy puts his trust less in numbers or on the justness of his cause than on some oracular utterances on the subject of disestablishment which have fallen from the lips of Mr Gladstone and Lord Hartington. Mr Gladstone, it appears, has invited the Scottish people to pronounce upon the subject in a manner which is intelligible and distinct; and Lord Hartington, with native sagacity, has said that "some remedy must be found." No doubt Mr Gladstone would disestablish the Church of Scotland on as cheap terms as most statesmen would require; but it will be necessary to convince him first that there is some party gain to be got by the operation. Now the question of disestablishment has not yet got the length of influencing the elections in Scotland except in a manner adverse to the Liberals. Mr Gladstone's own experience in Mid-Lothian showed him that the disestablishment question in Scotland was not to be safely coquetted with. So far as we are aware, the only case in Scotland where Liberationist views were essential was in the Lord Advocate's return for Clackmannanshire, the county town of which nobly subscribed two shillings and sixpence sterling during the year 1881 for the liberation of religion from State patronage and control.* Whether the half-crown or the member is likely to be of most service in the good cause we cannot stop to inquire; but we may rest assured that the Disestablishment agitation is still far from being an effective political force in Scotland, and that Dr Rainy and his friends must arrange for overthrowing the British Constitution as a necessary preliminary to the gratification of their aims.

The chief results which we anticipate from the agitation will be a reaction injurious to both the Free Church and the United Presbyterians. The attitude which they have assumed must be recognised even by their own members as a confession that the progress which the Established Church has made since 1874 has struck them with alarm. It must lead Dissenters to inquire within themselves whether bodies which found their chief claims to support on their opposition to a Church which is practically at one

* *Vide* Report for 1881, p. lxxv.

with them in all the essentials of Presbyterianism, are worth having their existence prolonged. But what is most to be regretted is the melancholy way in which the Disestablishment movement has drawn public attention to the low condition of Christian feeling in the two chief sects of Scotch Dissenters. Churches that devote themselves to political intrigue, that do not scruple to parade before the public their jealousy of and hostility to another section of their fellow-Presbyterians, and that do not hesitate to make use of the alliance of the atheistic and secularist party to gain their ends, cannot expect to stand very highly in the estimation of a right-thinking Christian community. They force upon public attention what charitable people would otherwise have been content to ignore, that their own internal affairs have a primary and much stronger claim upon their consideration than the relations between the State and the Established Church. Every year or so the United Presbyterian Synod is reduced to the verge of paralysis by the twopenny-halfpenny heresies of some David Macrae or Fergus Ferguson, and the Free Church has been almost rent asunder on the question as to whether it should hold by the authority of Moses or by that of Professor Robertson Smith; and even, now that a not very considerable majority has definitely declared for the Hebrew Lawgiver, and thrown over the Aberdeen Professor, the evils of heresy are not exterminated, and there is a considerable party in the Free Church determined that its designation shall be justified in its wideest sense with regard to opinion. It would be better that Dr Rainy should set his own house in order before he attempts to pull down other edifices.

A word of earnest and affectionate advice to Dr Rainy as the self-chosen champion of disestablishment in Scotland, and we have done. Instead of addressing himself to Radical Premiers and unidea-ed Secretaries of State, let him seek counsel in earnestness and humility from the Source whence all wisdom and charity flow. Let him conscientiously satisfy himself whether the agitation on which he has entered is not actuated rather by a carnal spirit of self-seeking and by sectarian jealousy, than by the principles of the Gospel and by a regard for the religious welfare of Scotland. Let him inquire whether the money spent and to be spent on the promotion of religious discord—and we know that no agitation can long be carried on without funds—would not be laid out with greater benevolence in remedying the condition of unfortunate victims to the Voluntary system in the North and West Highlands. The responsibility which Dr Rainy is imposing upon the Free Church is a most serious one; and he runs a risk of seeing, instead of the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, the remains of his own reputation consumed in the smouldering embers of the Liberationist movement.

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THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

The explanation which was given to John Erskine on the highroad between Dalrulzian and Lindores, as it is still more important to us than to him, must be here set forth at more length. There are some happy writers whose mission it is to expound the manners and customs of the great. To them it is given to know how duchesses and countesses demean themselves in their *moments perdus*, and they even catch as it flies that airy grace with which the chit-chat of society makes itself look like something of consequence. Gilded *salons* in Belgravia, dainty boudoirs in Mayfair, not to speak of everything that is gorgeous in the rural palaces, which are as so many centres of light throughout England—are the scenery in which they are accustomed to enshrine the subjects of their fancy. And yet, alas! to these writers when they have done all, yet must we add that they fail to satisfy their models. When the elegant foreigner, or what is perhaps more consonant with the tastes of the day, the refined American, ventures to form his opinion of the habits of society from its novels, he is always met with an amused or indignant protestation. As if these sort of people knew anything about society! Lady Adeliza says. It is perhaps as well, under these circumstances, to assume a humility, even if we have it not; and indeed the present writer has always been shy of venturing into exalted regions, or laying profane hands upon persons of quality. But when a family of rank comes in our way by necessity, it would be cowardice to recoil from the difficulties of the portraiture. Should we fail to represent in black and white the native grace, the air noble, the exalted sentiments which belong by right to members of the aristocracy, the readers will charitably impute the blame rather to the impression made upon our nerves by a superiority so dazzling than to any defect of goodwill. Besides, in the present case, which

is a great aid to modesty, the family had been suddenly elevated, and were not born in the purple. Lady Lindores was a commoner by birth, and not of any very exalted lineage — a woman quite within the range of ordinary rules and instincts; and even Lady Edith had been Miss Edith till within a few years. Their honours were still new upon them: they were not themselves much used to these honours any more than their humble chronicler; with which preface we enter with diffidence upon the recent history of the noble house of Lindores.

The late earl had been a man unfortunate in his children. His sons by his first marriage had died one after another, inheriting their mother's delicate health. His second wife had brought him but one son, a likely and healthy boy; but an accident, one of those simplest risks which hundreds are subject to, and escape daily, carried this precious boy off in a moment. His father, who had been entirely devoted to him, died afterwards of a broken heart, people said. The next brother, who was in India with his regiment, died there almost at the same time, and never knew that he had succeeded to the family honours. And thus it was that the Honourable Robert Lindores, a poor gentleman, living on a very straitened income, in a cheap French town, with his wife and daughters, and as little expecting any such elevation as a poor curate expects to be made Archbishop of Canterbury, became Earl of Lindores and the head of the family, without warning or preparation. It does not perhaps require very much preparation to come to such advancement; and the new earl was to the manner born. But Mrs Lindores, who was a woman full of imagination, with nerves and ideas of her own, received a considerable shock. She had no objection to being a countess; the coronet, indeed, was pleasant to her as it is to most people. She liked to look at it on her handkerchiefs: there is no such pretty ornament. But it startled her mind and shook her nerves just at first. And it made a great, a very great, change in the family life. Instead of strolling about as they had done for years, with one maid for the mother and daughters, and a shabby cheap French servant, who was valet and factotum; going to all kinds of places; living as they liked; and though, with many a complaint, getting a great deal of pleasure out of their lives: there was an immediate shaking of themselves together —a calling in of stray habits and fancies,—a jump into their new place, as of an inexperienced and half-alarmed rider, not at all sure how he was to get on with his unaccustomed steed. This at least was the mood of Lady Lindores. The Earl knew all about it better than she did. Even to be merely the "honourable" had fluttered her senses a little; and it had never occurred to her that anything further was possible. The family was poor—still poor, even when thus elevated as it were to the throne; but the poverty of the Honourable Robert was very different from that of the right honourable Earl. In the one case it was actual poverty, in the other only comparative. To be sure it was, when one had time to think, distressing and troubling not to have money enough to refurnish the Castle (the taste of the late lord had been execrable) and make many improvements which were quite necessary. But that was very different from not having money enough to possess a settled home of your own anywhere, which had been their previous condition. The Earl took his measures without a moment's delay. He dismissed

the servants who had followed them in their poverty, and engaged others in London, who were more proper to the service of a noble family. They travelled quite humbly, indeed in their old half-Bohemian way, until they reached London, and then all at once cast their slough. The ladies put on their clothes, which they had stopped to procure in Paris, and suddenly blossomed out (though in deep mourning) into the likeness of their rank. It was a thing to make the steadiest heart beat. Young Robin was at Chatham, a lieutenant in a marching regiment—a young nobody, pleased to be noticed even by the townsfolk; and lo! in a moment, this insignificant lieutenant became Lord Rintoul. It was like a transformation scene; he came to meet his people when they passed through London, and they could scarcely speak to each other when they met in their mutual wonder. "Poor little Rintoul, all the same, poor little beggar!" Robin Lindores said. To think of the poor boy, cut off in a moment, whose death had purchased them all these honours, affected the young people with a strange awe, and almost remorseful pain. They felt as if somehow, without knowing it, they had been the cause of that terrible sudden removal of all the hopes that had rested on their little cousin's head. Lady Lindores herself declared that she dared not think of her predecessor, the mother of that poor boy, "the dowager," alas! poor lady. The dowager was younger than her successor in the family honours, having been a second wife. They were all silent with respectful awe when her name was mentioned; but the Earl said pshaw! and thought this superfluous. He was more used to it; he had been born in the purple, and now that he had come, though unexpectedly, to his kingdom, he knew how to fill that exalted place.

The Earl was a man of a character which never, up to this time, had been estimated as it deserved. He had been quite an easy-going sort of person in his former estate. In his youth he was said to have been extravagant. Since his marriage—which had been an imprudent marriage, in so far that he might perhaps have got a richer wife had he tried, but which was wise so far that the income upon which they lived chiefly came from that wife—he had let himself go quietly enough upon the current, there being no motive to struggle against it. The very best that they could make of it was simply to "get along;" and get along they did without putting any force upon their inclinations. He was always able to secure his comforts, such as were indispensable; and as he liked the easier routine of a wandering life, he did not object, as he said, to make a sacrifice for the education of his children and their amusement, by living in places where the pleasures were cheap and there was no dignity to keep up. He had in this sense been very complying, both as a husband and a father, and had allowed himself to be guided, as his family thought, by their wishes quite as much, at least, as by his own. He had not in these days been in the least a severe father, or shown marks of a worldly mind. What was the use? The girls were too young as yet to have become valuable instruments of ambition, and he had not learnt to think of them as anything but children. But when this extraordinary change came in their existence, the easy *dilettante*—whose wants were limited to a few graceful knick-knacks, an elegant little meal, good music, when procurable, and a life undisturbed by vulgar cares—altered his very nature, as his family thought. Hitherto his wife and his girls had done everything for him, aided by

the ubiquitous, the handy, the all-accomplished Jean or François, who was half-a-dozen men in one—cook, valet, footman, pattern man-of-all-work. They arranged the rooms in every new place they went to, so that the fact that these rooms were those of a hotel or lodging-house should be masked by familiar prettinesses, carried about with them. They gave a careful supervision to his meals, and arranged everything, so that papa should get the best out of his limited existence, and none of its troubles. And as there was nothing against Mr Lindores—no bad repute, but with an honourable at his name—every English club, every *cercle*, was open to him. He always dressed carefully; now and then he helped a wealthier friend to a bargain in the way of art. He saw a great deal of society. On the whole, perhaps, for a man without ambition, and upon whom neither the fate of his children nor the use of his own life pressed very heavily, he got as much satisfaction out of his existence as most men; and so might have lived and died, no man knowing what was really in him, had not poor young Rintoul broken his neck over that fence, and drawn his father with him into the grave. From the moment when the letter, placed calmly by Mr Lindores's plate at breakfast, as though it meant nothing particular, had its black seals broken, he was another man. How distinctly they all recollected that scene!—a lofty French room, with bare white walls and long large windows, the green Persians closed to keep out the sunshine, one long line of light falling across the polished floor, where one of these shutters had got unfastened; the spacious coolness in the midst of heat, which is characteristic of such houses, like the atmosphere in M. Alma Tadema's pictures; the white-covered table with its flowers and pretty arrangements; the girls in their white cool dresses; and François lifting the small silver cover from his master's favourite dish. All the composure and quiet of this interior had been broken in a moment. There had been a sudden stifled cry, and Mr Lindores, pushing the table from him, disordering the dishes, over-setting his heavy chair as he sprang to his feet, had finished reading his letter standing upright, trembling with excitement, his face flushed and crimson. "What is it?" they had all cried. "Robin?" Naturally, the son who was away was the first thought of the women. For a minute the father had made no reply, and their anxiety was beyond words. Then he put down the letter solemnly, and went to his wife and took her hand. "There is nothing wrong with Robin," he said; "but it comes by trouble to others, if not to us. My dear, you are the Countess of Lindores." It was some minutes before the real meaning of this communication penetrated their astonished minds; and the first proof of understanding which the new Lady Lindores gave was to cover her face and cry out, "Oh, poor boy! oh, poor Jane, poor Jane!" with a pang at her heart. It was not all grief for the other—could any one expect that?—but the poignant state of emotion which this strange terrible good fortune caused her, had a sharpness of anguish in it for the moment. The girls went away hushed and silenced, unable to eat their breakfasts, to find some black ribbons instead of the bright ones they wore. They wept a few tears as they went to their rooms over poor young Rintoul; but they had known very little of the boy, and the strange excitement of the change soon crept into their veins. Lady Caroline and Lady Edith! instead of the humble Miss Lindores. No wonder that it went to their heads.

And from that moment the new Earl was a different man. He threw off all his languor, took everything into his own hands. Those little economies which it had been so necessary to insist upon yesterday were now absurd, notwithstanding that the Earls of Lindores were far from rich—comparatively. The family came home rapidly, as has been said; pausing in Paris to get their dresses, to dismiss the faithful servants of their poverty, who would be of no use, the Earl decided, in the change of circumstances. He behaved very well, everybody said, to poor Lady Lindores, his brother's young widow, who had thus been left at once widowed and childless. He showed "every consideration;" would not allow her to be hurried; waited her convenience and her pleasure in every way. But, naturally, that poor lady was glad to take refuge with her own family in her desolation; and within a few months, the wandering exile-family, familiar with all the cheap watering-places and centres of genteel emigration on the Continent, were settled in the greatness of their new position, as if they had never known any less elevated circumstances. There was a great deal of excitement in the change; and though it was sad at first, no doubt there was a pleasure in hearing Robin addressed by the name of Rintoul, and accustoming themselves to their ladyships. But yet, when all was over, it was not perhaps to the girls so great an improvement as it appeared on the old life. They were not dull—oh no—but still there was a great deal less to do and to see than there used to be; and though they felt, as their mother said, that girls with so many resources ought to be occupied and happy wherever they went, still the calm of the Castle was very different from the stir and movement to which they had been used.

Up to this time, however, nothing had happened to them except that which was determined by another will than theirs, the inevitable result of other events. But they had not been long settled in their new and elevated life when it became apparent that other changes had happened which were not evoked by any external fate, and which were yet more profoundly to affect their life. That Swiss holiday had been more important to Carry than any one out of the family knew. It had ended in a kind of vague engagement, only half sanctioned, yet only half opposed by her family, and which it was possible, had Mr Beaufort been rich enough to marry, would not have been opposed at all. Had he possessed income enough or courage enough to make the venture, the result in all likelihood would, years before, have been out of the reach of evil fate; but while it remained only an engagement, Mr Lindores had refused his official sanction to it. And it had seemed to Carry, in whose mind the first conscious thought after the news of this extraordinary change was to communicate it to Edward, that from that very day her father's aspect had changed towards her. He had met her running out to the post with her letter in the afternoon, and had given a suspicious glance at it, and stopped her, telling her it was not fit she should go out on a day so serious. Not a word had been said for weeks and even months after, but she knew very well that things were not as before. All reference to Beaufort was somehow stopped; even her mother managed to arrest upon her lips all mention of her lover. She was herself too timid to open the subject, and gradually a chill certainty that he was to be ignored and pushed aside out of her life,

came upon the poor girl. How it was that further dangers dawned upon her, it would be hard to tell; but it is certain that she had divined a something—a tightening coil about her helpless feet, a design upon her freedom and happiness—before the family had been long at Lindores. One of the consequences of their great honour and increased stateliness of living was, that the two sisters were partially separated, as they felt, from each other. They no longer occupied the same room as they had done all their lives. They had now what with their foreign habits they called an *appartement*—a suite of rooms set apart for them; and as Edith was full of curiosity and excitement about the new life, and Carry was discouraged and depressed, and felt it odious to her, they fell a little apart without any mutual intention or consciousness. It was in the beginning of their first winter, when the dark days were closing in, that this semi-estrangement first became apparent to the younger sister. She awoke all at once to the consciousness that Carry was pale; that she shut herself up very much, and more than ever devoted herself to her writing; that she composed a great many little poems (for she was the genius of the family), and often had a suspicion of redness about her eyes. This discovery was instantaneous. Edith had never been awakened to any but the most simple troubles of life, and it had not occurred to her to imagine that there was anything beneath the headache which her sister so often took refuge in. But her mind, when it began to act, was rapid and keen. It became apparent to her that she had been losing sight of Carry, and that Carry was not happy. The progress from one step to another of her solicitude for her sister was rapid as lightning. She remembered everything in a moment, though these causes of sorrow had been altogether out of her thoughts before. She remembered that not a word had been said of Mr Beaufort for months; that Carry had ceased altogether to speculate as to anything that might happen in the future; that all this was as a closed book between them nowadays. As soon as she arrived at this conviction, Edith found herself ready to interfere for good or evil. She went into the room where Carry was writing her little poetries, with something of the effect of a fresh light wind, carrying refreshment, but also a little disturbance, with her. She stooped over her sister with a caressing arm round her neck, and plunged at once into the heart of the subject. It was a still, dull afternoon of early winter, and nobody was by. "Carry," she said, all at once—"Carry, it is so long since we have said anything to each other! I wanted to ask you about—Edward!" Upon this, for all answer, Carry fell a-crying, but after a while sobbed forth, "I will never give him up!"

"Give him up!" cried Edith, surprised. She had what her mother called a positive nature, much less romantic, much less sensitive, than her sister. The idea of giving up had never entered her mind. "Give him up!—no, of course not. I never thought of such a thing; but I am afraid it will be harder than ever with papa."

"Oh, Edith, it will be *impossible*," Caroline said. And then the two sisters looked at each other—the one astonished, indignant, full of resistance; the other pale, drooping, without vigour or hope.

"What does impossible mean?" said the younger, not with any affectation or grandiloquence; for probably she had never heard of any heroic utterance on the subject. "You mean very, very hard.

So it will be. I have wanted to speak to you since ever we came here. I want to know what he says himself, and if papa has said anything, and what mamma thinks. We don't seem to live together now," she added, with a clouded countenance. "It's always, 'Oh, Lady Caroline has gone out,' or, 'Her ladyship is in the library with my lord.' It seemed very nice at first, but I begin to hate ladyships and lordships with all my heart."

"So do I," said Caroline, with a sigh.

"If you marry a man without a title, couldn't you give it up? Perhaps one wouldn't like that either, now," said the girl, candidly. "It was far, *far* nicer, far more natural, in the old days; but perhaps one wouldn't like to go back."

"I suppose not," said Carry, drearily. She was not a beautiful girl, as in her romantic position she ought to have been. Her nose was too large; her complexion deficient; her eyes were grey, sweet, and thoughtful, but not brilliant or shining. Her figure had the willowy grace of youth, but nothing more imposing. She had a very sweet radiant smile when she was happy; this was the chief attraction of her face: but at present she was not happy, and her pale gentle countenance was not one to catch the general eye.

"But I hope you are going to make a stand, Carry," said the energetic little Edith. "You won't, surely—you can't be so *lâche* as to give in? *I* would not!—not if it cost me my life!"

"Ah, if it was a question of one's life! but no one wants your life," said Carry, shaking her head. "No one will touch us, or lock us up, or any of these old-fashioned things. If they only would! The poets say 'I could die for you,' as if that was difficult! Oh no, it is far harder, far harder to live."

"Carry! you have been thinking a great deal about it then?"

"What else could I think about? Since the first moment papa looked at me that day — you remember that day?—I knew in a moment what he meant. He gave me just one glance. You know he never said that he would consent."

Edith's youthful countenance gathered a sympathetic cloud. "Papa has been so changed ever since," she said.

"He never would allow that he had consented even before,—and while we were all poor, what did it matter? So long as he does not ask me to——"

"To what?" Edith asked, with a wondering perception of the shudder which ran over her sister's slight figure. "Are you cold, Car?"

"To—marry some one else," cried poor Caroline, with a heavy sigh, —so heavy that it was almost a groan.

Edith sprang to her feet with indignant vehemence. "*That* is not possible; nobody could be so cowardly, so cruel, as that," she said, clasping her hands together. "Carry, you speak as if papa was a bad man; you slander him; it is not true, it is not true!"

"He would not think it cruel," said Caroline, shaking her head sadly. "He would not mean any harm; he would say to himself that it was for my good."

Her despondency quenched the passion and energy of the younger girl. Carry's drooping head and heavy eyes were enough to damp even the liveliest courage. "Are you thinking of—any one in particular," Edith said in hushed and tremulous tones.

Carry put out her hands as if to push some spectre away. "Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me; I don't know; I can't tell you," she cried.

What could Edith say? she was

appalled. The fresh inexperienced heart received a first lesson in the mysterious evils of life. She who had fretted and chafed so at the partial separation that had arisen between them, she was glad of a pretext to leave her sister. She could scarcely believe this to be possible, and yet so it was. Nor did she wish to run to her mother with her discovery, to appeal to her against Carry's misconception, against the monstrous character of the suggestion altogether, as would have been her first impulse in any other case. No; she was convinced of the reality of it, little as she desired to be convinced. A gleam of painful light seem to fall across the new tenor of their life. She thought for a moment that she saw the very earth, solid and unyielding, break into dangerous pits and chasms before her feet. The pain of this discovery was twofold—both poignant, yet one worse than the other. To think that her father, whom she had hitherto loved and trusted, not with any excess of devotion, but yet with an honest confidence that he would ask nothing wrong, nothing unreasonable from his children, should thus threaten to become a domestic tyrant, an enemy of truth, was terrible; but still more terrible was the conviction which overwhelmed the girl that Carry, with all her imagination and feeling—Carry, the poet of the family, the first one to have a romance and a lover—would not have strength to resist any attempted coercion. Oh, if it had only been me! Edith said to herself, clenching her hands tight. But then she had no Edward, no romance—she was fancy free: even were it possible to force her into any connection she disliked (which Edith did not think it would be), at all events she could not be made false to another. But Carry—Carry, who was all heart—to force her to deny that heart would be doubly cruel. Little Edith woke out of her careless youth to see this wonderful and great danger at her very side, with all that bewilderment of feeling which attends the first disclosure of the evils in life. She could not believe it, and yet she knew it was true. She remembered tones in her father's voice, lights in his eyes, which she never seemed to have understood before. Was this what they meant? that when his time and opportunity came, he would be a tyrant, a remorseless and unfaltering ruler, suffering no rebellion? Edith trembled a little. Perhaps she, too, might fall under that despotism one day. But she did not feel afraid of herself. Oh, if it had only been me! she said, ungrammatical, as excitement generally is. It would be hard to say what ground she had for her self-confidence. Carry was the genius of the family, and little Edith only the youngest, the household pet, whom nobody regarded as in a position to make decisions or form opinions for herself. Why was it to her eyes that this sudden insight had been given? It is not usually a happy gift. Blessed are they, we may rather say, who can deceive themselves—whose eyes are made blind, and not more fatally clear, by love. Edith hastened out of doors, out of sight or speech of any one, to try if she could escape from this revelation which had opened upon her, so much against her will. It was a misty dull day, with a great deal of moisture in the air—moisture which seemed to communicate itself to Edith's eyes, and get into her throat. She hastened down the path which wound through the birches, the poetical "birks of Lindores," to the river lying far below, and already sending a soft sound of running water to soothe her. About half-way down was a great beech-tree, round which a seat

had been placed. Here there was a view, not of the wide champaign, like that at Dalrulzian, but of a portion of the highroad, just where it began to mount the hill towards the Castle. On the other side lay the river, visible at the foot of the bank, and running somewhat strong and wild under the cliffs on the opposite side, which threw it into deep shadow. But it was not the river, though so much the more beautiful of the two, it was the highroad which attracted Edith's attention. As she stood looking out upon it, some one passed, riding slowly along, but turning his head to catch the first glimpse of the Castle. His appearance seemed to throw a sudden light upon her thoughts. He was a heavy, large man, upon a powerful black horse, —an apparition big enough to be identified, even at that distance. The ladies had all been very free in their remarks upon this representative of their county neighbours. They had not given him a very encouraging reception, yet he had repeated his visits, too stolid, they had thought, to perceive that he was not wanted. As Edith stood and gazed at him, with the blood curdling about her heart, it flashed upon her that her father had given no countenance to their criticisms. He had told them that Mr Torrance was one of the richest commoners in Scotland, and Tinto such a house as any one might be proud to possess. She had paid little attention to these words at the time, but they seemed to repeat themselves in the very air now. It was a day of revelation to Edith. She saw all that it meant, and foresaw all it was coming to, with a gleam of terrible insight. Oh no, no! she moaned to herself in a kind of helpless protest against fate.

CHAPTER V.

Mr Torrance of Tinto was the representative of an old county family, but he would not have been the richest commoner in Scotland if he had been no more than this. A variety of other circumstances, however, had combined to bring about this effect, and elevate a man who was no better, at the best that could be said for him, than a rude yeoman-sportsman at soul, into a person of the greatest local importance and almost national notability. The previous Torrance of Tinto, a man of some rough practical power, had allied himself to some degree in business, and to a much greater degree in life, with a great railway contractor—one of the men who, coming from nothing, have made colossal fortunes, and found admittance for their children, if not for themselves, into the foremost ranks of society. Mr Torrance married this man's daughter, and all the money which the original navvy had quarried out of the bowels of the earth, or gathered from its surface, went to increase the lands and the power of Tinto, where this daughter, his only child, a woman with the magnificent ideas of expenditure which enormous wealth so naturally brings along with it, disposed herself to reign like a princess, making her husband's old house the centre of a new palace, fit for a duke at least. The old man, her father, always thrifty and sparing in his own person, would have her stinted in nothing; and perhaps, had she lived long, her husband would have had little enough left him of the huge fortune which she had brought into the family. But fortunately (for the family), after she had alarmed him beyond measure by unbounded expenditure for a few years, and

had completed the new house and filled it with costly furniture, in all of which her father encouraged her, the death of both within a year of each other relieved the owner of Tinto of his fears, and left him free to complete the training of his son as he pleased. He made him much such a man as he had himself been, but without the brains, which are not transmitted so easily as money. Patrick Torrance had indeed been sent to Oxford to have the regulation mark stamped upon him as an educated man; but those were days in which so much as this meant was easier than now; and it is not very hard, even now, as may be seen. He came back more horsey, more doggy than he had been before, if possible,—a man without an intellectual taste or higher instinct, bored to death, as he himself avowed, with the grand house, full of pictures, and statues, and marble, and porcelain, which the taste of his mother had accumulated. Never was such a magnificent place in the quietude of such a homely country. The daughter of the railway man was as extreme in her taste for art as the daughter of one of her father's navvies might have been in dress. There was not a wall, not a passage or staircase, that was not laden with decoration. Great artists had designed the chimney-pieces and cornices. The velvet, the satin, the embroidery, were all the most costly, and, according to the lights of that period, the most correct that money could buy. The old man, whose money had bought all this, went about the gorgeous rooms rubbing his hands with a continual chuckle of satisfaction so long as he lived; and the poor woman who had created the luxurious house swept through in dresses to correspond, with satisfaction not less than if she had been a daughter of the Medici—who, to be sure, made their money in business too. But when that fine Renaissance lady died, and all her friends were scattered, and the place fell back into the possession of the commonplace country laird and his boy, coming in ruddy from the fields or damp from the hill, afraid to tread in their shooting boots on the luxurious carpets or throw themselves down in the satin chairs, the incongruity of the establishment was manifest to every eye. Mr Torrance, the father, had been deeply impressed by the cost of everything his wife had bought and planned. He had been horrified and indignant in the first instance; but when it had been proved that he had no power to resist, and that the money must be expended for all these luxuries, he had taken what satisfaction he could from the price. "Do you know what she gave for that?" he would say; "it's all dash'd extravagance. I cannot away with it; but it was her doing, and as she had plenty, she had to please herself." It was in this way that he spoke of his wife. And when she died, the splendid house she had built was shut up,—not from sentiment, but because the set of rooms still remaining, which belonged to the old house of Tinto, was much more in harmony with the habits of the master of the house.

Now that he too was dead, his son followed his example in preferring the old den of the race. But he had more appreciation of the dignity of owning a house such as no one in the country could "hold a candle" to. The fine decorations had not all stood the neglect of twenty years, but still there was enough of magnificence to overawe the district; and Patrick Torrance had enough of his mother's blood in him to enjoy the consciousness of so much luxury and costliness. He lived in the old library, which was low and dingy, and looked out upon the

dark bit of shrubbery behind the house and the road that led to the stables; but periodically he threw the grand empty rooms open, and had a great dinner-party or a ball, which excited all the gentry for miles round. It would be vain to say that there was not on these occasions more excitement than was natural solely in view of a great entertainment. While society is constituted as it is, it will not be possible that a great matrimonial prize, such as Mr Patrick Torrance unquestionably was, should thus be shown, as open to public competition, without a certain excitement. If a great post worth thousands a-year could be won by the most attractive and brilliant appearance in a ball-room, what a flutter there would be among the golden youth of society! and the master of Tinto was more valuable than most of the very finest appointments. He was as good as a Viceroyship of India without the necessity of expatriation. Consequently it is not to be supposed that the young ladies of the neighbourhood could prepare for their appearance in these gilded if somewhat tarnished halls of his without a good deal of agitation, or that the mothers, or even the fathers of possible competitors, could escape some share of the same excitement. Some of the girls, let us do them the justice to say, were as much alarmed lest Pat Torrance, as he was called, should cast his big projecting eyes upon them, as others were anxious for that notice. He was not in himself much adapted to please a maiden's eye. He was very dark, strongly bearded, with large eyes *à fleur de tête* and somewhat bloodshot. His friends maintained that he had "a good figure," and it certainly was tall and strong. His voice was as large as his person and somewhat hoarse — a deep bass, which made a vibration in the air. He was an excellent shot, and hunted indefatigably, though it was beginning to be said, notwithstanding his youth, that Pat was too heavy for distinction in the hunting-field. With all these qualities he had an eye to his interest, rich though he was; and, though not clever, was said to be very fortunate in his investments, and to keep a careful hand over his money. Now and then he would be lavish, outdoing all that was known in these parts in the way of extravagance; but for the most part he lived as his father had done before him, in the old rooms of the old mansion-house of Tinto, where not a carpet or a curtain had been removed since the time of his grandfather. There was perhaps a touch of humour, somehow struck out by the contact of the two races, which made the contrast of these two manners of living pleasant to his fancy and to his rude and elementary pride; or perhaps it was mere instinct, and had no meaning in it at all—the habits of the limited and uncultured countryman, diversified by that delight in an occasional "blow out," which is the compensation of the navvy for his rude toils. There was no doubt that from the time of his father's death, which occurred when he was about twenty-eight, Pat Torrance had made up his mind to marry. And he had inspected all the marriageable girls in the country with a serious intention which disgusted some and amused others, and filled a few with breathless hope. In the latter class were ladies of very different pretensions indeed, from Miss Webster of Thrums, who was the greatest rider in the country, and never wanting when anything was going on, down to the bold, handsome, black-eyed daughter of the landlord of the Bear at Dunearn, which was the inn Mr Torrance used when

he went into the county town. He was just as likely, people thought, to make such a match as any other; his style of courtship was more in harmony with a bar-room than a drawing-room. This conviction made the balls at Tinto less exciting to the feminine community generally as time went on; but still there is never any telling what caprice may sway a sultan's choice.

And alas! it is a fact that, whether by their own will or by that of their parents, Pat Torrance might have married almost any lady in the county. He was not himself to them, but such a cluster of worldly advantages as scarcely any mortal woman could resist. He was, as we have said, far beyond in value the best of the appointments for which they could not, and their brothers could try. He meant a fine position, a magnificent house, a great fortune. To be sure there was a drawback to this, which only a few acknowledged. When Mrs Sempill pointed out to her daughter Agnes, whom he had honoured with some passing notice, that in case she married him she would have "everything that heart could desire—at least everything that money could buy," —Agnes, who was a clever girl, put forth a condition. "I should have just as much as Pat Torrance thought proper of the things that money can buy," the young woman said, with sudden insight. I am afraid, however, that Agnes Sempill would have married him all the same, her family being so poor, if he had put himself at her disposal. But he did not, and she was glad. Indeed he made himself of all the greater importance in the county that he came to no decision, but went on giving his balls three or four times a-year, and examining with a critical eye every girl who appeared on the horizon, every new *débutante*. And he was asked everywhere in those days. His importance was fully recognised.

This was the condition in which things were when the new family came to the Castle. Mr Torrance was one of the first callers, partly because his pride as at once the head of an old family and the richest man in the county, made him eager to assert his position with the new Earl as a leader of the local society—a position which not even the chances their daughters might have of sharing it would have prevailed on the other county magnates to permit him,—and partly because of the new candidates for his favour who were to be found in the family of Lindores. Notwithstanding the prevalent idea that Bessie Runciman at the Black Bear in Dunearn, had just as good a chance for the prize as any competitor, nothing could be further from the fact or the intentions of the hero. His determination all along had been to procure himself a wife who should be in harmony, not so much with himself as with the grandeur of his house and what he believed to be his position; and the hunting lady and the publican's daughter had been equally out of the question. For himself, he might have liked either of them well enough; but as a matter of fact, it was not too much refinement, but not refinement enough which this rude squire found among his country neighbours. None of them was fine enough for Tinto. He wanted somebody who would be at home in the grand rooms overloaded with decoration—who would be, if possible, superior to the killing splendour which made himself feel so small. And no woman yet had impressed Pat as sufficiently magnificent for this purpose. He wanted some one more imposing, —a lady of Tinto who might, as he desired in his heart, receive the

Prince of Wales on occasion, or even the Queen herself. When he paid his first visit to Lindores, the Earl alone received him, and he had no chance of inspecting the daughters of the house; but he had met them as he rode home again, coming back from their drive in the little pony-carriage, of which they had just become possessed. Edith, new to all these delights, was driving her sister; and her bright little face, full of life and smiles, turned curiously upon him as he stood aside on his big black horse to let them pass. But that was not what caught his eye. Beside her was a pale and gentle countenance, unlike anything which had hitherto been presented to his notice. Pat's heart, if he had a heart, or the big pulse that did service for it, gave a bound as he looked. It seemed to him at the first glance that this new face was more aristocratic, more distinguished, for not being pretty. The lilies and roses of the other were familiar to him. Bright eyes and fine complexions were by no means rare in the county. They were to be found everywhere, in the cottages as well as in the castles. He was not impressed by them. The smiles and animation were common things; but Lady Caroline with her gentle paleness, her slim form pliant and bending, —even her nose, which was a little too long, was the impersonation of refinement and rank, and fine superiority. His imagination, if he had an imagination, took fire. He thought he could see her moving about with languid grace through his fine *salons*, far more fine than they, lending them an air of delicacy and importance which they had never possessed before. He felt himself to be "struck" by Lady Caroline as he never had been "struck" till now. That was rank, he said to himself admiringly. To be sure, rank was what he had wanted; he had never realised it before, but now he perceived it as plain as daylight. He had been wiser than he was aware of in his fastidiousness; and now he saw suddenly presented before him the very object of which he had been in search. Lady Caroline Torrance! —that was what it was.

This chance meeting, and the instant conviction that followed, had taken place some time before the interview between the sisters, which we have described. How it was that the suitor communicated his wishes to the Earl, or the Earl to poor Carry, it is impossible to tell—or if, indeed, up to this time, any communication had been made on the subject. Most likely there had been no communication; but the proposal, which turned the light into darkness for Carry, was in the air, overshadowing everything. Her father saw it in the dark face of Pat Torrance, and she surmised it in her father's eyes. Before a word had been said she knew her fate, struggling dumbly against it like a creature fascinated and magnetised in the grip of a monster, but without any possibility or hope of escape. There was something more terrible in this silent certainty than there would have been in any conflict. She felt herself sucked in as to a whirlpool, overpowered,—all her forces taken from her in the giddy rush with which the days and hours were carrying her on, irresistible, to that climax. It was this fatal consciousness which made her cry out, "I will never give him up;" which was the cry, not of resolution, but of despair. All that she could do in her sick and failing soul was to grasp at and cling to the weeds on the bank, while the current carried her wildly on, plucking them out of her hands. Edith, who was of so different a nature, stood by appalled, astonished, not knowing how to account for her

sister's helplessness. She was positive, as her mother said, not visionary, incapable either of divining what was going to happen or of yielding to it. Why Carry could not simply make up her mind to refuse, to stand fast, to resist whatever powers might be brought to bear upon her, was a thing which Edith could not understand.

And stranger still, Lady Lindores had not even found it out. She disliked Mr Torrance, and made no secret of her dislike. "If that is your type of a Scotch laird, I cannot say I like the species," she said, eliciting a soft, "Oh, mamma!" from Edith, who remembered very well a statement of an entirely contrary character which her mother had once made. "If young Erskine is a type of a young Scotch laird, I am disposed to fall in love with the class," was what Lady Lindores had then said. Edith remembered it distinctly, but gave her tongue a little malicious bite, and would not recall it to her mother's mind; for was not young Erskine coming back? But Lady Lindores's feeling about Torrance was more than passive. She took care to let him see that he was not a favourite in the house. She wondered audibly, even after the eyes of Edith had been opened, what that odious man wanted here; and indeed did all but refuse to ask him to a *dîner intime*, at which her husband desired his presence. "Torrance of Tinto" she cried, with a cloud on her face; "why Torrance of Tinto? He has already dined here. Why should we have him again?"

"Why not?" said the Earl, with a still deeper shadow on his face. Lady Lindores saw very clearly when her attention was aroused; but she was a high-minded woman, slow to be awakened to suspicion, and scorning to think evil. It seemed to her an evidence of a poor nature to suppose any one else capable of an act you would not have done yourself.

"Why not? I think that jumps at the eyes," she said. It was Lady Lindores's weakness to employ idioms which, being translated idioms, sounded very strange to ordinary ears. This was so far comprehensible because she had lived abroad the greater part of her life, and she thought the polyglot chatter which is so common, especially among the English abroad, vulgar; so she translated her French, and thought it less objectionable. "That jumps at the eyes," she said; "he is not a friend of the house—only a recent acquaintance — and he has dined here already. Why have him again? He is not an attractive person. You cannot care for him, Robert; and he is no favourite with the girls."

"The girls must learn to receive the people I approve of," said the Earl, "or we shall quarrel. You must make them aware of that."

"Quarrel! for the sake of Mr Torrance! That is carrying clanship a great way."

"There is no clanship in it. You ought to know better, my dear. Your English fallacies are quite out of place here. If I had a clan (which I have not—we are purely Norman, not Celtic at all), Pat Torrance could have had as little to do with it as John Smith."

"My dear Robert," said Lady Lindores, for she had not learned to address her husband by his title, "you take it very seriously. I meant your kindness for your own people. But for a kind prejudice, which I admire and respect, for your old neighbours, you never would put up with a being like this Tinto, as they call him,—a rich fox-hunter, with the mind of a ploughman."

"You will oblige me, Mary," said her husband, coldly, "by restraining your opinion—at all events

until you have a better right to express it. What do you know of Pat Torrance? I should very much prefer that you did not commit yourself on the subject. You might regret it after."

"Commit myself!—regret it!" Lady Lindores gazed at her husband with consternation. She had absolutely no guide to what he could mean; but as he stood to his point and would not yield, and as one must certainly yield when such a question arises, she found herself unwillingly obliged to give in. She was behind her children in comprehension, strange as it seems to say so. Lady Lindores had not been unfavourable to Beaufort's claims when first he made his suit to Carry; but she had been perhaps a little disappointed in him as the years passed on. He had not shown the energy, the determination, which a man in such circumstances ought to show. He had made no passionate effort to obtain his bride, such as Carry's mother felt her child was worth. And it was a long time now since Lady Lindores had taken any notice of the lingering engagement which her husband had never positively sanctioned, but which had lingered on for a year or two, coming to nothing. She had thought it best not to interfere. Perhaps Mr Beaufort might think it his duty to release Carry, now that her position was so much changed. The mother did not feel that she could ask him to do so; but if anything had happened to the tardy lover—had he been ill, or died, or proved fickle, she would have felt that Providence was interfering on their behalf. In the meantime, she thought it the best policy to say nothing about it. And it was this reticence which she intended for wisdom, which prevented any explanation between them, and kept her ignorant of what even Edith knew. It did not occur to her to connect her child, so delicate and refined, with the rough and coarse squire, whom she could not tolerate. How her husband could put up with him Lady Lindores could not conceive. He certainly meant something by it, she thought; but what did he mean? Was it some scheme of tactics in respect to the next election? which already, she knew, gave Lord Lindores great concern. Perhaps the Earl, who had a devouring ambition, now that he found an opening for it, thought it well to have the richest man in the county under his influence. This was all that she had yet divined. "Your father insists upon having that Mr Torrance," she said to the girls. "What he can see in him, I cannot imagine. But that does not look at us. We are not called upon to make martyrs of ourselves for papa's political friends."

Carry looked up eagerly as her mother spoke. "Political!" she said, with a quiver of hopeful eagerness in her voice. "Is that the reason?" This eager tone and broken question would have made Lady Lindores wonder had she not been full of the subject from her own point of view.

"What else?" she said. "You cannot suppose a man like your father can find anything else in Mr Torrance to attract him. Politics are very entrancing, but, like necessity, they bring you acquainted with strange bedfellows. Papa thinks, no doubt, that he ought to turn his influence to account."

"Oh, if that is the reason!" said Carry, clasping her hands together, with something like an ecstasy of prayer and thankfulness in her face. Lady Lindores, though she thought the emotion excessive — but then Carry was always visionary — understood that her daughter's delicate soul had been wounded by her father's regard for so unattractive a person. She

patted her child upon the cheek tenderly.

"You must not consider yourself responsible for all the things we do in the prosecution of our several parts," she said. "I feel, for my own part, that I take a great deal too much notice of old Gardener. I am getting much too fond of him. This is more innocent, I allow, than your father's fancy for Mr Torrance; for I don't insist on asking old Gardener to dinner."

"That I never should object to!" cried Carry, kissing her mother with sudden enthusiasm. She was cheered beyond measure by the comparison, and by Lady Lindores's absolute ignorance of any other pretension on the part of Torrance. Perhaps she had been deceiving herself, and attributing to her father intentions that had never entered his mind. Carry was too thankful to think that this might be how it was. But Edith, the clear-sighted, avoided her sister's eye. She made no comment on what her mother said. Edith felt that, however others might be deceived, she *knew*.

CHAPTER VI.

Alas! it was not very long before everybody knew. The demeanour of Pat Torrance at the dinner, to which Lady Lindores had been so reluctant to ask him, gave much occasion for thought to the other guests who knew the man and his ways. These said to each other that Pat had put his foot in it at last—that he had made his choice, and thrown his handkerchief at almost the only woman in the county, who was not sure to respond to it. Nothing could have been colder or more repellent than Lady Caroline was to this great matrimonial prize—the idol whom they all bowed down to, though some with minds which rebelled against the rude and ungodlike divinity. Among these interested lookers-on were some who rejoiced to see that he was likely to be made "to see his place" and submit to the humiliation of refusal; and some who, conscious that in their own families there were worshippers who would not have refused to bow down, were angry with poor Carry for "setting up" to be so much better than her neighbours. The most sagacious of these, however, reserved their judgment. There was something in the demonstration with which the Earl brought Pat forward and patted him on the back—something, too, of pain in poor Lady Carry's mild eyes, which made these more profound observers pause. The Lindores were poor. There were two daughters to provide for; and it was not a matter to be settled so easily, or which the parents would allow to turn entirely on a young girl's fancy. And then she was not even pretty, and she had got into the twenties—not a mere girl, with all the world before her. The wise would not give any opinion on the subject. They shook their heads and refused to commit themselves. But this was exactly what Pat Torrance did. He was so satisfied that here at last he had got everything he wanted, that he displayed his decision in Carry's favour from the first day. He made a spectacle of himself to the whole county, looking on with the keenest attention; and oh, how pleased society would have been in the district had he been once for all made an example of, made a fool of, as they said,—held up to public scorn and ridicule as

a rejected suitor! As the wooing went on, the desire for such a consummation—the anticipation of it—grew daily in intensity; and it was not very long doubtful. One of the usual great balls was given at Tinto, which was specially in honour of the new-comers, and took place as soon as they were out of their mourning. It was evidently a crisis in the life of the master of the house, and to the greater part of the guests all the interest of a highly exciting drama was mingled with the milder impulses of amusement. Lady Caroline, everybody said, had never looked less well. She was very pale;—it was even said that freckles, caused by her sinful exposure of her face to all the elements during the summer, diminished the sheen of her ordinarily white forehead—her nose was longer than ever. But all this only increased, to her admirer, the charm of her presence. She was independent of beauty. Though she was very simply dressed—too simply for a lady of rank—yet the air with which she moved about these fine rooms was (Pat thought) such as no one else who had ever been there had possessed. She was superior to them, as she was superior to the lilies and the roses, the wreathed smiles and shining eyes of the other girls. He followed her about with demonstrations of devotion which no one could mistake. He would have danced with nobody but her, in the most marked abandonment of all his duties as host, would she have permitted him. Even when he danced with others his eyes followed her, and the only talk he vouchsafed to his partners was about Lady Car, as he called her, with offensive familiarity and a sort of intoxication. As for poor Lady Caroline herself, it was apparent to every one that she retreated continually into out-of-the-way corners—hiding herself behind the old maids and dowagers, who were never left out of such gatherings, and liked to come and look on and criticise the girls, and tell how things had been done in their day. Several of these old ladies, distressed to see a girl not dancing, had betrayed poor Carry's hiding-place by their kind efforts to get her a partner; and the result had been two or three times that she was thus delivered over into the very clutches of the wolf.

"Mr Patrick," one of those kind ladies said, rising from her seat and taking hold of his arm as he prowled about, wondering where Carry could have disappeared to, "do you no think it's discreditable to the county that a young leddy newly come among us, and a person of rank—and, what is better, a sweet young creature — should be left sitting down the whole night and get no dancing?"

It was on this occasion that Miss Barbara Erskine won the heart of the persecuted girl. She said to her in a strong whisper which went through Carry's ear like a—skewer (the simile is undignified, but suits the fact)—"My dear, there's that eediot, Jean Sempill, drawing attention to you. If you want to get out of the way, slip away behind me; there's a door there that leads into the corridor, and so you can get back to your mother. Stay by your mother—that's your safest way." Thus Carry was delivered for the moment. But, alas! her mother could not protect her effectually. When Pat Torrance came boldly up with his dark face glowing, and his projecting eyes ready, as a spectator remarked, to jump out of his head, and said, "This is our dance," what could any one do for her? Lady Lindores had become alarmed, not knowing what to make of Carry's

agitation; but even a mother in these circumstances can do so little. "I am afraid she is tired, Mr Torrance," Lady Lindores said; but Carry's arm was already in his. She had not presence of mind even to take the advantage of such an excuse.

When he brought her back, however, to her mother's side, nobody could have helped seeing that something had happened. Poor Carry was as white as her dress: she seemed scarcely able to hold herself upright, and sank down by her mother's side as if she neither saw nor heard anything that was going on round her. On the other hand, Pat Torrance was crimson, his eyes were rolling in his head. He said almost roughly—"You were right, Lady Lindores. Lady Car is tired; but I make no doubt she will be herself again to-morrow." It was a curious speech to make, and there was a tone of threatening and anger in his somewhat elevated voice which roused the liveliest displeasure in the mind of Lady Lindores; but he was gone before she could say anything. "What is the matter?" she said, taking her daughter's hand. "Rouse yourself, Carry; everybody is staring. What has happened?" "Oh, nothing, nothing! Oh, mamma, let us go home," the poor girl cried. Her lips, her very eyelids, trembled. She looked as if she were about to faint. Lady Lindores was glad to see her husband approaching; but he too had a threatening and stern look. She called him to her, and begged him to ask for the carriage. "Carry is is quite ill," she said. "If you will stay with Edith, I can send it back for you;—but poor Car has looked like a ghost all night." "She has looked much more like a fool—as she is," said her father, between his set teeth; but at last he consented that she should be taken home, seeing the state of collapse in which she was. He took her down-stairs, supporting her on his arm, which was necessary, as she could scarcely walk; but when they skirted the dance, in which the master of the house was performing, talking loudly and laughing with forced merriment all the time, the Earl, though he was a well-bred man, could not help giving his daughter's arm a sharp pressure, which hurt her. "I might have known you would behave like a fool," he said in a low undertone, which nobody but Carry could hear. She wavered for a moment, like a young tree in the wind, but clung to him and hurried past replying nothing. Lady Lindores following, formed her own conclusions, though she did not hear what her husband said. She took her child into her arms when they were safe in the carriage, rolling along the dark roads in the dimness of the summer night, and Carry cried and sobbed on her mother's breast. "I understand that you have refused him," Lady Lindores said. "But what then? Why should you be so wretched about it, Carry? It is a kind of vanity to be so sorry for the man. You may be sure Mr Torrance will get over it, my love."

Then Carry managed to stammer forth the real source of her terror. She was not thinking of Mr Torrance, but of papa. What would he say to her? would he ever forgive her? And then it was Lady Lindores's turn to be amazed. "My darling, you must compose yourself," she said, "this is greater nonsense than the other. Papa! What can it matter to your father? *He* will never force your inclinations; and how can this coarse bumpkin interest such a man as he is?" She became almost angry at the sight of Carry's tears. "Allow me to know your father a little better than you do," she cried. "Mr Torrance! who is Mr Torrance?

I can't believe that he would favour such a suitor for a moment. But supposing that he did so,—supposing he thought, as people are apt to do, that money covers a multitude of sins—your father is not a worldly-minded man, Carry, he is ambitious, but not for money,—supposing just for the sake of argument——. Anyhow, my dear, that could only be if the man happened to please you in his own person. We might like the match better because the pretender was rich, nothing more. Can you really think that papa would be a tyrant to you,—that he would compel you to marry any one? Carry, my love, you have got an attack of the nerves; it is your good sense that has given way."

Carry wept abundantly while her mother thus talked to her, and the agitation which she had so long shut up in her heart calmed down. Every word Lady Lindores said was perfectly reasonable, and to have represented her kind father to herself as a domestic tyrant was monstrous, she felt; but yet—she could not tell her mother all the trifling circumstances, the tones, the looks which had forced that conviction upon her. But she was willing, very willing, to allow herself to be persuaded that it was all a mistake, and to accept the gentle reproof and banter with which Lady Lindores soothed her excitement. "To refuse a man is always disagreeable," she said, philosophically, "especially as one must always feel one is to blame in letting him come the length of a proposal, and self-esteem whispers that he will find it hard to console himself. No, my Carry, no; don't distress yourself too much. I don't want to be cynical; but men of Mr Torrance's type soon console themselves. Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

"It is not that, it is not that," Carry protested among her tears.

But her mother would hear of nothing more alarming. "It is a wrong to your father to think he would take up the cause of such a man," she said, indignantly; "and I should have been horribly disappointed in you, Carry, if you had thought of him for a moment." Carry was so soothed, so comforted, so almost happy in her trouble, that the inmost doors of her heart opened to her mother. "Whatever he had been, oh, mother, do you think I could forget Edward?" she said. His name had not been mentioned between them for months before.

"Edward," said Lady Lindores, shaking her head; and then she kissed the pleading expectant face, which she could only feel, not see. "He should have showed more energy, Carry. Had he been worthy of you, he would not have left this question unsettled till now."

"What could he do? cried Carry, roused out of her prostration; "he could not invent business for himself." Again Lady Lindores shook her head; but by this time they had reached their own door, and in the fervour of her defence and championship of her lover, Carry got out of the carriage a very different creature from the prostrate and fainting girl who had been put into it at Tinto. She went with her mother to her room, feverish and anxious to plead the cause of Edward. Lady Lindores was a romantic woman, who believed in love, and had taught her children to do the same. But she was disappointed that her daughter's lover had not been inspired by his love; that he had not found success, and secured his own cause beyond the power of evil fortune. Arguing against this adverse opinion, and defending Edward on every question, Carry recovered her courage and her composure. She felt able to fight for him to her last gasp when she left her mother, shaking

her head still, but always well disposed to every generous plea; for the moment she had forgotten all the nearer dangers which had seemed so terrible to her an hour before.

Lady Lindores sat up in her dressing-gown till her husband and Edith came back. He was very gloomy, she excited and breathless, with a feverish sparkle in her eyes, which her mother noticed for the first time. She wondered if little Edith was in the secret too—that secret which she had herself scarcely thought of till to-night; and her husband's aspect filled her with strange anxieties. Was it possible that she, who had known them so long, her husband for all the most important time of his life, her child since her first breath, should have discoveries to make in them now? The thought was painful to her, and she tried to dismiss it from her mind. "Carry is better," she said, with an attempt to treat the subject lightly. "It was the glare of these rooms, I suppose. They are very handsome, but there was too much heat and too much light."

"I hope it is the last time we shall have any such scenes from Carry," said the Earl. "You ought to speak to her very seriously. She has been behaving like a fool."

"Dear Robert," said Lady Lindores, "it is trying to a girl of any feeling to have a proposal made to her in a ball-room, and I daresay Mr Torrance was rude and pressing. It is exactly what I should have expected of him."

"Since when," said the Earl, sternly, "have you studied Mr Torrance so closely as to divine what may be expected of him?"

"Robert! I have not studied him at all, nor do I attempt to divine. Carry's agitation, her fright, her panic, if I may call it so——"

"Were simply ridiculous, ridiculous!" cried Lord Lindores. "I always thought her sentimental, but I never suspected her to be a fool."

"Carry is no fool," cried her mother, indignantly; "you know very well she has both spirit and sense, and more than sense. She is not a common girl. She ought not to be treated as one. And this man, this fox-hunter, this vulgar laird——"

"As he will probably be your son-in-law, you will do well to avoid epithets," Lord Lindores said.

"My son-in-law!" said his wife, in a suppressed shriek. "But Carry has refused him," she added, with relief.

"To-night—being flurried, and not knowing her own mind; but she will know better to-morrow."

"Robert! for heaven's sake, when she has been so distressed by this most hateful proposal, you surely will not suffer it to be repeated!"

"Why should it be a hateful proposal?" he said.

"Why?" Lady Lindores did not know how to answer; if he did not see it, if it did not jump at his eyes, as she said to herself, what explanation would make it clearer? She tried to smile and approach him on another side. "Dear Robert," she said, tremulously—"to think of you taking the part of such a man! He must have some fine qualities, I am sure, or you never could have endured the outside of him, or his manners, or his talk. He is so unlike you, so unlike anything the girls have ever been taught to care for." If this was flattery, surely it may be forgiven to the anxious mother. She was anxious too, as a wife, that her husband should not come down from the pedestal on which it had been her pride to keep him for so many years.

"That is all very well," he said, impatiently; "but I never set myself up as a model of what my children were to like. Yes; he has fine qualities, golden qualities. Do you know that he is the richest commoner in Scotland, Lady Lindores?"

"I know," she said, with quick offence, the tears starting suddenly to her eyes, "that my name is Mary, and that I hate this wretched title, which I shall never get used to, and never tolerate if my husband calls me by it. We are all, all, put asunder, all changed, and finding each other out since we came here."

This little outburst was partly real, and partly a half-conscious art to find an outlet for her excitement. Her husband was more touched by it than if it had been more serious. The complaint was fantastic, yet it was one which love might be excused for making. "My love," he said, "of course I meant nothing unkind. There have been times when I called you Mrs Lindores in jest, as I did just now. But, seriously, you must see what I am thinking of—you must give me your support. We are poor. If Rintoul is to take the position to which he is entitled after me——"

"You mean Robin? I tell you I hate those new names!" she cried.

"This is foolish, Mary. If he is to enter upon life when his time comes weighted with a heavy provision for his sisters—consider; there is poor Jane. She is quite young; she may outlive us all: and if I were to die, there would be two jointures besides Car and Edith."

"Let me be struck off the list," cried Lady Lindores. "I will never be a burden on my son. Robert, God forgive you; for a distant evil like this, would you bring that man into our family, and force an unwilling marriage on your child? But no, no; I am doing you wrong; your thoughts have never gone so far."

The Earl made no reply. His face was like a thunder-cloud, lowering and heavy—a darkness from which, at any moment, fire and flame might burst forth.

"No, no," said the mother. "I understand what you have thought. I did so once myself when—you remember—young Ashestiel came in our way. I thought if they would but take to each other; if they would only see what a natural harmony they would make! Yes, yes, I remember, I was provoked beyond measure that they would not see it; and when he went away, I did not know how to contain myself. I was angry with my innocent Carry for not caring. I understand you, Robert. If by any chance her fancy had been taken by this young millionaire; but, dear, how could it? You would yourself have thought less of Carry had she liked such a man. Acknowledge: he is not much better than a boor—with, perhaps, a boor's virtues."

She looked up when she had got so far, and stopped in sheer amazement at the sight of her husband's face. She had never seen any indication before of what she now found in it. Rage with difficulty smothered; a determined intention to follow his own way; an uneasy shame turning to bitterness and passion. His voice was quite hoarse with the effort to contain himself. "I thought," he said, "that at least you were not one of the silly women who speak of things they don't understand. But I was mistaken. You will rather encourage a foolish girl in a piece of unworthy romance, than show her her duty—her duty! But neither you nor she, by—— shall hold me up to ridicule! She shall take this husband I choose for

her, or by——" Here he became aware how much he was committing himself. He stopped, gazed at her defiantly for a moment, then began to pace up and down the room in great confusion. "The short and the long of it is," he said, "that I can't suffer Carry, for a girlish prejudice, to throw away such a position. He might be the first man in the county," Lord Lindores said. "He has twice as much as we have, and no title to keep up; no encumbrance of any kind. She might be a sort of princess. I cannot allow all this to be thrown away for a mere fancy. If she does not like him, she must learn to like him. What would she have? He is not a *petit maître*, certainly; but he is a man, every inch of him—his family good, his health good, a magnificent house; what could any woman want more? She will have everything that heart can desire."

Lady Lindores made no immediate reply. All this was so new to her—a revelation of things unthought of. It took away her breath; it took away her courage. Is there any shock, any pang that life can give, equal to that of suddenly perceiving a touch of baseness, a failure of honour, a lower level of moral feeling, in those who are most dear to us? This is what shatters heaven and earth, and shakes the pillars of existence to the beholder. It filled this woman with a sudden despair impossible to describe. She tried to speak, and her very voice failed her. What was the use of saying anything? If he thought thus, could anything that was said affect him? Despair made her incapable of effort. She was like Hamlet, paralysed. At the end she managed to falter forth a word of protestation. "There are some," she said, faintly, "who are content with so much less, Robert—and yet how much more!—you and I among the rest."

"A woman always answers with a personal example," he said.

And Lady Lindores was dumb. She did not know what to say to the new man who stood beside her, in the familiar aspect of her husband, expressing sentiments which never before had come from the lips of Robert Lindores. He had been self-indulgent in the old days—perhaps a little selfish—accepting sacrifices which it was not right for him to accept. But there had been a hundred excuses for him; and she and the girls had always been so ready, so eager, to make those sacrifices. It had been the pleasure of their lives to make his as smooth, as graceful, as pleasant as possible. There was no question of anything of this kind now. He who had been dependent on their ministrations for half the comfort of his life, was now quite independent of them, the master of everybody's fate,—judging for them, deciding for them, crushing their private wishes. Lady Lindores was confused beyond measure by this discovery. She put her hand to her head unconsciously, as if it must be that which was wrong. A vague hope that things might not look so terrible in the morning came into her mind. It was very late, and they were all tired and worn with the agitation of the evening. "I think I am not in a condition to understand to-night," she said, drearily. "It will be better, perhaps, to put off till to-morrow."

"It is a pity you sat up," he said, coldly; and thus the strange conference ended. It was already morning, the blue light stealing in through the closed shutters. Things, as well as faces, look ghastly in this unaccustomed light. Lady Lindores drew the curtains closer to shut it out, and lay down with her head

aching, turning her face to the wall. There are circumstances in which the light of heaven is terrible; and darkness, darkness, oblivion of itself, the only things the soul cares for. But though you can shut out the light, you cannot shut out thought. There was not much rest that night in Lindores. The Earl himself had a consciousness of the strange discovery of him which his wife had made; and though he was defiant and determined to subdue all opposition, yet he was hurt and angry all the same that his Mary should think less well of him. He seemed to himself of late to have done a great deal for her and her children. No idea of the elevation she had now reached had been in her mind when they married. There were three brothers then between him and the title, besides the children of the elder. And now that things had so come about, as that Mary was actually Countess of Lindores, he could not but feel that he had done a great deal for her. Yet she was not grateful. She looked at him with those scrutinising, alarmed eyes. She turned away from him with painful wonder; with—there was no doubt of it—disapproval. And yet all he wanted was the advancement of the family—the real good of his daughter. Who could doubt what his motive was? or that it was for Carry's good to have a noble establishment, a fortune that a princess might envy? Could there be any comparison between that and the marriage with a poor barrister, upon which, in her first folly, she had set her heart? It was unreasonable beyond measure, ungrateful, that his quite legitimate determination, judging for the real advantage of his daughter, should be thus looked upon by Lady Lindores.

But it would be vain to attempt to describe the struggle that followed: that domestic tragedy would have to be told at length if told at all, and it included various tragedies; not only the subjugation of poor Carry, the profanation of her life, and cruel rending of her heart, but such a gradual enlightening and clearing away of all the lovely prejudices and prepossessions of affection from the eyes of Lady Lindores, as was almost as cruel. The end of it was, that one of these poor women, broken in heart and spirit, forced into a marriage she hated, and feeling herself outraged and degraded, began her life in bitterness and misery with a pretence of splendour and success and good fortune which made the real state of affairs still more deplorable; and the other, feeling all the beauty of her life gone from her, her eyes disenchanted, a pitiless cold daylight revealing every angle once hid by the glamour of love and tender fancy, began a sort of second existence alone. If Torrance had been determined before to have Lady Caroline for his wife, he was far more determined after she had put his pride to the humiliation of a refusal, and roused all the savage in him. From the night of the ball until the moment of the wedding, he never slackened in his pursuit of the shrinking unhappy girl, who, on her side, had betrayed her weakness to her sister on the first mention of the hateful suitor. Edith was disenchanted too, as well as her mother. She comprehended none of them. "I would not do it," she said simply, when the struggle was at its bitterest; "why do you do it?" Rintoul, for his part, when he appeared upon the scene, repeated Edith's positivism in a different way. "I think my father is quite right," he said. "What could Carry look for? She is not pretty; she is twenty-four. You ought to take these things into

consideration, mother. She has lost her chance of any of the prizes; and when you have here the very thing, a man rolling in money—and not a tradesman either, which many girls have to put up with—it is such a chance as not one in a thousand ever gets. I think Car ought to be very grateful to papa." Lady Lindores listened with a gasp—Robin too! But she did not call him Robin for a long time after that day. He was Rintoul to her as to the rest of the world, his father's heir, very clearly alive to the advantage of having, when his time came, no provision for his sister hanging like a millstone round his neck. His sympathy and approval were delightful to his father. "Women are such queer cattle, you never know how to take them," the experienced young man said. A man is not in a crack regiment for nothing. He had more knowledge of the world than his father had. "I should have thought my mother would have been delighted to settle Carry so near home."

Thus it was a very strange divided house upon the eve of this marriage. To add to the confusion, there was great squabbling over the settlements, which Pat Torrance, eager though he was to secure the bride, whom his pride and self-will, as well as what he believed to be his love, had determined to have at all costs, was by no means so liberal about as the Earl thought necessary. He fought this out step by step, even venturing to hint, like the brute he was, that it was no beauty or belle whom he was marrying, and cutting down the requirements of her side in the most business-like way. Lady Lindores had been entirely silenced, and looked after the indispensable matters of her daughter's *trousseau* without a trace of the usual cheerful bustle attending wedding preparations; while Carry seemed to live in a dream, sometimes rousing up to make an appeal to her father's pity, but mostly in a sort of passive state, too heart-broken to be excited about anything. Edith, young and curious, moved about in the midst of it all in the activity of her independence, as yet touched by none of these things. She was a sort of rebellion impersonated, scarcely comprehending the submission of the others. While Carry wept she stood looking on, her face flushed, her eyes brilliant. "I would not do it," she said. These words were constantly on her lips.

"How could you help doing it?" poor Carry cried, turning upon her in the extremity of her despair. "Oh, have a little pity upon me, Edie! What can I do? I would sooner die. If there is anything you can think of—anything! But it is all past hope now. Papa will not even listen to me. Rintoul tells me I am a fool. He——" but here Carry's voice was broken with a shudder. She could not speak of her bridegroom but with a contraction of her heart.

"I don't know what I should do, but I should not do this," said Edith, surveying her sister from the height of untried resolution. "Nobody can force you to say Yes instead of No; nobody can make you do a thing you are determined not to do. Why do you do it? you can't want not to do it at the very bottom of your heart."

Carry gave her a look of anguish which brought the girl to her knees in compunction and remorse. "Oh, forgive me, Car! but why, *why* do you do it?" she cried. Lady Lindores had come softly in to give her child her good-night kiss. It was within a few days of the wedding. She stood and looked at

the group with tears in her eyes—one girl lying back white, worn, and helpless in her chair; the other, at her feet, glowing with courage and life.

"Speak to her, mamma," cried Edith, "as long as there is any hope."

"What can I say?" said the mother; "everything has gone too far now. It would be a public scandal. I have said all that I could. Do not make my poor child more unhappy. Carry, my darling, you will do your duty whatever happens: and everything becomes easier when it is duty——"

"But how is it duty?" said rebellious Edith. "I would not do it!" she cried, stamping her foot on the floor.

"Edith, Edith! do not torture your sister. It is easy to say such things, but how are you to do them? God knows, I would not mind what I did if it was only me. I would fly away with her somewhere—escape from them all. But what would happen? Our family would be rent asunder. Your father and I"—Lady Lindores's voice quivered a little—"who have been always so united, would part for ever. Our family quarrels would be discussed in public. You, Edith—what would become of you? Your prospects would all be ruined. Carry herself would be torn to pieces by the gossips. They would say there must be some reason. God knows, I would not hesitate at any sacrifice."

"Mamma, do not say anything more; it is all over. I know there is nothing to be done," said Carry, faintly. As for Edith, she could not keep still; her whole frame was tingling. She clenched her small fists, and dashed them into the air.

"I would not do it! I would just refuse, refuse! I would not do it! Why should you do it?" she cried.

But between these two there was no talking. The younger sister flew to her own room, impelled by her sense of the intolerable, unable to keep still. She met her brother by the way, and clutched him by the arm, and drew him with her within her own door. "I would not do it, if I were Carry," she said, breathless. "You might drag me to church, if you liked, but even there I would not consent. Why, why does she do it?" Edith cried.

"Because," said Rintoul the experienced, "she is not such a fool as she looks. She knows that after the first is over, with plenty of money and all that, she will get on first-rate, you little goose. Girls like something to make a fuss about."

"Oh, it is a great deal you know about girls!" cried Edith, giving him a shake in the violence of her emotion. But he only laughed, disengaging himself.

"We'll see what you'll do when it comes to your turn," he said, and he went off along the passage whistling. It did not matter to him that his sister was breaking her heart. But why, why, oh why does she do it? Edith dozed and woke again half-a-dozen times in the night, crying this out into the silence. To refuse, surely one could do that. Papa might scold, there might be scenes and unhappiness, but nothing could be so unhappy as this. She was incapable of understanding how there could be any difficulty in the case.

The marriage took place, however, in spite of these convulsions, and several years had elapsed since that event. It was an old affair when John Erskine, newly arrived, and full of curiosity and interest, had that encounter with Lady Lindores and her daughter at his own gate,

where something of the outline of this story was communicated to him—the facts of it at least. The ladies did not linger upon Carry's marriage in their narrative. He was told of it briefly as an event long over, and to which everybody had got accustomed. And so it was. The most miserable of events settle down into the routine of life when a few years have elapsed. Carry herself long ago had accepted her fate, trying to persuade herself that an unhappy marriage was nothing out of the common, and taking such comfort as was possible in poetry and intellectual musings. Her husband, who neither knew nor cared for anything above his own rude external world, yet felt her poetry to enhance the delicacy of her being, and to raise Lady Car more and more to that height of superiority which was what he had sought in her—was all the better satisfied with his bargain, though all the more separated from any possible point of junction with her. The neighbourhood was very well aware of all the circumstances; and though Lady Lindores entered into no explanations, yet there was a sigh, and a tone in her voice, as she spoke of her daughter, which suggested sorrow. But to tell the truth, young John Erskine, suddenly finding such friends at his very door, suddenly readmitted into the old intimacy, and finding the dull country life to which he had been looking forward flash into sunshine and pleasure, made few inquiries into this darker chapter of the family history; and in reality cared for nothing much but to convince himself that the Lindores family were really his next neighbours; that they were quite willing to receive him on the old footing; and that, demurely walking along the same road on the other side of her mother, saying little but touching the entire atmosphere with a sense of her presence, was Edith Lindores. Perhaps, had he actually been by her side, the sensation being more definite would have been less entrancing. But her mother was between them, animated and pleased by the meeting, ready to tell him all that had happened, and to hear his account of himself, with friendly interest; while beyond her ample figure and draperies, the line of a grey dress, the occasional flutter of a ribbon, the putting forth of a small foot, made the young man aware of the other creature wrapped in soft silence and maidenly reserve, whom he could image to himself all the more completely that he saw no more of her. He scarcely heard her voice as they walked along thus near yet separated; but a great many things that Lady Lindores said were confused by the sound upon the road of her daughter's step—by the appearance of that bit of ribbon, with which the sunny wind did not hesitate to play, floating out in advance of her, catching the young man's eye. Thus all at once, on the very first day after his return, another new existence began for John Erskine on the road between Dalrulzian and Lindores.

SUNRISE.

SUNRISE! Sunrise! See!
Into the field of the dawn,
Where the mountain's clear sharp line is drawn,
The light mounts steadily.
While below in many a chasm deep,
The mists of night still lingering creep,
And the lower slopes are half asleep,
And dimly dreaming,—
And at last, look! look! how startlingly
Into the world of the open sky,
Where the light before was so pale and tender,
And earth and air were still and aware
With a silent expectation,
Sails the sudden Sun—
With its banners of clouds above it streaming,
Golden and purple, and rose and grey and dun,
Flooding the world with its splendour,
And gladdening all creation.
And Day—Day—Day, has begun.

There's a rustle through leagues of forest—the ocean stirs,
Quivering with joy and light.
The last star swoons and dies—only the firs,
And the sombre cedars, and cypresses tall,
Solemn, dark, and funereal,
Remember the vanished night.
Day and life return—and the earth rejoices,
The air is alive with a murmur of busy voices;
There's the low of a myriad herds,
Feeding on endless meadows,—
There's the joy of a myriad birds,
Darting through leafy shadows,—
There's the quiver of endless leaves,
That gleam at the day's returning,—
And the breath of a world of flowers goes up
Like incense unto the morning,
As spreading their petals, they shake from each cup,
The dews that its light imprison,
And the life of a myriad insect-wings
In the wet grass buzz and dizzen.
The spider from twig to twig has swung
His glimmering wheel of silken thread,—
And the gossamer over the grasses hung
His awning diamonded.
The wild geese drop from the thin clear height,
Where all night long they have held their flight,
And settle on lake and mere;

Up springs the lark, and, lost in the light,
Carols his rapture—out of sight
Thrilling the atmosphere.
A thousand sails on the heaving sea,
By a sudden hue of rose are struck,—
In a thousand cities shaft and spire,
Are quivering pointed with golden fire,—
From a thousand homes into the sky,
The thin grey column of rising smoke,
Is stealing silently.
The jar of the world of men begins,—
The reaper and sower afield are going,
The busy factory clacks and dins,
The mill-wheel over its sluices whirls,
Shattered in spray of diamond and pearls,
The torrents overflowing.
There's a ring of waggons on valley and hill,—
From a thousand farms with clarion shrill,
The strutting cock is crowing.
There is neighing and barking, and bleating and lowing,
Chirp and chatter, and stir and clatter,
And an infinite humming and whirring,—
For the throbbing world is alive again,
And its pulse is beating in every vein
With the strength of a mighty stirring;
Night with its shadows of death is done.
The great new wondrous day has begun,
And mountains and valleys, and seas and strands,
Forests and rivers and torrents free,
Startled, arouse and clap their hands,
The glad new miracle to see,
And shout, "The Sun! The Sun!"

All the world is alive and waking
To hail the great new day that is breaking.
Sharp through the Western forest's tangled covers
The hunter's rifle cracks,
Where the black bear prowls, and the poising eagle hovers,
And the beaver his mud-dam packs.
There rings the pioneer's axe, and the forest giant
That has caught the day's first flash
On its topmost crest for a full long century, quivers—
Shudders—and falls with a crash.
Far in the south, through thick Brazilian tangles
The painted parrot screams,
And the boa coiled on its branches droops and dangles,
And the Paradise-bird like a living flash of splendour
Through the burning summer streams.
Over the western prairies herds of buffaloes
Crowded and thundering rush,—
The lion and tiger on sandy African deserts
That all night long have ranged for their prey,
Satiate now at the coming of day,

Are stealing to cave and bush,—
The ostrich is whirring, half running, half flying,
On sultry Australian plains,—
The hippopotamus lumbers along to the river
Crashing among the canes,—
The soft-eyed spotted giraffe his tall neck stretches
The low wet branches to browse,—
The ponderous elephants lift their trunks and trumpet
And shake the earth as they rouse.
From seething Sumatra and tropic Madagascar,
From Borneo's groves of spice,
To the glacial fields where the white bear basks and souses
And blunders along the ice,—
From the sultry Indian Sea to the cold Atlantic,
As on thy glory comes,—
From the orient chambers of thy early rising,
O'er Europe's plains and homes,—
From the Himalayas on to the Alps—and onward
To the Rocky Mountains, that rise
O'er the fair Pacific, peak to peak out-calling,
Flushed as the glad news flies,
Hail thee, O glorious Sun! all the earth hails thee,
And the stir and the strife and the strain
Of living begins—and the world that was sleeping and dreaming
Rouses and quivers again.

Let trumpet and pipe and voice and song,
Echo unto the skies!
Let chorus and hymn thy praise prolong,
O glorious Sun! that comest again
With thy ever-new surprise.
O splendour of earth and life that give
Joy and beauty to all that live
And daily the world renews,—
O fountain of light and colour that flings
O'er the darkest and dullest of earthly things
Thy glad transfiguring hues,—
O glory of earth and sea and sky,
Life of a myriad worlds on high,
Soul of the universe, light of its eye,
Who shall his voice refuse,
To swell the chorus that evermore
Is shouted from flashing peaks that dare
The cold thin depths of the breathless air
Thy earliest glance to see,—
To the crawling foam that fringes the shore
Murmuring impatiently?
From the tremulous forest that uplifts
Its listening tops, while the morning breeze
With its news from afar with a whisper sifts
And thy glorious coming promises,

To the humblest of weeds and grasses low,
Where the clear cool stream with a murmurous flow,
Is talking and running to catch a sight
Of thy first sweet gleam of morning light,
To tell unto all below.

All, all are joining with one glad tone,—
All, all are chanting their song as one,—
From the bass of the thunderous avalanche
And the cataract's dizzy booming;
To the whisper fine of the quivering breeze
That hurries through myriad leagues of trees,
And the insects infinite humming.
The Sun! The Sun! The Sun—The King!
The King of the World is coming!
Fling forth your banners—shout and sing,
Until the whole wide universe ring
With a vast and joyous welcoming,
For the King, the King is coming!

W. W. S.

MOON-RISE.

Night, beloved night!
She is coming—she soon will come;
Slowly is paling the dying light,
Twilight has lost its bloom,
And a serious hush steals silently
Over the shadowy Earth,—
While faint in the delicate air on high
The first new star has birth.

Against the twilight, their shoulders bare,
The mountains are turning as to sleep;
And one by one from their chambers deep,
Where from the peering search they hid
Of the day's rude gaze and opened lid,
A myriad worlds come forth.

The riotous day is gone
With his cymbals clashing, his bright spears flashing,
His tumult and rout, his Bacchanal's shout,
His gladness and madness, and laughter and raving,
His banners and thyrsi and coronals waving;
And his chorus and dances and singing are done,—
The noisy array has hurried away
And vanished below the horizon's rim
Into worlds beyond,—and his gonfalons gay
Of sunset glories are dim and grey,
And have all forgotten him—

For night, with its shadowy silent presence,
Is stealing on,
And under its spell so calm and serious
The wondering world stands still,
And a feeling—vague, intense, mysterious—
Is brooding o'er valley and hill.

The stars in their blue unfathomed tomb
Gleam far and bright,—
They are waiting the coming of the moon,
The Regent of the Night.
Nor long they await—for look—serene
Above the hills revealed,
Large and majestic in her mien,
Into the clear, expectant sky
She lifts her gleaming shield—
And with a pensive peaceful grace
Takes queenlike there her silent place,
And looks o'er all the enchanted world
With calm pathetic face.
All own her gentle influence,
So tender, so intense;
And over all a breath of prayer
Floats like a feeling through the air,
And soothes the soul and sense.

Along the river's course the slow mists cling,
As murmuring on it swells.
In the dark grass a myriad grilli ring
Their chimes of tiny bells.
From rugged mountain-steeps that dark and bare,
Shrouded in shadow dream,
Voices of white cascades, whose veils out-stream
And hang upon the air,
Chant to the Night their praises as they go
To join the torrent hurrying hoarse below
O'er its grey boulders tossed.
The soft wind whispering sings its mountain song
As slow it drives the low white clouds along,
Or murmurs through the black platoons of pines,
Whose serried ranks together push
Their tall uplifted spears, and rush
Up the sheer sides of Alps and Apennines,—
Or tremulous breathes o'er many a peaceful slope
Of gracious Italy,
Where in festoons the swaying vineyards droop,
And the grey olives up the hillsides troop—
A ghostly company,
Pallid and faint, as they had only known
The moon for friend—and in its light had grown.

A dream the vales and hills and meadows haunts,—
Earth sleeping turns and sighs,—the ocean pants,

And weary, flings itself upon the breast
Of the broad beach, scarce knowing what it wants,
  Stirred by a strange unrest;
The sky's deep dome is filled with mysteries dim
And tremulous throbs,—the swift and wheeling spheres,
With music thrill, too fine for human ears,
And Nature, with its myriad voices, chants
  To thee its faint night hymn.

Nor Nature only,—every living thing
  Thy influence feels, and all of harsh and rude,
Touched by thy sweet and gentle visiting,
  Grows peaceful and subdued.
In the dark woods the hidden nightingale,
With rapturous trills, and sudden passion-throbs,
And liquid bursts, and low recurrent sobs,
  Repeats his lovelorn tale.
The plaintive cry of the sad whipporwill
  Is heard along the hill.
The leathern bat wheels round in noiseless flight,
  Across the glimmering and uncertain light,—
And mournfully afar the feathery owl,
  Hoots in the ear of night.
From many a pond, where on its green-paved floor
  Of tesselated leaves the lily sleeps,
  While the pale willow drooping o'er it weeps,
His guttural bass the frog sings o'er and o'er.
From out the tall dark silhouetted tower,
  At intervals, with deep and solemn stroke,
The church bells strike the quarters and the hour.
  There comes a bleating from the folded flock,
    A tinkle of faint bells,—
  From the dim fields the voice of country folk,
    Talking and laughing, swells;
And now and then the bay
Of some enchanted watch-dog far away,
That feels night's influence, and cannot say
    What stirs him so,
Is heard lamenting,—or some wakened cock
    Crows out a drowsy crow.
But all these sounds and voices seem
To melt away into the tender dream
    That haunts the air,
And soothe the silence which were else too deep
    For heart to bear.

    All sleep! The tired world sleeps!
      A quiet infinite
    The soul of man and nature steeps,
      And smoothes the brow of night.
    The weary ox lays off his yoke,—
    The dog hunts in his dream alone,—

The woodman wields no more his stroke,—
The beggar, 'neath his ragged cloak,
  On the cold pavement thrown,
No longer heeds the world's dark frown,
No longer hungers, racked with pains,
But roams along Elysian plains
  And wears a monarch's crown.
A myriad mortals lay their head
Upon oblivion's poppied bed,
  By peaceful slumber blest,
And all day's busy toils and cares,
And all the hard world's strain and stress,
And all its tortuous snarls and snares
  Are lifted from their breast,—
As lapped in calm unconsciousness
  They sleep—they rest.

But Love awakes: O silent moon,
  Upon how many a happy pair
  That breathe this silvery tranquil air,
  Serene thou lookest down!
As wandering, blest by Life's best boon,
  Through many a lane and shadowy grove
They lingering talk—or pausing dream,
  And strive to tell their love;
While following them, now bright now dim,
  The listening stars above
Through the o'erhanging tree-tops swim
  And with them pause—or move.
Their bliss intense, their thrill of sense
  That words can never half express,
Thou seest as they wander on,—
His clasping arm around her thrown,
  She trembling in his fond caress,—
And all the air is still to hear,
  And all the heavens above,
The sweet low broken utterances,
  The silences of Love.
The nightingale that knows to sing
  Love's passion and Love's pain,
Cries Love—Love—Love—interpreting
  Their thrill of heart and brain.

And sorrow wakes—and in despair
  Looks up, O night, to thee
And wails—"Oh where are they, oh where,
  Whom Death hath torn from me?
Speak—speak, O night—O heaven, declare
  From thine infinity."
And thou—what answerest thou, O night,
  O boundless tremulous air,
O moon, O stars—to that wild cry,

To that impassioned prayer?
Nothing! In calm serenity,
Unmoved thou standest there,
Deaf—silent—cold and pitiless
To all we have to bear.
No! no! the tears of passion past,
Thou givest us thy boon at last.
Thou sayest—"Come to me and weep;"—
Thou givest thy beloved sleep;
Thou summonest again the form
That death hath snatched away,
The glad lost voice, the body warm,
The animate dear clay,
The dream at least of all that was
Denied to us by day.

O Night of grand repose!
O silent serious Night!
Beside thy pathos infinite
How vain are Daylight's shows!
Thine is the grand dim realm of dream,
Thine the mysterious power whose spell
Leads Fancy on beyond the extreme
Of this world's possible.
Thine the soft touch that charms the waking sense,
And woos the troubled soul to confidence.
To thee our secret woes we tell,
To thee our inmost being bare,
With thee our deepest feelings share,
Mother divine, ineffable.
Our hopes, our loves, that in the pride
Of busy daylight are repressed—
Our doubts, remorses, hidden fears,
That gnaw within the breast;
To thee great mother we confide
And on thy bosom shed our tears,
As thy great arms thou openest wide
To give us rest.

O Night—a secret prophecy
Thou whisperest beneath thy breath
Of that vast dim infinity,
Where broods the silent shadow—Death.
Listening I seem to hear thee say,—
"As I from out the body steal
For few brief hours the soul away,
My passing dream-world to reveal;
So my dark Brother, when your eyes,
He in his endless sleep shall close,
Shall bear you—far beyond the woes
Of this short life—to the repose
Of an eternal Paradise."

VALLOMBROSA. W. W. S.

DEMOCRACY.

For some time past we have been acquiring, by various side-lights, a great deal of insight into the constitution of American society. These glances of enlightenment have sometimes been thrown by foreign hands, as in the remarkable illustrations of the upper circles of New York first introduced to the readers of this Magazine in the revelations of Miss Irene Macgillicuddy: but have also been supplied in abundance by native expositors. The most remarkable of the latter, however, have rather disclosed America abroad than America at home, revealing the race to us in its cosmopolitan aspect, as it roams about the highways of Europe, and settles itself, here and there, a little colony in the capitals of the Old World. From the disclosures which have been thus made to us, we have learned that the republican rule and democratic equality upon which the great Empire of the West is founded, are more odious to its most highly cultivated citizens than any corrupt court of the elder world ever was. It had been one of the commonplaces of old world opinion, considered prejudice by the advanced and high-minded, that the absence of all social standards of rank would prove more likely to produce an exaggerated estimate of it than that lofty indifference which would be the becoming sentiment of a dignified and enlightened republic. But we may venture to say that few, even of the most prejudiced, were prepared for the view of American feeling on this point, given to us by its native exponents, as existing among the wealthy and highly educated crowds who throng European cities, and to whom every assertion of popular right, or breaking down of old despotic tradition, is an offence and injury. The bitterness with which these elegant colonists resent the substitution of constitutional for absolute rule; their angry sense of disappointment at every new assimilation of the historic countries in which they have taken refuge to the government of their own; their regrets and yearnings after Emperor and Pope, seemed at first a whimsical piece of satire, another exhibition of characteristic American humour to our astonished eyes. And it is only after a number of skilled expositors have given time and toil to the task of convincing us that this is a true reading of the real state of affairs, that we have yielded our amused consent to, and learned to recognise the full meaning involved in, this curious development of feeling. The discovery that equality to an educated American means a settled conviction that he himself belongs of right to the highest circles everywhere, and that the wives of commission-merchants in New York are shamefully treated if they do not hobnob with duchesses in London—but that, at the same time, it is highly prejudicial to the rest of the world that the distinction between dukes and stock-brokers should be done away, or a single barrier removed,—is one of the most instructive, as well as the most entertaining, that the world has made for many a day. The disgust with which the refined republican sees the elder nations adopting even the smallest portion of the creed to which he was born—and which, indeed, gives him his standing-ground, and alone introduces him into the society in which

he delights—is one of the most purely comic elements in existing society. There is the highest humour in the commentary it reads at once upon the theory and practice of government and national politics. If the democracy with which we are scared by so many prophets come only to this, the observer might be excused for finding in it more food for laughter than for tears.

There is, however, a very different and more serious view, into which it is sometimes worth our while to look, and to which our attention is called by a curious little volume,* which, though published some time ago in America, has appeared only in single copies in England, in the absence here of that lively and spirited smartness of piracy which would make it impossible for an English story of any interest to remain unknown to an American audience. The writer of 'Democracy' is said to be an American lady closely connected with diplomatic circles, and in a position to know exactly the manners and habits, as well as the principles and ways of thinking, of the official world upon which she throws so painful a light. Her book contains a trenchant and merciless sketch of American political circles, and of the "peculiar institutions"—quite as peculiar as that one which was done away with in the great war—of public life on the other side of the Atlantic. Social satirists have dealt severely enough with the meaner influences which affect government in all countries, the temptations to which political leaders are subject, and the wretched little personal pivot on which sometimes may turn the revolutions of a state. But not even M. Daudet's revelations of the corruption of the Empire can be compared with this picture made by an American hand for an American audience, and not, so far as we know, disowned as untrue, of the state of American affairs at the seat of government,—a condition apparently recognised as inevitable, and beyond the reach of reformation. If this is what government comes to when the favour of the masses is manipulated by the vulgar and unscrupulous intellect which seems best fitted to obtain their suffrages, we cease to wonder at, and can scarcely condemn, the flight of the elegant exile, disgusted by a system so hopeless, into the last refuges of absolutism and autocracy, and can understand something of the revulsion of mind which makes a leap from one to the other the most natural expedient. And it is at the same time painfully instructive to find, that the system thus exposed is the same system which has been held up to our admiration by writers who, we may charitably suppose, do not know anything of its darker side. The institutions of America have furnished a text for many eulogiums, yet remain so little known in their internal working, that almost any exhibition of the feeling with which they, or at least their administrators, are regarded in their own country, is a help to us in estimating the results of that purely democratic government to which alarmists say we are all tending. The flight of the *dilettanti*, the apathy of the over-cultured, the abandonment of the reins of government to men of hard hands and heads, in comparison with whom Wisdom itself becomes one of the weaker vessels, might be understood, and even acquiesced in, were the new representatives of power as primitive in their integrity as in their gifts. Even then it

* Democracy. Henry Holt & Co., New York: 1880.

would be a dangerous condition of affairs. When all those substitutes for experience which are conveyed by education, and which in the Old World have always been considered a necessary basis for statesmanship, are found out of place in the rough-and-ready system which, looking neither before nor after, solves the problems of government on the inspiration of the moment, there can scarcely fail to be occasion for alarm; yet as amateurs sometimes bring to the stage a knowledge of how gentlemen and heroes would be likely to speak and act, which the professional actor does not always possess, so it has seemed possible that good sense and mother-wit might force a way through the intricacies of state-craft, and by honest ignorance of them, and natural integrity, leave all professional wiles of diplomacy behind. But if the present witness is to be credited, the one thing of all others most wanting to the great Republic is this natural integrity, this straightforward honesty, and determination to follow justice and right. Here, according to the evidence laid before us, in the sphere from which the better intellect and most cultivated minds of the country have been constrained to fly, corruption without a blush upon its forehead, self-justifying and self-approving, and cupidity as keen if less polished than any which flourishes in the air of courts, hold the mastery of the situation. The passionate hostility and repugnance with which this is disclosed to us is almost as curious and painful as the disclosure itself. And if there is truth in the picture (which nobody seems to deny), it is too instructive to pass over, and affords us such a lesson as is not easily forgot.

The book itself is not at all remarkable as a story. Its characters are partly formed upon old models familiar to us in a much finer art than any the author can boast, and partly rough and not very skilful sketches, attempted, we may suppose, from the life, but showing no special gift of portraiture. But the meaning of the book is almost more clearly marked in consequence than if it had been a more skilful production; for the author is never led away from his (or her) purpose by any enthusiasm of invention, or by those numberless exigencies of art which insist upon the honest and temperate medium of general truth instead of the crude necessities of fact, and require a general loyalty to human nature amid all individual revelations. The manner in which the *mise en scène* is accomplished is characteristically American. An English writer would in all probability have brought us upon the stage an enthusiastic young member of Parliament with his head full of great plans, and his soul bent upon the amelioration of the world, by way of showing us the difficulties of keeping free of the prejudices of party, and of pursuing a high and visionary independence and devotion to the noblest objects. But not so the American,—perhaps because a young Congress-man with a high ideal would be difficult to find, but most probably because another point of view suits his temper best. It is through the eyes of a lady in pursuit of the finest emotions,—a woman desirous to penetrate the highest secrets of life, and to find something worth living for,—that we are permitted to see the world of Washington society, to which she resorts with this hope, after various failures in existence. We are given to understand that she has sounded all the depths of society in New York, has been to "Europe," and has generally tried and tasted the best of

everything; but finding all unsatisfactory, is in anxious search of a new sensation which will bring some sort of contentment to her soul.

So far as literary merit goes, the sketch of this Mrs Lightfoot Lee is the best thing in the book. Mr Henry James would have done her much better, and but for Mr Henry James she would not have been nearly so good; but acknowledging this inspiration, she is cleverly sketched, and is one of the many impersonations of a distinctly American ideal. Many independent ladies are to be found in European life and books; but there is a certain legitimate and sanctioned freedom in the American specimen which belongs to no other. She has no fear of being misjudged or considered improper in the full exercise of her independence; and though Mrs Lee's claims to be received in the very highest rank of society everywhere are considered both by herself and her author as beyond question, the homely antecedents which are so clearly set forth, the rights by birth and marriage with which she is credited, without a suspicion of their inadequacy, afford us an amusing but unintentional light upon American ideas on this subject. A lady of similar claims in one of the great English towns, where position is apportioned on something of the same rule as in New York, would scarcely expect to be of natural right admitted everywhere to the highest honours and privileges, and to rank as one of the queens of society. Here is our first view of this lady—dissatisfied with all her good things, and looking for new content in some as yet undiscovered sphere:—

"What did she want? Not social position, for she herself was an eminently respectable Philadelphian by birth; her father a famous clergyman; and her husband had been equally irreproachable—a descendant of one branch of the Virginia Lees, which had drifted to New York in search of fortune, and had found it, or enough of it to keep the young man there. His widow had her own place in society, which nobody disputed. Though not brighter than her neighbours, the world persisted in classing her among clever women: she had wealth, or at least enough of it to give her all that money can give by way of pleasure to a sensible woman in an American city; she had her house and her carriage; she dressed well; her table was good, and her furniture was never allowed to fall behind the latest standard of decorative art. She had travelled in Europe, and after several visits, covering some years of time, had returned home, carrying in one hand, as it were, a green-grey landscape, a remarkably pleasing specimen of Corot, and in the other some bales of Persian and Syrian rugs and embroideries, Japanese bronzes and procelain. With this she declared Europe to be exhausted, and she frankly avowed that she was American to the tips of her fingers: she neither knew, nor greatly cared, whether America or Europe was best to live in; she had no violent love for either, and she had no objection to abusing both; but she meant to get all that American life had to offer, good or bad, and to drink it down to the dregs, fully determined that whatever there was in it she would have, and that whatever could be made out of it she would manufacture. 'I know,' she said, 'that America produced petroleum and pigs—I have seen both on the steamers; and I am told it produces silver and gold. There is choice enough for any woman.' Yet, as has been already said, Mrs Lee's first experience was not a success. She soon declared that New York might represent the petroleum or the pigs, but the gold of life was not to be discovered there by her eyes. Not but that there was variety enough—a variety of people, occupations, aims, and thoughts; but that all these, after growing to a certain height, stopped short. They found nothing to hold them up. She knew more or less in-

timately a dozen men whose fortunes ranged between one million and forty millions. What did they do with their money? What could they do with it that was different from what other men did? After all, it is absurd to spend more money than is enough to satisfy all one's wants; it is vulgar to live in two houses in the same street, and to drive six horses about. Yet, after setting aside a certain income sufficient for all one's wants, what was to be done with the rest? To let it accumulate was to own one's failure. Mrs Lee's grievance was that it did accumulate without changing or improving the quality of its owners."

This lady does not content herself with mere spectatorship, but tries all the active work that is permissible. She throws herself into philanthropy, with a doubt in her mind whether charity and good works, however praiseworthy, are wise. She devotes herself to education, but stops when she recollects that the richest university in America is in New York, and that it cannot get scholars "even by paying for them." The busy people there have no desire for education. And even if it could be done, what then? she asks.

"Suppose I march all the boys in Fifth Avenue down to the University, and have them taught Greek and Latin, English literature, ethics, and German philosophy. What then? You do it in Boston. Now tell me honestly what comes of it. I suppose you have there a brilliant society, numbers of poets, scholars, philosophers, statesmen, all up and down Beacon Street. Your evenings must be sparkling, your press must scintillate. How is it that we New-Yorkers never hear of it? We don't go much into your society; but when we do, it doesn't seem so very much better than our own. You are just like the rest of us. You grow six inches high, and then you stop. Why will not somebody grow to be a tree and cast a shadow?"

Thus it is a general grievance, produced by the very character of democratic society, with which the lady begins. There is no coming to anything in it, there is no greatness of a social kind, but rows of straight houses, where much money is spent every year, but which are never any better for what they spend; all flat, featureless—a moral plain without any picturesque variations, without inequalities, not so much as a tree to throw a shadow. Most likely, but for her inevitable visits to Europe, the typical American woman would not find out that sad absence of light and shade. As it is, she gazes about her uneasily, anxiously, trying to make up for it. At last she determines to go to Washington, the centre from which the country is ruled, and where surely there must be some indications of greatness to be found. "Her friends asked her what kind of amusement she expected to find among the illiterate swarm of ordinary people who in Washington represented constituencies so dreary, that, in comparison, New York was a New Jerusalem, and Bond Street a grove of Academe." But this searcher after greatness was not to be so easily diverted from her quest. "What she wished to see, she thought, was the clash of interests, the interests of forty millions of people, and a whole continent centring at Washington—guided, restrained, controlled, or unrestrained and uncontrollable, by men of ordinary mould; the tremendous forces of government and the machinery of society at work. What she wanted was POWER."

After this introduction we are taken to Washington to pursue this momentous quest. The author pauses to show us the heroine's preparations for her campaign. The house which she rents has not felt the stir of artistic renovation; her first step is to dismantle and re-

adorn it. To this sublime transformation she devotes herself immediately on her arrival.

"The wealth of Syria and Persia was poured out upon the melancholy Wilton carpets; embroidered comets, and woven gold from Japan and Teheran, depended from and covered over every sad stuff curtain; a strange medley of sketches, paintings, fans, embroideries, and porcelain was hung, nailed, pinned, or stuck against the wall; finally, the domestic altar-piece, the mystical Corot landscape, was hoisted to its place over the parlour fire, and then all was over. The setting sun streamed softly in at the windows, and peace reigned in that redeemed house and in the heart of its mistress.

"'I think it will do now, Sybil,' she said, surveying the scene.

"'It must,' replied Sybil. 'You haven't a plate, or a fan, or a coloured scarf left. You must send out and buy some of these old negro-women's bandanas if you are going to cover anything else. What *is* the use? Do you suppose any human being in Washington will like it? They will think you demented.'

"'There is such a thing as self-respect,' replied her sister, calmly."

It is, the reader will see, taken for granted by these two New York fine ladies, that the centre of their government is a place for which anything is good enough, and where nobody will have soul enough to appreciate their finery. It is "an illiterate swarm of ordinary people" among whom they expect to find themselves. And no sooner have we got into Washington than we find around us the atmosphere of a small place, a sort of village community, in which there appears indeed an English ambassador and a Bulgarian envoy, but which is so insignificant in itself, that the two pretty sisters, with their New York magnificence, become at once a kind of centre, and attract everything that is best to them. Young secretaries of legation, counts Russian and Italian, flutter about their tea-table — where Lord Skye the English Minister, and old Jacobi the Slavonic envoy, become at once *habitués*. The ladies are quite in their element with these gentlemen, and condescend with much good-humour to the foolish young *attachés*. But their position in respect to their American surroundings is always that of a couple of fair aristocrats visiting the natives, not without a far-off resemblance, though this is quite unintentional, to Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs and her fair companion. When they go to pay what are called facetiously "cabinet calls," Sybil declares herself on her return to have been crying with laughter for an hour past.

"'Do you find these calls amusing?' asked Popoff, gravely and diplomatically.

"'Indeed I do! I went with Julia Schneidekoupon, you know, Madeleine. The Schneidekoupons are descended from all the kings of Israel, and are prouder than Solomon in all his glory. And when we got into the house of some dreadful woman from heaven knows where, imagine my feelings at overhearing this conversation—"What may be your family name, ma'am?" "Schneidekoupon is my name," replies Julia, very tall and straight. "Have you any friends whom I should likely know?" "I think not," says Julia, severely. "Wal, I don't seem to remember of ever having heard the name; but I s'pose it's all right. I like to know who calls." I almost had hysterics when we got into the street, but Julia could not see the joke at all.'"

The lady who thus receives her guests is the wife of a member of the Government, whom this New York young lady has called upon by way of conciliating her husband

in favour of some legislative scheme. The New York women of fashion cannot, indeed, contain themselves when they speak of the national rulers and their belongings. No refined party of travellers, making an expedition in a savage country, could be more confident of their own superiority, more amused or disgusted by the ways of the natives. The President himself, "a small Indiana farmer," who arrives suddenly upon the scene in all the ignorance of his rusticity, is the laughing-stock of the fine ladies, and a helpless tool in the hands of the rough, unscrupulous politician who is the hero of the book. Here is how the head of a great State—the equal of crowned heads, the man who ought, according to theory, to be the best man of the continent, the most honoured and the most dignified of citizens—appears to his temporary subjects. We have just had an elaborate description of the hordes of place-hunters and political dependants who hang about Senator Ratcliffe, cursing him heartily "in every variety of profane language that experience could suggest and impatience stimulate," while they crowded his anterooms, and viewing with a panic indescribable the advent of the new President, whose hostility to their leader makes all their hopes of promotion fade. "At the thought that their honestly-earned harvest of foreign missions and consulates, department bureaus, custom-house and revenue offices, postmasterships, Indian agencies, and army and navy contracts, might now be wrung from their grasp by the selfish greed of a mere accidental intruder—a man whom nobody wanted and every one ridiculed—their natures rebelled, and they felt that such things must not be,—that there could be no more hope for democratic government if such things were possible."

"Such was the situation when the President-elect arrived in Washington, and the comedy began. The new President was almost, as much as Abraham Lincoln or Franklin Pierce, an unknown quantity in political mathematics. In the national convention of the party nine months before, after some dozens of fruitless ballots, in which Ratcliffe wanted but three votes of a majority, his opponents had done what he now was doing. They had laid aside their principles, and set up for their candidate a plain Indiana farmer, whose political experience was limited to stump-speaking in his native state, and to one term as Governor. They had pitched upon him, not because they thought him competent, but because they hoped by doing so to detach Indiana from Ratcliffe's following; and they were so successful that within fifteen minutes Ratcliffe's friends were routed, and the Presidency had fallen upon this new political Buddha.

"He had begun his career as a stone-cutter in a quarry, and was not unreasonably proud of the fact. During the campaign this incident had, of course, filled a large space in the public mind, or more exactly in the public eye. The 'Stone-cutter of the Wabash,' he was sometimes called; at others, the 'Hoosier Quarryman;' but his favourite appellation was 'Old Granite,' although this last endearing name, owing to an unfortunate similarity of sound, was seized upon by his opponents, and distorted into 'Old Granny.' He had been painted on many thousand yards of cotton sheeting, either with a terrific sledge-hammer smashing the skulls (which figured as paving-stones) of his political opponents, or splitting by gigantic blows a huge rock, typical of the opposing party. His opponents in their turn had paraded illuminations representing the quarryman, in the garb of a state-prison convict, breaking the heads of Ratcliffe and other well-known political leaders with a very feeble hammer; or as 'Old Granny,' in pauper's rags, hopelessly repairing, with the same heads, the impossible

roads, which typified the ill-conditioned and miry ways of his party. But these violations of decency and good sense were universally reproved by the virtuous; and it was remarked with satisfaction that the purest and most cultivated newspaper editors on his side, without excepting those of Boston itself, agreed with one voice that the Stone-cutter was a noble type of man,—perhaps the very noblest that had appeared to adorn this country since the incomparable Washington. That he was honest, all admitted—that is to say, all who voted for him. This is a general characteristic of all new Presidents. He himself took great pride in his homespun honesty, which is a quality peculiar to nature's nobleman. . . . His cardinal principle was hostility to Ratcliffe, yet he was not vindictive. He came to Washington determined to be the Father of his country; to gain a proud immortality—and a re-election."

We have, however, too long neglected to put before the reader the figure of the hero, the Honourable Silas P. Ratcliffe, Senator from Illinois, otherwise known as the Prairie Giant of Peonia, and other affectionate titles,—a man who has, as is apparent by the above, been very near the Presidency, and is the head of an enterprising party, and one of the greatest of American statesmen. "He got a kind of classical education at one of the country colleges: I suspect he has had as much education as is good for him," is the description with which he is introduced to us. The man himself bears a faint resemblance externally to M. Daudet's "Nabob." He is large, powerful, with a certain impetuous natural eloquence, and an impressionable temperament, and falls with great rapidity into the toils of the refined New York enchantress who is so eager to fathom the mysteries of politics, and so desirous of finding some one great enough in the level of democratic mediocrity to throw a shadow. When he first comes before us, the Senator, at a dinner-party, is painfully conscious of not being quite up to the mark of the fine company, "wishing he understood why the British Minister had worn no gloves, while he himself had sacrificed his convictions by wearing the largest and whitest pair of French kids that could be bought for money in Pennsylvania Avenue." "A certain secret jealousy of the British Minister is always," says Mr Ratcliffe's historian, "lurking in the breast of the American Senator if he is truly democratic; for democracy, rightly understood, is the government of the people by the people for the benefit of Senators, and there is always a danger that the British Minister may not understand this political principle as he should." But notwithstanding his doubt about the gloves, and the general stiffness of his senatorial deportment, Mrs Lee feels this man well worth the trouble of fathoming, and proceeds to fascinate him in a manner so primitive, with flattery so broad and undisguised, that our opinion of the refined American lady rather suffers in consequence. It answers its purpose, however, and we are bound to say that this is the only instance in which the author brings down his heroine to the level of her company. The American woman is acknowledged on all hands to be a special creation, no less superior to other women in other regions than she is to the entire male persuasion on her crowded continent. The one sacrifice she makes to the necessities of the situation is to be forgiven her in consideration of its instantaneous effect. "The Senator from Illinois rose to this gaudy fly like a

huge two-hundred-pound salmon; his white waistcoat gave out a mild silver reflection as he slowly came to the surface and gorged the hook. He made not even a plunge, not one perceptible effort to tear out the barbed weapon, but, floating gently to her feet, allowed himself to be landed as though it were a pleasure." The story, such as it is, is entirely occupied with the intercourse between this big politician, immersed in all the schemes and trickeries of Washington state tactics, and as unscrupulous and remorseless as ever intriguer was, and the refined, *blasée*, yet profoundly interested feminine intellect, who hopes through him to recover her belief in greatness, and find something worth living for.

"To her eyes he was the high-priest of American politics: he was charged with the meaning of the mysteries, the clue to political hieroglyphics. Through him she hoped to sound the depths of statesmanship, and to bring up from its oozy bed that pearl of which she was in search,—the mysterious gem which must lie hidden somewhere in politics. She wanted to understand this man,—to turn him inside out,—to experiment upon him, and use him as young physiologists use frogs and kittens. If there was good or bad in him, she meant to find its meaning.

"And he was a western widower of fifty; his quarters in Washington were in gaunt boarding-house rooms, furnished only with public documents, and enlivened by courtier-politicians and office-seekers. In the summer he retired to a solitary white frame-house with green blinds, surrounded by a few feet of uncared-for grass and a white fence: its interior more dreary still, with iron doors, oil-cloth carpets, cold white walls, and one large engraving of Abraham Lincoln in the parlour: all in Peonia, Illinois! What equality was there between the two combatants? What hope for him? what risk for her? And yet Madeleine Lee had fully her match in Mr Silas P. Ratcliffe."

The fact is, that the Senator runs the lovely widow so close that she escapes from marrying him at last only by a tremendous revelation, made to her at the moment when she is about to accept his hand, and at the risk of a personal encounter of the most violent description (for such wooers are not to be trifled with), and a flight to Europe. Before coming to this, however, we must give the reader a few glimpses of the American statesman during his previous career, and of his opinions and expedients, omitting, for want of space to do it justice, the episode of his struggle with, and final mastery of, the new President, whom he reduces to entire obedience, and converts into a mere puppet in his hands. The means which he employs for this supreme operation require a more intimate knowledge of American political devices than we can pretend to possess, or than the reader could easily follow. But there are incidents of a remarkable character for which Mr Silas P. Ratcliffe is called upon by adverse critics to account, which cannot but interest the English reader. The following is a fine example. One of the Senator's rivals maliciously recalls it to his recollection, while the great man is regretting the amount of dishonesty and corruption inevitable in politics. "We must try to make the amount as small as possible," he says:—

"'You should be able to tell Mrs Lee how she must go to work,' said Carrington; 'you have had experience. I have heard, it seems to me, that you were once driven to very hard measures against corruption.'

"Ratcliffe looked ill-pleased at this compliment, and gave Carrington one of his cold glances that meant mischief.

But he took up the challenge on the spot: 'Yes, I was, and I am very sorry for it. The story is this, Mrs Lee; and it is well known to every man, woman, and child in the State of Illinois, so that I have no reason for softening it. In the worst days of the war there was almost a certainty that my State would be carried by the peace party, by fraud as we thought—although, fraud or not, we were bound to save it. Had Illinois been lost then, we should certainly have lost the Presidential election, and with it probably the Union. At any rate, I believed the fate of the war to depend on the result. I was then governor, and upon me the responsibility rested. We had entire control of the northern counties and their returns. We ordered the returning officers in a certain number of counties to make no returns till they heard from us, and when we had received the votes of all the southern counties, and learned the precise number of votes we needed to give us a majority, we telegraphed to our northern returning officers to make the vote of their districts such and such, thereby overbalancing the adverse returns, and giving the State to us. This was done; and as I am now Senator, I have a right to suppose that what I did was approved. I am not proud of the transaction, but I would do it again, and worse than that, if I thought it would save this country from disunion. But of course I did not expect Mr Carrington to approve it. I believe he was then carrying out his reform principles by bearing arms against the Government.' . . .

"Carrington had missed his point. The man who has committed a murder for his country is a patriot, and not an assassin, even when he receives a seat in the Senate as his share of the plunder. Women cannot be expected to go behind the motives of the patriot who saves his country and his election in times of revolution."

Here we fear the author discloses unawares the peculiarity of national atmosphere which makes such proceedings possible. The European conscience, however unsound in practice, has not come the length of excusing in theory even murder on the plea of patriotism, unless perhaps in strictly Nihilist society, with the discussions in which we are unacquainted. This is allowed to be an exceptional case; but the scene which follows shows what are the Senator's sentiments on the general subject as to the purification of governmental methods—as well as those of his colleagues—men of high position and authority. The victim is a young Congress-man, inexperienced, and with some enthusiasm, who has devoted himself to the cause of Civil Service reform—"a subject almost as dangerous in political conversation at Washington as slavery itself in old days before the war." The conversation we are about to quote is given as an example of how "the Prairie Giant," . . . "after knocking poor French down, rolled him over and over in the mud."

"Every child in the Union knows that the most famous productions of Connecticut are Yankee notions,—nutmegs of wood, and clocks that won't go. Now your Civil Service reform is just such another Yankee notion: it's a wooden nutmeg; it's a clock with a show case and sham works. And you know it! You are precisely the old-school Connecticut peddler. You have gone about peddling your wooden nutmegs until you have got yourself into Congress, and now you pull them out of your pockets, and not only want us to take them at your own price, but you lecture us on our sins if we don't. Well, we don't mind your doing that at home. Abuse us as much as you like to your constituents; get as many votes as you can; but don't electioneer here, because we know you intimately, and we've all been a little in the wooden nutmeg business ourselves.

"Senator Clinton and Senator Krebs chuckled high approval over this punishment of poor French, which was on the level of their idea of wit. They were all in the nutmeg business, as

Ratcliffe said. The victim tried hard to make head against them. He protested that his nutmegs were genuine—he sold no goods that he did not guarantee,—and that these particular articles were actually guaranteed by the national conventions of both political parties.

"'Then what you want, Mr French, is a common school education. You need a little study of the alphabet: or if you won't believe me, ask my brother Senators here what chance there is for your reform so long as the American citizen is what he is.'

"'You'll not get much comfort in my State, Mr French,' growled the Senator from Pennsylvania, with a sneer; 'suppose you come and try.'

"'Well, well,' said the benevolent Mr Schuyler Clinton, glaring benignantly through his gold spectacles, 'don't be too hard on French. He means well. Perhaps he is not very wise, but he does good. I know more about it than any of you, and I don't deny that the thing is all bad. Only, as Mr Ratcliffe says, the difficulty is in the people, not in us. Go to work on this French, and let us alone.'"

This conversation the ladies enjoy, evidently considering it brilliant and humorous; and though Mrs Lee is a reformer herself, we are told that she could not "blame as she ought" the treatment of the young reformer by his seniors. When, however, Ratcliffe finds the lady necessary to his happiness, and systematically sets himself to win her, he tries a more subtle method, though we do not perhaps find all the novelty in it that the writer intends. When he has schemed and forced himself into office, and made it impossible for the bewildered President to do anything but yield to his demands, he presents himself to Mrs Lee as on the eve of an important political step, and asks her advice. "The President," he tells her, "had laid a trap for him which he could not escape: he must either enter a cabinet constructed on purpose to thwart him, or refuse a friendship which would throw on him the blame of a quarrel, and enable the President to charge all future difficulties to the account of Ratcliffe's 'insatiable ambition.'" "And now, Mrs Lee," he continued, with increasing seriousness of tone, "I want your advice: what shall I do?" In this way, by the pretence of throwing upon her the responsibility of the decision, he succeeds in interesting her mind and imagination to such a degree, that at last scarcely a choice seems left her, and she is on the point of falling into the snare. Before we reach this catastrophe, however, we may quote the following succinct account of the proceedings of the heads of the Executive, when affairs are finally settled by Ratcliffe's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury, while a nameless nominee of his succeeds to the post of Secretary of the Interior:—

"His eyes gleamed still more humorously when a few days afterwards the President gave him a long list of some twoscore names, and asked him to find places for them. He assisted good-naturedly, with a remark that it might be necessary to make a few removals to provide for these cases. 'Oh, well,' said the President, 'I guess there's just about as many as that had ought to go out anyway. These are friends of mine: got to be looked after. Just stuff 'em in somewhere.' Even he felt a little awkward about it, and, to do him justice, this was the last that was heard about the fundamental rule of his administration. Removals became fast and furious, until all Indiana became easy in circumstances. And it was not to be denied that by one means or the other Ratcliffe's friends did come into their fair share of the public money."

After the *coup* has thus been executed, though he still keeps a

watch upon himself until he has also won the lady, the Senator suffers himself to speak with a little more freedom, and Mrs Lee becomes more and more puzzled to know how she is to reconcile the high principles with which she started with the state of affairs around her:—

"Ratcliffe himself, since entering the Treasury, had begun to talk with a sneer of the way in which laws are made, and openly said that he wondered how Government got on at all. Yet he declared still that this particular Government was the highest expression of political thought. Mrs Lee stared at him, and wondered whether he knew what thought was. To her the Government seemed to have less thought in it than one of Sybil's gowns; for if they, like the Government, were monstrously costly, they were at least adapted to their purpose—the parts fitted together, and they were neither awkward nor unwieldy."

We will not linger upon the sketch of the President and his wife as they appeared to the New York ladies, one of whom declares that as good "could be picked up in any corner-grocery between the Lakes and Ohio—and that no inducement should ever make her go near that coarse washerwoman again;" nor on that of the President's reception, the two melancholy figures of the head of the State and his wife standing shaking hands like automatons with the crowds who stream by them, making a tragical impression upon the American women of fashion who had seen other courts, as perhaps it would scarcely do upon an unconcerned British spectator. While Ratcliffe is so successful, however, there are others who do not find the beginning of the new reign at all propitious, among whom is the historian and man of letters, Mr Gore—the sketch of whom looks unpleasantly like a portrait—who, having made himself famous by a history of Spain, had hoped for the ambassadorship to that country. He, however, is one of the disappointed. "The President does not want my services," he says, "and I can't blame him; for if our situations were reversed, I should certainly not want his. He has an Indiana friend who, I am told, wanted to be postmaster at Indianopolis; but as this did not suit the politicians, he was bought off at the exorbitant price of the Spanish mission." We cannot but think that in this respect at least the author is a little over severe, for American men of letters have had a large share in the prizes, so far as foreign missions are concerned,—a larger share than has fallen to their brethren in any other country. But we must not keep the reader from the catastrophe which brings all previous turpitudes to a climax—half kills the delicate searcher into politics, and sends her off humiliated, disappointed, and beaten, to take refuge on other shores and lands where democracy is not yet rampant. Mrs Lee, it must be understood,—who is one of those conquering ladies of American fashion before whom every man who encounters her goes down,—has a suitor of a different sort in the Carrington above referred to, once a Virginian landowner, and actuated by the supposed higher principle of the South. This dangerous rival is pushed by Ratcliffe out of his way into a distant appointment, but before he goes leaves a letter to be given to Mrs Lee when matters become desperate, and her marriage to the Senator cannot otherwise be prevented. When the crisis arrives this letter is given to her. It gives a description of a certain transaction carried out eight years before

by means of a parliamentary agent called Baker, by which the "Inter-Oceanic Mail Steamship Company" got from Congress a subsidy of which it stood in need. The bill for this had been carried through Congress and referred to a committee of the Senate, at the head of which was Senator Ratcliffe. Here occurred a dead stop in its progress, consequent upon which Baker requested from his clients their authorisation "to see what money would do;" "but," he added, "that it would be worse than useless to deal with small sums. Unless at least 100,000 dollars could be employed, it would be better to leave the thing alone." The authority and the credit were immediately given; and within forty-eight hours after their receipt, the bill passed the Senate, Baker handing over to Senator Ratcliffe the hundred thousand dollars. This extraordinary communication falls upon Mrs Lee like a thunderbolt. She had avowed, half smiling, that she had taken the first step in political life, and become uncertain of the difference between right and wrong, but her mind was far as yet from the matter-of-fact criminality of such an operation. Shame and horror and exasperation fill her whole being. That she should have wrought herself up to the point of accepting such a man as her husband—"a man who, if law were the same thing as justice, ought to be in a felon's cell—a man who would take money to betray his trust,"—is insupportable to think of. Then she remembers that she has no right to be angry with Ratcliffe—"he had never deceived her. He had always openly avowed that he knew no code of morals in politics; that if virtue did not answer his purpose he used vice. How could she blame him for acts which he had repeatedly defended in her presence, and with her tacit assent, on principles that warranted this or any other villany?" While her mind is in this state of agitation, the culprit, who is her almost accepted lover, comes confident of receiving the assent which has been already half given. After a little pressing on his part, and an attempt on hers to dismiss him without giving any reason for her change of feeling, Mrs Lee at last hands the Senator the letter which has had so decisive an effect upon her mind. He reads and re-reads it with quiet composure, being perfectly aware from the moment he sees Carrington's signature what the revelation has been—and meeting it with self-possession and courage—"I meant to have told you of that affair myself," he says:—

"'Then it is true?' said Mrs Lee, a little more quickly than she had meant to speak.

"'True in its leading points; untrue in some of its details, and in the impression it creates. During the Presidential election which took place eight years ago last autumn, there was, as you may remember, a violent contest, and a very close vote. We believed (though I was not so prominent in the party then as now) that the result of that election would be almost as important to the nation as the result of the war itself. Our defeat meant that the Government must pass into the blood-stained hands of rebels,—men whose designs were more than doubtful, and who could not, even if their designs had been good, restrain the violence of their followers. In consequence we strained every nerve. Money was freely spent, even to an amount much in excess of our resources. How it was employed I will not say. I do not even know, for I held myself aloof from those details, which fell to the National Central Committee, of which I was not a member. The great point was that a very large sum had been borrowed on pledged securi-

ties, and must be repaid. The members of the National Committee and certain Senators held discussions on this subject, in which I shared. The end was that, towards the close of the session, the head of the Committee, accompanied by two Senators, came to me and told me that I must abandon my opposition to the steamship subsidy. They made no open avowal of their reasons, and I did not press for one. Their declaration, as the responsible heads of the organisation, that certain action on my part was essential to the interests of the party, satisfied me. I did not consider myself at liberty to persist in a mere private opinion in regard to a measure about which I recognised the extreme likelihood of my being in error. I accordingly reported the bill, and voted for it, as did a large majority of the party. Mrs Baker is mistaken in saying the money was paid to me. If it was paid at all, of which I have no knowledge except from this letter, it was paid to the representative of the National Committee. I received no money. I had nothing to do with the money further than as I might draw my own conclusions in regard to the subsequent payment of the Company's debt.'"

It is thus on the score of the public good that the statesman justifies the acceptance of a bribe, as he had previously justified his tampering with the ballot. The cool consciousness of the other strain of opinion which is against such proceedings, and careful construction of a defence evidently prepared and in readiness for any emergency, are curious elements in the explanation. The Senator is not ashamed of his share in the business. He has no doubt in his own mind that party considerations are supreme, and that right and wrong must give way to them. He has little doubt indeed that in the end he will be able to convince a reasonable mind that this is just and right. The perversion of his intellect is complete.

"Mrs Lee listened to all this with intense interest. Not until this moment had she really felt as though she had got to the heart of politics, so that she could, like a physician with his stethoscope, measure the organic disease. Now at last she knew why the pulse beat with such unhealthy irregularity, and why men felt an anxiety which they would not or could not explain. Her interest in the disease overcame her disgust at the foulness of the revelation. To say that the discovery gave her actual pleasure would be doing her injustice, but the excitement of the moment swept away every other sensation. She did not even think of herself; not until afterwards did she fairly grasp the absurdity of Ratcliffe's wish that, in the face of such a story as this, she should still have vanity enough to undertake the reform of politics. And with his aid, too! The audacity of the man would have seemed sublime if she had felt sure that he knew the difference between good and evil—between a lie and the truth. . . . The bystander who looked on at this scene, with a wide knowledge of the facts, might have found entertainment in another view of the subject—that is to say, in the guilelessness of Madeleine Lee. With all her warnings she was yet a mere baby-in-arms in the face of the great politician. She accepted his story as true, and she thought it as bad as possible; but had Mr Ratcliffe's assistant now been present to hear his version of it, they would have looked at each other with a smile of professional pride, and would have roundly sworn that he was beyond a doubt the ablest man this country had ever produced, and would be certain of being President. They would not, however, have told their own side of the story if they could have helped it; but in talking it over among themselves, they might have assumed the facts to have been nearly as follows: that Ratcliffe had dragged them into an enormous expenditure to carry his own State,—with it his own re-election to the Senate: that they had tried to hold him responsible, and he had tried to shirk the responsibility: that there had been various discussions on the subject: that he himself had privately sug-

gested recourse to Baker; had shaped his conduct accordingly, and had compelled them, in order to save their own credit, to receive the money."

We need not quote the impassioned scene that follows, in which the Senator, not only frantic with rejected love, but furious at being balked by the woman whom he had considered as already his own, exerts all his powers to make black look like white, and to convince her that an absolute devotion to the service of the State justifies everything that can be done for it, yet that he himself disapproves of the steps to which a higher duty has compelled him, and that the great mission of "purifying politics" may yet be hers if she becomes his wife. Failing in this, he makes her the dazzling offer of renouncing politics, and accepting the English mission, by which means she might pass four years in London—"where your social position would be the best in the world: and this would lead to the Presidency almost as surely as the other," he adds. When, however, he sees that no argument is of any avail, and is indignantly repulsed at every point, the natural coarseness of the man bursts forth, and he turns upon her with passionate abuse. The lady sweeps out of the room, telling him that in justice he ought to be in a State's prison; and the Senator rushes forth blind with rage, insults old Baron Jacobi whom he meets at the door, and is smartly punished by a stroke across the face from the old Slavonian's cane. Thus the story ends, but not the impression of a moral atmosphere fatally vitiated, from which the only safety of a hopeless minority lies in flight. Mrs Lee adds to her sister's letter, containing an account of what has happened, the following postscript, in which the whole situation is summed up: "The bitterest part of all this horrid story is, that nine out of ten of our countrymen would say I had made a mistake."

Such is the work, which, after a year or two of existence in America, has strayed across the Atlantic with its extraordinary disclosures. We are not aware whether it has produced any profound impression on the native readers, to whom the state of things which it portrays is more familiar than to us. It is possible enough that it may not have done so, for there is no genius in the book, and these revelations, which strike us with dismay, may be commonplace to the refined readers of Boston and New York, who pride themselves on having nothing to do with politics, and consider, as Mrs Lee's friends did, the rulers of their nation at Washington to be "an illiterate swarm of ordinary people," the great officers of State such as could be "picked up in a corner-grocery," and their wives no better than washerwomen. But the English reader is very slow to understand such a state of affairs; and the curious separation of the educated and cultured classes into a sect of elegant Pharisees standing aloof and watching contemptuously or mournfully, as the case may be, the proceedings of the blind masses and their leaders, without political knowledge, experience, or wisdom, floundering at haphazard along their course, is one of the most extraordinary spectacles ever presented to the world. That an aristocracy which, in its day, has reigned imperiously and not well, should, as in France, be reduced to an alarmed and disdainful submission to the new forces with which it cannot cope, is comprehensible. But that in a new world, so short a way

from its beginning, the higher intellectual qualities, the advantages of education and training,—gifts which it was fondly hoped would secure an ascendancy wherever the artificial elevations of rank and birth were withdrawn—should be so hopelessly and evidently pushed out of court, is extraordinary indeed. It is dangerous for a country when the higher and lower classes are out of harmony, whether the power is on one side or the other. But when the intelligence and nobler powers of a nation, overmastered by the multitude, avenge their nullity by withdrawal from public life altogether—by flight sometimes, by disdain always—giving a scornful compulsory obedience to laws they have no share in making, and regarding the proceedings of the rulers whom they despise with angry shame, the natural supposition would be, that things are in a very bad way indeed in that unfortunate land. This is the picture presented to us in 'Democracy.' The reader will perhaps say that America, on the whole, seems to do very well notwithstanding the grumbles of her fine people, and that such a universal sentiment as that which General Garfield's death called forth does not accord with the imbittered or disdainful attitude which we have described. But on the other hand it is universally allowed that corruption has reached an extraordinary development in the freest of free constitutions, and that place-hunting and political jobs are the commonplaces of daily experience. It is not long since we read in an American magazine a short story setting forth the views of a modest and honourable clerk in a public office, who would not vote as he was desired to do, and who lost his place and broke his heart in consequence; so that is not the only occasion on which the subject has been broached in fiction.

There is a whimsical side to the subject, however, and we can scarcely be forbidden to smile at the irony of fate which has made the descendants of those emancipated colonists, who considered themselves to do so fine a thing in casting from them all trammels of rank and inequalities of condition, more sensitive than the purest aristocrats to the roughnesses of the multitude, less able to submit themselves to unrefined company, and in short far more fine, exclusive, and apt to stand on their superiority, than those who have never pretended to abandon such prejudices.

PISCICULTURE: ITS PROGRESS AND UTILITY.

In the opinion of the late Mr Buckland, as well as in that of several other exponents of fishing economy, pisciculture was an adjunct of Chinese civilisation more than three thousand years ago. It is an art, indeed, which is probably as old as civilisation itself; and all we know of fish-culture is very likely founded on knowledge originally derived from persons who dwelt on the banks of the mighty Yang-tsi-Kiang, or other big rivers, centuries ago, and trained their cormorants for the work of fishing. In June 1877, the Chinese Minister then in England visited the museum of fish-culture with the view to an exchange of opinions on the subject of fish-breeding with her Majesty's chief inspector of salmon-fisheries. After explaining through Dr M'Cartney, who acted as interpreter, that the chief table-fishes of China—cuttle-fish excepted—were obtained from the rivers or bred in ponds, his Excellency, by means of a fishing-rod, pointed out to Mr Buckland among the casts of fishes hanging on the walls of his exhibition hall, some which resembled those at present cultivated (and which had been cultivated for many hundred years) in his own country, chiefly fresh-water specimens. Among those identified were the bream, carp, and tench, as also the perch and roach of our own streams, likewise eels and silurus; and among sea and salt-water fish, a species of cod and one member of the flat-fish family. Dr M'Cartney mentioned having been told, while in China, that an acre of water properly cultivated is considered much more valuable than an acre of land! With a population of 450,000,000 persons clamouring for food, fishes which can easily be multiplied are doubtless, among the Chinese as elsewhere, a commissariat resource of much consequence. The various ingenious modes which the Chinese people practise of collecting fish-eggs, and afterwards hatching them, were no doubt prompted by the necessity of increasing the food-resources of an ever-growing population. An active trade in fish-eggs is carried on throughout the Chinese empire, which enables young fish to be reared in paddy-fields in the interior of the country; while Celestial pisciculturists have for ages been in possession of one of the chief secrets pertaining to fish life and growth—namely, a knowledge of the great fact that thousands of infant fish die every year of starvation, from their inability to find food. This has doubtless proved an important factor in so maintaining the supply of fish throughout the rivers of China as to keep pace with the requirements of the population; and it is, moreover, a fact in the economy of our fisheries which cannot be too extensively known, because in all countries the tender fry are often unable to seek their food, so that hundreds of thousands of them perish in consequence. Fish are cheap in China because of the trouble which is taken to rear them, and nothing surprises Chinamen who come to Europe so much as the prices charged for sea and river produce. It is a practice in Chinese pisciculture to watch the periods of spawning of the different fishes, and as the young ones emerge from their shells, to throw yolks of eggs from time to time into the water, by which means an incredible number of young fry are saved from death.

That fish-breeding in general, and various niceties of pisciculture, were well known to the ancient Roman epicures, there is abundant evidence to show. The value of a Roman or Neapolitan gentleman's stock of fish was greater than that of a modern herd of shorthorns. The fish in the ponds of Lucullus were estimated to be worth about £40,000 sterling. In those days there were "mullet millionaires,"—men whose fortunes were invested in mullets. Juvenal refers to the size and value of these fish:—

"Six scanty pounds the mullet weighed,
Six thousand sesterces the wise men paid!"

The mullet of that period (it is not certain, however, that they have been identified with any of the family known to us) were of extreme beauty, and, for a time, were worth their weight in silver. A big mullet in the days of Horace was esteemed as being "a treasure among treasures:" the bigger the fish the greater was its value, because large fish were singularly scarce. It is recorded that a mullet weighing 4 lb. was presented on a particular occasion to the Emperor Tiberius, who ordered it at once to be sent for sale to the public market, where it became the property of Octavius at the price of 5000 sesterces; and during the reign of Caius Asinius, Celer, of consular rank, bought one of these fish for a sum of 8000 sesterces, which amounts in sterling money to about £65. Three times that amount was often paid for a dish of mullet; and large sums were expended in procuring and multiplying these particular fish on the piscicultural plan, which is now quite common, of artificial spawning and protected rearing. One noble Roman is reputed to have expended a fortune in boring a tunnel through a mountain, in order to bring the waters of the sea to his mullet-preserves. C. Hirrius, who dealt in lampreys, cleared nearly £5000 a-year from his lamprey-ponds. Lampreys were in fashion in those days: Cassiodorus gave a slave in exchange for one of these fish. Curious experiments to flavour fish were tried. We have all read of slaves being now and again thrown into the ponds by Vedius Pollis, but food of a still more extraordinary kind was occasionally offered to them. It has been remarked by a popular writer, that "mullet stand pre-eminent in the annals of human luxury, cruelty, and folly; and in connection with them, pains have been taken to hold up the Roman gourmands to the reprobation they really deserve. In their feasts they revelled over the dying mullet while the bright-red colour of health passed through various shades of purple, violet, blue, and white, as life gradually ebbed, and convulsions put an end to the admired spectacle."

Many of the secrets of Italian pisciculture have been lost, but traditions exist of wonderful achievements in the crossing of particular kinds, and of the machinery of their fish-stews, by which carp could be chased from cold into boiling water. It is well known, at any rate, that to entertain his guests a Roman host would cause his mullet to be put in crystal vessels set over a slow fire, so that the spectators might enjoy as an amusement the agonies of the dying animal. Foreign fishes were brought to Italy from the most distant places. Oysters in particular were imported from Britain, to be laid down, perhaps, on the artificial beds constructed by Sergius Orata at Baiæ in the Lucrine Sea; whilst fat carps were carried to Rome all the way from Bohemia, and preserved alive during the journey, the penalty of death being

decreed to slaves who allowed the fish to die by the way. Fortunately for the slaves, carp have never been difficult to keep alive, as they can be transported for long distances with perfect safety among wet weeds or embedded in moss. The flavouring of the fish used in those days was much studied. Many curious stories have been related of the fondness of the Romans for a particular *goût*. Epicures could detect without fail when they were imposed upon by fish which had been improperly fed. The bass (*Labrax lupus*) caught in a particular part of the Tiber were renowned at certain houses, although those who had the privilege of eating them were not informed that they were caught at the mouth of one of the great sewers, where they waxed fat on the disgusting food carried down to them by the flush of water.

We have thought it necessary, before discussing the various phases of modern fish-culture, to give these preliminary details relative to the antiquity of the artificial aid which can be utilised in augmenting our fish-supplies. Since the time, however, when pisciculture was first practised in China or in Italy, the art as now known has been more than once lost and rediscovered. But it is worth mentioning that there is still carried on in Italy an industry of the piscicultural kind which has existed for several consecutive centuries. Eel-breeding in the lagoons of Comacchio is perhaps the most curious of any of the existing phases of pisciculture; and moreover, the particular industry which is there carried on is one from which we, as a people, ought not to be above taking a lesson. Many thousand pounds sterling are annually derived from the eels which ascend from the Adriatic by the Reno and Volano mouths of the river Po, and are detained in the labyrinths of Comacchio till they have grown to a size suitable for the market. The well-grown fat eels of these waters, which have been fed and nursed from the day on which they appeared like so many threads (several hundreds only weigh a few ounces at the period of their ascent from the sea), till they weighed three or four pounds each, are much esteemed throughout Italy for their fine flavour,—fish of various kinds being bred in the lagoons so that the eels may not lack a plentiful supply of good food. The eels are carefully tended, and shifted from place to place, till they become of a size worthy of capture; and the fisher-folks who tend them are as simple and superstitious as most of their brethren on the north-east coast of Scotland. It is a notable fact that a considerable portion of the eels bred in Comacchio are prepared for the market by being cooked—other portions of these fine fish, well cured in various ways, and carefully packed, being forwarded in large quantities to Venice, Naples, Rome, and other cities, during Lent, at which period fish of all kinds are in great demand. No establishment of this kind is to be found in Great Britain; but as eels are abundant, there is nothing to prevent our engaging in a systematic plan of eel-culture.*

It may be as well, before going further, that we should define the word "pisciculture"—in plain English, fish-culture—so as to prevent any mistake as to the nature and scope of this paper. To put the

* "Eels and Eel-Sets," in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for January last, contains much information of an interesting character about the natural and economic history of these curious fishes, and may profitably be again referred to.

case plainly, it may be assumed that pisciculture is the art of increasing our fish-supplies by aiding or supplementing the work of nature. The fecundation or fertilisation of fish is accomplished by the male after the female has voided her eggs, and an opportunity is thus presented for increasing in some measure, the supplies of our more valuable fishes by means of artificial or assisted spawning. Pisciculture, therefore, embraces what may be called protected breeding. The ova of all fishes, as well as the tender fry, when left uncared for, fall a prey to innumerable enemies, besides suffering greatly from their inability to seek their food. It has been found profitable, in the case of some rivers, notably in that of the Tay, to provide a hatching-place for the eggs, as well as to protect and feed the young till they acquire strength sufficient to seek their own food and to defend themselves from their enemies. Pisciculture also deals with the gathering of eggs from the natural spawning-grounds of the fish, as well as the packing and transport of them in safety to distant places, by which means barren rivers, as well as canals and lakes, may either be repopulated or stocked for the first time, and so become more and more valuable.

What is really required in connection with the economy of our food-fisheries is daily being more and more brought home to all who are interested—it is, first of all, to insure the thorough fertilisation of the eggs of the fish, and then their protection from the date of incubation to the period when the tiny animal, fully developed, breaks out of its fragile prison. In these operations may be found the *raison d'être* of pisciculture. The waste of power during the spawning season of all fish is incredible. Of the millions of eggs of the female cod-fish, for instance, probably not three per cent will be properly fecundated; and of those which receive a share of the fertilising milt, thousands fall a prey to other fishes as they float about till hatched.* It is well that nature has endowed most of our fishes with an enormous power of reproduction. A cod-fish of large size, for instance, will have a roe weighing probably from five to nine pounds, and containing on an average six millions of eggs. Were it not so, the animal would speedily become extinct—not because man takes his tribute from the shoals, but because of the devouring instincts of other fishes, which seem to plough "the raging main" with open mouths, ready to engulf every living thing smaller than themselves. The common herring, it has been computed, yields about twenty-five thousand eggs. A plaice has been found with over one hundred and forty thousand. The turbot being perhaps the most prolific of all our fishes, one of these aldermanic delicacies, weighing twenty-three pounds, possessed a roe of five pounds nine ounces, and, according to Buckland, contained a trifle over fourteen millions of eggs! As to the incessant waste of eggs which constantly goes on—in the case of salmon, a comparatively well-protected fish, it has been stated that only one egg of each fifteen hundred voided by the female produces a fish. This statement is probably somewhat exaggerated: but it may certainly be questioned if so many as five out of every

* The eggs of cod-fish, as has been ascertained, do really float on the surface of the water till they are hatched.

hundred eggs of the salmon are hatched; and of the fish produced, probably not more than six or seven per cent ever become fit for table use. Even the most superficial study of the subject shows that this must be so, seeing the nature of the surrounding circumstances, in particular the wide expanse of running water in which the act or acts of fertilisation takes place. The reason, then, of pisciculture, is to grapple at the beginning with this loss. Take care of the eggs, and the fish will take care of themselves. In other words, capture the gravid fish, strip the ripe eggs from the female by gentle pressure on the abdomen, pour over these eggs the life-giving milt of the male fish, and then afford the ova complete protection from their enemies whilst they undergo the necessary transformation. All this being granted, an immense accession to our fish-wealth becomes certain; because, whilst the eggs are wasted in tens of thousands from lack of the impregnating fluid, the young fish are only destroyed in hundreds, so that in all well-arranged piscicultural operations there should be a fair balance to the profit side of the account.

As has been hinted, the great fact of fish-life which gives his cue to the pisciculturist is that which discloses that the eggs of the female are not fertilised till after they drop from the body of the fish. Man has but to imitate nature under more advantageous circumstances than nature herself can always command, to obtain a countless supply of fish-eggs. When, some twenty-five years ago, the piscicultural plan of salmon-rearing was adopted at Stormontfield on the river Tay, under the sanction of the proprietors of that fine salmon-stream, it was believed that the mode adopted there was the only mode that would prove successful—the leading idea of the promoters of the scheme being to imitate nature as closely as possible by ripening the eggs in boxes placed in the open air, and keeping the young fish in ponds till they became smolts. But that plan is not now considered so advantageous as some of the more modern ways of working. It is thought by some whose opinions are worthy of consideration—and by Sir James Gibson-Maitland, of Sauchie, at the present time our foremost worker in practical pisciculture, among others—that instead of keeping the fish till they enter upon the smolt stage of their lives, it is much better to place them in the river a few weeks after being hatched. This is a phase of the question about which there might be some argument, as it is thought that a smolt will be better able to fight the battle of life than a tiny par only a month or two old. At Stormontfield there is only one idea to carry out—namely, to swell the stock of salmon in the river Tay for behoof of the "salmon lairds" of that river, fish not being bred at Stormontfield to be sold to all and sundry; and as the experiments which were commenced on the 23d of November 1853 have cost little and achieved much, they are still carried on. The success is said to have been all along wonderful, although there are persons who doubt it—and with some show of reason; for one thing, such a number of hungry young fish would require a great deal more food than is at present known to be used. It may be assumed, however, if the figures occasionally published are correct, that the Stormontfield breeding-boxes are the means of annually contributing to the river Tay salmon population an addition of about half a million

smolts per annum—well-grown fish, fully armoured in scales, and ready for their first voyage to the sea: *parr* cannot venture into the salt water, as they have no scales. When the Stormontfield salmon-nursery was instituted, the annual rent of the river was assessed at only £9269, but the assessed rental to-day is over £21,000. A portion of that increase in the income of the proprietors is, however, assigned by some critics to a change in the period of fishing, and to improved regulations as to close time. The annual addition of half a million well-grown fish, in addition to the increase of the natural stock of the river, ought to have rendered salmon much more plentiful in the Tay than we know them to have been during the last five years; and with such an important auxiliary to natural production as the Stormontfield breeding-ponds, the rental might well be a third more than we now find it.

It is a feather in the cap of the piscicultural system worthy of being mentioned before going further, that it has aided in the solution of several perplexing problems in the natural history of the salmon—the most puzzling of these being "the parr controversy." To what has been achieved at Stormontfield, anglers and fishery economists are indebted to its being determined beyond all doubt that the little fishes so long known in Scotland as the *parr*, and in England as the *samlet*, are young salmon. This fact had, however, been demonstrated, although not readily believed in, years before the salmon-nursery at Stormontfield was thought of, by Mr Shaw of Drumlanrig, gamekeeper to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. It may be claimed for Scotland that it was a Scotchman who rediscovered pisciculture as an adjunct of natural history, which is somewhat of an honour. The commercial idea of pisciculture in its modern phase is due to a French peasant of the name of Remy. Both these persons, Scotchman and Frenchman, began their work in the most rudimentary fashion, being quite ignorant of the antiquity of pisciculture. They commenced, in fact, by gathering the eggs of the fish from off the spawning-beds and keeping them in a protected place till they were hatched. It should be mentioned, however, that one Jacobi knew and practised pisciculture in Germany about a hundred years before Remy began his fishery work in the Vosges, and evidently knew theoretically, or had by practice found out, all the guiding lines of fish-culture; and Shaw, and Remy who had adopted one Gehin as a fellow-worker, were ultimately compelled to begin at the beginning, and start operations by extracting the spawn from the gravid fish. Remy and his coadjutors in the early work of artificial fish-breeding, were speedily rewarded by the Government of the country for their important discovery, which was promptly turned to practical account. To forward the work which it was seen could be accomplished by means of pisciculture, the great establishment of Huningue was speedily organised. This piscicultural laboratory is well worthy of inspection. It is situated about two miles from Bâle on the Rhine, and is now, of course, a German institution. There can be no doubt that good results have sprung from the example and teachings of Huningue. M. Gauckler, while he was intendant, and his assistants, carried on the work in a systematic and orderly manner, gathering as they went on a multiplicity of statistics and no end of experience for future guidance. The chief business of Huningue under the French *régime*

lay in the receipt of fish-eggs gathered from populous rivers, and in their distribution to places where they were urgently required for the stocking of exhausted waters. One fact of pisciculture was early ascertained at Huningue—namely, that fish-ova newly fertilised or nearly hatched out, could be packed and sent in safety to great distances; a fact which has ever since been largely utilised both in Europe and America, and which has culminated in the acclimatisation of the British salmon at the antipodes!

The ease and safety with which young fish can be transported to great distances has been shown at the successful International Fisheries Exhibition just held at Edinburgh. Not to mention the infantile regiment brought from Howietoun in Stirlingshire, as a contribution to the show, by Sir James Gibson-Maitland, it will form an interesting chapter in the records of this exposition that there were brought all the way from Russia ten thousand fry of a species of the Coregoni (*Coregonus Baeri*), only a very few of which were found to have succumbed to the fatigue of travel or the accidents incidental to so long a journey. The fry were sent in a large glass jar, well corked, a small tube of glass being inserted in the cork to admit air. The transport of these fish is a piscicultural feat of some importance well deserving of a passing notice; and it may be said of the Edinburgh Fishery Exhibition generally, that to those who were able to read them, it presented many valuable lessons pertaining to the economy of our fisheries. If the fishing-gear shown at Edinburgh teaches us as a nation to fish the seas with less waste of fish-life than we have hitherto done, and with greater economy in the use of bait, then the Exhibition will have fulfilled its mission.

The real question at issue, and it is one on which the future of pisciculture depends, is, Can it be made to pay? Like most other questions of the day, the question of fish-rearing has become a breeches-pocket question. We have been more than once stigmatised as "a nation of shopkeepers," and we have become sensible enough to accept the "sneer" as a compliment, and, as if to prove the case, we are making a *business* of fish-culture. What may be termed commercial pisciculture has now been well inaugurated. By "commercial" pisciculture is meant the buying and selling of fish-ova and newly hatched fry, as well as of young fish further on the road to maturity. Hitherto our efforts in pisciculture have usually been in connection with some particular river or lake; now we are provided with more than one independent "concern," prepared to supply to all and sundry newly fecundated fish-eggs, eyed ova, fry, or grown fish of many kinds, suitable for stocking barren lochs or rivers. The newest departure in the art of pisciculture has taken place in Scotland: it is "the Howietoun Fishery," established on his estate of Sauchie, near Stirling, by Sir James Gibson-Maitland, Bart.; and it is no secret that the place has been engineered and laid out by Sir James himself, at an expense, it has been stated, of £12,000. There are other piscicultural establishments of a commercial kind, but the Howietoun fishery is by far the most complete we have yet seen. When all its powers are called into requisition, it will be able to supply eggs or fish of various kinds,—as salmon, common trout, American trout, Loch Leven trout (by far the finest fish of its kind), and sea trout—to the extent of two millions per annum; so that persons desirous of

augmenting their fish-supplies will be able to carry out their plans at a cost which, by the aid of the Howietoun price-current, can be previously calculated. The fertilised ova of the far-famed trout of Loch Leven, for instance, are set down at fifty shillings a quart; eyed ova of the same fish are charged for at the rate of one pound per thousand, whilst the fry costs double that sum. Already a fish commerce of some magnitude has been developed at Howietoun; and it is now, we believe, quite possible to do business there to the extent of three or four thousand pounds per annum. The founder of this fishery has not, however, been actuated by mercenary motives in the ordinary sense. He is an enthusiast in all that concerns our fisheries; and so far, he has been governed, it is understood, by a desire to extend the productive resources of the country, and to show that it is equally possible to cultivate our waters as our lands. Doubtless, if Sir James finds that what he does "pays," in the breeches-pocket sense of the term, that fact will induce him so to perfect and extend his operations as to show that there is practically no limit to our fish-supplies. At Howietoun the eggs are well protected from climatic variations by being hatched under cover, on glass rods in darkened boxes. At Stormontfield, the salmon ova are hatched in the open air in boxes filled with small stones, and are thus exposed to all the weather influences of our severe winters. At Howietoun the temperature of the hatching water is very equable, and seldom varies more than 3° Fahr. during the whole period occupied in hatching, which cannot, of course, be said of hatching in the open air. Still, the success achieved at Stormontfield has been wonderful. The time occupied in hatching varies considerably, but may be stated at from 110 to 140 days. In the spring of 1863, the average of the hatching-time at Stormontfield was 115 days. There are always a very large number of fish in the ponds and breeding-boxes at Howietoun: these are of all sizes, from newly hatched fry to comparative monsters of the deep, weighing, in the case of the Loch Leven trout, from one to three pounds; and there are likewise salmon of tolerable magnitude. The feeding of these finny flocks is a matter of considerable importance at Howietoun. Many tons of clams are brought from the sea by railway, and many an old horse meets its fate in the pastures of Sir James—clams and horse-flesh being at present the chief feeding material of Howietoun, where there are no slaves to throw to the fish as in the days of ancient Rome.

The multiplication of the common trout in many of our streams has become a necessity which gentlemen who own lakes and rivers will in due time be compelled to recognise. Common trout, however, can never at any time, no matter how plentiful they may prove, become an important factor in our commissariat; but trout-catching as a pastime possesses so many attractions, that there will always be found men willing to pay handsomely for permission to fish; so that other men in possession of a "bit of water," will by such means be enabled to obtain a sum of money by way of rent from a portion of their property which might otherwise prove totally unproductive. Again, gentlemen, particularly in Scotland, who let their grouse-moors and deer-forests to sportsmen, generally include the right of fishing also; and it will undoubtedly be to the advantage of

these lairds to see that their streams are rendered attractive by being kept well stocked with fish, which can be accomplished on the piscicultural plan, either by capturing the gravid trout of the home streams and artificially stripping them of their ova, protecting the eggs till they are hatched, and then feeding the young fish till they attain a size at which they will be able to protect themselves; or, what may prove a still better mode, bring supplies of fertilised ova or young fish from quarters where they are now bred for sale. It needs no argument to prove that a well-stocked river or lake must have a better chance of being let at a good rent than a loch or stream which is but scantily furnished with the finny tribe.

In estimating the power of pisciculture as a means of increasing our national wealth by adding to our food-supplies, it must steadily be kept in view that a given extent of water can only feed and breed a given number of fish, just as a field or a farm will only provide natural food for a certain number of sheep or oxen. That being so, it becomes important to consider to which particular fish or group of fishes the pisciculturist (so far as fresh waters are concerned) should direct his attention, so as to obtain a proper return for his expenditure of money and enterprise. Now, if there is one animal which is more suitable for the operations of the pisciculturist than another, it is the salmon (*Salmo salar*). That fish, indeed, seems almost to have been created to be at one and the same time the servant of the naturalist, the practical fisherman, and the public—its value as a food-producing animal in the United Kingdom being about £900,000 per annum in good years, more than half of which amount—a fact not generally known—is for Irish salmon!* It is a fish which attains a large size, and from an early age can be personally "handled" and dealt with. The average weight of the salmon of the period during recent years has not been less over all than about 17 lb.—specimens weighing 70 lb., however, having been captured in the river Tay; while in many of the British salmon-streams the fish run from 24 to 35 lb. The salmon, counting the whole season over, is undoubtedly a very valuable fish, and as such is well worthy of the attention of practical pisciculturists. It yields in all the fish-marts of the three kingdoms a most remunerative price. In the west end of London, when the first-lings of the rivers make their appearance, it is no exaggeration to say that a 35 lb. fish will produce in money some £10 sterling—a large salmon is more valuable, indeed, than a Southdown sheep; and from the beginning of February to the end of September, it may be taken for granted that an average price of not less than 2s. per lb. is paid by the public for the salmon which they consume. From these figures it may be at once deduced that the salmon is a fish which it would be highly profitable to treat piscicultural, providing the means and appliances are at hand for doing so,—that is, first of all, a few of the parent fish to furnish eggs and milt; and secondly, an expanse of water wherein the eggs may be hatched and the young fish protected till they are able to seek their own food and protect them-

* The value of Irish salmon sent to various cities and towns of England in 1880, computed at the rate of 1s. 4d. per lb., was £505,170. We are able to state this fact on the authority of the Irish Fishery Inspectors.

selves from their enemies, which, as has been already hinted, are wonderfully numerous. Many different opinions prevail as to the percentage of salmon-eggs which hatch out under their natural conditions — the figures being variously stated at from 1 in 1500 to 40 in 1000. It is quite certain that the number of eggs which produce fish must be very few, because we know that in such a river as the Tay there ought to be in all probability 25,000 female fish, ranging from 7 to 40 lb. in weight, most of which ought to yield their eggs. Taking it that there will be that number, each on the average yielding 10,000 ova, it would give as many as 250 millions of eggs! The greater proportion of these will, however, escape fecundation, because the rapidly running water speedily dissipates the milt; tens of thousands of the eggs fall a ready prey to numerous active enemies ever on the watch, whilst other thousands perish annually from the accidents of flood and field. Again, the tiny fish newly hatched are devoured in almost countless numbers by their larger congeners, so that as time progresses the 20,000 eggs of a 22-lb. salmon yield but a small percentage of fruit. Under such circumstances it becomes really interesting to know what results would accrue under the piscicultural plan of assisted spawning, protected hatching, and feeding of the fry. It is now known beyond dispute that it is quite possible to fecundate and hatch a hundred salmon-eggs with the slightest degree of loss that can be conceived —under favourable circumstances, not seven per cent; and by feeding the young fry for a year, it is tolerably certain that when given their freedom they will be able enough to escape many of their enemies, and also to find their own food. When as smolts they proceed to the sea, they are made to pay a heavy tribute to the monsters of the deep which are instinctively waiting their arrival; but as by the protection which has been afforded, the number which seek the salt water would be immeasurably greater, so the percentage which escapes the massacre is correspondingly increased. It is not assuming too much to say that, by means of the piscicultural system, the salmon-producing power of every suitable water might be increased to the extent of one-half what it now is. I learn it is in contemplation to throw into the tributaries of the Firth of Forth one million fry every year, which will be hatched by Sir James Gibson-Maitland at his Howietoun fishery. Should such an augmentation of the salmon-producing power of the Forth be successfully made, the fish-supply of that river and its tributaries ought to be doubled at least in the course of the next four years. At all events, it will be curious to watch the progress of the experiment, and to note how far it affects the supply and market-price of the salmon. The cost of procuring and hatching the eggs will not amount probably to more than £50 or £60 sterling, as the fish will be added to the river in about three weeks after being hatched.

As a field of labour for the pisciculturist, the sea presents a boundless expanse; and there can be no doubt that its estuaries and its firths and bays might be so developed by means of artificial spawning and protected breeding, as to admit of considerable additions to the natural produce of our more valuable food-fishes, such as turbot, cod, and mackerel. It is true that our knowledge of fish-life is at present very imperfect, but our ignorance is being daily dis-

pelled; and in the carrying out of any scheme of pisciculture dealing with our sea-fish, no matter how defective it may be at its inception, such an increase of our knowledge would be obtained as would of itself repay the expenditure of a considerable sum of money. It is at once obvious, however, that any scheme of magnitude for the cultivation of our sea-fisheries on a well-defined and systematic plan must be the work of the Government acting for the nation—no individual, no company, should be asked to undertake a task of such magnitude. Moreover, our sea-fish of all kinds are no man's property, or rather they are every man's property, as every fisherman in the kingdom is free to dip his nets in the water and take all the fish he can find. The day will certainly come when piscicultural operations of great magnitude for the augmentation of our supplies of sea-fish will be entered upon; and whatever tends in the meantime to direct attention to this necessity of the future, however humble the offering may be, should be valued as paving the way to the instruction of public opinion on the subject. Any scheme for augmenting, and consequently cheapening the daily food of a great nation, is well worthy of consideration. As regards the practicability of indefinitely multiplying our larger sea-fishes there need be no doubt. Our supplies of cod-fish, for instance, are chiefly taken alive, and living cod-fish are to be seen at all seasons of the year in perforated boxes in the harbour of Great Grimsby. If, then, these fish can be taken alive for market purposes, they can of course be captured in the same manner in order to obtain their ova for the purposes of pisciculture. A very few cod-fish would be sufficient to stock a sea-fish pond of 10,000 acres, if such a space of well-protected water could be enclosed and turned into a fish farm. Under natural conditions, probably not more than two per cent of the eggs of a cod-fish will ever come to life, and only a small percentage of those which are actually hatched ever come to breeding maturity, such is the terrible and increasing waste of life in the ravening deep. If, then, by some piscicultural process even a fourth of the eggs of a cod-fish could be nursed into life, and one-half of the fish so obtained could be brought up to a marketable size, our supplies of food would be enormously increased, and the comforts of the people be correspondingly enhanced. Granted that a cod-fish of average size contains four millions of ova, one million of which is successfully hatched, and that half of the number attains, say, a weight of 10 lb. each, and are sold at the rate of 3d. per lb., or half-a-crown each, we obtain for the lot (the produce, be it remembered, of only one mother-fish) a sum of £62,500! A series of such figures might easily be compiled; and it seems certain enough, even at a first glance, that any well-devised project for the culture of sea-fish, carefully carried out, would produce a very large return. If Government could be persuaded to organise half-a-dozen piscicultural stations in as many districts of the country, each station being capable of hatching, say, two millions of eggs of the cod or other fish, the expense, if that were necessary, might easily be recouped by the exaction of a small sum by way of licence from those engaged in the fishery, or by the laying on of a tithe of small amount on the weight of fish caught—say, for instance, at the rate of sixpence per hundredweight. If there are two hundred thousand men engaged in our fish-

eries, a tax of half-a-guinea ahead per annum for a certificate to fish would yield, in all probability a sum sufficient for the interest of capital expended and for the current expenditure as well. With regard to the smaller kinds of sea-fish, it is not necessary that the pisciculture of these should be entered upon. The herring, for instance, is a difficult fish to handle, and judging from recent *takes*, is sufficiently abundant when sought for at the right season and in its proper haunts. In 1880 the number of barrels of herrings "cured" in Scotland numbered 1,473,600, which is the greatest number yet recorded. If each barrel contained 800 fish, the total number of herrings cured would be represented by the following figures,—1,178,780,000! The mackerel is a fish that may be found on trial to be suitable for artificial breeding, and probably the sole and the haddock may also be adapted to the processes of pisciculture. There can, at all events, be no harm in trying the experiment. In any grand plan for the augmentation of our fish-supplies, it must, however, be borne in mind, that as fishes are multiplied, so must their food-resources be increased; and if, therefore, any plan of adding a couple of millions of cod-fish per annum to our commissariat should ever be matured, it will be absolutely necessary to grow herrings or some other small fish on a corresponding scale of magnitude to feed them with. Without providing the necessary increase of their food, it would certainly be labour in vain to add to their number.

In order to find out that example is better than precept, we must look across the great Atlantic Ocean, for they seem to manage these things better in America than we do at home, and to be able not only to breed salmon on a gigantic scale, but to apply pisciculture to sea-fish as well; and if the enterprising inhabitants of the United States are able to teach us the way we should go in adding, by means of pisciculture, to our national wealth, why should we not accept the lesson? During the spawning season of 1878, the latest of which we have any official statistics, as many as fourteen millions of eggs of the *quinnat* or Californian salmon were procured, and as many as eighteen millions of ova might have been obtained from the M'Cloud River station! In collecting the eggs, "thousands" of salmon were often taken at one haul of the nets; and it may be asked, if salmon were thus numerous, why is it necessary to resort to artificial spawning? In answer to that question, it has to be stated that the eggs were extensively distributed to rivers in other parts of America, whilst large numbers were sent to Germany, England, and other places in Europe; and, in fact, the salmon are numerous because of the pains taken to keep up the stock by a constant supply of immense quantities of fry hatched under protection. We have no idea in England of the fertility of such rivers as the M'Cloud and the Columbia, which for the last ten years have been furnishing all the world with "tinned salmon." In the matter of the pisciculture of sea-fish, the Americans have solved the problem of aiding the supplies of the rivers, bays, and seas, by hatching shad and herring, not in thousands, but in millions! Excellent machinery of all kinds has been devised, with the result of adding very largely to the stock of fish and to the national wealth. The Americans deserve credit for their inventiveness in many things, and particularly in the arts of pisciculture; they

have proved equal to the occasion of breeding several kinds of sea-fish, the eggs of which require very different treatment from those of the salmon or fresh-water trout. The eggs of the shad, for instance, float *in* the water, whilst the eggs of the cod-fish float *on* the water; and appropriate apparatus have been invented by fish-culturists in the United States in which to hatch the eggs of both of these fishes. These, although simple enough in appearance, are ingenious, and fulfil the purposes required of them to admiration. In one case the eggs are hatched in a machine which is semi-rotatory, but keeps the eggs always afloat; in the other, the ova are kept submerged in a cone, into which the water flows from the bottom. It is creditable to the American experts in fishery economy that they have succeeded in hatching the eggs of the cod-fish—a very difficult problem indeed. At no distant date, if our supplies of sea-fish are to be kept up at a rate commensurate to the constantly increasing demand, pisciculture, as we have suggested, must be resorted to, and our Parliament will have to take an example from Congress, and vote a sum of money from the national funds, first of all for a series of initiatory experiments, and ultimately for the prosecution of the work in real earnest and in continuity. All the practical difficulties incidental to the spawning and hatching of sea-fish in America have been overcome; and the work being carried on in floating barges and other vessels fitted with very simple hatching-gear, the results are, that in many places the fishermen have been able to report a large increase in the capture of shad and other fishes.

Some of the crustacean delicacies of the table seem to have been designed by nature for piscicultural handling; but so far as is known to the writer, no development of lobster or cray-fish breeding on the artificial system has yet been attempted. Store-ponds have long been in use for the keeping of market supplies, and it is somewhat remarkable that none of the crustaceans have been bred in these or other ponds, as the business, if carefully gone about, would in all likelihood prove very remunerative. Some reference may be made here to a kindred branch of the art—namely, to the great developments in "oyster farming," which have, during the last twenty-five years, become a feature of French maritime industry. The oyster-fisheries of the Basin of Arcachon have flourished with more or less success for three centuries, their greatest successes having been achieved during the last twenty-five years, within which period they have furnished millions of oysters annually, both for immediate consumption and for the stocking of *parcs* and *clares* on other parts of the French coast, where numerous "oyster industries" are to be found on a small scale, most of them being so restricted in their dimensions as to be capable of being farmed by members of a family. Great care is taken to ward off enemies, and to keep the bivalves free from inflows of mud or any matter that might prove deleterious to the success of the *parc* or *clare*. By giving constant attention, as one may put it, to every individual tenant of the ground, considerable sums of money are every year earned by these French oyster-farmers, and in the aggregate the sum of money obtained in France by the cultivation of oysters amounts to several millions of francs. What the French can do in the way of oyster-farming we ought to be able to do; there are thousands of acres of our Eng-

lish foreshores which might be profitably utilised as oyster-beds, both on a large and small scale. The well-known oyster-beds of Whitstable may be said to be a result of "pisciculture"—they are carefully *worked* on a systematic plan, and in some seasons have proved enormously profitable. There are other private oyster-layings in various parts of England which have likewise proved successful; and with oysters selling at the present date at from £10 to £12 per bushel, a wonderful field is presented for enterprise in this particular branch of pisciculture—more especially when it is borne in mind that the spat of one oyster is sufficient to seed one acre of ground! While treating of fish-culture generally, it is right to refer to an aspect of fishing economy which is yearly becoming more important, and deserves greater consideration than it has yet received—it is the bait question. At the present time, tons of mussels are being annually used for baiting the cod-lines, and tons upon tons of these useful molluscs have been used for the last hundred years. Mussels, in consequence, are scarce, and in some places the free natural scalps have long since been exhausted, because of the terrible depletion which has taken place. Now in France, at a place near La Rochelle in the Bay of Aiguillon, they cultivate mussels on a systematic plan, and make money by doing so. It would undoubtedly be worth the while of our fishermen to do likewise, seeing the difficulty there now is in finding bait, and the large sums of money which require to be expended for it. A few protected mussel-farms in the neighbourhood of any local bait-bed, would accomplish the work. When it is stated that each deep-sea fishing-line requires about 1200 mussels to bait it, that some boats carry ten such lines, and that there are hundreds of boats always at work, the importance of the mussel-supply at once becomes obvious. As both the oyster and the mussel can be handled and dealt with individually, their cultivation is likely in the future to prove a great source of profit to all who enter upon it with knowledge and zeal, and who are prepared to labour at the work and to face difficulties in an undaunted spirit.

It has frequently been said that all sorts of schemes can be made to appear attractive "on paper," and it may be that a scheme for the promotion of pisciculture as a source of national wealth will, when it comes to be tested, look better in theory than in practice. There are many, also, too sanguine in their anticipations as to the benefits which might accrue from systematic fish-culture, and it is at all times well to bear in mind that "all is not gold that glitters." On the other hand, it may as a rule be safely affirmed, that what can be done on a small scale can also be accomplished on a large scale; so that in the fact of what has been achieved in fish-breeding at the Stormontfield salmon-nursery and at Howietoun, as well as other places both in Great Britain and on the Continent, we have a foundation on which may be built a piscicultural edifice of commanding proportions, capable of doing a great work. It would also be easy to show that the Stormontfield ponds and breeding-boxes might by a slight enlargement be made to turn out a million or even two millions of young fish per annum, which would afford excellent interest for the capital invested and the labour employed. It would be vain, however, to expect, with our present comparatively limited knowledge of the capabilities of fish-culture, that

a piscicultural effort of the kind indicated could be organised in a day or even a year. To plan and carry into effect any large scheme of pisciculture, requires accurate knowledge, and all the resources that can be supplied by abundant capital. In the fact of the fertilisation of fish-eggs being an external act, there is presented an opportunity, time and place being duly settled, for a positively enormous increase of our fish-food; but in devising and carrying out any particular plan, it must be steadily kept in mind that it must pay. In our commercial country the breeches-pocket view of the question is far too important to be ignored. Enthusiasm is at all times a virtue to be commended and encouraged; but pisciculturists who see in their mind's eye an enormous and easily obtained addition to the national commissariat, must temper their zeal with a due modicum of discretion: to add even a fourth to our present supplies of salmon and sea-fish must be the work of years of thought and labour.

With regard to the acclimatisation of other fishes, either in our own or other countries, the subject is of such importance as to deserve separate discussion; and in the matter of "crossing" there is also much to be said. Crossing ought occasionally to be practised as a means of fortifying breeds. It is well known that a Tay salmon never seeks an entrance into Tweed, nor do the salmon of one river, as a rule, seek to approach other rivers; but the effect of a cross might be tried—it could do no harm, and might counteract some of the evils incident to "inbreeding," to which, in some degree, must be ascribed certain features of the mysterious malady which has recently attacked the salmon of two or three of our streams.

It will be gathered from what has been said in the preceding remarks, that we are in favour of all the efforts that can possibly be made, no matter what shape they may assume, to augment our stores of fish-food. What might be done in the way of salmon-culture has been hinted at, and there are over a hundred rivers in the United Kingdom which might be made populous with these fine fish. The income from salmon is scarcely a million per annum for the three kingdoms, to which Ireland is the largest contributor,—the value of the salmon obtained in the Irish rivers being, as we have shown, as much as the value of the salmon of England and Scotland added together. To say that by care and cultivation, with the advantages derived from "pure streams"—that is, rivers divested of their contributories of filth—our salmon wealth might be doubled, is not in the nature of "a dream of the future," but is rather a presentiment of what may some day be realised. With reference to the continued and systematic pollution of many of our finest streams of water, is it not time that something definite should be done? It is well known that much of the "polluting stuff," as Buckland called it, "is matter in the wrong place;" and that it could be utilised and be made valuable instead of being run into our finest rivers, destroying the fish, and helping to undermine the health of those living upon their banks. Some interesting results in the way of filtering and purifying contaminated waters, and of obtaining from them a valuable residuum, are shown in the Fishery Exhibition at Edinburgh. Believing in what we saw there, we are altogether surprised that offenders have not long since been more firmly dealt with, and that the

nuisance has not been abated at once and for all time coming. When proper machinery for the pisciculture of sea-fish has been acquired, and a mode of operating agreed upon, great benefits must result to the community. As has been already stated in a previous page, the fish of the sea are free to all—a circumstance which has hitherto been a dangerous factor in the economy of our fisheries: men fish at all seasons of the year, and capture and carry to market cod and haddocks which are big with spawn. The natural waste of fish-life is enormous; but when man steps in and multiplies the figures by means of his operations, who can predict what the end will be? That the protected hatching of the eggs—either in ponds of sea-water specially constructed, or in vessels fitted up for the purpose with the necessary apparatus—might prove a remedy for the depletion of the shoals which is constantly going on, is exceedingly probable. And that Government should provide the ways and means is a foregone conclusion: it is the people who are interested in the question of cheap food, and it is the people who must pay whatever infinitesimal tax may be imposed for piscicultural purposes. If an additional twenty-five million pounds weight of fish-food could be obtained per annum, it would, at the rate of twopence per pound weight, represent a sum of over £200,000 a-year; and in dealing with the fish of the sea, an augmentation of the capture of at least twice that amount might result under an active piscicultural agency. Taking all the premises into consideration, who will gainsay that pisciculture may not in time come to be looked upon as a very considerable source of national wealth?

THE STATE OF ART IN ENGLAND.

We have heard of late years such superlative praises of the Revival of Art, that the suspicion may arise whether the bright picture is not too highly coloured, and whether the pleasing prospects are not a little too good to be quite true. It must be confessed that some at least of the promises of the improvements which were to follow the enthronement of the Royal Academy in Burlington House have not been realised. The preponderance of mediocrity, especially on the line, is unhappily now about as great as before. Our public monuments likewise continue a national disgrace, as witness conspicuously that abortion of Art cliques and City jobs, the Memorial to Temple Bar. And then, if we turn from the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, to the subsidiary arts applied to the uses of daily life, the undoubted advance is not quite a march of triumph. Old Queen Anne, whose buxom effigy in St Paul's Churchyard had been long neglected, now inspires our architectural and decorative schools, and even milliners are told to take a pattern from her mantle. As a significant sign of the times, ladies lead movements: they regenerate costume, sometimes for simplicity reverting to elementary types which recall the Garden of Eden; or, by way of improving taste and purifying morals, classic robes are designed worthy of Aspasia or Phryne; or, as still better suited to the aspirations of æsthetic souls, austere raiments are devised after medieval types, taking for samples the sacred sacks in which old saints did penance! We believe it is accounted a privilege to live in an age, or to move in a circle, where all styles strive and all talents are on the stretch to do something extraordinary in art for the higher civilisation of the world. Architects, poets, even Masters of Arts in our learned universities, deem it not derogatory to design paper-hangings, carpets, couches, and crockery; connoisseurs grow cunning about china; even men of sense rave over lilies, sunflowers, and daisies; while ladies of a certain age, with the graceful angularity of martyrdom, recline on sofas rigid as the rack! It is no doubt very fine that professors should deliver lectures on beauty, that pupils of both sexes should draw from semi-nude models, that pictures should be perfected at the rate of ten thousand a-year; and yet we venture to pause for a moment to inquire whether, after all, "the state of art in England" can be accounted quite sound and satisfactory.

The causes and agencies which brought destruction to the old schools and created the new are pretty well known. It is a worn-out story how our modern pre-Raphaelite brethren, differing among themselves, were at all events agreed that art for three centuries had been going altogether wrong, and that they were the chosen instruments to set the world right. It may readily be conceded that in their day and generation they effected some good; but in the long-run they diverged so widely asunder, that not two of their number now walk in the same path. The lawless liberty thus enjoyed, though possibly pleasing, proves not a little perplexing, at least to the outside multitude, who look in vain for safe guidance or some trustworthy authority. The stu-

dent who, obedient to instructions, has turned from Raphael and Michael Angelo as apostates, finds himself in painful dilemma if compelled to make election between Mr Millais and Mr Holman Hunt: no two poles can lie farther asunder—the path that conducts to the one must lead far away from the other. And who shall say which of the two is nearer the truth? If from the living the student turn to the dead, he will find it equally hard to escape blame; for Goldsmith's golden maxim, to praise Pietro Perugino, has long grown obsolete. The favourite method now is, to disinter the oldest unknown artist, and then invest him with highest attributes. And if next the appeal be made to nature, it may be feared that no two sketch-books will bring away the same record. At this distressing juncture, possibly a critic is called for, when happily 'Modern Painters' appear! Here at last come words of wisdom! Yet, unfortunately, the discovery soon dawns that the prophet's orbit lies not among the fixed stars, but with eccentric comets and wild meteors—indeed the whole sky blazes with strange fires. Evidently the certitude attaching to scientific calculation is altogether out of the question; in fact, the writer's whereabouts becomes wholly conjectural, and the amazement waxes when the oracle announces that his meaning can be guessed only after a threefold contradiction! That much more of such sublimity lies not even one step from the ridiculous, becomes of much less consequence than that the teaching proves most disastrous. Many minds thus misguided have been absolutely ruined, while young artists of aspiration and promise, casting away the old charts and compasses, have suffered shipwreck. Eloquent rhapsodies or tirades touching Turner or Claude, gorgeous word-pictures of cloud-land, may be in the way of fine writing, but they lie assuredly in the sure road of bad painting. Such is the brilliant career by which ardent aspirants are conducted to childish inanity. These are the subtle literary processes whereby the law and order of the olden days have been turned to confusion, and art creation reduced to the many novel forms of chaos. Such, in brief, are the successive stages by which English art has reached its present anomalous condition.

The grave losses sustained by our British school may be brought to remembrance by a glance over the past catalogues of the Royal Academy. In 1851, the year in which the Great International Exhibition gave to English art a distinguished position among the nations of Europe, the Royal Academy was strong in the works of Creswick, Dyce, Danby, Watson Gordon, Leslie, Mulready, Maclise, John Phillip, Poole, David Roberts, Webster, Stanfield, not to mention others, who leave gaps which, judging from present appearances, will never be filled up. And scarcely to a prior day belong Callcott, Collins, Etty, and Turner, making together a bright galaxy, compared to which the annual Academy now appears but a time of twilight. These great men of the generation just passed away were for the most part distinguished by merits which it has become the fashion to decry. They showed large comprehension, intellectual grasp, imaginative range, dramatic variety and vigour; their style and touch were bold, broad, sometimes scenic. Moreover, the themes to which they inclined were historic, poetic; and when the sphere was domestic, the treatment usually relieved the picture from commonplace. Such large-minded artists

often chose subjects which concerned the affairs of nations,—the page of the historian was searched for incidents: their compositions were deliberately planned for a place in the Parliament House.

The poets also fired the fancy of these great painters with beauty and romance. "The Song of the Troubadours," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Undine," "Ulysses and the Sirens," "Hylas and the Nymphs," "Youth and Pleasure," are creations of imagination and passion to which, unfortunately, the prosaic and literal art of to-day is a stranger. In the humbler walks of naturalism, scenes of daily life were so handled as to escape vulgarity; rags and dirt did not enter into the Academy, — common nature rose ennobled in motive and transformed by beauty. Art took inspiration from literature: Leslie and Mulready were well read in Pope, Addison, and Goldsmith; and thus such pictures as "The Rape of the Lock," "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Burchell and Sophia," and "Choosing the Wedding Gown" rank side by side with the English classics. In like manner landscape, under the poetic eye, losing prosaic crudity, embodied the best thoughts of nature: Turner painted the vision of the mind; and "Ancient Italy," "Palestrina," and "The Bay of Baiæ" live as things of beauty, and rank among the rarest works of imagination. Stanfield and Roberts, differing widely from Turner, were yet bold in generalisation: they had the power of evoking from nature the indwelling picture; their faculty was for scenic effect; they delivered themselves as rhetoricians in art; they had a rapid facility of utterance, pleasing and persuasive. Such pictures kindle a popular enthusiasm never aroused by the photographic and mechanical products of later days. In fine, the verdict we venture to pronounce is, that the Royal Academy reached a culminating-point about a quarter of a century ago, and that since that time it has suffered steady and continuous decline.

The causes which conduced to this climax are not difficult to discover. The English school was hardly in existence three-quarters of a century before, and three generations were not more than sufficient to establish the truths which should give it vitality. Reynolds had to begin at the very beginning: he himself declares that he found English art in the lowest depths. He studied in Italy, and others following the good example, strove to build a new art on the foundations laid by the old masters. Flaxman in Rome formed a style on the classic not surpassed in modern times for purity and beauty; and Wyatt and Gibson, following in the same steps, proved that English sculptors need not fear comparison with Canova or Thorwaldsen. The new school rose superior to mere manual skill; it was the growth of the reason and the imagination: the lectures of Reynolds, even as literary products, came as a surprise among trained men such as Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Sheridan. Other Academy lecturers followed; and Barry, Opie, Fuseli, and Flaxman, each in turn proved how thoroughly had been mastered the essential principles of composition, light, shade, and colour.

The English ground on which this good seed fell, bore, as we have seen, fruit abundantly. But what were the processes and conditions of this growth? The seed proved good because it came of a sound old stock—not tares growing wild by the wayside, but rare germs long and carefully nurtured. The new-born art did not spring from the

soil as a weed, nor come as an idle truant on the earth: though new, it was grafted on the old; though dressed in modern garb, it was of ancient type. Reynolds did not presume to find a novel way; he trod humbly in the path of great forerunners. His real aim was to rediscover forgotten truths, and to revive a lost art. In England at that time but little was known; everything had to be learnt afresh; and so, naturally, recourse was had to the greatest works which had descended to modern days. The grammar of art was written in history, but to spell it out became a matter of time and thought; indeed the difficulties encountered by English pioneers can hardly be fully estimated. But at length, in the course of two or three generations, as we have said, the principles were, with some degree of accuracy, ascertained whereby Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other of the great artists, constructed their immortal works. And now let us remark that our native school did not rise by innovation or revolution; on the contrary, it remained for the greater part of a century strictly conservative. Thus it progressed, slowly yet surely, in the reverent belief that in the olden times was laid up a rich storehouse of knowledge—that in centuries long past lived painters, sculptors, and architects who understood nature and had mastered art. Such was the faith which made our English School: the reversal of this teaching has marred it.

The subversion of the law and order once subsisting in English art was followed by even worse results than could have been feared. Every youth, just at the time when he should have been subjected to stern authority, became a law unto himself—taking, possibly, as his motto: It is the prerogative of genius to transcend law! We have seen, in Government schools of art, designs by pupils, overleaping all precedent, and dashing into boldest originality; in fact, mere reckless leaps in the dark. Scraps had been taken from nature, and fragments stolen from historic works, and the compound was comparable to certain jargons found among semi-savages who mix up their native tongues with the foreign languages chance throws in their way.

Analogous abortions may be pointed to in the public streets of most of our towns. Architecture has doubtless seen a signal revival, but the good work all follows the old lines: it comes strictly as a revival of the best historic periods, and is usually beautiful just in proportion as it is true to precedent. The men who have deservedly acquired great names — such as Gilbert Scott and Edmund Street —were archæologists as well as artists; they became well versed in historic styles both at home and abroad, and what they originated as new was conceived in the spirit of what was old. Street's Law Courts in the Strand, and Scott's Midland Railway Station at St Pancras, together with numberless churches throughout the country, are thoroughly mature studies—not undigested incoherent masses, but homogeneous creations, adapting ancient forms to modern uses.

But when we turn to men of inferior calibre and lesser learning, we at once come into painful encounter with the works which disfigure our cities as so many laughing-stocks. Most of us have numbered among acquaintances young men — tasteful, well-meaning, ambitious — who in pupilage turned their heads over 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture.' When the term of office-training ended, they set out on usual Continental travels

with 'The Stones of Venice' as ballast in their portmanteaus. They visited Chartres, Amiens, Verona, Venice—but not Vicenza, as Palladio is not to be thought of. Notes were of course made everywhere; and so, after a delightful scamper of a few months, with pocket-books and portfolios well stored with sketches and photographs, they return home, put a brass plate on the door, and as architects commence practice forthwith. Their presence soon makes itself felt, especially if they settle in the provinces. We have ourselves observed their progress. Speedily the public eye is startled with an apparition from the Grand Canal, just an idea caught from a gondola, with an original notion added to fit the structure into the nineteenth century. Democratic halls arise more hideous and alarming than the oratory; also warehouses and streets of shops. From Florence was brought a drawing of a palatial belvedere commanding a view of the Boboli Gardens. A large store in a narrow street has to be built, and something showy is wanted, so a façade is thrown up, massive Lombardic at the basement, with a suspicion of Gothic intervening by way of variety in the middle storey, the whole finally crowned with the aforesaid belvedere, though there is nothing on earth to be seen save roof-tops and chimney-pots. The design has no more cohesion than the miscellaneous jottings in a traveller's diary. But the discursive architect remembered somewhere in the pages of a great critic to have met with the sentiment that man's labour on earth should ever be a work of joy; so without trammels of any sort, he wished, he said, to give expression to his feelings — thus the façade rose, and unfortunately still stands a labour of love. Such architects —and they are to be counted by tens and hundreds—lacking in their minds solid foundations, are out of character with monumental works; their thoughts do not accord with stable stone or marble, but are loosely writ as in water. Men of these ephemeral fancies and incongruous historic memories are of course wholly mistaken as architects —perhaps they might find some vocation as novelists for circulating libraries.

And if we turn to the art of painting, we shall equally find that during the last quarter of a century the old landmarks have been removed, and that divers winds of doctrine have driven men hither and thither in search of something new and strange. It is true that the law of action and reaction holds good in the sphere of art as in the world of politics: the mind tires of sameness and wearies of stagnation, and therefore change is but the condition of life; only let the care be that the change shall secure progress, not bring retrogression. Thirty years ago, when the established routine had been set at naught, a blind rush was made from the clear daylight of modernism into the darkness of the middle ages. Probably the servile allegiance of Reynolds to Michael Angelo might have been forgiven, but his devotion to the Caracci and the school of Bologna was not without reason accounted false criticism. Certainly more searching studies of art history had brought out of comparative obscurity earlier masters; and the Italian schools of the sixteenth century were, with advantage, traced back to their fountain-head two or three hundred years before. Like critical inquiry was fitly brought to bear on classic art, and so within living memory we have seen the worship of the Apollo Belvedere transferred to

"The Theseus" and "The Fates" of Phidias. Accordingly, the pre-Phidian age won its votaries, just as the pre-Raphaelite period had its disciples. Now all this was for the most part legitimate and sound, and men of capacity to carry the whole history of art in the hollow of the hand could hold an even balance. There can be no question that the vast stores of archæology amassed in the museums of Europe give advantages to artists never possessed before. A historic accuracy simply impossible to Raphael, is, we all know, within reach of every student in the Royal Academy.

But the result of having thus placed at the disposal of the painter three or more thousand years of archæological riches and rubbish proved, as might have been surmised, not a little confounding. Let any one curious or sceptical walk into the Grosvenor Gallery—"greenery-yallery,"—there almost at all seasons will he find a mixed medley of styles—classic, medieval, and modern: he may easily encounter an antique torso furnished with the head of a living railway navvy, or the trunk of Hercules pieced out by the limbs of the beggar Lazarus! Behold the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition, which long had acted dummy, galvanised to life again. Sensation and action are by Mr Alma-Tadema once more thrown into that hand which

"Hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh glass to glass,
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat."

But for petrified sensation and palsied action the middle ages are pictorially the most prolific. Starved saints preach on canvas edifying homilies; lank, rigid, austere figures, taken from old Umbrian panels, furnish the teaching specially needed in this age of luxury, when even æsthetes occasionally grow fat! Among the many painters devoted to such mystic medievalism, merging into much besides which heaven only knows, Mr Burne Jones is accounted supreme expert. No artist is gifted with an imagination of greater fertility, and he possibly has created even more than he has borrowed. We offer to him respectful homage; but how shall we approach second and third class aspirants—the imitators of an imitation? The pity is, that the majority of such revivalists—whether classic or medieval—are without requisite knowledge: their studies in historic art have been hasty and superficial; they devour but do not digest; they cram but cannot assimilate. Mr Stanhope, however, in such compositions as "Lethe," the stream of forgetfulness, may be counted among favourable exceptions. In unhappy contrast come designs thickly peopled by other hands, wherein not a single figure is rightly studied or understood.

How different was the practice of John Gibson in Rome! We remember the time when one figure sufficed this great classic revivalist for a whole winter, so thorough was his process of maturing. His Venus, Pandora, and Cupid, seen in 1862 in London at the International Exhibition, were studied almost to fastidious excess in every line and detail. And turning to medieval revivalists, we point, in contrast with hasty crudities in England, to the slowly and surely elaborated drawings we were accustomed twenty and thirty years ago to see in the Roman studio of Overbeck. This, the foremost artist of "the new-old school," would ponder over one elaborate composition for five or even for ten consecutive years. The problems to be solved were hard and complex: how to reconcile "the

new" with "the old;" how to combine the life of actual nature with traditional types and treatments. We do not pretend that the result was wholly satisfactory: all we say is, that complex pictorial problems, which necessarily underlie all sound revivals, have scarcely received a thought here in England.

The science of composition, the mental processes by which high generic types are evolved from the individual model, and the real by inductive reasoning becomes stamped with the ideal—these, some of the conditions to the birth of high art, still here remain in a state of comparative infancy. And so little are the general public alive to the exigencies, that achievements all but childish are greeted with astonishment and gratitude. We remember an occasion when our attention was triumphantly directed to a certain foot and ankle: the form was eminently artistic, but unfortunately it was nothing else than a servile copy of an attitude which Perugino and Raphael, by sundry repetitions, had made trite three hundred years ago. As for draperies, they are borrowed by our modern medievalists wholesale and without discrimination; but the plagiarism often falls into a parody—the garments are cast in folds defying the physical laws of motion and gravitation. Surely a revival, to be worth anything, should restore to us lost excellences; but instead we find, that wanting the knowledge to distinguish between good and bad, the corrupt fruits of spurious schools, such as the debased Byzantine and the late Roman, are cooked up and served afresh. To make to live again what ought to be dead and buried, or at most remembered as a warning, is to confer the reverse of good service on our national art. All things considered, it would seem difficult to rebut the accusation that the English school is the most unlearned and uncritical in Europe.

The confusion which has fallen upon our artists as to historic styles follows them in their dealings with nature. That we have entered on a period of naturalism is cause for thankfulness, provided only that it be of the right sort. But of late years the study given to nature is so far from intelligent as to be little short of silly. The severest satires once directed against the Lake school of poets were now aptly turned upon our Cockney school of landscape-painters. Sketchers, too, at Bettws-y-Coed are usually inspired by the "Small-Beer Poets,"—"the bards who soar to elegise an ass!" A few years ago a characteristic story —*bene trovato*—was told at the expense of our "greatest art critic," who had been consulted by an aspiring lady as to what she should do in the way of nature-study. A few days after, a cart came to her door laden with a bulky stone of the sort usually chosen for paving and pitching the streets! The lady took the kindly hint as the critic intended. She made an elaborate study of the stone-mason's model. Fortunately for art, these novel roads to fame generally end in oblivion. The time-honoured notion used to be, that the painter should with judgment select what was best worth painting—something of beauty, some object of significance; and if a stone, then of the import of creation's corner-stone. From Claude and Poussin down to Turner, scenes were chosen wherein nature had written poems—wide search was made in lovely lands for beauteous hills and valleys, lakes, woods, and streams; and so the painted canvas glowed in poetic thought. Such pictures did more than please the eye: they were food for the mind; they were better than

curious subjects for the microscope; their vision was telescopic, carrying fancy into space, and making imagination the playmate of the elements. Compared with such landscape art, the modern school of so-called "naturalism" is little else than drivelling. Our English school has just lost — and who shall fill their vacant places?—the two painters conspicuous yet solitary in their poetic and dramatic interpretation of nature — Samuel Palmer and John Linnell.

On the continent of Europe there obtains currency a certain ideal philosophy of nature which has yet barely reached our shores. Goethe was among the first to perceive the oneness of type running through creation, and Coleridge gave echo to the thought in the well-known lines beginning, "O the one life within us and abroad!" The significance of such doctrine to the landscape-painter may not be at once evident, and certainly has not been sufficiently considered. The position is briefly this: outward nature has an inner life, motive and meaning, — something more than the hard cuticle that meets the senses of sight and touch; hence such terms as "the soul of Nature." And without justifying the boldness of the metaphor, or accepting it in any literal sense, this soul in nature may be affirmed to be in entire response with the soul of man. And the doctrine, so far from being novel or strange, underlies and permeates all poetry save that which, like our imitative landscape, is literally naturalistic. The vulgar, uneducated intellect is entranced by gross imitation in art; and as such minds are in the majority, artists yield to the temptation of painting down to the public. But connoisseurs of higher range and culture value a picture for its conception and idea: manipulation is but means to an end; the indwelling thought it is that awakens imagination and kindles emotion. Accordingly, across the Channel are to be greeted with gladness certain French artists called "Impressionists"—men who, not satisfied with cold, hard transcripts, literal as photographs, endow form and colour with emotion and passion. Germany also—as might be anticipated from her metaphysical tendings—has given pictorial expression to like transcendental speculations. "Nature is to be comprehended through thought and imagination:" Nature has life, feeling, dramatic situation and action—especially in fierce mountain-lands, in stormy skies and seas—and thus she becomes a sharer in the great drama of humanity. German artists have put these poetic and philosophic theories into practice. Friedrich Preller, for instance, painted a landscape "cyclus" of the Wanderings of Ulysses; and W. Schirmer, like our own Martin and Danby, composed scenes setting forth God's dealings with the children of men. The sense of the supernatural has seldom been wholly wanting to the truly great artist. Here at home the fire of inspiration has died out; but we hope the worst is over. Prosaic landscape has had a long day, and signs are not wanting of a coming dawn when the poetry of nature shall be revealed through the reason and the imagination.

Charles Lamb, in an oft-quoted essay, descants on "the barrenness of the imaginative faculty in the productions of modern art." What in his day was "barrenness" is, we repeat, now little short of extinction. The great masters, as distinguished from our little masters, gave even to subjects apparently the most barren, "loftiness and fruitfulness. The large eye of genius

saw in the meanness of present objects the capabilities of treatment in the relation to some grand Past or Future," while the small eye of mediocrity sees only the Present. Our modern artist, for example, in the destruction of Pompeii, overlooks the terror of the situation, and contemplates with antiquarian coolness only the pots and pans! "By a wise falsification, the great masters of painting got at their true conclusions by not showing the actual appearances—that is, all that was to be seen at any given moment by an indifferent eye—but only what the eye might be supposed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentous action." Lamb quotes, as examples of imaginative treatment, moving to wonder, transporting the mind to the miraculous, and thus manifesting "the preternatural in painting," two master-works in the National Gallery — Sebastian del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus," and Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." In like manner, only through the divine faculty of the imagination can the painter rise to the inspired rhapsodies of psalmists and prophets. In Joshua we read—"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies." In Daniel, at Belshazzar's feast, we are told of the ominous words on the wall, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,"—thou art found wanting; God hath divided and finished thy kingdom. How is it possible for our painters, who by the strictly ocular school of modern criticism have had thrashed out of them the last sparks of imagination, to rise to the great arguments so as to convey upon canvas the impression of supernatural presences and powers? Let Mr Millais, the cleverest but the least creative of artists, give answer on behalf of the Academy by that eminently unimaginative composition "Moses," exhibited in 1871 at Burlington House. Indeed, for the last ten or twenty years the Academy Exhibitions tell one story: they proclaim our artists shrewd in the knowledge of the world, keen in the observation of nature, adroit and faithful in transcribing facts and incidents which fall within the cognisance of the senses. But on the other hand, it is equally clear that our painters, compared with masters of the olden times, are weak in the faculty of reason, in the power to solve complex pictorial problems logically—wanting, too, in that poetic instinct which craves for ideal beauty. The Academy Catalogue last year happened to begin with "Snow-clad London from Farringdon Market," and appropriately ends with a "Portrait;" midway in a collection exceeding a thousand, appears, as characteristic of national longings, "A Dinner in Prospect," with the apposite line from Gay's 'Fables,' "A chicken, too, might do me good"! In fine, the lower instincts dominate in modern art. Observation, the first faculty to awaken in the infant mind, leads the way; but mere observation lies thin and cold on the surface of the canvas, when wanting the imagination which sinks deep, soars high, and kindles into fire.

Exhibitions are constantly on the increase, much to the prejudice of the best interests of art. Each year in London alone are shown some eight thousand works, good, bad, and indifferent. This wholesale manufacture and easy access to market, tend of course to the increase of quantity at the expense of quality. In good old-fashioned days the road to fame and fortune was arduous even to the chosen

few, and wholly inaccessible to the motley many: only such youths as could show a vocation were permitted the privilege of drawing even in a garret. But now the situation is reversed: the narrow rugged path is widened and macadamised; boys of no proved capacity, who formerly never got beyond a blackboard or a slate-pencil, are taught perspective and painting; Government encourages them by prizes; patrons pleasantly pave with gold the way which used to lead to poverty and penny newspapers—applaud to the skies pictures otherwise safe for oblivion. Artists, who in prior ages lay few and far between, and were looked on as choice spirits or birds of rare feather, nowadays congregate clamorously as sparrows on the housetops. Neither are they content to starve on crumbs—the rich man's table is their banquet. But expenses often multiply even more rapidly than pictures: the garret, once congenial to the gods, is found to be no fitting reception-room for our modern geniuses; small houses in side streets, of moderate rentals, which satisfied Royal Academicians of the last generation, do not serve in these showy days as attractive advertisements. Prices, it is true, have in art risen exorbitantly; but still receipts fall short of incomes, and thus "pot-boilers" become imperative. And then, O prosperous painter, fit candidate for the Academy, favoured guest of the Lord Mayor, bid a long good-bye to study, "put money in thy purse;" thou canst coin cash, but thou shalt not be an artist!

Student-pictures being thus an inconsiderable percentage of the gross products, it may sound as an impertinence to inquire in what relation our contemporary art stands to science or literature. We have heard much of science and art, and we know that a "Department" is paid by the nation to look after these high concerns; but inasmuch as "Science" at South Kensington is lodged in one building, and Art in a structure quite separate, and as the professors and pupils in the one have nothing whatever to do with those in the other, it is not quite clear in what the supposed connection between "Science and Art" can consist. Indeed those who date back to a pre-scientific period have been accustomed to hold that art does but begin at the frontier-line where science ends. Science, we must admit, so far as it teaches proportion, aids the painter, sculptor, and architect in the essential elements of form and composition. But neither the telescope of the astronomer nor the microscope of the botanist is of service to the painter; the utmost he can ask of the optician is a pair of spectacles! The scientific mind, in fact, for the most part looks in the direction where art does not lie. Cold to sentiment, its scrutinising vision "would peep and botanise upon a mother's grave." The man of science records things as they are, the artist sketches only what they seem to be; the one is concerned with facts, the other with aspects. Even the science of meteorology can be of little use to the painter, except to tell him when he must carry an umbrella!

In the true interests of art, we lament the lack of some new Baconic philosophy teaching the grand unity of all knowledge, and showing how the explanation of the phenomena and the discovery of the laws of nature can best come to the aid of the artist in his work. But in the meanwhile science has been positively mischief-making. The intellect has usurped the place of the emotions, mathematical tables have put out

of gear the intuitions, hideous statistics of disease have blinded the sense of the beautiful; and so it may happen that a picture receives praise in proportion as it approaches the exactitude of a scientific diagram. Thus under the tyrannous reign of materialism few venture to paint the mind's creations; and as for purely imaginative excrescences, such as the wings once worn by angels, no artist would dare on a flight which Professor Owen is said to have gravely pronounced an impossibility in the human anatomies! One combination, however, between science and art might prove prolific if only possible; if a first-class man of science could be joined in the same person with a first-rate artist or poet, then indeed might we look for startling pictorial phenomena. Unfortunately such conjunctions have hitherto not been the order of Providence,—thus Lord Bacon and William Shakespeare moved in separate orbits. Still, as history shuns to repeat herself, and more especially as nature seeks persistently to perfect her types, is it too much to hope in the future for the coming man who shall unite in one personality the varied gifts of Professor Huxley, Robert Browning, and Sir Frederick Leighton? Another fine individuality would be Herbert Spencer, plus Alfred Tennyson, plus G. F. Watts, R.A.!

The connection between art and literature, though supposed to be somewhat close, is ill-defined, occasional, and irregular. With certain honourable exceptions, our artists can hardly claim to be well read. They have a desultory way of looking over books of the day which pass through clubs and circulating libraries; but as for any deliberate or continuous study of literature, though not without inclination, they usually lack the needful leisure. Yet, with the lively sympathies inherent to artistic minds, they fix affection on one or two favourite authors; odd volumes lie about the studio, to be caught up at spare moments, and thus the literary spirit is imbibed, and stray ideas on the pages are instinctively transferred to canvas. Inspiration thus taken naturally grows with what it feeds on; the pencil moves responsive to the pen, till perchance the artist at length becomes so possessed that he sits down advisedly to illustrate his attached English classic. And, indeed, among the bright signs of our times stands conspicuous the illustrated literature of the day; the artist grows greater than himself as he expands to the amplitude of the written thought. And yet our English art still lags behind our English literature. Readers, as a rule, look from the printed page to the appended plate dissatisfied; they prefer the mental picture which the written language has wrought upon the brain. This disappointment no doubt in part arises from certain inevitable limitations: a pictorial illustration, for instance, cannot step beyond one moment of time; therefore, unlike the text, it has no before or after. But a main cause of the insufficiency of art born of literature is that literary men are more of artists than artists themselves. A painter apparently allows himself to go to sleep over his work. He may possibly, if his idea be not borrowed second-hand, have sustained some throes in the conception of his theme; but afterwards he plods on with mechanical ease, four or five hours at a spell, throwing in just an occasional thought, to save his picture from vacuity or going to the bad. The literary man, in contrast,—the dramatist, for example,—is under severe tension at every line. Not only has he to plan the plot; each scene must be

a study, every group a situation. The dialogue should sparkle into point, fancy take easy wing, wit bring a laugh, pathos a tear; and so, the audience kept on the alert for three hours, the curtain falls amid applause. Let the spectator who has laughed over Sheridan in the evening visit Burlington House in the morning, and, if we mistake not, the Academy will follow rather flat. And some such causes, we think, must account for the relative positions assigned on the continent of Europe to English art and English literature. Our best authors—Scott, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot—are household words in every civilised country of the world; while our painters are comparatively unknown.

We do not claim for the ideas here thrown out novelty, we only say that the truths we have endeavoured to expound are neglected. Yet, happily, some few artists still live and labour in the good old way. While we write, the lifelong works of G. F. Watts have been collected in the Grosvenor Gallery, and never has been seen an exhibition which more redounds to the honour of the British school. Not that the aspirations are fully realised, the hand frequently fails to carry out the high conceptions of the mind, yet uniformly the ideas are noble, the work, whatever its shortcoming, stands forth broadly and boldly as the issue of earnest conviction. Take as examples poetic and creative compositions, such as "Una and the Red Cross Knight," "Sir Galahad," "Paolo and Francesca," and "Love and Death." Unlike prevailing modern materialism, which has its origin in the senses, its sentiment on the surface, its beauty only skin-deep,—here we find pictures first conceived within the mind as thoughts, we walk in a gallery wherein ideas look out from the walls, or as in a library wherein the treasured speech of master-intellects constitutes the best society. Canvas and pigments may be regarded but as accidents or vehicles—the language whereby the inward image gains utterance. Also, we gladly accept this rare pictorial assembly in confirmation of the views we have attempted to express concerning the true study of nature and the right use of the old masters. Nature is here embodied in her noblest forms; the accidents which mar the individual are cast aside in order to emphasise all the more the traits which distinguish the race as humanity. This is specially obvious in the treatment of portraits; the first impression is that of a large humanity: then out of the mysterious depths of a shadowy background looms the individual in speaking individuality. Take as examples the heads of Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, and William Morris; here in each the underlying groundwork is that of the poetic nature, "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love!" In such portraits, whether of poets, statesmen, or heroes, we read not only what the man is, but what he would be. Then, as to the legitimate uses of historic art, Mr Watts holds the maxim printed in former years on the Academy Catalogue to the effect that,—the old masters point to the right way without putting limits to the ultimate view. The painter appears to have placed himself in attitude to receive such impressions as passed before the eye of Giorgione, Titian, or Tintoretto; his models for grandeur and grace might have been chosen by Phidias or Praxiteles; and so far is the art removed from common modern life, that the mind is carried back to the days when

the gods mingled among the children of men. The lesson is altogether timely and salutary; the young artist by these collected works is warned against fleeting fashion, and taught how to build on immutable truth fame which is enduring. Mr Watts, in a discriminating criticism on the painter Haydon, sums up the whole case in these words: "We shall find upon examination, that all art which has been really and permanently successful has been the exponent of some great principle of mind or matter, the illustration of some great truth, the translation of some paragraph out of the book of nature."

The future of English art will chiefly depend on the direction—right or wrong—given to the powers and personalities now in antagonism. A common basis of agreement should be found in an all-embracing art, free from narrow clique, wide as nature and humanity, and truly national as the many-sided life of the nation. The labourers in a field so large are necessarily many, while their task is usefully varied, and he who works honestly according to the light given, will not be denied his reward. On the present occasion, we have deemed it timely to raise a voice on behalf of the large and illustrious minority, both within and without the Academy, who, severed from the dominant materialism of the day, strive for a still nobler realism—the realisation of the ideal. Belonging to this school, as we believe, of the immediate future, are names not a few. Among many may be mentioned Mr W. B. Richmond: his "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon," and "Sarpedon," upborne by Sleep and Death, prove a fertile fiery imagination, brought under discipline by the master-works of Greece and Italy. Of like companionship is Mr Edward J. Poynter, R.A., a professed disciple of Michael Angelo: his art is eclectic, the growth of historic schools; such pictures as "Andromeda," "Proserpine," and "Atalanta's Race" are conceived in the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. "High art"—a term fallen into disrepute—gathered renewed strength on the election of Sir Frederick Leighton as President of the Academy,—an artist who, in the felicitous words of Lord Beaconsfield, "had conceived of the beautiful, and had created it."

While we write, the pictures in the Royal Academy are in course of hanging. We understand that the post of honour in the big room is assigned to Mr Pettie's "Palmer," representing an old man telling his story to a Saxon family. The President, with subtle, even chaste, sensuousness, paints "Phryne," also two lovers in rapturous embrace, but said, on the authority of the Catalogue, to be already properly "wedded." In "monumental art," the only important contribution is Mr Poynter's design for the decoration of the dome of St Paul's: the whole scheme, if ever carried out, will, we are told, give a pretty full exposition of the entire Book of Revelation! At this incipient stage mature judgment on the merits is not called for; but at all events we have here before us something very different from Correggio's piquant "hash of frogs" in the dome of Parma. Also we would call attention to the vigorous realisation by Mr Eyre Crowe of a stirring scene in English history, "The Defence of London, 1643." Mr Long finds a congenial theme for his showy pencil and seductive palette in the story of Sisera. Mr Leslie, as usual, steps gracefully and tenderly the paths of romance. Of *genre* painters their name is

legion, yet none equal the old Dutch or our Scotch Wilkie; and among contemporaries, no British artist is present comparable to such Continental experts as Edouard Frère, Alfred Stevens, Munkacsy, or Knaus. For the sensational "Zoo Gardens" sort of thing Mr Riviere's "Magician's House" stands supreme. As to portrait-painting, it again proves a triumph of the pocket; and looking round the walls, the impression strengthens that cash is more abundant than brains. However, Mr Millais's "Cardinal Newman" brings the timely assurance that this emphatically English art is not yet extinct. The landscapes show no advance correspondent to the revelations of nature on the side of science, and yet the eye wearies not over Mr Hook's "Devonshire Harvest Cart," nor are Mr Davis's cattle in showery June unrefreshing. Mr Brett once more reconciles prose with poetry in the "Mussel Rock;" the veil of illumined vapour is an atmospheric phenomenon true as beautiful. On the whole, it will be found that the Exhibition which opens this day confirms the verdict we have ventured to pronounce on "The State of Art in England:" we repeat that the Royal Academy reached a culminating-point about a quarter of a century ago; and with regret we add that, for years to come, we can see little chance of gaining equivalents for all that is lost.

Yet talent has never been denied our native art, but only knowledge and method. The present moment is critical: native arts, like home politics, have suffered under strange upturnings, — revolution has brought confusion, and order must be restored by renewed appeal to the law and the testimony. Conservatism alone can stay destruction; and the future is best assured by preserving whatever is true and immutable in the past. High is the function of English art, —standing between the outward senses and the inward aspirations, it must reveal to a people engrossed in worldly concerns, things beautiful in nature and divine in human life.

ACROSS THE YELLOW SEA.

"MAIR haste, less speed," says the good old Scotch proverb. "The shortest cut may prove the longest way home," says the English. I proved the truth of both sayings when returning from Pekin to Japan, and longing exceedingly to reach Nagasaki, where I hoped to find a large accumulation of home letters. I determined to strike out a course for myself, and, instead of returning by mail-steamer all the way to Shanghai, thence taking another mail-steamer across to Nagasaki, I resolved if possible to cross direct, and took passage in one of the small trading vessels which ply between that port and Cheefoo. Many kind friends endeavoured to dissuade me from what seemed to them so great a risk; but as the magnificent steamer Shun Lee, in which I had arrived from Shanghai only a month previously, was then lying a total wreck on a rocky headland at no great distance, I had good reason to maintain that it is not always the Goliaths of the ocean that are most to be relied on.

So, hearing that a small Danish brig, the Thorkild, was to sail the next day, and being especially attracted by her name, which savoured of old Norse mythology and adventure, I applied for a berth, which was at first refused, on the ground that she did not carry passengers; but on hearing that the applicant was a lady who had sailed in many waters and knew how to make light of difficulties, the kind-hearted captain, a fair-haired blue-eyed Dane, offered to give up his own cabin to secure my greater comfort, and to do all in his power to make my journey pleasant. So that when, in the sunshine of early morning, I embarked in this little vessel of 155 tons, I almost fancied myself on my own yacht starting for a summer day's cruise.

Slowly we passed the rocky isles which guard the harbour, and the picturesque headland of fine cliffs known as Cheefoo Bluff, concerning which I had heard sad tales of the hardships there endured, in the bitter cold of the previous winter, by a shipwrecked crew. Then a light fresh breeze sprang up and we sped on our way, expecting that a week at the very longest would find us at our destination. The week passed quietly and peacefully, but light head-winds made our progress slow indeed, and sometimes cold wet mists blotted out all the wondrous ultramarine blue of the sea which we call "yellow," doubtless from the mud washed down by the great rivers, and which discolours the ocean for miles.

Not one sail did we sight in these seven days; but when the mist was most dense, and a brooding silence which we could almost feel seemed to rest upon the waters, a large skeleton junk floated noiselessly close past us, its great black ribs looking weird and spirit-like, like one of Gustave Doré's strange fancies. There could be little doubt that all her crew had perished,—at all events, no living thing remained on her. Had we struck her in the night we should inevitably have foundered, so we inferred that our good angels had been faithful watchers.

I found my companions chivalrously courteous, as beseemed the family of the Thorkild. They consisted of the captain, a crew of half-a-dozen Danish lads brought from his own home in Sonderburg, a German-Californian mate, and Jans-

sen the boatswain, a gentle fair-haired Dane, wearing ear-rings after the manner of sailors. The steward and cook were Chinamen, and the food was abundant and good of its kind,—though I confess that the sweet soups, in which preserved fruits and plums figured so largely, and which found such favour with my companions, were to me somewhat trying.

The weather was so calm that I was able to work quietly at my painting; and my good captain gave me most useful lessons in the Danish method of darning stockings, as practised by his grandmother and all the women of Sonderburg. From him I learnt much concerning the home life of German and Danish villages. Also many tales of adventure by sea and land, including some facts confirming what others have told me of the real practical use of casting oil upon troubled waters, which, it seems, is no merely figurative expression, but a fact, and one which would be very generally applied were it not for ill-timed parsimony. It seems, however, that it is often made use of by fishermen to prevent waves from forming into heads, and breaking over the boat, —a large wicker basket being carried astern, from which coarse fish-oil is allowed to drip continually. One drop of oil instantly covers a large expanse of water, and renders it smooth and safe.

Several days passed, marked only by such incidents as catching a large albercore, a great fish of about fifty-pound weight, and of a bright golden-green colour. Its flesh proved firm and good, and gave all on board a good dinner of fresh fish; but I think its dying cry must have given warning to all the finny tribes, for we never had another bite from great fish or small, though we anxiously set our baited lines each morning. The sea-gulls must have been more expert fishers, for they never forsook us, hovering around on swift wing, or floating on the smooth waters, wherever a school of whales were disporting themselves, doubtless sharing in the feast which had attracted these mighty monsters of the deep.

At the end of a week we sighted the Isle Modeste, the most northerly (so far as is known) of the Coreans; and a day later we coasted the north shore of Quelpart, the most southerly of the group. It is apparently a great volcanic cone, richly wooded round the broken edges of the crater, thence descending to the sea in very smooth slopes, and all under most careful cultivation. Not a valley, or gorge, or water-course, could we discern, but many small, very green, conical hillocks, like fairy knolls. As soon as we got under lee of the isle, the breeze failed us, and we were becalmed for the night. We could distinguish many villages, but were nowise tempted to land, knowing the marked unfriendliness of all the Coreans to strangers.

The Thorkild had, however, been able to do her part in mitigating this antipathy, having on her previous voyage picked up a party of fourteen shipwrecked Coreans floating helplessly on their poor little battered junk at a distance of twenty-five miles from land. As she neared them, they all knelt, as if craving the assistance of which they stood so seriously in need; for here they had been floating for many days, with no food but a little uncooked rice. One of them was evidently an official of some importance. Of course they were treated with all possible kindness, and carried on to Nagasaki, where an interpreter was found who could speak Corean; and thence they were sent home with all honour by the Japanese Government, who never

lose a chance of endeavouring to conciliate these unfriendly neighbours.

Two days after leaving Quelpart we sighted the Goto Isles, an outlying group of Japan. Here the Yellow Sea became bluer than ever. I can only compare it to liquid ultramarine, clear as crystal. I sat on deck till midnight and watched the golden moon slowly sink in the Corean Straits. Then came a downpour of rain, just to remind us that we were nearing the green shores of Japan.

For two whole days we were beating to and fro off the Goto Isles, making long tacks but little progress. It seemed as if the wind always headed us whichever way we turned, so that after running fully two hundred miles, we found we had barely advanced twenty. For about twelve hours we were running very slowly along the shore of Fukuye, the largest southern isle. It is a beautiful coast, with high volcanic mountains, very green, covered with rich cultivation of the careful sort so peculiar to Japan, and intermingled with scattered woods. All along the coast, lie groups of very varied rocky isles, some low and flat, with grassy shores, others precipitous, crowned with the picturesque fir-trees which form so striking a feature in all parts of Japan. In the morning we had passed a richly wooded headland with a lighthouse perched on the verge of a sheer precipice. In the evening it was still in sight, and we were stealing along with a very light breeze, hoping to pass out before sunset between Aka and Ki, two groups of rocky isles.

Suddenly the wind failed us altogether, and we lay helpless. The sea, though calm in one sense, was running inshore in mighty rollers, which dashed with resistless fury on the outlying rocks; and we were at the mercy of these, for the water was so deep as to be unfathomable. So we could not anchor; and even if our crew had taken to their one boat and tried to row us seaward, their puny strength could have availed nothing against the might of the rollers, and the powerful attraction of the land.

The sun sank in living glory, and the rocks and mountains were bathed in hues of lilac and green and gold; a faint breath of air just stirred our sails in the most tantalising way. Then the full moon shone gloriously, and the white sails gleamed, as if inviting the breeze that would not come, and all the time we were drifting ever nearer and nearer to inevitable destruction. By 10 P.M. we were close on Kuro, a high green isle with rock-bound shore, on which the rollers dashed in heavy breakers, the spray flashing white in the clear moonlight.

It was a lovely night; I cannot say "clear as day," for moonlight makes it impossible to judge of distances. But we were apparently within a few minutes of certain wreck, each moment drifting nearer and nearer to the cruel rocks, while the thunderous roar of the breakers became more deafening, and their gleaming white light more vivid. It was evidently a mere question of minutes, so the captain decided that the moment had come when he must abandon his ship, as there was nothing to be gained by waiting till she struck—on the contrary, it would be incurring very unnecessary danger.

So he gave orders for the one little boat to be made ready, while we rapidly stowed our most precious goods into the smallest possible space, the captain and his Chinese boy cramming ship's papers, clothes, and dollars into a canvas bag, while I routed the chief treasures from

the depths of my carefully packed boxes, and thought with dire regret of the many pleasant associations of far-distant lands, interwoven with the heterogeneous piles of every conceivable article which lay scattered around,—so soon to become the sport of the waves.

This done, we were ready to face the worst, and returned on deck, all the better for this little exertion. For it must have been trying indeed to these "hardy Norsemen," who would have been in their element battling with a storm, to have to sit still on this beautiful calm midsummer evening, utterly helpless, watching their good ship drift, in perfect order and with every sail set, to her inevitable doom. In the few moments we had been in the cabin we had sensibly approached the land, which now loomed high before us, and the dull roar of the breakers sounded more ominous than ever.

The order to lower the little boat was given, and in another minute we should have been on board of her. But, as the old saying goes, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and at the very last moment, when we had drifted so close to the white crests of the huge curling green waves, that it seemed as if nothing could save the vessel from being dashed on the rampart of pitiless black rocks, and when the awful tumult and crash of falling breaking billows sounded full in our deafened ears (not a continuous sound, like the raging of a tempest, but an intermittent booming like thunder-claps, with momentary intervals of almost stillness, which seemed to accentuate the roar and echo that followed), suddenly, when all possibility of salvation appeared to be over, a fresh breeze sprang up, wafted us away from the beautiful treacherous shore, and in less than an hour we were clear of the group, and thankfully watched the receding isles as we sat on deck enjoying our hot coffee, and rejoicing that we had not been compelled to throw ourselves on the hospitality of the kindly inhabitants of Fukuye. For though we knew how cordially they would have welcomed us, and how much of beauty and of interest we should have found on their isle, so rarely visited by any European, we were content, under the circumstances, to resign these privileges.

After a while I turned in, as the sailors say; but the roar of the breakers so haunted my waking dreams, that I stole on deck once more, and sat in the soft lovely moonlight watching the beautiful Goto group till their outline became pale and dim on the far horizon. I was much gratified by the hearty and honest manner in which my comrades expressed their gratification at the coolness with which I had faced our prospects. I believe they imagined that women under such circumstances must necessarily be helpless encumbrances; so it was pleasant to have helped to dispel that illusion.

The following day was one of calm loveliness. The beautiful isles of Southern Japan lay all around us, and we hoped ere sunset to be safely anchored in our desired haven. But suddenly a white squall came on and hid all the land. Nothing could we see but a stormy grey sky, and a weary expanse of grey waves. It rose to the dignity of a severe gale, and all night our good little ship rolled and tossed like a nutshell, sometimes lying over at such an angle that it seemed impossible she could right again. Towards morning the storm abated; but grey sheets of rain poured pitilessly, and we could not tell how far we might have drifted in the night.

Suddenly there came a break in the mist, revealing the island

of Tagoshima, and the smoke and shafts of its coal-mines, while to the left lay the lighthouse, which marks the entrance to Nagasaki harbour, a long narrow bay with most lovely headlands and inlets, and isles displaying every shade of exquisite green-terraced fields in richest cultivation of millet, maize, and the vivid green of the young rice; dark clumps of most picturesque old fir-trees, or groves of delicate airy bamboo with feathery foliage, and tidy little Japanese villages and graves, dotted about in every direction. Then we passed the memorable isle of Pappenberg, and a few minutes later came in sight of the pretty town of Nagasaki, fraught with so many memories in the story of the early intercourse between Japan and the outer barbarians—Portuguese, Dutch, English, French, and Americans appearing successively in her annals.

Our brave little vessel flew to her anchorage in such gallant style as to win special commendation from the captain of an English man-of-war which lay hard by; and an hour later I found myself comfortably at home, with the kindest of friends, in the pleasant English Consulate, whence we looked down through a frame of greenest bamboos and gay garden-blossoms to the blue harbour below, than which, I believe, earth holds none lovelier, always excepting that of Rio Janeiro, on which I must reserve judgment, not having seen it. Great religious boat-races were going on between long narrow boats, each manned by about fifty naked rowers working short paddles and all sitting—a circumstance which is noteworthy, because the Japanese boatmen generally stand and scull with long oars. There was much beating of tom-toms and drums, but we failed to discover the special meaning of the feast.

The various consulates and other homes of foreigners lie picturesquely scattered over the hills on one side of the harbour, and from among cool foliage rise the spires of the English and Roman Catholic churches, the latter attended by a very large native congregation, almost without exception descendants of those who were martyred for their faith in the last century. That pretty island of Pappenberg, which had attracted our admiration as we entered the harbour, had been the scene of a terrible massacre of Christians, who, having been brought to this spot, were compelled to ascend the steep flight of rude stone steps leading to the summit, where a wooden platform had been erected overhanging the sea. Here they were once more allowed the option of abjuring the faith, but not one would do so; so they were all thrown into the sea, or dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The authorities hoped they had thus stamped out the evil creed; but, as usual, the blood of the martyrs proved to be the seed of the Church; for so soon as comparative freedom from persecution made it possible for Christian teachers to return to the land, many came to them secretly by night and declared that they were the children of the martyrs, and steadfast adherents to the faith for which they had dared to die.

The history of the spread of Christianity in Japan, the courage and fortitude of the converts throughout years of relentless persecution, the calmness with which they faced death in forms most abhorrent to all their traditions of honour, and the intense and persistent determination of the rulers utterly to exterminate all professors of the new creed, and to wipe out every vestige of its presence,—form one of the most thrilling chapters in the story of Christian zeal and endurance.

Of course I here speak of the Roman Catholic missions carried on by the Portuguese. It is only to be lamented that they should always have been so much mixed up with a struggle for temporal power—that, in point of fact, the terrible persecutions were almost invariably provoked by the political interference of the priests.

The Portuguese first visited Japan in the year 1541. Not long afterwards, a Japanese named Hansiro was brought to Malacca by a Portuguese ship. There he was converted by St Francis Xavier, that most devoted of missionaries, whose longings to carry the Christian faith to Japan became so ardent that, in 1549, he took passage in a Chinese junk, accompanied by Hansiro and two companions, and sailing for Japan landed at Kagosima, the birthplace of Hansiro. Here the strangers were well received by the governor and magistrates, and straightway applied themselves to the difficult study of the language. The great apostle had, unhappily, not inherited the gift of tongues ascribed to him by his biographers, for he himself writes: "We stand like statues. They speak to us, and make signs to us, and we remain mute. All our present occupation is to learn the elements of the Japanese grammar."

A year later he had made about a hundred converts, the Prince of Satsuma having published an edict permitting his subjects to embrace Christianity. But when the Prince found that the Portuguese traders, who had at first come only to Kagosima, now passed on to other cities, carrying their wealth with them, he issued a new decree pronouncing sentence of death against any who should receive baptism.

So Xavier and his comrades were forced to pass on to other cities, chiefly to Kioto (then called Miako), and to Amanguchi, whose ruler assigned for their use an unoccupied Buddhist monastery. Here many flocked to hear them,—not the common people only, but nobles and priests, many of whom were favourably disposed to the new creeds. In November 1551 Xavier decided that he must go in person to China to attack the root of the mighty superstition, instead of merely lopping off its branches. He failed, however, to effect an entrance to that jealously guarded land; and in December 1552 he fevered and died on an island near Canton.

But the seed which he had planted in Japan had struck a deep root. The two Jesuit priests whom he had left there, were shortly joined by three others. Having thoroughly mastered the language, they lived with the people as brethren; while the power of the confessional gave them an insight into secrets which the governors themselves failed to master.

They guided the course of Portuguese trade so effectually, that the princes of Kiusiu pretended to be open to conversion, in order to secure for their own dominions this lucrative traffic.

Foremost of these was the Prince of Bungo, who proved a stanch friend to the Jesuits—and who, after twenty-seven years of hesitation, followed the example of his queen, and was baptised—selecting as his new name that of his first Christian friend, St Francis. No efforts were spared by the teachers to attract the people. They had controversial writings and public discussions for the learned, teaching for the young, and for the poor and ignorant large alms-giving, mystery-plays, and even such miracles as casting out devils. So the proselytes increased in number, and the enmity between the Japanese

priests and the Jesuits became daily more bitter.

Unhappily the first act of violence was perpetrated by the Christian party, who, attributing to the Bonzes the overthrow of a cross, revenged the insult by burning their houses and some of their idols, and by casting others into the sea. The Bonzes, of course, retaliated, and succeeded in stirring up so much ill-feeling against the Christians, that even the King of Omura, in the island of Kiusiu (the first chief who had publicly professed the new faith), was compelled thrice to fly from his palace.

The Jesuits, however, found a strong friend in Nobunanga, the strong-handed and terrible military ruler of Japan. He hated the Bonzes with a bitter hatred—destroyed their temples and monasteries, causing the images of Buddha to be torn from their shrines, and dragged through the streets of Miako with ropes round their necks. As part of the same policy, he granted the Jesuits many privileges, including exemption from taxes, permission to preach throughout his dominions, and to rebuild the church which they had been allowed to erect at Miako in 1559, but which had been destroyed in recent times.

He did not, however, pretend to be influenced by their teaching. On the contrary, he built a magnificent new temple, in which he collected all the most venerated of the idols, and above them all he placed his own tablet, desiring that all should worship it as that of a deified ruler. Becoming jealous of the Jesuits, he next issued an edict commanding them to leave Japan; but ere it was enforced, a conspiracy was formed against him, and he and his eldest son (who had been the first to worship his idol) were burnt in their own palace.

He was succeeded in the Shogunate by Taiko Sama, who by his skill and valour in war had raised himself from a wood-cutter to the rank of generalissimo. He, too, began by favouring the Jesuits, but afterwards had occasion to dread their power; for the Christian party was rapidly gaining strength. The Princes of Omura, Arima, and Bungo had banished the Bonzes from their dominions, destroying their temples and seizing their revenues. The Prince of the Goto Isles, and the Prince of Tosa, had professed Christianity; and though the province of Kiusiu was the hotbed of the faith, it has gained many converts in Niphon also, including men of mark, powerful nobles, and generals.

Unhappily the faith was too often spread numerically by force and persecution. Vassals were compelled by their feudal lords to adopt the new creed professed by their masters, the temples so long revered were ruthlessly destroyed, and the priests of Buddha exiled or put to death. Even where the Spanish and Portuguese priests were not directly implicated in these persecutions, they applauded them,—as, for instance, when the Prince of Bungo had burned three thousand Buddhist monasteries and razed the temples to the ground, including one famous for its splendour and its colossal image of Dai Butsu, the Christian priests declared that such ardent zeal was an evident token of faith and charity! As a natural consequence the promulgators of the foreign faith had many bitter foes; and soon after the jealousy of Taiko Sama had been awakened, nine Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries were arrested in Osaka and Kioto—*i.e.*, Miako. They were taken to Nagasaki and there impaled, A.D. 1598—a death of appalling, slow agony, which they endured with heroic constancy. Nevertheless, 900

priests contrived to gain a footing in these three cities, and numbered their converts at 1,800,000. Of the priests 124 were Jesuits, the remainder Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustins, and native Japanese. They had churches in all parts of the southern isles, and colleges in which secular knowledge was imparted to willing scholars. In the isle of Amakusa the Jesuits established a college where they instructed the young nobles of Japan in music, Latin, and European science; and the college at Miako numbered 7000 students.

Supported by many princes of the highest rank and power, their position seemed well established; when, in an evil hour, the mighty Shogun Iyéyasu, having reason to believe that they had greatly encouraged the civil wars of the empire, and that they were further plotting to betray the country into the hands of the Portuguese, issued an edict (A.D. 1614) which resulted in a persecution more appalling than any hitherto dreamt of in the annals of Japan. It is said that many of the worst forms of torture by which these Christian martyrs perished were now for the first time practised in Japan, and were apparently suggested by the hints gathered from foreigners of the dealings of the Inquisition with unbelievers.

Japanese officers were employed in a detective service, called the Christian inquiry, which was instituted for the express purpose of arresting and punishing all adherents of the proscribed faith. Imprisonment was followed by tortures from which death was a merciful release. Those who were simply drowned or strangled were fortunate. Some were thrown into the boiling springs on Mount Unqen, some were buried alive, others torn asunder by oxen. Many were imprisoned in cages, and left to starve and die of raging thirst, while food and drink were spread temptingly beyond their reach. Some were tied up in rice-bags and heaped together in a great pile, and formed the fuel for a vast bonfire. The emblem of the faith was upreared on every side, and the land was filled with crosses on which the martyrs were left to writhe in slow agony.

The persecutions became more and more virulent; but the constancy of the converts is almost incredible. Their faith was bravely sustained by the priests, who proved themselves ready to sacrifice their own lives in aid of their people. Many of those who had been banished contrived to return in various disguises, and remained in hiding where they might best encourage their flocks. The majority perished at the stake or on the cross. The restrictions on Portuguese trade were made more stringent. No foreigners were allowed to live anywhere in Japan save at Nagasaki; and all Japanese-Portuguese half-castes were banished from the isles.

In the year 1635 the Dutch had the good fortune to capture a Portuguese ship carrying letters from the native Christians craving assistance from Portugal. Here was a prize indeed! They of course forwarded the letters to the Shogun, whose wrath very naturally was unbounded. The fate of Portuguese trade was sealed, and thenceforward the Dutch enjoyed a monopoly of commercial relations with Japan, but purchased by their compliance with most humiliating conditions.

In 1640 the Portuguese merchants at Macao made one more effort to establish a neutral trade between China and Japan, and ventured to send a ship to Nagasaki. It was seized and burnt. A few of the crew were sent back in a junk to bear the sorrowful tidings that

sixty of their number had been beheaded on the island of Dessima, and that the gibbet bore this inscription: "So long as the sun shines in the world, let no one have the boldness to land in Japan, even in quality of ambassador, except those who are allowed by the laws to come for the sake of commerce." Which meant the Dutch.

The discovery of the treasonable letter was, of course, a sufficient reason for persecuting the Christians with renewed vigour. Thirty-seven thousand of the people of Arima, finding their lives intolerable, took refuge on the neighbouring isle of Shimabarra, and fortified themselves in the ruins of an old castle which stood on a rocky headland jutting into the sea, having perpendicular cliffs of a hundred feet in depth on three sides, and a steep descent to the valley on the fourth. Here they bravely defended themselves for some time against an army of 80,000 men assisted by the Dutch artillery; but being finally overpowered by numbers, and their provisions and ammunition alike failing, they were slaughtered wholesale, and multitudes of men, women, and children were pushed from the cliffs into the sea.

This old castle lies about twenty miles to the south of the modern town of Shimabarra, which is situated at the foot of a great volcanic mountain, visible from the hill above Nagasaki. The volcano still gives proof of its activity by clouds of smoke, frequent earthquakes, and hot sulphur-springs.

About twenty miles from Shimabarra lies the village of Tomioka in Amakusa, where an unhewn seastone, about seven feet high, placed on a grassy mound, bears a lengthy inscription, which has been translated for us by the Rev. H. Stout, of the American Mission, Nagasaki, telling how, in the year 1636, a young rebel, Nirada Shirô, made known the false doctrine of Christianity everywhere; how his followers destroyed Shinto and Buddhist temples, burned villages, farms, and prepared for siege at Shimabarra, in number upwards of 31,000; how the *daimios* and their forces assembled, and in the following spring captured the castle and slew the evil company; how here and elsewhere the many ten thousands of their heads were collected, and, being divided into three lots, were buried in Nagasaki, Shimabarra, and Amakusa; how 3333 belonging to the locality of Tomioka, being captured, were brought back there to be decapitated, and their heads collected and buried in one grave, over which the Governor Suzuki Shigenari, pitying the many thousand evil spirits wandering in pain, performed the meritorious act of setting up this stone. To which the Buddhist priest Chinkaso charitably adds: "I earnestly pray that, by his good works, every one of those spirits may forthwith become a saint, and prove the benefit of being purified in Hades."

It is said that many of the ancient graves in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki, which are marked only with a circle, are those of Christians.

Mr Satow, of H.B.M. Legation at Tokio, has translated a manuscript journal, kept by some one during the siege of Shimabarra, in which it is stated, that in the month of February the garrison offered to surrender if the lives of the women and children might be spared, but the answer was that not one should be allowed to escape. The writer states that of the 37,000 people in the castle, only 13,000 were fighting men. Hence it must be inferred that 24,000 women and children were here massacred. A Dutch baron, writing in A.D. 1778, quotes the journals of the Dutch

factory at Hirado to prove that one of their vessels actually assisted the besiegers, landed guns, armed batteries, and opened fire from these and from the vessel.

So thoroughly was the policy of extermination now carried out, that there was every reason to suppose that Christianity was literally stamped out in Japan. Its very name was whispered in terror. It ranked with such other crimes as murder and arson, sorcery and sedition, and was denounced in company with these, on public notice boards, which were posted in the most conspicuous spots in every city and hamlet throughout the empire, beside the public roads and ferries, and in all places where men who run may read. It was a crime even to give shelter to one of the evil sect; and rewards were offered to such as should discover them.

One test to be applied to suspected persons was to compel them to trample on a pictured image of the Saviour, which had been cast in copper at Nagasaki, and disseminated for this purpose. It was further enacted, that should any missionary reach the shores of Japan, the whole crew of the vessel which brought him should be put to death; reward was, however, offered to any one turning informer. Not even a letter might be carried for a Christian. For years the search for members of the hated Kirishtan sect was continued with such vigilance that at last not one could be discovered. If any still remained, they had learned to conceal their faith as effectually as an average foreigner would do.

In 1642 the Roman Catholic missionaries made one more effort to penetrate into Japan. Eight priests effected a landing in the district of Satsuma, but they were forthwith arrested and put to death. Still from time to time there have been found descendants of those early Christians who have refused to worship at idol shrines. Thus in the year 1829 one woman and six men were crucified at Osaka, because they were known to be obstinate Christians. Now that religious toleration is apparently the order of the day, the Catholic Mission is carried on by French and Italian priests, under the direction of Monseigneur Marie Joseph Laucaigne, a courteous Frenchman, who (according to the custom of the Church of Rome, which bestows the titles of ancient and extinct bishoprics on those whom she sends to labour in heathen lands) is known, not as the Bishop of Nagasaki, but of Apollonie.

The English and American missions are of course plants of very recent growth; and, having no strange resemblances to Buddhism in their teaching and ceremonials, their plain undecorated churches offer little attraction to the native mind, and their progress is necessarily exceedingly slow, being further most seriously retarded by both the example and openly expressed cavillings of the majority of foreigners.

As to the highly educated Japanese, who eagerly study all the writings of modern free thought, they are still in that early stage of emancipation which fails to recognise the need of embracing any definite creed. Most especially is this true of those who have been educated in so-called Christian countries.

With regard to the question of liberty of conscience, all that can be said is, that the penal laws against the Christians have been suffered to fall into abeyance. Even at the present day, the Japanese who openly embraces Christianity does so with the full consciousness that his path is by no means a secure

one; for though the edict of death to all professing that creed, which formerly was inscribed on a public place in every village, has now been removed thence, in obedience to a stipulation in the treaty with foreign Powers, it has never been repealed, and may at any moment be put in force.

Instead, therefore, of cavilling at the comparatively small number of converts made by the English and American missions, we have rather reason to admire the courage displayed by those who face the danger,—though, at the present time, the authorities do not interfere with the living, but occasionally place some difficulties in the way of Christian funerals. However, in this as in every other aspect of Japanese progress, one can but marvel at the great changes wrought in so short a period. To-day the ships of many nations fly their colours peacefully as they lie anchored in the quiet harbour, and Christian schools and churches are established on the historic isle of Dessima, where for so many years the Dutch consented, in order to secure a monopoly of trade, to live in most dishonourable imprisonment, only allowed to leave the island once a year, for a few hours, by crossing a bridge whereon was engraved the sign of the cross, on which they must of necessity trample as they passed.

Interesting as are these details of the struggles to secure religious toleration, I need hardly say it is by no means a subject which forces itself upon the casual observer. Rather is his attention arrested and captivated by the picturesque aspect of heathendom rampant. Most fascinating to me were the rambles which we took through the old native city, especially when, turning aside from the busy streets of ordinary life (quaint enough, it may be well believed), we found ourselves in one which, like the neighbourhood of Père la Chaise in Paris, is wholly occupied by shops for the sale of flowers, and similar suitable offerings, for the adornment of the multitudinous graves which literally cover the whole hill at the back of the town. On certain festivals each grave in this vast cemetery is adorned by loving hands; pink lotus-blossoms are placed in simple vases and incense-sticks burnt on the little altar before the grave. Some offerings of food are also laid there, in little china cups; and a paper lantern is hung over each tombstone, which is generally an effective piece of stone-carving, and often surrounded by little gardens and shrubs, and enclosed with stone railings and a handsome stone portal, — stone gates, revolving on stone hinges,—suggestive of those discovered by Porter in the giant cities of Bashan, though on a small scale.

At the base of the hill, and at the other side of the town, is a perfect network of temples—Buddhist and Shinto merging one into the other in the most tolerant manner, and producing inextricable confusion in the mind of the spectator, and, I should imagine, of the worshipper also, by the promiscuous use of the emblems sacred to each—such as mirrors of polished metal, paper *goheis*, and strawropes; images of saints, all manner of idols, lotus-blossoms, &c., &c. Each temple is an artistic study; and its surroundings of handsome stone lanterns, fine old trees, curious braziers and fountains, combined with the charming groups of Japanese figures, always coming and going, make up an endless succession of pleasant pictures. Long flights of steep stone steps lead up to the temple, and thence to the innumerable groups of graves, which lie half hidden by tall grasses and brushwood. And looking back hence, you get lovely glimpses of the town, and of the blue harbour and fine hills

beyond, all framed by most picturesquely gnarled old fir-trees.

Close to one temple we found the pretty house of a native artist who was painting scrolls on silk, flowers and figures; his family all seemed highly intelligent and artistic. One was an entomologist, who, having visited England, had sent back many cases of insects to a museum there. Others paint lanterns in the form of a parasol, which, when closed, is apparently only a bamboo. In their garden are large tanks, where they raise immense numbers of gold-fish for sale. Passing on thence, we visited the studio of another artist, a real genius, but a type of that too rapid adaptation of foreign ideas which bids fair to quickly wipe out all purely native art. In this man's studio were admirable studies from nature, with all the essentially Japanese characteristics; but latterly he had been devoting his attention to English studies of shipping and rigging, and was producing very foreign-looking pictures in *guache.* He also showed me several volumes of a Japanese 'Guide to Art,' all full of English illustrations. Returning from his house we explored most picturesque canals with old bridges; and bought all manner of quaint things in the odd little shops.

Each day offered some new scene of interest. One day we rode across the harbour to explore the old Dutch and Russian cemeteries, which occupy a lovely site on a ferny hill crowned by noble old pines. Several graves are marked by the Greek cross, and in one, which forms a small shrine, is placed a very artistic oil-painting of the Crucifixion. The Japanese graves close by were marked by fresh buds of the pink lotus, sacred to Buddha.

But the favourite afternoon "ploy" was a boating expedition down the harbour, where ladies and children bathed in one pleasant bay, and gentlemen in another, after which they combined forces for an open-air tea-party; and those who cared for the treasures of the deep ransacked the shores and rocks for fresh wonders. One gentleman—Mr Paul of H.B.M. Consulate—had devoted his attention exclusively to collecting crabs from this one coast; and the beauty and variety of his specimens were really past belief. Every conceivable kind was there: smooth and hairy, sombre and gaudy; so tiny as to be almost microscopic, so large as to measure about three feet across the claws. The Japanese fishermen soon discovered that a pecuniary value attached to the refuse of their dredging nets, and they became careful to preserve all new specimens. And gradually as the collection increased in size and in beauty, their interest and wonder was excited; and when, in 1879, it was lent to the great Nagasaki Exhibition, the native naturalists gazed on it in utter amazement, marvelling to see how great a variety of crustacea could be found on their own shores.

Thus boating, riding, or climbing the steep hill-paths in search of new beauties, the pleasant days slipped away; and now, in more prosaic lands, the memory of the green loveliness of Nagasaki often comes back to me as a haunting vision of delight.

MOZART: A STUDY OF ARTISTIC NATIONALITY.

In these days when national prejudice and conceit swagger about in ethnological, philological, and æsthetical garb; when the struggle of races turns patriotic historians and critics into pirates, pilfering the scientific riches and sinking the artistic glories of rival nations,—in these days of philosophic chauvinism, too grievous for laughter and too ludicrous for indignation, every great man of the past becomes a national divinity, his every action is registered in the national creed, his centenaries become national ceremonies, his works are brought forward as a palladium wherewith to shield the honour of the country and to route its enemies. Dante, Michael Angelo, Goethe—all those who should be the objects of the generous admiration of the noblest minds of every nation—are degraded into being the meaningless fetishes of the educated rabble of a single country, who swing their ill-scented censers before shrines whose holiness they can never understand, and glory in the worship while debasing the divinity. Mozart has now been solemnly enthroned as one of the great gods of the German Olympus: fifty years ago he still belonged to the whole of humanity; now, if he belong to the whole of humanity, it is only as a precious gift of the German nation, who insists on our gratefully thanking the donor every time we admire the gift. Mozart's apotheosis has become that of his nation; his miracles have been weighed and discussed. He was made a candidate for divine honours by Oulibicheff and Jahn; he is now fairly a god, and Dr Ludwig Nohl is the popular exponent of his creed—the popular guide to the temple where he sits enshrined in glory.

The main articles of faith in this modern Mozart-worship are as follows: that Mozart was the incarnation of the divine spirit of the German people; that his works were thus miracles; and that, as the anointed of the Teutonic perfection, he was necessarily a character of idyllic and ideal beauty, and his career one long sacrifice, one bitter tale of scorned revelation, of persecution by idolatrous Pharisees, crowned by the death of a martyr. Such are the chief points of what may be termed the orthodox Mozart-worship; and this is what we propose to examine, with all critical coolness, in the following pages. But before beginning what will seem to many a sacrilegious investigation, let us say that we, too, are fervent worshippers of Mozart; that it is the very intensity of our admiration which makes us desire to throw aside the false rubbish of national bigotry, to dispel the glamour of superhuman perfection, to explode the childish miracles, and to show Mozart in his real light—not as a disturber of the natural laws of artistic development, as a Messiah sent to shed light into the midst of darkness, but as what he really was: as a mere great artist, descended from generations of other artists, surrounded by inferior but cognate and similar artists—as the most perfect product of the greatest musical age that has existed.

Dr Nohl, whom we have taken as the typical German high priest of Mozart, before showing us the miracles, shows us the divinity. He shows it us vague, somewhat distorted and anomalous, as all such divinities must be, through the

incense-fumes of boundless, foolish adoration. The first important effort of the biographer is to transform the Italian journey of Mozart at the age of fourteen into the Italian journey of Goethe at the age of forty. We are therefore repeatedly assured that the little musician — who, as M. Blaze de Bury has already remarked, appears to have had the most serene unconsciousness of everything except music — received the deepest impression from the sight of works of art of which not one is mentioned in his letters. The young Wolfgang's laconic remark, that "Naples is a handsome town," is amplified into ecstatic appreciation of Southern nature, and his very blunt comments on the personal appearance of certain ballet-dancers into a subtle and exquisite feeling for physical beauty; while all the time, scarcely an allusion is made to the intense interest in his own art shown in Mozart's early letters, — to those minute disquisitions on singers, their throats, shakes, *portamento*, and everything else, which he was constantly sending his sister. That Italy was the school where Mozart gained his earliest practical knowledge of his art—that his constant longing to return thither should have been the longing of a musician to be back in the country which was then the home of music, among the most musical public, the greatest performers, and the greatest composers—is not once suggested. On the contrary, we are told that this feeling was evidently due to the impressions which the Bay of Naples, the Colosseum, and the Belvedere Apollo had left upon Mozart's appreciative mind.

But this incredible blindness to Mozart's real nature, this constant straining and misinterpreting of facts to make them suit a preconceived notion, is evident during the whole course of the book; and to turn from Dr Nohl's Mozart, his ideal nature, his perfectly balanced character, a second Goethe, to the real, substantial, individual Mozart of the correspondence, is like going from Schwanthaler's colossal bronze hero on the square at Salzburg, to the little, long-nosed, puffy-cheeked man in the *Mozarteum* portraits. According to Dr Nohl, Mozart's music is the direct product and expression of his own character: all that is to be found in the one must be found in the other—the works are to serve as a commentary on the life, and the life as a commentary on the works; and for this purpose the man is absurdly idealised, and the art is shamefully debased. Thence a constant attempt to throw a glamour of romance over Mozart and his life; to borrow some of the poetry attaching to his splendid genius and melancholy end; to tinge and gild what was unpoetical in his character and career; to merge in glory and pathos what was but trivial and commonplace. For the genius does not constitute the character, nor does the premature death constitute the career; and when we put them aside, we see only an unpoetical man and an unromantic life. Nay, let us momentarily forget Mozart's genius, let his music cease to vibrate in our memory, and we shall see still less: instead of a Goethe, with a character as nobly balanced as his works, or a Michael Angelo as powerful and grand in his life as in his paintings, we shall find a mediocre man and a mediocre career.

We begin with the career, because having been, so to say, mapped out for him by his father, it did more to form his character than his character did to regulate his career. All Mozart's biographers represent him as a victim to the injustice of his contemporaries — of

those unpatriotic Germans who still bowed down before Italian music, —and seem to consider his worldly failure as something necessary to his position as a Messiah, as a sort of purificatory sacrifice requisite for him to obtain possession of immortal glory. To none of them does it seem to have occurred that the world is never really unjust; that it gives success to those who adopt the right means towards obtaining it; and that, as worldly success depends upon worldly wisdom, it cannot be obtained by mere artistic genius, which has its own and higher aim—artistic greatness. Still less has it ever entered the mind of one of Mozart's biographers that the failure of his career, or rather the series of failures which constitutes it, is mainly and originally due to the mistakes committed by his father—by the man whom they exalt as a model of parental affection and worldly sagacity. An affectionate and cautious father Leopold Mozart certainly was, and in every way fitted to secure the prosperity of a man of his own limited gifts, destined to move in a small and humble walk of life: but the career of the greatest musician of his time could not be regulated according to everyday rules of conduct; and Leopold Mozart was kind and prudent, but was incapable of the bold courses and large sacrifices required in dealing with his son, and he was bent upon cautiously guiding him in the world. The first of the steps, so sensible had they been applied to a man who, like Leopold Mozart himself, could not aspire to more than a good salary as chapel-master, or a nice income as harpsichord-player,—the first of the unlucky measures of paternal wisdom was to take Mozart, when scarcely more than a baby, upon a long series of artistic tours, during which he was shown off as an infant prodigy—that is to say, as the creature of all others with which the world most associates failure in after-life; so that there clung to his name a contemptuous suspicion, a recollection of the useless display of mere precocious childish talents, which met the son in after-years, and which we find distinctly expressed in Burney's information—given when Wolfgang Mozart was sixteen—that "he is one further instance of early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent." Some years later Leopold Mozart had an opportunity of entirely effacing this prejudicial impression. His son was enthusiastically received during their sojourn in Italy: he was beginning to get a reputation as a composer; he had the friendship of Padre Martini, the greatest musical critic—of Jomelli, of Hasse, of Piccinni; great singers were inclined to trust their reputation to him. All, in short, was going on more prosperously than it had ever before done with so young a composer, when the father, after a comparatively short stay, disappears with the boy, buries him at Salzburg, an obscure town without the slightest outlet for musical talent, and makes him enter the miserable service of the most avaricious, stupid, and brutal of prelates. During the years which Mozart should have spent at a *conservatorio* in Italy, perhaps not to study, but gradually to become known to the musicians who were destined to be his rivals, to obtain a firm footing in the country whence all musical fame then issued—during these most precious years of his early youth he fretted and moped in a place which he detested, where there was nothing to be learnt or to be done, surrounded by small provincial dunces and narrow-minded provincial gentry, and vainly longing to return to Italy.

At length, and not without a struggle, the young man broke the chains with which his father's short-sighted affection and timidity were binding him. He left Salzburg and went to Mannheim, to Munich, "to the residences and Electoral villas," according to his father's direction, hoping to find an outlet for his genius. He was disappointed: he was received as a superficially talented but obscure youth; no one trusted in his powers. Why had he disappeared from the scenes of his early success? why had he been forgotten for years? why had he done nothing at an age when most composers had already made a name for themselves? The public mistrusted him; the profession instinctively disliked him, who had been educated apart from them, who had not gone side by side with them through every step of his career, and who now came, with a full consciousness of his own superiority and no expectation of anything but unbounded success, to push his way into their places—he, a stranger, an intruder, a former infant prodigy. Italians and Germans—for all noted German musicians were at that time Italians by education — coalesced against him. Vainly did he attempt to obtain an engagement at Naples, at Mannheim, at Munich, anywhere. All was closed to him, and there remained nothing but to scrape up a few florins by playing at concerts and publishing sonatas. The Elector Palatine received him kindly, it is true, and would have done something to have helped him on; but he shrank from employing a young man who had not gone through the usual routine of the profession; and merely recommended him to go to Italy and return with a reputation. Germany having proved hopeless, the father agreed to let Mozart try his fortunes in France, but always accompanied by his mother, a good-natured but ignorant and narrow-minded woman, whose religious scruples were interfering with her son's professional advancement as constantly as did the father's would-be worldly prudence; thus rendering the young man utterly unfit to take care of himself, from the incessant care which others took of him. Mozart found Paris in a ferment of excitement as to the relative merits of Gluck and Piccinni; and as Leopold Mozart in his wisdom had particularly warned his son not to approach either composer, or to show the slightest preference for either party, Wolfgang remained unnoticed both by Gluckists and Piccinnists, and returned home with no advantage whatever.

At length, however, after constant neglect and repeated failure, Mozart was commissioned to write an opera for the Bavarian Court. This was in the year 1781; Mozart was twenty-five—that is to say, only one year younger than Pergolesi at the moment of his death, and four years older than Rossini when he wrote 'Tancredi:' the greatest of all composers was still obscure at an age when most others have been well known. The opera was 'Idomeneo,' one of the master's noblest works, and in a more earnest and elevated style than any of his subsequent and more mature ones. This was Mozart's first opening into the world; his father closed it by peremptorily recalling him to the service of the Archbishop of Salzburg, who made the composer of 'Idomeneo' dine with his cooks and footmen. Nay, when all possibility of continuing in this most humiliating bondage had ceased, when the Archbishop had called Mozart a vagabond and a ragamuffin, when his intendant had kicked him out of the room, Leopold would have

had his son seek his Eminence's forgiveness, and re-enter his glorious service. For once Mozart's character seemed to enlarge, and he refused to obey; but it was now too late. Leopold would barely forgive this disobedience, and his son was for the first time left his own master. But it was no longer time to retrieve the series of mistakes which had been committed, to teach Mozart how to make the best of circumstances. He came once more into collision with the men whose fellow-scholar he ought to have been. The Viennese theatres were occupied by Martin, by Salieri, by Sarti, by Weigl — composers immeasurably inferior to himself, but who had an established reputation. His attempts to thrust himself forward were received by cabal of every sort, while the hatred of the Archbishop of Salzburg attempted to blast his reputation as a man. His masterpieces were received either with indifference or with positive aversion by a public which viewed him as a sort of adventurer and impostor. Meanwhile his natural carelessness, which had been heightened into positive incapacity by the former jealous interference of his father, set his worldly affairs into a hopeless condition; a slovenly commonplace wife, low, disorderly connections, and reckless habits, reduced him to a system of constant overwork and constant borrowing. One child after another was born and died, his wife was continually ill, symphonies had to be sold before they were written, usurers had to be resorted to, till came the catastrophe, which the father, its unwitting but original cause, was mercifully spared from witnessing. Mozart, whom the poor anxious chapel-master of Salzburg had hoped to see "at the head of a comfortable, Christian household," — feverishly anxious to get eight pupils—writing a masterpiece, the 'Zauberflöte,' for a suburban theatre of planks, owned by a harlequin,—begins, according to his own expression, to have the taste of death on his tongue; dies miserably and painfully, leaving only sixty florins to pay his debts, and is hurriedly buried in the cheapest manner in the common ditch of the public cemetery, without even a cross to distinguish his resting-place from that of the beggars around him. Mozart believed that he was being poisoned, as Pergolesi had believed himself to be when he too died young, in obscurity and want; but what need could any of his enemies have had to poison him? He could never have struggled out of the wreck of his fortune, of his career, and of his health. The story is a miserable one, and, being that of the composer of 'Don Giovanni' and the 'Zauberflöte,' obtains a deep tragic interest for us; yet it is in reality the story of hundreds of other musicians of small or no gifts—and the only really strange circumstance is, that this commonplace tale of failure should be that of a man of genius like Mozart's. This anomaly we have partially explained by showing how his father arranged matters as if he had positively been planning an obscure and unsuccessful career for his son; the other half of the explanation must be sought for in Mozart's own character, which, compared with his genius, was almost as commonplace as was his life, and which might, like it, have been that of a very mediocre artist.

Of all moral portraits of Mozart, none seems to us more untrustworthy than the one which Dr Nohl attempts to paint, because its avowed object is to show us a sort of realised ideal; yet the accounts of other biographers are by no means entirely

correct: if Dr Nohl makes Mozart too refined, M. Blaze de Bury makes him too coarse; and if Stendhal shows us too unconcerned and frivolous a nature, Oulibicheff represents one too decided and combative;—each writer, in short, has a more or less ideal Mozart of his own, and enlarges his character on one side or another, according to his preconceived notion. And in this exaggeration, in this enlarging, lies the falseness of most existing portraits; for on examining the real Mozart as we see him in his voluminous correspondence, what strikes us most is precisely the small scale of the man's character, and the absence in it of very distinct lines. He is not a powerful nature, a sort of Byron, as Oulibicheff pretends — nor a Goethe-like, perfectly balanced constitution, as Dr Nohl fondly imagines: and if we look at his various physical portraits,—at the round, smooth forehead—at the bright, but neither penetrating nor fiery eyes—at the prominent, kindly, but sensual mouth—and at the whole amiable, unintellectual, and rather grotesque face as we see it in Doris Stock's pencil-drawing, and Posch's carved medallion, — we instinctively feel that we are not in the presence of a powerful and austere character like Handel; or of an ardent, original, imaginative mind like Gluck's; or of an intelligent, shrewd, gay epicure like Rossini; or of a refined and aspiring poet like Mendelssohn: we have before us the portrait of a man having the most wonderful example of what experience teaches us to recognise as a musical head, but otherwise not very distinguished in any way. Let us put aside this musical endowment, let us look at the man as distinguished from the artist, and we shall find a character such as may be found, with more or less alteration, in every profession and every country, but which is especially common among the German middle classes, or rather the South German middle classes. Dr Nohl lays particular stress upon his hero's nature having been a Southern one, but he does not point out that this quality is an ambiguous one: there is a great difference between being of the South of Germany and being of the South of Europe. Mozart was a South German, which in his day meant a Teuton, with all the disadvantages and few of the advantages of his race, and as deficient in the earnestness and ideal aspiration of the countrymen of Goethe and Schiller, as in the intelligence and elegance of the Italians. He was honest, guileless, loving, and, while in good health, overflowing with animal spirits, which took the shape of absurd, half-maudlin tenderness and buffoonery; sensuous without refinement, hilarious without wit, improvident, slovenly, narrow-minded, and, when beginning to fall into ill health, inclined to morbid brooding, and to an unwholesome savouring of the thought of death, from which frame of mind a piece of good news or a glass of wine would suddenly carry him into the most boisterous, most childish state of jollity. He had received a very careful and comparatively liberal education; he had travelled much, and associated with men of talents and position: yet, despite his linguistic facility for writing, he was on the whole an unintellectual man. He cared for no art save his own; books had no attraction for him; he seems to have been totally unaware of the great intellectual and social questions which were shaking the world around him. His conversation in society, if anything like his letters, must have been quaint, but rather vulgarly jocular: his mind, though not inactive, was

frivolous; his tastes, though innocent, were coarse; his life, although moral, was mean. Unlike his father, who was intellectually far superior to him, he never aimed at raising his social position, or at doing more than merely secure himself and his from present distress. He aspired to no higher society than that of his good-natured, illiterate, vulgar wife, and of his low, coarse, jovial friends, small musicians and tradesfolk. He yearned after no finer pleasures than those of sipping his punch while listening to tavern jests and pothouse brawls, of paying court to actresses and chambermaids, of dancing and picnicking with his loud stupid wife, of playing the buffoon at masked balls. His very affection was of a sensual, convivial sort, seeking for nothing which could raise him by compelling him to admire. After his separation from his father, a serious, ambitious, and intellectual man, whose influences had kept him in check, all the mediocrity of his character and aspirations became apparent: his life, despite childish, delightful little occasional traits, such as his love for birds and beasts, was the life of the low German middle classes, untouched by the earnest poetry of Goethe, unembellished by the playful, fanciful grotesqueness of Jean Paul; it was the illiterate, thriftless, jocose, superstitious life of the illiterate, thriftless, jocose, superstitious Austrians of the last century. Mozart's nature was a good and pure one, but external circumstances never forced upon him a struggle with himself; a sacrifice which might have ennobled and raised it out of mediocrity. His very music did not seem to elevate him. To compose music was a necessity to him. His mind was overflowing with masterpieces, but they seemed as little connected with its main characteristics as if they had been put into it by some foreign agency. To suppose, as Nohl does, that he was constantly striving after higher perfection, is absurd: his own genius ripened, and his art along with it, but absolutely without effort on his part. He was not, like Michael Angelo, straining after grander forms; nor, like Lionardo, seeking everywhere for a more subtle beauty. He had neither ambition nor ideal; he produced masterpieces as spontaneously as the tree produces the fruit, and what he produced thus spontaneously was superior by far to what others might have obtained by countless efforts. When once we have thus seen the real Mozart, we cannot for a moment give any weight to the fanciful modern notion of tracing all Mozart's compositions to some emotion or some idea which may be supposed to have occupied his mind about the time of their production; for Mozart's feelings were neither more subtle nor more profound than those of most men of his station; and as to general ideas—such as that Don Giovanni represents the force of nature, and Donna Anna the force of society—he was the last man to conceive anything of the sort, even had he possessed the advantage of living in Dr Nohl's day, and dipping like him into Hegel's æsthetics. And it is as impossible to associate such exquisitely delicate and lovely musical types as those of Don Ottavio, of Pamina, and of Cherubino, with a man like Mozart, who was usually trivial, often vulgar, and occasionally stupidly coarse in his thoughts and words, as it is impossible to associate the enthusiastic young saints, all spiritual longing and ecstasy, of the Umbrian school of painting, with the cynical, grasping, atheistic Perugino; impossible, until we have admitted that it is the artist's genius, not his character,

which produces masterpieces, and that in such cases the special genius and the character, although existing in the same person, are in reality independent of each other. And indeed, even the high priest Nohl, despite his attempts at explaining Mozart the musician by Mozart the man, has occasionally felt that he has before him merely an exquisitely subtle musical instrument; and that this being the case, the question necessarily arises, What great mind was it that expressed its aspirations through its sounds? And Dr Nohl has answered, with astounding coolness, The great artist who used the exquisite instrument was the German people. There is the explanation of Mozart the musician, if you are not satisfied with that to be found in Mozart the man: "'Nathan the Wise' was already written, 'Faust' was being written, the moment had come when the 'Zauberflöte' could be composed." This seems plausible enough at first sight, but on further examination the explanation proves so incomplete as to require another one in order for it to be understood. For when Dr Nohl says the German people, it is evident, from his reference to Lessing and Goethe, that he means that part of the German people which constituted the great intellectual movement of which 'Nathan the Wise' and 'Faust' are the representatives. But it so happens that Mozart belonged to that other part of the German nation which had no share in this movement — the Catholic South-East Germans, who aided as little in, and received as little impression from, the literary movement which was taking place in the Protestant Central Germany as did their Bohemian and Hungarian neighbours; and who, while Lessing was writing his rationalistic polemics, Herder his philosophical history, Wieland his semi-pagan novels, Goethe his 'Werther,' and Schiller his 'Don Carlos,' read nothing but lives of saints and "ghost almanacks," and whose upper classes got what little culture they possessed from Latin sources, from their Paris-imported novels, and Italian Court-poets, Metastasio and Casti. Mozart, then, the stanch Austrian, the fervent Catholic, could not have been personally influenced by the intellectual revival of Weimar and Frankfort and Leipzig; and had it even been within possibility that he had in some mysterious fashion been indirectly affected by feelings and efforts of which himself and his public were ignorant, it would have yet been totally impossible for the German intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, born of opposition to the French literature, of imitation of the English, of revival of the antique—a purely critical, eclectic, philosophical movement — to produce such works as 'Don Giovanni' and the 'Zauberflöte.' Mozart was not an artist like Mengs or Dannecker, a pupil of critics and æstheticians, a reviver of antique forms; his art was a living art, not conjured up by the teachings of a Winckelmann and a Lessing, but regularly produced by preceding art — not addressed to the cultivated taste of a few individuals, but expressing the long-existing æsthetical condition of a whole people. And which was that people? How did the sudden German eclectic revival produce what must have needed centuries of incubation, and that the incubation of a whole nation? Was Mozart the direct product of Bach and Handel; and if so, were Bach and Handel also, in whose days the German mind was still fast in the bondage of French fashion — were they also due to the movement

headed by Lessing and Goethe? Dr Nohl cannot pretend that; no, he has a further explanation. The art, he says, which thus depended upon the movement of the German intellect, was originally not German: it had been sown and developed in Italy, whence it was rooted up and transplanted to German soil just at the moment of efflorescence, in order to benefit by the intellectual atmosphere of 'Nathan the Wise' and 'Faust,' the two most purely philosophical, critical, eclectic, and unspontaneous works of art that ever were produced.

But Dr Nohl gets quite lost in trying to account for the success of this extraordinary process of artistic uprooting and transplanting. He has to seek refuge in figurative language of the most gorgeous and bewildering sort; in short, he does not know what he means. He had told us that Mozart's music was due to Mozart's personal character, then that it was produced by the German intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, then that it had apparently originated in Italy. It is not worth while to follow him in this puzzle, and we had best turn to the writer from whose views on Mozart's position in art history those of all succeeding German critics have, with more or less variation and more or less success, been borrowed, because he first, and perhaps alone, presented a logical proposition, a distinct statement of what he deemed to be the truth, respecting the real mission of Mozart. This critic was Alexander Oulibicheff, a Russian *dilettante* who had received his musical education in Germany, and who, although writing in French, was intensely Teutonic in feeling, and an implacable enemy of Italian music.*

Oulibicheff was much more than a mere musician; he was a lively, imaginative, and occasionally eloquent writer—a sort of exaggerated, tactless Stendhal, whose wild fancies and often highly grotesque language could make even the most technical subject interesting and amusing. Unfortunately, this imaginative, sophistical talent continually led him, as it has led all those who have possessed it, into seeing in music an infinite number of things which it did not contain—into discovering meanings and expressions of which the composer never dreamed—into judging of art by entirely mistaken standards of logic, dramatic expression, and philosophical speculation. He was a most remarkable example of that class of musical critics who, finding it extremely difficult to describe musical form—because, not being imitated from any existing object, it can be appreciated only when heard—have set about describing what can easily be described,—namely, the human emotions which the music is supposed to express. He was eminently one of those who, not being able to make us follow the modulations of a piece which we have never heard, make us follow instead the logical concatenation of ideas and emotions; and who, unable to make us admire the musician's really musical qualities, praise him for qualities which are not musical ones at all, and which most often he does not really possess—for understanding the particular frame of mind of a stage character, the manner in which his thoughts and feelings succeed each other, and affect him more or less violently according to his peculiar mental condition,—problems whose solution the composer may learn from his playwright, from a man who does not know one tune from

* Nouvelle Biographie de Mozart. Moscow: 1843. 3 vols.

another—best of all, perhaps, from a deaf metaphysician. Such critics are naturally in favour of art which is in what Hegel calls the romantic phase—the phase in which art has an aim and a standard exterior to itself, such as logical development of ideas and dramatic expression—and are naturally hostile to art in the classic phase, in which art knows no higher aim than its own artistic perfection, no higher standard than that of mere artistic beauty. And Oulibicheff is a striking example of the result of such critical tendencies. He certainly originally, and at bottom, admired Mozart for his musical qualities, but he most decidedly had accustomed himself to praise him only for his non-musical ones; and having set him up as an idol, it became necessary to explain his adoration by discovering in the composer all those philosophical, psychological, non-musical aims which he had persuaded himself were the highest ones of the art. Oulibicheff saw at a glance that Mozart stood, in the history of the art, at the turning-point between the classic phase and the romantic phase—between the musicians who had striven solely after musical perfection, and those who were striving after psychological truth and dramatic expression. He immediately decided that Mozart was not the last of the classicists, but the first of the romanticists—not the culmination of the first school, but the beginning of the next one; that he had overthrown and reformed the already existing, not completed and perfected it; that, therefore, the art which had preceded him had been on the wrong road, while that which succeeded him was on the right one;—a series of propositions which he attempted to prove in three large volumes, and which all his successors—M. Blaze de Bury, Dr Hannslick, and Dr Nohl—have accepted as true beyond all power of dispute.

According to Oulibicheff, the musical schools which preceded Mozart had each of them developed some essential part of the art, but had either done so imperfectly or to the detriment of some other part, and each of them had considered its own branch the sole aim and object of musical study: thence, according to Oulibicheff, a most chaotic state of things, which it was the mission of Mozart to reduce to harmony. He was to gather together all the separate styles and schools, to develop the yet immature and to reduce to just proportions the over-developed, and to subject all these various elements to a new law, to unite them with a new aim, equally unknown to all the representative musicians of previous generations,—the law and the aim of the romantic school, of which he thus became at once the founder and the most perfect example. In order that music might express great human types and great psychological generalisations, that it might bring dramatic effect to the highest pitch, that it might become a means of instruction and edification, Mozart was to unite together the different branches of the art which had hitherto developed under the pressure of the desire for more artistic perfection. The great choral effects of Palestrina, the fugued music of Bach, the sacred melody of Handel, the profane melody of the Italians, the instrumental refinements of Haydn, the vocal refinements of Porpora, the tragic declamation of Gluck, the comic declamation of Piccinni,—all these artistic productions were thrown down in their perfection before Mozart, that he might select them, arrange them, and weave them into an immortal work. The notion is poetical; but an examination into musical his-

tory, and a comparison with the history of the other fine arts, proves it to be utterly untenable. These various musical styles were the growth of various and very different times; and had Mozart attempted to unite them, he would have been binding together dead flowers with fresh ones; each variety having required for its efflorescence circumstances so different from those required by its predecessors and successors, that one had to fade and wither before the other could bud —or rather, the plant had necessarily to change from one condition to another. For as sure as the fruit is contained in the blossom, and cannot develop till the blossom has ceased to exist, so is one artistic style contained in embryo in its predecessor, and cannot develop until the previous style has fallen to pieces. Art, represented by a whole body of artists and by their public, is an animate whole, living, growing, and therefore changing, and which can be in only one phase of existence at one time. There exists what is more important than the works of a single artist, and that is the joint work of all the artists, of all the composers, of all the performers, and of all the audiences of a given period. There exists the abstract style, the abstract artistic form, which belongs to no single individual, but to all the individuals of the same time—a style and a form as varied and manifold as are the various talents of the artists who make up a generation, but yet as homogeneous and limited as is the genius of that whole generation. It is an abstract existence, because unaltered by the peculiar circumstances which make one man differ from another. It exists only in the mind of the critic, but it exists none the less absolutely, because it can be found in the works of each man when we strip them of what is individual to that man. This artistic form is not created by any single artist,—it is born of the artistic forms of a previous period, just as the artists themselves are the intellectual product of their artistic predecessors. It lives as does any other product of nature; it buds, blows, develops, gives birth to another form, and dies. This is the life of the art while its life is yet strong and real: the forms grow spontaneously by the process of evolution inherent in the art itself. Now, at the close of the last century, music had, since its technical maturity, run through several stages. The forms of the days of Handel and Bach were as dead in the days of Mozart as were the forms of Homer in the days of Theocritus; and those of the time of Gluck were as fast dying as were those of Botticelli in the time of Raphael. Mozart could no longer spontaneously create the forms of either—he could only imitate them. Had he done so, had he united together the forms of dead generations, he would have produced incoherent, cold, imperfect forms. He would have been an eclectist like the Caracci in painting. Now such eclecticism exists only after classic art has run through its whole course of development—when the true ideal has already been attained, and there remains nothing to do but to build up a false one out of the ruins of the past; as the cold awkward Palladian architects created an incoherent style with the details of previous schools of architecture. Was this the case when Mozart appeared? Had real artistic life ceased, and was it his mission to bind together the effete forms which he had come too late to create? To this question, suggested by an examination into Oulibicheff's

theory, we answer, and all who know and love Mozart will answer with us, No — decidedly and emphatically, No.

How, then, could he have united together these various styles, as Oulibicheff and Nohl pretend, unless it was granted to the greatest of musicians to break through those laws of growth and decline without which music could never have existed? Here, again, Mozart's own works must furnish the answer. We can only refer to them, and to the direct proofs they contain, that Mozart not only never united previously existing styles, but moreover possessed only one style, and that the style common to his whole generation. Mozart composed, it is true, works of all categories: heroic operas, and comic operas, and semi-serious operas—masses, and litanies, and psalms — symphonies, sonatas, quartets, and almost every description of vocal and instrumental music for the church, the concert-room, and the theatre; but in all these sorts of compositions he displayed only one style, varying according to date and circumstances, and especially according to the various physical means, vocal or instrumental, large or small, which he employed, but always the same style, enclosed by very distinct limits. The Jupiter symphony is very different from the Requiem; "Non più andrai" is not the same as "Batti, Batti;" the first finale of the 'Zauberflöte' is not particularly like the second finale of 'Don Giovanni:' but compare all of them with any work by Handel, by Pergolesi, by Bach, by Jomelli, or by Gluck, and you will instantly remark a common character which unites them to each other as forcibly as it distinguishes them from the works of Mozart's predecessors. This common character is the general style in which they are written, the constantly recurring musical forms of which they consist. The style admits of various adaptations, the forms admit of various modifications, yet they always remain, on the whole, the same. The pieces may be simple and graceful, complicated and resplendent, tender or cheerful, but they are always soft, light, flowing, sinuous; the forms are always small, delicate, rounded, of sweet, easy, natural modulation, with passages of notes linked together by twos and threes, with gentle rhythmical flow, and constantly recurring rocket-like movements on to high notes, and sweet, sighing, softened closes — forms which stand to those of preceding schools as do the soft, delicate, graceful forms of Praxitelean Fauns and Cupids to the severer, more massive, more vigorous forms of the serene, majestic gods, and heroes, and Amazons of Phidias and Scopas; and Mozart, gay or melancholy, simple, or florid, or splendid, always appears, compared to Handel and Bach, to Gluck and Jomelli, as some exquisite idyllist or elegist by the side of a grand, unimpassioned epic poet, and of an impassioned pathetic tragedian. Mozart never approached to heroic grandeur in any of his compositions, resplendent though they may be, for heroic grandeur belonged exclusively to the school of the beginning of his century—of Handel and Bach, of Marcello and of Durante; and he approached to tragic pathos only in a very few pieces, unmistakably and purposely imitated from Gluck and Jomelli,—such as the first duet between Donna Anna and Don Ottavio in 'Don Giovanni,' and part of the great quintet of 'Titus,' and to a certain though very limited extent in his early opera of 'Idomeneo,' composed when

Gluck and Jomelli were not yet gone out of fashion, and when the style which succeeded theirs was not yet thoroughly eliminated out of it. The ghost of the Commander is, very properly, a mere comic-opera hobgoblin; while the conspirators and regicides of 'Titus' are, very improperly, mere sentimental shepherds and shepherdesses. These were the natural tendencies of Mozart's style—the last, and consequently the least massive and powerful, of those belonging to the eighteenth century. As we have already remarked, he was severed off by most distinct and unmistakable limits from his immediate and more remote predecessors. This has generally, though very vaguely, been admitted; but no one has as yet, to the best of our belief, drawn attention to the fact that there were no limits severing him from his own contemporaries: for in their compositions we meet not only the same general characteristics; the same non-heroic, non-tragic, elegiac, or idyllic style; the same roundness, tenderness, and brilliancy; the same adaptation to light and graceful subjects; the same inaptitude for solemn and tragic ones,—but we meet with the same individual forms, the same cut of phrase, the same ornaments, the same closes, the same delicate arabesque-like twirling and twining and wreathing of originally simple ideas; we meet, if on a much smaller scale, the same system of rhythmical accompaniments, in which the hitherto neglected wind instruments begin to be freely used, and where a good portion of the melody is already given over to the orchestra, which enters into far more serious competition with the vocal parts than it had hitherto done. That Mozart's style was the same as that of his Italian contemporaries is proved by a curious little piece of malice which on one occasion he conceived and carried out, in order to show their inferiority to himself. Irritated at the success of Martin's 'Cosa Rara' and Sarti's 'Fra i due Litiganti,' which had supplanted his own 'Figaro,' and determined to make the public appreciate the difference between their operas and his, Mozart made the orchestra at Don Giovanni's supper play two fragments of favourite pieces respectively by Martin and Sarti—little, graceful, finikin melodies—which were immediately succeeded by his own splendid "Non più andrai." The crushing effect of this, the most brilliant and spirited piece Mozart ever composed, immediately after the feeble, sugary airs of his rivals, is incredible, and the trick must have succeeded to perfection with a contemporary audience well acquainted with the music of Martin and Sarti. But nowadays, when Martin and Sarti have long been forgotten, — when no one understands or even remarks Leporello's information, that one piece is 'Cosa Rara,' and the other 'Fra due Litiganti' — information which the German translator of 'Don Giovanni' has entirely overlooked,—nowadays not one in a thousand persons guesses that these two tunes are not as much by Mozart as all the rest of the scene. For although there is a marked difference in the value of the various pieces, there is no discrepancy of style, no sudden change, such as would accompany the transition to an air by Handel or Pergolesi; the three pieces—Martin's, Sarti's, and Mozart's — dovetail perfectly, and the effect is not more incoherent than if one of Mozart's own feebler pieces, one of his mild sonata themes or meek little love-songs, had been immediately followed by "Non più andrai."

But if this similarity—nay, this

homogeneousness—of style, be so striking in the case of inferior composers, how much more is it not the case with Mozart's two great Italian rivals, Paisiello and Cimarosa, with his immediate Italian successor (only a few years his junior), Luigi Cherubini, despite the much feebler orchestra of the two first? The famous Grétry was wont to say that the only difference between Mozart and Cimarosa was, that the former placed the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage, while the latter placed the statue on the stage and the pedestal in the orchestra—a remark whose justness we can fully understand when we remember such pieces as the ball-scene in 'Don Giovanni,' where the instruments play the melody, and the voices literally sing the mere rhythmical accompaniment. Mozart, born in Germany, where instrumental music was more cultivated than vocal, and forced, by the difficulty with which he could obtain an order for an opera (he wrote only seven during his manhood, while Cimarosa and Paisiello wrote each forty or fifty), to devote himself almost exclusively to the composition of symphonies, sonatas, violin trios and quartets, naturally gave much more importance to the instrumental part than did his Italian contemporaries, who wrote only operas and masses, and who wrote, moreover, for singers as excellent as those of Mozart were mediocre. This is the main difference between Mozart and his contemporaries; and it is a difference in the mere physical means, but not in the form, the style, and all that depends upon the intellectual conception. The only really intellectual difference between them is one of degree—the difference due to the fact that Mozart's genius was more varied, inexhaustible, and splendid than that of even the most gifted of his rivals.

But those rivals, those men whose genius was inferior but whose style was the same as his, were Italians—Cimarosa, Paisiello, Guglielmi, and a whole host of smaller composers; and that style, which he had in common with them, was an Italian style; they had not imitated it from his—they, older than himself, and who were at the summit of their fame when he was obscure and starving; nay, it existed already, in an undeveloped state, in the works of Sarti and Sacchini, composed when both he and Cimarosa were mere boys. How, then, had Mozart, the German, the hater of Italians, the national hero of Dr Nohl, the grand reformer of Oulibicheff, obtained possession of a style already existing in Italy when he was a child, and which, if it blazed out more splendidly than it had hitherto done in his 'Idomeneo,' was already most distinctly noticeable in the 'Giulio Sabino,' which Sarti had composed at Venice a year before? Had Mozart stolen the cut of his airs, of his recitatives, of his very musical phrases and ornaments—everything, in short, save his more complicated concerted pieces and more splendid orchestra—from Sarti, a composer who was immeasurably his inferior? Most certainly not. The explanation of this curious fact, so entirely overlooked, or so carefully hidden away by Mozart's biographers, must not be sought for in any miserable idea of imitation or plagiarism on either side, but in that large general law we have already alluded to—a law so totally ignored by writers on music — by which the musical forms and style of one period gradually grow out of the musical forms and style of the preceding one, and with as definite a relationship to them as that between

the seed and the plant, the blossom and the fruit. Mozart's style was the same as that of Cimarosa and of Paisiello, because it was born of the same parent as theirs; because, inasmuch as Mozart, Cimarosa, and Paisiello, all equally were the direct artistic offspring of Gluck and Jomelli, Piccinni and Sacchini, their style necessarily was the one elaborated out of that of Gluck and Jomelli, and Piccinni and Sacchini. But this is not all. Mozart was a German; how came he to be the artistic offspring of Italians, and the artistic brother of Italians? The answer is very simple, but one which is based upon a fact forgotten or purposely neglected in our days. Because the whole musical art of the eighteenth century, with the exception of the miserable offshoot which had been withering and growing hideous in France ever since Lully brought it from Italy—because the whole really living musical art of the eighteenth century was Italian, and purely Italian. Because Italy was the country where it had originated, and where it lived and grew and changed; because the Italians composed and sang for all other nations; because the musical public of Germany, of England, nay, of Spain, Portugal, and Russia, had acquired all its notions and tastes from the Italians; because all foreign composers learned their art either in Italy itself, or from Italian teachers, or from Italian works; because they composed either for Italian performers or for performers educated by Italians, to suit the taste either of an Italian audience or of an audience fed off Italian compositions; because, in short, as long as classical music, music for music's own sake, existed, Italy was the country whence every musical movement issued, and to which every musical movement returned. Mozart, although a German as a man, was an Italian as an artist, as Handel and Bach and Gluck, Germans as much as himself, had also been Italian musicians, having their Italian artistic parents and brethren, each in his epoch, Marcello and Durante, and Boccherini and Jomelli. For the artistic nationality of a painter, a sculptor, or a musician, depends upon the link, not of physical, but of intellectual affinity. The people who give the complexion, the manners, the habits, produce only the man; while the people who give the ideas, the forms, the style, produce the artist. To the painter or to the sculptor a nation gives models, to the writer thoughts and modes of feeling, to the musician it gives rudimentary musical forms and tendencies. The artist and the succession of artists who constitute a school are thus born of the soil, and nourished by the humblest of their countrymen; but an individual artist can leave his native place, in which he would vainly seek for this popular alimentation of his talent—he can join the children of another race, be adopted by that race, obtain from it all its wealth of artistic suggestion and tradition, and return it tripled by his genius. This is what was done by Handel, by Gluck, and most of all by Mozart. Dr Nohl asks, in one of the rare moments when his hero's mediocrity seems to have come home to him, whence did Mozart obtain such exquisitely delicate types as Tamino and Pamina? Whence? From the source whence he drew his Don Ottavio and his Cherubino, and whence Cimarosa and Paisiello drew their Carolina, their Curiazio, and their Nina,—from the genius of the Italian people, which during a century expended its best energies in music, as it had done two hundred years before in the plastic arts.

Mozart, then, was an Italian, the direct offspring of Italians, in his musical forms and style; but was he equally one in the manner in which he used these forms, in the spirit in which he viewed this style? True, he was connected with his own generation by the means which he employed, but was he not severed off from it by the aims towards which he employed them? Oulibicheff, and after him Dr Nohl, distinctly affirm that the latter was the case; that Mozart accepted the forms elaborated by his predecessors, but put them to a new use; that he was the first of the romanticists dealing with classic materials, employing what had been obtained in the service of art for art's own sake, in the search after art for an ulterior object. Hitherto, we are told by these writers—nay, we are told more or less distinctly by all modern critics—that musicians had aimed at mere musical perfection, at mere beauty of form; and we are told that Mozart was the first who succeeded in making music the direct and unfailing exponent of dramatic situation and psychological truth. We are told that he was the true disciple of Gluck, a composer who had come too early to put his theories of expression into the absolute action which Mozart did; that he was the first who created by the means of music vast types of humanity, and displayed those types in the most appropriate action; that, in short, he was the first practical and successful musical romanticist.

Such is Oulibicheff's doctrine, but it is far from being a true one. First, with respect to Mozart's relation to Gluck, let it be remembered that there were in the composer of 'Orpheus' and of 'Alceste' two entirely distinct individuals: Gluck the great musical genius, the composer of melodies of exquisite beauty, the artistic offspring of Handel and Pergolesi; and Gluck the speculative æsthetician, the man who hoped to carry expression even to distinguishing between a queen and her attendant—nay, to the imitation of the cries of animals,—the composer of long and tedious pieces, in which all is sacrificed to dramatic effect, which is not obtained; the imitator of the unmelodious, crabbed, ranting declamation of Rameau and Campra. Mozart, as a composer of the same school as Cimarosa and Paisiello, was necessarily connected with the first of these halves of Gluck's character, because the school to which he belonged was born of that to which Gluck belonged; but Mozart as the most purely musical genius the world has ever produced, was as necessarily totally disconnected with the second half of Gluck's individuality, because this theoretical unartistic half was as artistically sterile as it was artistically isolated. We find, therefore, in Mozart's earliest opera of 'Idomeneo,' written while Gluck was still flourishing, traces, though slight, of Gluck's musical forms, which remained in Mozart's style, as it did in that of his contemporaries, until this new style had entirely developed, and its predecessor had entirely disappeared; but we find no trace whatever of Gluck's theories, of his method of amalgamating recitative and air, of his tendency towards the plainest, barest declamation. If 'Idomeneo' resembles 'Orpheus' or 'Alceste,' if it have something of their tragic pathos, it is because the style of 'Orpheus' and 'Alceste' was not yet extinct.* But this comparative severity of

* Mozart occasionally imitated Gluck on those very rare occasions, such as Donna Anna's first air, and the two speeches of the Commander, where tragic solemnity was

musical form, which we still occasionally remark in 'Idomeneo,' gradually disappeared as Mozart's style developed, totally vanished when it attained its acme; and that tragic pathos which Gluck possessed to so high a degree, Mozart, the fully developed Mozart, was absolutely devoid of.

How, then, could Mozart, with his style limited, like that of his contemporaries, within the bounds of idyllic and elegiac sweetness and gaiety, with musical forms which could not be adapted to any but light and non-tragic subjects—how could Mozart give that unfailing expression to all subjects, and create every species of human type? That he totally failed in heroic subjects and character is proved by the delightfully sweet and pastoral music to which he set Metastasio's 'Titus' (a version of Corneille's 'Cinna'); but Oulibicheff and all the Germans shove aside this lovely opera, so embarrassing to their theories: they say that its want of expression is due to the subject (a most pathetic one, as it happens), to the historical anachronisms, to the part of Sextus being sung by a woman—in short, to anything and everything; nay, doubts are even shed on the authenticity of this dramatically worthless but musically exquisite opera, which, if not composed by Mozart, must have been composed by a genius equal to himself. Oulibicheff and Nohl deliberately throw 'Titus' aside, and refer us solely to Mozart's comic and semi-serious operas for the proof of their assertion. That these latter are as dramatically good as 'Titus' is dramatically bad, is natural; because the very qualities of the style of Mozart and of his contemporaries—that very lightness, delicacy, and idyllic sweetness which rendered it so utterly incompatible with tragic characters and situations—render it in the highest degree suitable to comic and semi-serious ones. There was no attempt on Mozart's part to express either of these sorts of character; he merely wrote exquisite music, which happened to suit comedy, as it happened also not to suit tragedy. General fitness there is, and it must strike every one; but Oulibicheff, and Dr Nohl, Oulibicheff's faithful apostle, pretend to discover much more than such general concordance between the music and the subject. Oulibicheff in his careful analysis, and Nohl in his more cursory criticism of 'Figaro,' affirm that Mozart's music has expressed every situation and every character most distinctly, so that the music induces a mood exactly analogous to that induced by the words. Now every one who has read the play knows that the single situations and characters are far from edifying, and the general spirit far from morally beautiful; so that if, as our critics pretend, Mozart gave in music the precise equivalent of the venal light-hearted Figaro, the cowardly cunning Basilio, the heartless coquette Susanna, the jealous and licentious Count, the sensually sentimental Countess, and the whole loose, lawless, heartless, moral atmosphere of the castle of Almaviva, he must, by giving the musical equivalent of each and all of these, have given a work of art of decidedly immoral tendency. Nor is Oulibicheff —for he, as the most brilliant writer on Mozart, is really responsible for all that others have repeated, —nor is Oulibicheff satisfied with

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indispensable; but such direct imitations merely mark the limits of Mozart's own style, by showing how he had to resort to that of another man when the occasion required high pathos.

attributing to Mozart's music the faithful rendering of this degree of moral evil: he affirms that in the songs of Cherubino, those purest and fairest inspirations, Mozart expresses a character corrupt before it is even mature—a hideous, precocious piece of vileness; and finally, that in 'Don Giovanni' he gives us this character developed to the utmost,—to use his own words, "le sensualisme personnifié, le Titan charnel, comme Faust est le Titan intellectuel."

And to this, which, were music not incapable of such psychological distinctions, would be its utter moral condemnation, the critics smile placid acquiescence, and explain that Mozart made all this immorality moral by his wonderful *naïveté*, by his philosophical conception of this vileness. But we cannot listen with patience to the repetition of theories which, if true, would show, not that Mozart's works should be loved and praised above all others, but that they should be thrown into the fire as a foul misuse of genius. Fortunately this supreme merit of the expression of the abominable exists only in the morbid fancy of unworthy critics, which alone, as those who have studied the psychology of music now know, music can express.* Mozart made no attempt at expressing more than the most superficial distinctions of mood and situation. When the words speak of love, we find merely sweet and tender melody, whether the love be the chivalric passion of Don Ottavio or the cynical lust of Don Giovanni; when the words are gay, we meet merely a brisk, brilliant piece, without any indication whether the gaiety be that of a village wedding or of an orgie. Mozart—or rather, we should say, music—knows characters, not as heroes and villains, saints or satyrs, but as sopranos, tenors, and basses, —as singers in the graceful, the tender, or the brilliant style. Donna Anna is merely another name for Vitellia; Don Ottavio is the same character as Titus and as Tamino; Figaro is a less developed Don Giovanni; the regicide Sesto is merely a more developed Cherubino,—just as in Cimarosa's works the shopboy Paolino sings just like the hero Curiatus; and the family of the Venetian shopkeeper is quite as refined, quite as heroic, as that of the Roman Horatii. Expression is dependent upon form; and as in Mozart the form is limited to the tender, the graceful, the brilliant, so the expression likewise does not go beyond these qualities. Moreover, as the forms are always purely beautiful, so the expression is necessarily purely moral, for beauty is the physical equivalent of goodness. Nay, so absolutely devoid of all foundation are these odious theories, which pretend to see the expression of what is vilest in music which is all purity and loveliness, that Mozart's music, so far from enhancing evil, absolutely redeems it, as it awakens a mood so pure as to banish all thoughts of ill which might be suggested by the words, and it renders innocent plays which without it would be degrading. Thus does the beauty of the artistic form neutralise the evil of the dramatic subject.

Nay, this last test, by which the critics of the old school attempt to prove that Mozart was a romanticist, is just the one which most clearly proves the contrary. By a curious coincidence, Mozart wrote the music for three plays—'Figaro,' 'Così fan tutte,' and 'Don Giovan-

* Those interested in this point should read Mr Gurney's 'Power of Sound'—a most remarkable application of modern psychology to the question of musical expression.

ni'—which, instead of the mere broad harmless buffoonery of Cimarosa's 'Matrimonio Segreto,' or the mild non-heroic pathos of Paisiello's 'Pazza per amore,' contained, in more or less degree, a satyr-like Mephistophelian element,—an element of corruption, which, according to the mistaken old-fashioned view, the composer might either enhance or overlook. Had Mozart been a romanticist, the forerunner of Verdi and Offenbach, bent upon giving the strongest expression to the characters and situations, to which he would readily sacrifice beauty, he would have done his utmost to induce a mood similar to that induced by the words, and he would have written music unbeautiful to suit words impure; but had he been a classical composer, seeking only for artistic perfection, the heir to the purely musical aspirations of Handel and Jomelli and Pergolesi, he would have remained deaf to the vile suggestions of the words, and, desirous only of beauty, he would have given us the beautiful where, to give the musical equivalent of immorality, he ought to have given the ugly; and this is what Mozart did do—for Mozart was no innovator, no reformer, no romanticist. His mission was not to destroy the traditions of his predecessors and contemporaries, but to complete them. Like Raphael, like Titian, like Michael Angelo—like every supremely great artist—he was not the first and least complete, but the last and most perfect, representative of a school; like them, he was not a solitary great artist among mediocrities, but the greatest artist of a group of great ones.

Those who admire Mozart only superficially, from national vanity or hero-worship, may deem it necessary to represent him as an innovator, a reformer, a demi-god, and a martyr—an incarnation of the German spirit; but those who appreciate the supreme beauty of his works, need no such artificial stimulants to admiration. They can afford to see in Mozart, not an isolated phenomenon, but the culminating product of that great musical life of the eighteenth century, which, while it gave Germany her greatest classic composers, was absolutely and essentially Italian.

MR GLADSTONE'S LAST.

A CRISIS is approaching in the history of the empire. Even the Prime Minister is alive to the fact that, "as regards outrage, the Government can say that the condition of Ireland is anything but highly satisfactory," and has announced his intention of "bringing the whole matter before the House, and making known to the House what proposals the Government may think necessary." This means that the cup of Ireland's guilt has overflowed, and that the public of Great Britain, usually apathetic unless specially roused by the declamations of stump orators, is tardily, and of its own accord, demanding that "something shall be done." Her Majesty's Ministers, alarmed on their own behalf, have at length professedly abandoned that attitude of calm indifference or of careless neutrality which they have hitherto maintained with reference to the perpetration of outrages. Upon the character of the "proposals they may think necessary" depend not merely the lives and property of every honest man in Ireland, but also the integrity, nay, the safety, of the United Kingdom.

Now, seeing that the Cabinet has declined to give the faintest hint of its intentions, refusing even to state at what period these "proposals" are to be expected, we may be pardoned for gravely doubting whether it intends to adopt the only policy that can, or indeed ever could have been, of the slightest efficacy. Considering also its subservience to the "popular voice," —*i. e.*, to what is in reality, or seems to be, the opinion of the lowest and least educated classes, —it may be worth while for us to set forth roughly, but in plain language, the nature of that policy, believing all classes to be united in desiring the application of some drastic remedy. On this subject there has hitherto been a strange disinclination to speak out, chiefly because men do not care to offer advice that is certain to be contumeliously rejected. Nevertheless the Ministry received warnings explicit enough for any set of men not rendered by their self-conceit or fancied self-interest wholly impervious to reason; and while passing their humorously intituled "Life and Property Protection" Act, they were repeatedly warned by the Opposition of the hopeless inadequacy of the powers thereby conferred. Now, however, the time has come to point out openly and in detail the course that must be pursued, so that the people of Great Britain, high and low, may, from the speeches of public men, from the almost unanimous recommendations of the press, and from the political conversation of their better-informed acquaintances, learn what to demand of their so-called rulers, and may so formulate those demands that refusal shall be morally impossible. The efficacy of public opinion seems likely to be greater, inasmuch as the latest official utterances on the subject of Ireland, in so far as any meaning can be gathered from their tortuous verbosities, show that the views and intentions of the Government are in a state of chaotic and hopeless confusion.

To prove how little likely is the Prime Minister to adopt energetic measures, except under forcible pressure from without, it is worth while to briefly analyse his speech

of April 5th, this being our latest and most authentic text. It is, moreover, always a work of piety to pare away the deceptive verbiage in which that great man seeks to conceal his thoughts, and to expose those *suppressiones veri*, and those *suggestiones falsi*, which mark his every utterance.

It will be remembered that this effort was intended to answer a speech of Mr Gorst. That gentleman most rightly took this last opportunity before the Easter recess of calling attention to the state of Ireland, and of asking what steps the Government proposed to take in reference thereto. Such a question was not only justified, but had become an imperative duty, in the face of two crimes that had just been perpetrated,—crimes whose devilish atrocity would have called forth reprobation in any age or country. In the one case Mr Herbert, an indulgent landlord who had spent his life and income upon his estate, was brutally murdered, simply because he had, as in duty bound, privately informed a judge of a juryman's openly expressed intention to violate his oath and stand out against conviction in any criminal case, no matter how grave the charge or how clear the evidence. In the other, a kind and innocent lady, a total stranger to the district, was shot in her brother-in-law's grounds on a Sunday afternoon, her brains being scattered over the lining of his carriage. Side by side with these two terrible symptoms of the state of Ireland came the statistics of crime as given by the Judges in the recently-held spring assizes. Suffice it to say, that in every case there had been an increase in the number of offences as compared with the corresponding period of last year, with the one exception of Kerry, which, nevertheless, showed a modest total of 379 for the three months. In some counties the number had doubled: in Queen's County it had nearly, and in Derry it had more than trebled. Still more shocking was the evidence showing the universally prevailing sympathy with crime. In Limerick, for instance, 300 persons had refused to give evidence to the police; in Galway 360 outrages had been reported, for which only thirty persons had been brought to trial; while in Westmeath, for two only out of 86 cases had any testimony been procurable.

After Mr Gorst had briefly and moderately commented upon these statistics, Mr Gladstone rose and rated his antagonist for not having given notice of his intention to bring forward these facts at some hour of the previous evening, before Mr Forster had quitted the House to resume his duties in Ireland. Being informed that Mr Forster was in the House when the intimation was made, and might consequently have been present that night had he so chosen, the Premier next tried to explain away the figures adduced by stating that the calculation included crimes other than agrarian, and that therefore no just estimate could be formed upon it. But here he made a grave blunder, not perceiving that the larger the proportion of non-agrarian to agrarian crime, the worse must be the moral condition of the country—since, the refusal to give evidence or to convict being universal, it would follow that popular love of crime had extended from agrarian to all other kinds. The right hon. gentleman further declared, that because Mr Gorst had failed to draw a distinction between these different classes of offences, he would not follow his (Mr Gorst's) "course of referring to the state of Ireland county by county, but should declare what he believed to be the

case in relation to agrarian crime in Ireland generally"—that is, figures and facts being unanswerable, he would confine his reply to generalities.

After this shallow bit of sophistry, Mr Gladstone proceeded to make statements which, by themselves alone, afford ample proof of his unfitness to be at the head of affairs. In some respects, he asserted, Mr Gorst took a lighter view of the state of Ireland than he himself did, in failing to appreciate the gravity of the revolution with which the Government was called upon to deal—the implication being that Mr Gorst had failed to understand the distinction between a political and a social revolution, like some other hon. member who was tauntingly referred to as having on a previous occasion asserted that they "were the same thing." As a matter of fact, the Opposition as a whole have recognised, since the beginning of the movement, that this revolution was both political *and* social; and accordingly, the first statesman of our generation warned the Lord Lieutenant before the last election that there was going on in Ireland "a conspiracy which aimed at the disunion of the two countries, and *probably something more.*" "With a political revolution [hereby implying its non-existence] we have ample strength to cope," the Premier said. "There is no reason why our cheeks should grow pale or our hearts should sink at the idea of grappling with a political revolution. The strength of this country is tenfold what is required for such a purpose. But a social revolution is a very different matter"—*i.e.*, in face of *that* the Ministerial cheek does grow pale, and the Ministerial heart does sink, and the "resources of civilisation" (upon which no call has yet been made) are held to be hopelessly exhausted.

It is indeed a new doctrine that Governments are not even to try to put down "social" revolutions; that if the blackguardism of a country unites to rob, outrage, and murder respectable citizens, it is to be allowed to do so with impunity; that special laws should be passed giving to that blackguardism a part of the property of respectable citizens; and that the ordinary law should not save them from being robbed of the remainder by extra-legal processes.

Would any other Government in the world, that was anything more than a Government in name, have dreamt of making such a declaration? Was this how M. Thiers behaved in presence of an even graver crisis in 1871? Were *communards* and *pétroleuses* treated with the tenderness shown to these murderers of women and children, these torturers of innocent men, these flayers of dumb animals? No: the Versailles Ministry, though hardly secure in their position, exhibited, and not in homœopathic quantities, the steel, lead, and iron which Ireland's exhausted constitution so urgently requires at the present moment, and their treatment was rewarded with complete success. Thus, in these few sentences alone, even without the corroborative evidence of later passages in the same speech, we have a confession of the Prime Minister's incompetence, real or affected, to cope with the "social revolution."

We are next treated to a little bit of self-exculpation. The arch-demagogue, quietly ignoring the fact that in Mid-Lothian he had practically hinted that the agitators might have anything they wanted if they would only kill enough men and blow up enough public buildings, appears to think that an outbreak of lawlessness contemporaneous with his accession to power was his misfortune

and not his fault. "The only instrument which had slipped from our hands was the Peace Preservation Act. . . . Whether that Act was renewed or not was a question infinitely small and insignificant with reference to this great social revolution." This, then, is the line of argument: if a statesman, fully warned that there exists an extensive and dangerous organisation, not only invites its members to commit outrages, but also enables them to procure the weapons needful for that purpose, he is in no way responsible for the horrors that thereupon ensue, but is an object of pity rather than of blame. It is indeed unfortunate that, simultaneously with the arming of the dregs of the people, the average of agrarian crime throughout the whole country should have risen from 327 to 3514 per annum. But then we know that poor purblind man is often deceived as to relations of cause and effect, fancying he perceives a causal connection between totally independent events. At the same time, the human mind in its present imperfect condition attaches considerable importance to the question whether rebels are armed or unarmed, and persists in regarding the shooting of landlords as not wholly dissociated from the free introduction of firearms into the country.

After this comes perhaps the most remarkable portion of the speech. The Opposition are rated for not falling back upon "that remarkable warning which the Duke of Wellington gave to George IV., that if ever the time came when there was a war against rent and tithe, the Government would be reduced to extremities, and would have no resources to bring to bear against such a movement." This statement, he declares, "I never quoted in the House last year, because it would have been mischievous, but it is now *right and safe* to use it." That is, the Opposition are on a lower level than the speaker, because they still think that the Government *has* resources to bring to bear against such a movement—because their "cheeks do not grow pale nor their hearts sink" at the prospect of attempting a simple and primary duty. Now this second acknowledgment of the Premier's helplessness is far worse than his first, inasmuch as it is wholly unqualified. He simply repeats his Mid-Lothian tactics, and openly tells the offenders that he at least intends to exact no retribution for their crimes.

This shriek of despairing impotence is followed by a bright picture of the "improved" state of Ireland. In the first place, "active resistance to the enforcement of the law has ceased"—*i.e.*, the skulking ruffians who torture to death officers of the law when they catch them single-handed, do not care to attack them when protected by a few constables or a handful of troops — one proof among many how easily the entire revolution would yield to firmness. Secondly, "the payment of rent extensively prevails:" we are glad to hear it, remembering that a long and ominous list has just appeared, of the estates where the tenantry have bound themselves to pay none at all. Thirdly, the Ministry "has been engaged in a deadly conflict" with the Land League, and is not "dissatisfied with the progress that has been made in the conflict." Yes: instead of enforcing law and order, it has been fighting its antagonist with its own weapons, and trying to out-bribe it by enriching the malcontents with the property of its loyal subjects. In other respects things are not so brilliant. Juries "disagree painfully;" "evidence is held back;" men are outraged "simply because they perform

their duties." The outrages, too, are aggravated in character and quantity; but this is because of the increased "desperation of those who commit them"—a despair, it can only be, of ever receiving punishment at the hands of the Government.*

Those who have followed us thus far may feel surprise that, although there has been much prevarication and distortion of inferences, they have not yet encountered a specimen of that splendid hypocrisy which forms one of the most notable traits in the Premier's character; but now they will be satisfied. The right hon. gentleman has actually discovered that the outrages "are associated with some influence that is at work behind them." He even suspects that possibly it may be the Land League. Of course he hopes that it is not so, and would be glad of a direct answer to this effect. His sad forebodings arise from such trifling incidents as a recently published letter from Mr Healy, wherein the Government agents are described as a "gang of brigands"—an accusation, said the speaker, which, if believed in by the people, would go far to justify them in "resorting to secret measures." In not stating the "sadly strong presumption" that outrages are supported by some higher power in the background, Mr Gorst is told that he has omitted the "most formidable feature in his case." There is a charming *naïveté* in pretending to doubt the connection between Land-Leaguers and Moonlighters; as though any sane person doubted that every act of cruelty was indirectly, if not directly, the result of this Society's machinations, or those of some other differing from it only in name. Has any leader of the movement ever addressed to the murderers one word of genuine disapproval? Have its organs ever reported an outrage, except in order to gloat over the agonies of the victims? Are members of Parliament who openly vilify the agents of the Government guiltless of the blood of those innocent men? The Prime Minister indeed seems here, as often, to have forgotten the character of his audience, and to have imagined himself to be addressing, not an educated Chamber, but those mobs upon whose ignorance and fanaticism he has worked his way into power.

But now, as it might seem high time for statements of intention rather than for further opinions as to things in general, Mr Gladstone proceeded to inform the open-mouthed House that "means and materials for improvement" were "working rapidly" in Ireland, and then sarcastically thanked his opponent for telling him that it was his "duty to make proposals in the matter immediately after the Easter recess,"—advancing another startling position—viz., that as the Government is responsible, and conscious of its responsibility, the choice of a time for making proposals lies solely with itself. By this characteristic periphrasis the "grand old man" is simply claiming in fresh language the *ir*responsibility which he believes to be his right. Ministerial responsibility, being the one of the great principles for which our "Liberal" forefathers bled, suffered, and toiled, is wholly discarded by one who, through a perversion of the word, styles himself at this moment "Leader of the Liberal party." If a Minister be responsible, he is answerable to some person or persons; and in this country those persons are the nation, through the

* This use of "desperation" for "sense of impunity" should be noted by the student of Gladstonian word-jugglery.

medium of its representatives in Parliament. It is the duty of those representatives to demand an account for two years of persistent misgovernment of Ireland, and to ask to what remedial measures the Government intends to resort in order to put a stop to a shameful and apparently endless state of things; yet not only are they met by a point-blank refusal to give any hint as to the nature of the measures to be suggested, but are even insultingly refused the barest information as to the period at which those proposals are to be laid before the House. This is to say, that the Executive may allow the gravest scandals to continue for an indefinite period without making any effort to suppress them, or even indicating when or in what manner it intends to deal with them.

With a reassertion of his sense of responsibility and of the gravity of the situation, followed by a vague promise to do something, the Prime Minister sat down. Now, what conclusions are to be gathered from this remarkable oratorical effort? Despite its tangled sentences and obscure arguments, we may extract as its general meaning, that while recognising the full horrors of the revolution, and only formally defending his past policy, Mr Gladstone seems to regard the struggle as hopeless. By his singularly opportune quotation of the statement imputed to the Duke of Wellington, he formally abandons the loyalists, and promises immunity to the traitors. That after such a declaration he should contemplate formulating any proposals at all, seems at first rather odd; but probably feeling that the country will not much longer put up with a policy of miserable inaction, he thinks he must suggest something for the sake of appearances. But that those suggestions will not be in the right direction there is too good reason to fear. On the 1st of April, Lord Lansdowne called attention to the Report of the Committee appointed to examine into the operation of the Irish jury laws. The majority of that Committee, even before the passing of the Land Act, had thought that in certain districts, and for certain crimes, "trial by jury should be replaced by some form of trial less liable to abuse." Considering how much worse the state of the country had grown in the interval, Lord Lansdowne hinted that he should be glad to learn the intentions of the Government, the more so since "the time had gone by for any squeamishness with regard to liberty in Ireland." Lord Carlingford, in reply, declared that the Government had already been furnished with "laws of a most rigorous and exceptional kind, and it was not his duty now to announce to their lordships any fresh legislation upon that subject:" hence he absolutely declined to discuss at that time the question of suspension of trial by jury in Ireland.

Our data are thus mainly negative. Mr Gladstone has not even in the most distant manner alluded to the possibility of employing effective force; while Lord Carlingford not only refuses to contemplate the primary and most essential preliminary to re-establishing law in Ireland, but even seems to fall back upon the lying Radical formula that "coercion has been tried and has failed." Now, to unprejudiced minds, it was from the beginning evident—and to the more hesitating it has been daily becoming so—that for this monstrous outbreak coercion was the only possible remedy,—real coercion, that is, and not the "milk-and-water" substitute that has made our Ministry the laughing-stock of the civilised world. Yet Lord Carlingford's remarks imply that these "rigorous and exceptional laws" were not to be re-

newed; therefore, as according to the Premier new measures are to be proposed, we have no alternative but to presume that these measures will be of the type previously adopted—viz., a further spoliation of the innocent to provide a sop for the guilty. To prevent a second monstrous act of legislative robbery, and to put an end to the daily perpetration of outrage, the nation must speak out unanimously to force its craven rulers to do their duty. No one doubts that Ireland could be pacified in a few weeks. Any military officer of experience, unfettered by the trammels of routine, could draw up an effective scheme for that purpose—the forces now in the island would be amply sufficient to carry it out. But the Government refuses; so the lives of its faithful subjects are made a burden to them, and nothing flourishes save a cowardly ruffianism hardly paralleled in any region of the globe.

Let us now see the sort of powers requisite to secure the desired end. There should be a discretionary right to proclaim particular districts, which should have the following effect upon those districts so long as the proclamation was in force:—

Parliamentary disfranchisement; for, as Professor Goldwin Smith says, it is monstrous that while the comparatively venial offence of bribery suffices to disfranchise an English constituency, a body of Irishmen, stained with treason and the foulest crimes, should not suffer a similar penalty, particularly now that "the presence of traitors in the House of Commons is equivalent to the presence of traitors in the Privy Council two centuries ago."

Suspension of trial by jury, and substitution of trial by court-martial, or judge, or commissioners. If a set of sub-commissioners has been so easily found impartially to rob the respectable, it might surely be possible to find another set impartially to punish the disreputable.

In the case of any gross outrage, heavy compensation to the sufferer or his family to be levied upon districts or sub-districts wherein the outrage occurred. There should be a further power of billeting extra troops upon the neighbourhood for a discretionary length of time, or until conviction of the offenders.

"Moonlighting" to be punishable with death. Intimidation, boycotting, the unlicensed possession of arms, mutilation of animals, and crimes of violence to the person, to have severe penalties attached to them, including penal servitude and free application of the lash.

Troops or police, in the presence of mobs, to be allowed to act at the discretion of their responsible officers when the Riot Act has once been read. The adoption of some simple scheme of this nature would be followed immediately by the best effects. The people being made to smart for outrage, would begin to discountenance it. The perpetrators having now a reasonably good chance of punishment, would soon abandon their pastimes. Parliament would be relieved from the obstructive presence of avowed traitors; and evidence would be forthcoming when once the witness felt himself sheltered by secrecy, or knew that by speaking the truth he could secure the punishment of the offender.

Now we are well aware that these suggestions will be received with a yell of execration by so-called humanitarians—those tender persons who weep over the flogged garotter, and deny the right of the State to "take human life," even if it be that of a murderer, but who have no compassion to bestow upon the innocent victims of these malefactors. When we tell them

that this is only what every foreign Government would do under like circumstances, only what we ourselves should do in India or in many other parts of the empire, they answer us, ignoring the first part of our contention, that it is monstrous to deal with a "civilised" community as with barbarians. But to call Ireland "civilised" is an arrant absurdity. Its disaffected masses possess all the vices of barbarians, with none of their virtues. Absolutely callous to human suffering, idle beyond conception, covetous and predatory in their instincts, they have no parallel in Europe, except, perhaps, among the little brigand nationalities recently established in the south-eastern portion of the Continent. We do not find an English officer among the lawless bands on the North-west frontier going through the farce of trial by jury, in order to convict the perpetrator of some outrage. On the contrary, he sends for the chief of the offending tribe, and demands either the delivery of the culprit to immediate justice, or else imposes a fine upon the community. The latter alternative is usually adopted, the idea of individual responsibility being hardly understood by intellects so uncultivated. The state of the Irish malcontent's mind seems to resemble that of a Pathan hill-tribesman much more closely than that of an Englishman; and the absurdity consists not in treating savages as savages, but in attempting to govern them with the easy and self-adjusting machinery that is suitable only to an advanced, well-disposed, and law-abiding race.

Then there is a great outcry against "punishing the innocent with the guilty." But in these cases the whole masses are guilty. Every one knows the perpetrators, and every one sympathises with them; every one is an accessory either before or after the fact. To see this, we have only to recall how a warm-hearted and harmless peasantry dabbled in the blood of Lord Mountmorris, insulted his heartbroken widow, and flung stones at his orphan children; or how, before the murder of Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, every child that could speak, but was not old enough to be trusted to hold its tongue, was sent out of the country, thus proving the foul deed to have been planned, not by a few desperadoes, but by an entire population. But then, say the apologists of crime, it is not sympathy but terror that shuts the mouths of the people. The instances just quoted scarcely support this statement; but even granting its truth, we regard it as in no way weakening our case, for then this terrorised population must be counter-terrorised. At present they have a choice between a certain immunity if they hold their tongues, and a chance of punishment if they speak the truth, and they naturally prefer the former course; but make the choice to lie between a certainty of punishment in the first case, and a chance of punishment in the second, and they will naturally choose the latter alternative.

Then we are accused of bloodthirsty sentiments, and told that revenge is wicked. Yet by every law, human and divine, Englishmen have been brought up to regard the murderer as worthy of death; and one would think it impossible to come across a state of mind such as that which prompted Mr Gladstone's atrocious boast, that "Mr Forster during the whole of his administration had not shed one single drop of Irish blood"—when innocent blood has been and is being poured out like water upon that unhappy soil, and is crying aloud to heaven for vengeance. What if some force were needed to

put down the revolution, and the number of lives taken exceeded those of the victims? Can any balance of value be struck between the life of the murdered and his murderers? Would the deaths of ten of these assassins be any equivalent for that of one honest man? But we anticipate no such tragedy; the cruelty of these butchers is exceeded by their cowardice. The skulking brutes who inflict excruciating tortures upon harmless animals, who render unlivable the lives of all decent folk, who maim and murder upright men — who sometimes, refusing to finish them at once, leave them to expire in slow agony—who kill women and children in their beds, who roast people over their own fires, and who shoot down ladies of whose very names and persons they are ignorant,—these men are not likely to offer much resistance to authority properly supported. All facts are against it. No crime is openly committed. Night, blackened faces, and ambuscades are the preliminary conditions of each of their gallant deeds; the slightest show of resistance makes them run, even as a week or so ago an armed gang fled from a single old man of eighty years, equipped with nothing but a pitchfork. It is as certain as anything in human affairs can be, that at the first volley fired low the mobs would melt away never to reappear; that after the hanging of the first murderer outrage would all but cease; that after the first fine inflicted on a barony, accompanied by a quartering of troops, evidence would be readily forthcoming.

But then, say our opponents, the peculiarities of Ireland are such that, if the old land laws had been fully put in force, or even if the new one is pressed to extremity, you would end by driving out from the three southern provinces their entire agricultural population. Very well: and what great harm if such a result had happened or were hereafter to be brought about? You are the party who have always upheld the science of political economy, and have cried out to give its laws fair play. Yet here you are artificially crystallising a system of land-tenure that would disgrace any country. The Irish tenant does not starve because he is over-rented, but because he either will not work or else occupies a plot of ground too small to support life under any circumstances. Political economy shows the immense advantage of large or medium-sized farms over very small ones. Yet, instead of allowing the nominal owner, who has perhaps purchased under guarantee of the Government, and at full market price, to do with his own that which would increase both his own wealth and that of the country, you step in, and not only knock off a third or quarter of the rent that his tenants have voluntarily agreed to pay, but also force him to retain the drunken thriftless occupier, and prevent him from throwing together and making valuable a number of those small holdings that are at present valueless alike to himself and to the beggars who starve upon them. You answer, "A fig for political economy;" yet if Mr Eckroyd do but mildly suggest that, under certain circumstances, retaliation might be advantageous to our commercial policy, you howl him down, and suggest that he is a raving lunatic. Why should the principles of this science be violated in favour of a peculiarly worthless race? Land was, on the average, let lower in Ireland than in England: the inference is that Anglo-Saxons could live upon it at that rent if Celts could not. Let the industrious Celt by all means remain, but let his do-nothing brethren make way for some of the

overflowing millions of Great Britain, who would soon turn that fertile but neglected land into a very garden of Eden.

To this it is said, the "eviction of an entire population is an impossibility." Considering that we allude to a gradual eviction, to be carried out by strictly natural methods, this argument sounds oddly in the mouth of men whose leader, not six years ago, called upon Europe to expel "bag and baggage," and by fire and sword, a still more numerous race.

Lastly comes the argument that although rough measures may be temporarily successful, they build up a store of undying hatred destined to break out hereafter in a fearfully aggravated form. Now it is impossible to aggravate that which has reached its worst, and the daily words and acts of the Irish lower orders and their ringleaders prove them to regard England with an unreasoning detestation that it would be a simple impossibility to increase. Moreover, experience of savage races points to another conclusion: for, while they both hate and despise masters who fail to preserve order and who seem deficient in courage, they respect those who deal with them firmly; and, curiously enough, in proportion as their respect increases their hate appears to diminish. Thus our remedy in the case of Ireland would produce beneficial results in the present, and probably in the future also, as the outcome of a wholesome fear or even perhaps of a decreased antipathy.

The time has indeed come to cease the sentimental trash as to Ireland, which, for party purposes, has always been talked by a certain section of Englishmen. The "generous nature," "loyalty," and "sensitiveness" of the Irish peasant, have never been more than a pleasing fiction. He is in reality a peculiarly prosaic, cowardly, false-hearted, covetous, and brutal individual, unfit to live under the most liberal constitution in the world. To lament over the curtailment of his liberties is the same as to weep because some notorious criminal has his liberties curtailed by confinement in one of her Majesty's prisons; to sympathise with him is logically the same thing as to sympathise with cut-throats and burglars in our own country. Yet this is what our Government has practically been doing. It is constantly apologising for having had recourse to "force" —"force" consisting in the arrest and retainment in a most comfortable custody of the chiefs of the revolution, long after the mischief was done and the work well enough organised to go on without them. As to real force, it shrinks from the very name of such a thing. Indeed there is small wonder, if we remember Mr Chamberlain's announcement that the Government purposely did not check agitation, because "to have stifled agitation would have been to prevent the possibility of reform;" that is, the Government was so insanely anxious to find a pretext for despoiling honest men, that it calmly determined to let a few of those honest men be murdered rather than forego the gratification of its desire.

The case that could be made out against the present Ministry would be simply overwhelming if Conservatives condescended to copy the practice of their antagonists. If the Opposition leaders demeaned themselves by stumping the country, and in every town and railway station were with reckless ferocity to throw dirt at their opponents, they might rouse the people to a frenzy amid which the lives of the Radical leaders would hardly be safe; and in so acting they would

only be doing under bitter provocation what the Premier did under none at all; but happily *noblesse oblige*, and in their recent public speeches Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote have shown how to point out the shortcomings of a Ministry without arousing popular fury with a detailed account of the horrors caused by those shortcomings, without bespattering the individual characters of their antagonists, without, in short, forgetting that they were gentlemen. They prudently, however, suggested no policy for the restoration of order, knowing full well that if their suggestions were adopted and failed, the whole odium, alike of that policy and its failure, would be cast upon themselves, whereas, in the event of success, the entire credit would be claimed by the Ministry. "I neither press for an increase of force nor for a decrease of force," said Lord Salisbury, at the same time promising his hearty co-operation in any measures that might be adopted to restore peace to the distracted "sister" island.

Why, then, is the Government so loath to resort to the one thing needful? It has a promise of ungrudging support from the Opposition; even the most bigoted "humanitarians" have become convinced that firmness is now a painful necessity. No one would accuse either Professor Goldwin Smith or Mr Matthew Arnold of a servile admiration for the so-called "governing" classes, or of that love of butchery which, according to the Radicals, is peculiarly distinctive of the Conservative. Yet the former has spoken out pretty freely, going so far (as we have seen above) as to advocate the disfranchisement of the disaffected districts; while the latter embodies one of his favourite principles of political philosophy in the maxim, "Force, till right is ready." We can conceive very few motives to account for this strange hesitation on the part of the Cabinet. Among those few we might conjecture cowardice,—that is, a fear of alienating the mobs of this country by interfering with the scum of another—a groundless fear, for the English artisan, though liable to be led astray by false teachers, has no innate sympathy with skulking cruelty, and, when his eyes are opened, would be the first to cry out for punishment of the offenders. Or can it be a reluctance to give up all hope of the Irish vote? Considering that, in spite of bribes and gentle treatment, Mr Gladstone finds his name execrated from one end of Ireland to the other, it is scarcely worth while to incur the guilt of a gross breach of duty for the sake of such a desperate possibility. Indeed, sympathy with the criminals seems an explanation as probable as either of the preceding, particularly when viewed in connection with Mr Chamberlain's previously quoted words.

But abandoning an unprofitable inquiry into motives, we simply assert that the Government have fixed themselves upon the horns of a dilemma. They condemn the revolution, and have, according to all impartial opinion, ample means to put it down: yet they have hitherto refused, and still seem likely to refuse, to act. Let there be an end to squeamishness: let the country speak out, and compel Mr Gladstone to do his duty: or, should even this fail, let the voice of a united people demand the expulsion of himself and his satellites from a position won by misrepesentation and false promises, to make room for those who both can and will perform those first duties of government now so shamefully neglected.

THE DECLINE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THAT which we call the British Constitution is made up of parts that are elastic, and variable as to their power. To this elasticity and adjusting faculty in the components is probably due in a large degree the long endurance of the monarchy. To the mass of our people the constitution presents, not a very explicit idea, but an implicit idea of something permanent, venerable, and unchanging—something which it would be profanation and sin to tamper with—something on the stability of which repose our greatness, our wealth, our liberties, and everything on which we have inherited or conceived a disposition to pride ourselves. But the truth is, that the relative forces of the branches of our legislative and executive powers have been and are continually subject to change, and very often change *inter se* to important extents.

Every student of history is aware that there have been periods when the Crown could overbear the Parliament: periods when the Lords tyrannised over Crown and Commons: periods when the Commons have been too strong for Crown and Lords combined. In the cases of the undue ascendancy of the Crown and of the Lords, the jealousy of the depressed branches has generally sooner or later found means of correcting that ascendancy. The Barons, aided by the Commons, have brought the Crown to terms. The Crown and the Commons have together humbled the pride of the great Barons. Once, in the days of the Stuarts, the Commons' House gathered to itself the chief power of the realm, and was in turn reduced to a more modest position, not by a combination against it of Crown and Barons, but by its inherent incapacity to fulfil the functions which it had arrogated to itself. Its energy, while struggling for ascendancy, was all that the occasion required; its rout of rival powers was complete; yet so unfitted was it, by some essential defect, to govern alone, that, once its rivals were down, it speedily laid itself open to attack from outside the constitution, faltered, failed, became contemptible, and, as a last indignity, saw the mace, its palladium, borne away by profane hands, at the command of a soldier.

It would thus seem that it is, in the nature of things, impossible for any one branch of our constituted powers to long maintain a supremacy over the others. The dominant rejoices for a while in the tyranny which, probably by long and patient struggle, it has acquired; but it either has to succumb to a combined attack, or falls asunder from incapacity for sustaining the whole burden of the State.

Yet while we recognise that it is given to neither of the three powers to make the ascendancy which it may have acquired permanent, nevertheless the mode in which the pride of the Crown or of the Lords is brought low is very different from that in which the despotism of the House of Commons may be expected to collapse. In the former cases it is by restoring the balance of the constitution that the integrity and continuity of the Government are preserved; in the latter case the constitution may not be preserved at all—it may be for the time dissolved, and whether or not it may ever revive, may depend on that most uncertain

of events, the outcome of a revolution.

Now it must for long have appeared to reflecting men that we Britons of to-day have been of late years carried into that oblique condition of the constitution in which the House of Commons is dominant—the Crown is extremely restricted as to power—and the House of Lords, by no means enjoying a robust existence, is carped at, threatened, prophesied against, and condemned by all who desire to be distinguished as being in the van of enlightened Liberal statesmanship. We have also, as we fear, reached the stage where the House of Commons, impatient of any coadjutor, yet unequal to the work which it has assumed to itself, has begun to decline in the respect of the nation—begun to let its duties fall into arrear—begun to mistake loquacity for debate, and fussiness for business—begun, in short, to exhibit those symptoms which, in public bodies, infallibly foreshadow a great change.

Not only must the moral certainty of a coming change be of great interest to thoughtful minds, but the character of that change, when it shall come, must be matter of anxious speculation. It is not necessary that the change should be in the direction of revolution, as was the case in the only instance wherein the Commons have heretofore secured a tyranny; but the more one thinks, the more probable it seems that revolution is the only result. If it could be that an adroit course taken by the Crown or by the Lords could restore equilibrium, it is possible that the Lower House, relieved of its accumulated duty and shorn of its excessive sway, might once more aim at being useful rather than autocratic, might think less of the pomp of power than of modest zeal in performing its peculiar functions. But whoever considers the present temper of the British public, must perceive that the chance of equilibrium being restored by constitutional means is small indeed. It will never be believed by our people—never, that is, until the belief shall be too late to bring about a remedy—that the House of Commons can have too much power. The people do not see it now when the wheels of legislation are locked from excess of power; and they will not, we fear, see it when, through the same excess, the venerable institution shall have become contemptible in their eyes. They may see, as they see now, the effects of the disease, but they never will apply the only efficient remedy.

The result must be that, from sheer over-success in the gratification of its ambition, the House of Commons must become more and more effete; more talkative, perhaps, than ever—for it seems to believe more and more in talk the less it is able to plan or to do—but for every practical purpose a despair, a mere shadow of the past.

We can well suppose a thousand patriotic voices crying, with regard to this last statement, "Is this true? How can it be true? Why is it?"

Is it true? To obtain an answer to this question we would appeal to the experience of every man who may watch the doings of our legislators and rulers. It is a truth capable of proof from most authentic records, that for several years past the House of Commons has been doing less and less work, while it has been addicting itself to empty talking and tedious forms. It is a truth that in the session of 1881 the Commons passed but three laws of importance, leaving an immense arrear of business to the present session of 1882, during which, so

far, instead of any extra activity having been shown to make up for lost time, there has been literally no measure of consequence carried through, although Easter is three weeks past and we are in the month of May. It is undoubtedly true that the time of the House is passed in wranglings, recriminations, vapourings, meaningless notices, useless long-winded discussions—true that the House has come into the habit of bringing on important business in the small hours of the morning, having previously wasted the time from five o'clock till midnight. One of the strongest evidences of its declining condition is its own unconsciousness that its strength and glory are departing. It is aware that some accidental impediment continually obstructs its action; but this it regards as a passing difficulty to be met by a little ordering of its procedure whenever it can labour through the recording of a resolution, but not prescribed for as yet. It does not see that it is hurrying on to decrepitude, and possibly (though let us yet hope not) to the end of a long and glorious career. Like the Archbishop in 'Gil Blas,' while exhibiting incapacity in every act—rather in every attempted act, for it talks and does nothing—it is brimful of conceit in its own vigour and usefulness, and thinks it was never more effective than now. Is it not a truth that this ancient assembly—which can do little but prattle, which is manifestly incapable of advancing its own affairs — is at this moment maintaining on its journals notice of a proposal to reform a kindred but perfectly independent institution, over which it has no control, and which is ten times as capable, ten times as rapid, and ten times as discerning as itself? This fact alone indicates the degree of deterioration at which it has arrived.

How can this be so? In this way. The House of Commons being as a body under no control whatever, answerable to none, supreme over all, has become sick with its own greatness. Since it has had, unhappily, no superior and no rival, its members have waxed wanton and unmanageable. That entire independence which in its corporate capacity it has achieved, is now being claimed by its individual members, of many of whom it may be said, that each will do only what is right in his own eyes; each scoffs at order, and discipline, and concerted effectual labour; each riots in his power of impeding the matter in hand, and of raising incontinently strange questions, irrelevant arguments, trifling and ridiculous objections. No matter what may be the subject of debate, a so-called independent senator will speak only of that which interests himself; will ramble anywhere into space on his own hobby; will propound a motion within a motion, and another motion within that, involving and perplexing business in mere exuberance of conscious licence. As the House stands in awe of no other institution, so the individual member stands in awe neither of the House nor of anybody in it. Neither the House nor anybody in it knows how to curb a refractory member.

Time was when the House of Commons was content to have its business prescribed for it—when it addressed itself to working out its appointed task, confined itself to that, and, as a rule, considered its duties done when the task was accomplished. But we have changed all that. There is still a programme submitted to the House every session, but what cares the House for it? So far is it from having any respect to the programme, that it

takes a pride and a pleasure in flying off after any and every subject great or small, *except* the subjects which the programme contains. Insubordination, which has found its way everywhere—into the clergy, into the services, into households—has now penetrated to the House of Commons. Where this is the case, and you have a babel of upwards of six hundred voices, what chance is there of work being earnestly done?

Why is it so? It is so, as we fear, because the House of Commons, which through ages contrived to adapt itself to the needs of the country, can so adapt itself no longer. We do not say this as imputing blame. We mean that, as an evolution of the natural course of events, the House of Commons seems to have outlived its usefulness. There must, as we suppose, come a period when any institution, however flexible, must grow out of harmony with the time.

We write this with the knowledge that the introduction of the *clôture*, which is expected speedily to be operative, is looked to by many as a sure means of correcting defects and of making the House once more an assembly zealous of sound, solid, steady work. That it may do so is the earnest wish of all who desire their country's welfare: certainly it is *our* earnest wish. But, entertaining the views which we have expressed above as to the causes of the admitted evils, we cannot be sanguine in regard to the effect of the remedy. The *clôture* is to be imposed by the House on itself: the patient and the doctor are one. If the patient's temper be what we believe it to be, self-imposed restriction is likely to prove a disappointment. The *clôture* may even prove a new bone of contention, and a convenient pretext for postponing consideration of the matter in hand. Were the House sincere in wishing for the application of the *clôture*, the *clôture* would be superfluous. The sincerity would be infinitely better than the *clôture*, and would effect all the reform that can be desired. But individual waywardness never will, as we apprehend, submit to the curb of the *clôture*. It may sanction the measure, but it will immediately find means of tampering with it and of evading its force; possibly it may make complaints and denunciations of the gag the readiest and most effectual inventions for wasting time.

It would be otherwise if the *clôture* could be applied by some power outside of the assembly itself. Were an impartial and responsible influence, regarding the House from without, commissioned to apply the *clôture*, or to impose any other check on the licence in which individual members riot, then we should be warranted in the hope that the remedy might succeed. The restraining power might then, without previous debate, act at the right moment, promptly, irresistibly. It would be beyond the reach of the censures, the invectives, the threats, or the promises of the body to be restrained. It would be something outside the House of which the House would entertain wholesome apprehension. It would tend to keep down that reckless, licentious exercise by individuals of their rights and opportunities which is fast bringing parliamentary government to contempt, and would restore a feeling of responsibility to the House collectively and individually.

If it be asked where we are to find the restraining power without first destroying or violating the constitution, we reply that there is such a power within the constitution, although we little think that

it will be made available in this crisis. The prerogative of the Crown, still alive, though for long comatose and invisible, is quite equal to the want of the period. By giving a little rein once more to the prerogative, the balance of constitutional powers might be restored, and our Government might move on again in strength and glory.

The sharpest and most complete *clôture* is dissolution or prorogation. By such an action, noisy, railing, obstructive tongues might be silenced on the instant; and these tongues probably, having proved that such discipline hung over them, would take the hint and not be in a hurry to offend again. When used for such a purpose as to preserve the character and efficiency of another branch of the Legislature, the action of the Crown in cutting short a session or a Parliament would be simply salutary and patriotic. But the Crown cannot thus interpose without the concurrence of a responsible Minister, and no Minister supported by a majority in the House would venture to give it physic in the manner suggested. That is quite true; but prerogative is not, in a great emergency, necessarily paralysed because the Minister of the day does not find it convenient to resort to it. The Crown cannot act without the concurring advice of a Minister; but it is not bound to any particular Minister. Prerogative is strong enough to change the Minister for one who will do what the exigencies of the country demand. And unquestionably, for the Crown to reproduce the prerogative, and to convince the House of Commons that it must keep itself within reasonable bounds, would be the simplest, the most effectual, and at the same time a perfectly constitutional method of meeting the difficulty.

But before the Crown can, with good effect, take such action as has been described, there must be throughout the nation a widespread conviction that such action is necessary, and that it will be salutary; and we do not believe that the public would for a moment consent that the equilibrium of the State should be restored by any such means. Such is the popular dislike to any exercise of the prerogative, that the people would probably say, "Perish the constitution if it cannot be preserved save by allowing some power of vigorous action to the Crown!" The argument that the action would be for the good of all parties, the House of Commons included, would probably be quite thrown away. There is current a fanaticism against in any way checking the power of the Commons which would effectually bar any healing by that method. The people do not dispute the fact of the House of Commons having become exceedingly slow and wilful, but they imagine that the reform of abuses in that House is to be dealt with more readily than will prove to be the case.

Another chance is, that after the dead-lock in the Commons shall have proceeded further and become more apparent, the House of Lords may, in some emergency where legislation is urgently needed, take the lead, and do the work. After once or twice stepping to the front in this way, the Lords might possibly, without the nation taking offence at them, proceed to retract within reasonable limits the operation and power of the Commons. But, in order that they might do so with good effect, events would need to be exceedingly propitious. Strictly speaking, the Lords have no right whatever to interfere directly with the Commons. If they were ever to do so, they could be excused

only by the necessity of the case. They might also plead the proneness of individual members of the House of Commons in times past to seek to violate the independence of the House of Lords. The two Chambers are theoretically equal in dignity, and one of them cannot be controlled by the other; nevertheless it is not only once or twice that proposals have been heard in the Lower House for infringing the privileges, and even contriving against the existence, of the Upper. Now, if the Commons may endeavour to compass the overthrow or humiliation of the Lords, the Lords, by parity of reasoning, may, should the opportunity demand it, exercise some controlling power over the Commons. Some day, as we may be sure, there will be work to do which cannot wait a whole session. Should the Lords, then, while the Commons may be wasting time, step in and do well what is needed, the country can hardly fail to approve of their action; and by once or twice coming in this way to the rescue, the Lords might obtain influence sufficient to be able to adjust the constitution. It is, however, too much to anticipate that events will ever favour such action of the Lords. Far more to be apprehended is it that jealousy of the Lords will prevent the people from accepting their aid even in resuscitating the House of Commons.

Dismissing, then, all expectation that the constituted powers of the State will be allowed to adjust matters among themselves, we must face the prospect of the Lower House becoming less and less capable of bearing the whole weight of legislation and government, until some outside power, probably military, shall crush out its attenuated life. Meanwhile it will be grasping at more power, while failing in every way to use for any one's advantage the power which already it undoubtedly possesses.

We have said that we believe the decline of the House of Commons to be proceeding from natural causes. It is hardly possible, in such an age as this, for a large representative assembly to perform all the functions of government and legislation. The idea of such an assembly may be admirable; but if the material of which it is composed cannot stand the required strain, what is the good of the idea? If all the members of such an assembly were strictly independent and impartial, it would not be equal to governing alone; far less can it do so when notoriously there are organisations in force for taking from members their right of private judgment. If all accounts be true, there are men in the House of Commons who should be styled delegates rather than representatives; who hold their seats by favour of certain usurping cliques, and who, at the bidding of such cliques, are ready to record their votes without reference to their own opinions or inclinations. This is one of many causes which incapacitate the single assembly for governing. Howbeit, although we believe the failure of the House of Commons to be attributable to the character of the time, we believe also that unfortunate accidents may have hastened very much the development of the infirmity. Two of these accidents have been,—first, the return to Parliament of certain violent, wilful, and insubordinate members, determined to have their way by any means, fair or unfair—or, if they cannot have their way, to indulge their tempers, without regard to the dignity of the assembly; second, the undue attraction which has for a time been imparted to the practice of much

speaking, without reference to the matter or quality of the speeches.

Never until within the last twenty years were constituencies known to return members who would seek, by violence, by unworthy arts, and by wearying the House, to make good their own wishes against the will of the majority. No doubt an uncouth member may here and there have found his way to a seat, and may have attempted to get his own will by hectoring, quibbling, or ill-manners. But a solitary barbarian had little chance against the decorum of a well-ordered Chamber. He soon found his level, and slunk out of sight. The leaders of parties in those days had experience and good taste to guide them if their followers had not; and they understood how to reduce to obedience and to becoming behaviour any untamed companion who might exhibit a desire to fight for his own hand without thought of any but himself. It is different when there is no capable or influential leader, and when, not one or two, but a large number of unmannerly persons, is inflicted upon one Parliament. They support one another and establish a clique strong enough to defy the opinion of the more polite majority. It has been the misfortune of the present and the last Parliaments to be more than sprinkled with members of a ruder description; and these undoubtedly have much contributed to make manifest the defects—the defects which will probably prove fatal—of the institution.

Equally unfortunate with the perverse disposition of some of the members has been the fashion of talking for talking's sake. Speaking was once regarded as a means to an end; it is now looked upon as the end in itself. With many members it is an object to utter a certain number of words in the hearing of the House, it being of no importance whether or not these words may tend to elucidate an argument or otherwise to influence opinion. Speaking is thought to be a sure means of "getting on," and is therefore an object of individual ambition. And the fancy is not without justification. The British public, without doubt, is apt to think highly of those who talk glibly to it, whether they may really have any gift besides that of talking or not. Only let a man show that he can talk on for an hour on end, and he will at once be credited with a dozen business powers not one of which he ever possessed. "He is able to talk in a way which we like; therefore," says the public, "he must be able to govern, he must understand finance, he must be a master of foreign policy, and a lawgiver of the first class." Thus, as the talent of talking is thought to involve every other talent, it is no wonder that men who cannot even talk should be perpetually straining after oratorical practice, and hoping that after a little time they may acquire speaking powers that may prove highly profitable. It is worth trying, as they think, just on the chance.

And certainly, when one comes to consider, this weakness is accounted for. We have not far to look for an instance wherein very high honours and most important trusts have been conferred on a politician simply because he is able to utter an astounding quantity of words. It matters not that he fails in every other thing that he lays his hand to. He can talk down any three men, and that is enough. His physical powers of chest and voice are to many a sufficient earnest that he possesses every talent. We do not mean to say that all his admirers prize this physical

power to the same extent, but many undoubtedly regard it as proof of unbounded ability; and those who do not believe in the physical gifts alone, believe in the flow of ideas. This pernicious example has without doubt very dangerously contributed to the spread of the talking epidemic in the House of Commons, and to the premature degenerating of that assembly.

Our argument then is, that the House of Commons is becoming incapable, first, from having acquired too much irresponsible power, and second, from its proneness to increase the range of its functions, notwithstanding that it is already nearly at a stand-still from weight of work. Nothing is too great or too little for its regard. Having already taken under its direction all things whatsoever, and certain others, it is still working its tentacles with greedy and incessant motion to bring more and more business under its supervision. The results must be failure of its powers, and attack upon its weakness by some other power. If those who wish well to it can understand its and their real interests, they will ease it of some of its burden, and impose some check upon its licence, before it shall have sunk past recovery.

There are very few Englishmen, as we presume, who will maintain that it is now, or that it ever was, the duty of the House of Commons to do all the work of the State. They may have seen with satisfaction the Lower House growing more and more powerful; but they have not considered what the case would be to have it all-powerful, nor formed any definite wish that it should be supreme. The proper business, surely, of this House is to watch over the people's interests in the making of laws, and in all proceedings of State, and in voting taxes—not to be itself the State. *L'état, c'est moi.* We have never yet given up the *theory* that even the House of Commons needs control, and that there are other lawful powers which may justly and profitably exercise some discretionary authority in public affairs. If we are wise, if we have the real good of the Commons at heart, we shall carefully conform our practice to our theory. There is not the least danger of the House of Commons ever again being too much depressed: the danger, as most of us must know, lies quite in the other direction. We may therefore, without risking any interest of the people, encourage one or both of the other constituted powers to use as much control as may make the House of Commons at least wake up and move—as formidable emulation as may induce the same House to put some limit to its desire of directing everything.

We have of purpose refrained from making here any specific charge against the Legislature, derived from the condition of politics at this moment. Readers will readily apply what has been said to the well-known events of the last few weeks. The session of 1882 has certainly outdone all former sessions in unprofitable consumption of time; but we regard that as an almost necessary consequence of the continued unchecked predominance of the House of Commons, not as an indication of any specially blameworthy conduct in this year. If things are allowed to continue as they are, we may expect in a year or two to see that of 1882 considered a working session, when compared with other extravagant ones which may be coming. Glaring faults no doubt have been committed, and we might, were we so minded, find it

easy to charge upon Ministers, and their bad leading, instances of the waste of power of the Legislature. But, however much bad leading may have tended to make the disease patent, bad leading is not, in our opinion, the disease itself. That lies deeper. It is a subject not to be lightly dealt with, nor to be treated as a chance or a passing ailment. To us it appears to be a very serious chronic disease, raising anxious thoughts of change, and requiring to be treated, not locally, but through the constitutional system.

Attention cannot too soon be drawn to the case. Our object in writing is to induce thinking and practical men to regard the decline of the House of Commons as a disease which has been long coming on, not as the result of accident. When the country may be seriously convinced that simple treatment will not meet requirements, it will be time enough to discuss the appropriate remedy. If satisfied of the gravity of the occasion, able politicians will no doubt suggest means of dealing with it; and if they do we shall be well satisfied in having drawn their regard to it. We are glad to perceive, from their speeches recently delivered at Liverpool, that the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote are with us so far that they are inclined to look upon the present and the future of the House of Commons as very grave matters. They appear, however, to think that the *clôture*, as likely to be established, will prove the bane of the assembly in which it is to prevail. We have not a hopeful or approving word to say of the *clôture*, as it is to be submitted by the Minister to Parliament, and have little doubt that these distinguished statesmen are right in deprecating it, and that it may precipitate some evils which without it might have grown slowly. We venture, nevertheless, to predict that these observant and thoughtful minds will soon perceive that the disease of the House of Commons lies deeper than the *clôture* can reach to, and we hope to see them ere long prescribing definitely for it.

We observe that the Marquis of Salisbury, when speculating on the results of the possible seizure of all power by the House of Commons, thought that the restraining power which the House of Lords might no longer be able to exercise, would be sought for in resorting to very short Parliaments. His lordship calculated that the country might be agitated by a general election every eighteen months or perhaps every year. It is certain that, were there to be no power but the House of Commons, then the only way to insure that legislation and the policy of the nation should be in harmony with the prevailing opinion, would be to "go to the country" perpetually. But to prove that this would be the only remaining resource is one thing, and to feel confidence that the country would have recourse to fresh elections when necessary is another. Unfortunately public bodies which have become very powerful have a strong objection to being dissolved. Having in their own hands the making and the execution of laws, they will not be long in abolishing every power of meddling with themselves. It is true that, when other checks shall have vanished, frequent dissolutions will be the only remaining remedy. But the people never are wise in those critical times when their greatest interests are at stake, and will probably not think a remedy very necessary. It will generally be found that at such times they run eagerly after some shadow,

thought for the moment to be a substantial good, and that they are quite blind to, and careless of, the really vital matter. The Parliament which saw the House of Commons most powerful was the longest in our annals. It came to its end, as we have already remarked, not by the ordinary method of dissolution, not with its own consent, but by military force —that is to say, by revolution.

The ship of the State righted itself again after that perilous passage in its voyage by something little shorts of a miracle. The people, sick of their own triumph, weary of the glorious *régime* which they had established, voluntarily surrendered all the fruits of their victories, including the supremacy of the House of Commons, in the hope that in exchange for these they might enjoy once more the blessings of settled government. "Without casting one glance on the past," says Macaulay,* "or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants." And why did they, with contrite hearts, so uncompromisingly cancel the whole work of many years? Surely because they were sick of the condition into which the sole rule of the House of Commons had conducted them; because they had found by bitter experience that the fancied advantages of trampling upon Crown and Lords were chimerical; that, while supposing themselves to be following after the highest freedom, they had been going directly into bondage; and that the old Constitution, with all its faults, and with all the checks which it offers to ardent politicians, was infinitely preferable to the sovereignty of one Chamber.

We have no right to expect a second miraculous restoration. We shall do well to read the words of warning that are written in our history, and to prevent what we may not be able so readily to cure as on the first occasion. The signs of the times are worth a thought or two. May they receive the attention of which they are deserving.

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* In his Essay on Milton.

COLONEL LAURENCE LOCKHART.

IMMEDIATELY before the publication of the last number of the Magazine, but too late for any mention of the loss we lament, another breach was made in the inner circle of our friends. Colonel Laurence William Maxwell Lockhart died at Mentone on the 23d of March. The melancholy event was far from unexpected: indeed for many months he had clearly foreseen the end, facing the approach of death with manly fortitude, as he had borne a lingering illness with Christian resignation. Still to the last his family and friends had striven to hope almost against hope. They would fain have put some trust in the vitality which had struggled for years against a complication of maladies, and in the spirit that was less willing than ever to give in, when it was a question of an existence so precious to others. Their hopes, as they knew in their hearts, were doomed to disappointment. Changes of scene and climate had been tried in vain; the most affectionate nursing only availed to soothe the invalid in his melancholy decline; and when death came at last, it was almost welcomed as a happy release from the sufferings that were daily becoming more trying.

We have said that Colonel Lockhart was of the innermost circle of our friends; and perhaps there was no one of many valued contributors with whom the late Mr John Blackwood had lived in such close and cordial relations. So much so, that when Mr Blackwood died in 1879, the sad duty of writing an obituary notice in the Magazine seemed naturally to devolve on the brightest of his intimates. In the feeling and graceful delicacy with which it was done, our readers will find many an unobtrusive revelation of the writer's kindly nature. It was a frank expression of manly sorrow, though written in the consciousness that it was intended for the public eye; it was warmed by the many genial memories of social and literary intercourse that thenceforward could only be associated with sadness; and it showed most affectionate appreciation of the endearing qualities that had changed mutual liking to regard, and regard to affection. The fact was, that although the Editor was Lockhart's senior by fourteen years, the two men had been irresistibly drawn to each other from the first. They had the same bright and warm-hearted geniality; they had strong literary tastes and sympathies in common; and there were those subtle affinities besides, which we cannot profess to analyse. They drew to each other in the library, in the dining-room, on the golfing-green; and when the Editor came to London on his periodical visits of pleasure and business, Lockhart, if anywhere within reach, was sure to be one of the first to welcome him. We could have wished for ourselves, as for all admirers of the higher class of fiction, that the intimacy between the two had begun earlier. It was natural enough that Lockhart should have chosen the army as his profession; he had all the qualities that made him a favourite with a most lively mess; and, had opportunities of distinction been thrown in his way, he might doubtless have taken high rank as a soldier. But his intellectual qualities were far too rare to be wasted in the discharge of regimental duties in peacetime. So we cannot help regretting that, like his uncle, he had not chanced to start from the first with the definite purpose of making a

pursuit of literature. In that case he would have cultivated his unusual powers, employing them more industriously, and with more fruitful results. It was never in his nature to be actually idle. Even when he seemed to be trifling away his time in the society that courted him, when on a round of visits in the country, or when yachting with parties of friends, we know that his brain and his fancy were ever active. His ideas would flow, as his fun would flash out at the faintest provocation; while he made the most of the stray hours he would snatch for serious reading. But after all, he had taken to authorship when his habits had been formed; and so he did work that was nevertheless invariably conscientious, in a desultory fashion, and in some degree as a *dilettante.* Considering the circumstances and the social temptations that beset him, we have reason to be grateful that he had given us so much; nor can we desire that he should have gone into harness as a regular book-maker. And yet, in losing him, we cannot but lament that the author of 'Mine is Thine' should not have entered earlier on the ascending path which seemed to promise even more brilliant success to his ripening maturity.

We touch lightly on the incidents of his private life, since our purpose is rather to give an idea of the man and the author. The second surviving son of the Rev. Dr Lockhart of Milton-Lockhart, he came of an ancient Lanarkshire family, and of an eminent literary stock. After several sessions passed at the Glasgow University, he removed to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. He left the University to take a commission in the 92d Highlanders. Shortly afterwards the regiment received its orders for the Crimea, where it arrived in time to take part in the siege operations, although the battles of the campaign had been already decided. The 92d served subsequently in India through the Mutiny, where it was attached to the central field-force under command of Sir Hugh Rose. Lockhart had purchased his company before he left the corps, and entering the 2d Royal Lanarkshire Militia as major, he became its lieutenant-colonel. Thanks to sound professional knowledge and to affability blended with firmness, few men were better fitted to fill such a post; and as we have reason to know, he was the kindest of friends and wisest of counsellors to any young subaltern who might find himself in difficulties. Latterly the ties between him and the regiment had been loosened, to his extreme regret. But the orders that banished him to a succession of foreign watering-places were peremptory; nor had he any alternative but to apply for repeated leave of absence.

We believe it was in 1867 that he first made Mr Blackwood's acquaintance, at all events as an intending contributor. We have heard him laughingly tell the story of his first unsuccessful attempt at establishing relations with the Magazine. For as it happened, this much-valued contributor was not destined to make his *début* in the columns he did so much to enliven. He had always fancied that he had a turn for light literature, and after considerable self-communing, he had thrown some grotesque bit of personal experience into the shape of a story, which was duly forwarded to Mr Blackwood. Lockhart had hereditary claims on the friendship of the Magazine which the Editor was very ready to recognise. His uncle, the son-in-law of Scott, and subsequently for many years the editor of the 'Quarterly,' had

been one of its stanchest and original supporters. But unluckily, as it proved for this promising volunteer, just as Mr Blackwood had received the note and the manuscript, he chanced to meet a relative of the writer's in the street. Naturally mentioning the packet in course of conversation, that gentleman shrugged his shoulders in a fashion that was anything rather than recommendatory. Probably he confounded success in literature or in anything of importance with severe austerity of demeanour. Be that as it may, the Editor owned afterwards that, very contrary to his habits, he might for once have been prejudiced or possibly negligent. At all events, the contribution was civilly declined, to appear in some other periodical. Luckily for the Magazine as well as Lockhart, he learned how his relative had kindly commended him to the Editor's good graces, and the knowledge encouraged him to try again. The second article found ready acceptance. Blackwood appreciated the promise he was always so quick to detect; and moreover, the manner of telling the story inclined him strongly in favour of the writer, who had as usual—and it was the chief secret of his more important successes—impressed the article with his marked and attractive individuality. Other contributions followed at irregular intervals—the first of them, "Unlucky Tim Griffin," which, with "The Volunteers of Strathkinahan," have since been republished in the second series of our 'Tales.' 'Doubles and Quits,' the first of the three regular novels, was a ludicrous "Comedy of Errors" and ingenious cross purposes; overflowing with animal spirits that never seemed to flag, and full of effective though highly farcical situations. Month after month it was laughed over in the numbers of the Magazine, as it has been widely read when circulated in reprints. Lockhart had made a hit, and he knew it; but he was far from being satisfied. It was not as a humorist of the school of Smollett, although without Smollett's coarseness, that he desired to be distinguished; and with his fine literary perceptions and self-consciousness, he was hopeful, if not persuaded, that he was capable of higher things. Mirthful reviewers might laugh and praise; friends with more gratifying because more unaffected flattery, might chuckle over the good things that clung to their memories. Lockhart, though the most modest and least exacting of authors, was far from being contented. He even misdoubted the hearty encouragement of his friend and mentor the Editor, in whose sound judgment he thoroughly believed. The work which amused everybody might be very good of the kind, but it neither satisfied his ambition nor commended itself to his refinement. Yet he knew well that it was a risk for a rising author to leave the line in which he has made his mark, possibly disappointing the public in their pleasant expectations; and any essential change in his style would have been as impossible as undesirable, for his novels were the faithful reflections of his moods, and the direct inspiration of his buoyant temperament. But in 'Fair to See,' which followed 'Doubles and Quits,' a change was very obvious as the advance in art was unmistakable. Both in the general tone, in the conception, and in the details of the execution, we trace the influences of the serious meditations he had confided to some intimate friends. The fun was as free and the drollery as rich as before; but breaking away from the restraints of a not unnatural *mauvaise honte*, he had given play to his deeper and more sensitive feel-

ings. The characters were more firmly conceived and more delicately outlined; above all, he had thrown himself into the innermost heart of his heroine, with the self-abstraction which is the most significant proof of real genius for fiction: and as for the love-scenes they were charming. When congratulated on his success, as he lightly said himself, with that pleasant smile his friends so well remember—he flattered himself that "this time he had really fetched them." But if 'Fair to See' was full of fresh promise, the further progress in 'Mine is Thine' was extraordinary. Without a trace of self-obtrusiveness in it, we know very few novels which are so seductively natural and so frankly self-revealing. And all it revealed was so much in favour of the author, that his more intelligent readers, as they seemed to know him well, felt that they had learned at the same time to love and admire him. The sentiment was evidently as spontaneous as it was elevated and manly. You knew the book was not only written by a gentleman, but by a gentleman of the finest and most chivalrous feeling, who could appreciate all the graces and virtues of womanhood. There was wide knowledge of the world, without a touch of cynicism; there was merriment, without a trace of buffoonery; there were innumerable little delicate touches, which pointed the fun or deepened the pathos. We say nothing of the constructive art or of the vigorous character-drawing which the book displayed, since in this instance those happen to strike us as subsidiary merits. For we know no higher praise the novelist need desire, than to have won the regard or affection of the strangers he has entertained by charming them irresistibly into personal sympathy.

Nor was it only as a novelist that Colonel Lockhart gained reputation. During the Franco-German war he acted as one of the correspondents of the 'Times,' and his war-letters show their versatile writer in altogether another aspect. He was with the French at Forbach, at the opening of the campaign, where the adventurous discharge of his duties involved him in the hazards of the engagement. He was well forward, surveying the moves on the battle-ground towards the Saar, when the Germans, by carrying the almost impregnable Spicheren heights, suddenly threatened the right of their enemy's position, and forced the French to a hurried retreat. Lockhart fell back with the rest on the town of Forbach, where he had to recover his servant, his money, and his papers. By the time he entered the place, shot and shell were falling fast on the mixed mobs of the townspeople and the soldiers; and on leaving on the Metz side with the retiring army, the fugitives were exposed to a dangerous fire from the German sharpshooters. Moreover, the foreigner was generally regarded as a spy by soldiers who were smarting from the humiliation of defeat. Frequently arrested, and once threatened with summary execution, he chiefly owed his successive escapes to the happy accident of having for his companion one of the municipal dignitaries of Forbach—we believe, the mayor in person. He was a novice and an amateur at the work he had undertaken; and the circumstances were as unfavourable as well might be, whether to comprehensive strategical observations or literary composition. Yet, among the many letters from its veteran war correspondents in the 'Times,' we dare to say that few were more graphic or spirited than that in which Lockhart, on the spur of the moment, related the disaster of Forbach. When Metz was in a ferment of excitement after the defeats of Forbach and Wörth, the French expelled

all foreign correspondents. Lockhart went over to the Germans, to take the place of Colonel Pemberton, who had shortly before been killed by a stray rifle-ball; and he had his quarters for some time either in the lines before Metz or in the villages forming the *enceinte* of beleaguered Strasburg.

Before bringing our melancholy task to an end, it only remains to make allusion to our friend's social qualities. It is saddening to look back upon happy days, ere sorrow had begun to dash his joyous nature, or ill-health had cast an ever-darkening shadow across his life. We feel persuaded now that he must have been sensible of the insidious advance of his maladies long before his spirits were visibly affected by them. His pluck was too good to give premature signs of anxious hours and painful forebodings. Till actually prostrated, and reduced by lowering regimens, he was always the same bright companion, the life of any congenial gathering. When in vein,—and it was seldom, indeed, that he was not in vein,—it was Lockhart who gradually had the lion's share of the talk, simply because his friends were charmed into silence, and refused to do more than stimulate him into an occasional observation. How often have we seen him rise from his chair in a burst of quiet animation, and lounging against the chimney-piece with that open smile of his, brighten and sparkle so as to delight his listeners, and probably convulse them with laughter! We can hardly say that he had a talent for sarcasm, because it was not in him to be ill-natured; but he had a most remarkable turn for that higher order of mimicry which could hardly have annoyed its object had he been present. It was little that with a comical twist of his features he would give his pleasant face the most unmistakable resemblance to somebody absolutely as unlike him as man could be. It was nothing that he could catch an accent or imitate to perfection a trick of speech: but he seemed to absorb the individuality of another for the moment in his own, appropriating the probable ideas he would very slightly caricature. We have specially alluded to that rare accomplishment which we never remember him to have abused, because it shows the same power of identifying himself with varieties of character, which, next to the strong impression of his own personality, insured his success in fiction. And we should give a very false impression of his fascinating conversation did we suggest that it was chiefly humorous. Though he made no pretensions to deep reading, with his quick intelligence he was thoroughly well-informed; and his talk was always original, as on all subjects it went straight to the point. So it was that he was perhaps the most welcome of the guests whom Mr Blackwood loved to receive in the most hospitable of country-houses. At Strathtyrum he would often seduce his friend, the Editor, into long-protracted vigils, when the hours insensibly slipped away in pleasant intercourse. For ourself, we may say that we knew him as well as most men. We have travelled with him when he was in fair health and good spirits; and we have travelled with him when he was sent abroad to try waters or some treatment, from which he could hardly have expected permanent benefit. But whether comparatively strong or sorely tried by his maladies, a more delightful travelling companion we have never met. His consideration for his friend was the same under all circumstances, and there was no disturbing the sweet serenity of his temper.

He was as cheerful after a broken night, or a fatiguing journey, as if all had been going smoothly and well with him; and the man, who was naturally anything rather than an ascetic, would laugh good-humouredly over enforced mortification of the flesh, and solace himself for his personal privations with the thought that his stronger companions could enjoy themselves. Nor was that vicarious enjoyment either forced or feigned. His courage was so great, his resignation so admirable, that equanimity under trials had become second nature, and in contributing to the happiness of others he would entirely forget himself. Of the last year of his lingering illness we have little to say. He was happy in the devoted attention of relatives who willingly made any sacrifices for him. And though latterly his life threatened to be a growing burden, to the last, in his unselfishness, he struggled manfully for their sakes; obeying his doctors implicitly on the chance of a recovery. But recovery was not to be, as his nearest and dearest had begun painfully to realise. And as he had lived an honourable and chivalrous gentleman, he died an earnest and hopeful Christian.

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THE FAITHS OF THE WORLD.

Few subjects are of wider sweep, or of more thoroughly human interest, than that which is handled in the lectures recently delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow, by eminent professors and ministers of the Church of Scotland, and now collected in the volume named below. Going back to times before the dawn of authentic history, and having its living illustrations in existing races which between them constitute by far the larger part of the present inhabitants of the globe, it spans the entire development of mankind, from the earliest and simplest movements of thought down to the complex relations and accumulated knowledge and experience of our modern civilisation. Nor is it only from the breadth of its scope that the subject derives its interest. Of all the faculties making up the totality of human intelligence and capacity, the most mysterious, because the least earthly in its character and the strangest in its operation, is that faculty which stretches out towards the invisible and immaterial, and seeks its satisfaction in things which are objects not of sense but of faith. That this faculty, out of the working of which all the religions of the world have grown, whether spontaneously or from implanted germs of supernatural knowledge, is no artificial or alien product of a perverted evolution of human nature, but one of its elementary and universal constituents, may now be said to be placed beyond reasonable doubt. A race or tribe entirely destitute of the religious instinct has yet to be found. From time to time, indeed, a few scattered and obscure instances have been alleged of savages among whom no ideas of the supernatural and no traces of worship could be detected; but they have failed to stand the test of subsequent and more accurate investigation. Not that any adverse conclusion could legitimately have been drawn from the fact, if fact it

The Faiths of the World. St Giles' Lectures. Second Series. W. Blackwood & Sons: 1882.

were, that tribes of men might occasionally be met with in so rudimentary a stage of manhood as to display no perceptible sign of an aptitude for religion. Within the undeveloped nature, still dominated by the physical appetites, the capacity for religious feeling might only be dormant, waiting for the culture which should start it into action. What, however, seems now to be ascertained is, that the supposed exceptions have no real existence, and that even where man is least developed and least human, he is still conscious of some awe of unseen Powers, and exhibits some dim groping of the religious sentiment after a spiritual world; in other words, that the faculty which makes him capable of religion is innate and universal. Nor only that: it may be called the most characteristically and peculiarly human of all his faculties. If of the other elements or constituents of his nature it may plausibly be affirmed that they have their rudimentary counterparts in the most highly organised of the animal tribes, in the possession of this he stands alone, and "none but himself can be his parallel." Here between the man and the brute the frontier line is most decisively marked. In the instinct or capacity of religion the stamp and seal of genuine humanity is, above all, to be found.

To observe, therefore, on a wide scale and under the most diverse circumstances, the working and outcome of a faculty so mysterious and universal, ought to be full of interest to every student of man and his relations—to every one, indeed, in whose breast the familiar sentiment finds an echo:—

"Human I am, and nothing that pertains
To man do I deem alien from myself."

The subject, if it be pursued into all its details, is no doubt a vast one—too vast for any but students of ample leisure and opportunity. But it is not so much in the minute ramifications and complicated details of their mythologies and ceremonials that the interest of the great ethnic religions really lies, as in their outlines and framework, their general spirit and tendency, and especially in the testimony which each in its own way bears to some spiritual instinct or desire in human nature. Only let the distinguishing character of a religion be correctly apprehended, and it will yield up the best part of the instruction which it is capable of affording. To delineate with accuracy the sketch which shall display, briefly but comprehensively, its essential features and purport, requires, of course, the hand of an expert, familiar with the original sources of information, and able to discriminate between the fundamental ideas and the accidental accretions; but to profit by the sketch, and to master the lessons conveyed by it, is quite within the reach of ordinary readers. For these, if they would arrive at a practical apprehension of what the faiths of the world have to teach, there is no need to explore the sacred books for themselves in the archaic texts, or to grope their way amidst the accumulated traditions or monumental remains of the faded past; it is enough to enter into the labours of the scholars who have devoted a lifetime to the study, and to ponder the results of their researches with the insight that is begotten of sympathy and reverence.

We have said that the subject is interesting, but a stronger epithet might have been used without exaggeration. As we attentively follow such condensed sketches and

explanations of the ancient faiths as those which Principal Caird and his colleagues have placed in our hands, a series of mental images is invoked by them of the most curious and even fascinating kind. We seem to be gazing on a long procession of the supernatural, tricked out in all manner of fantastic disguises — a masquerade of nature-powers, and gods, and goblins, and demons, now vaguely majestic and now coarsely grotesque, accompanied by symbols and ceremonials in the invention of which the wildest imagination might be held to have exhausted itself. As the strange array moves along with its ever-shifting scenery and personages, the interest is never allowed to flag; and when the last figure vanishes from the spectator's sight, what more natural than that his pent-up wonder should break forth in the demand—What interpretation can be given of phenomena so weird, and so full of perplexing mystery? That is the inquiry which we shall endeavour to answer; but before offering our solution of the enigma, we must ask the reader to allow the main divisions of the mystic host to pass, in a series of brief sketches, before his mental eye.

Following the order adopted in the lectures, we first see our Aryan progenitors, in their primeval home on the table-land of Central Asia, personifying the great forms and forces of nature, and pouring forth their hymns to the bright overarching sky and boundless firmament, under the names of Dyaus, Aditi, and Varuna; to Indra, Agni, and Surya, the triad of storm, fire, and sun; and to the other elemental powers,—as the forms under which the one absolute substance that alone is, manifests itself to human sense. This was the simple pantheism of the early Vedic period, the pantheism, only half formulated into dogma, of a vague poetical nature-worship; but, under the influence of growing thought, we soon find it expanding and consolidating itself into the full-blown Brahmanism which to this day is the religion of the vast majority of our Indian fellow-subjects. Here we are confronted by the singular phenomenon of the severest pantheistic dogma expressing itself in the form of the coarsest and most realistic polytheism that the world has ever seen. According to the Brahmanical philosophy, the wise man's creed is curiously short and simple. I believe, he says, that in the universe there exists but one Being, and that Being is the universe; or even in briefer phrase, There is but one Being—no second. As a poetical explanation of this creed, a passage may be cited from one of the most important of the sacred books, the 'Isa Upanishad,' the following literal translation of which is given by Professor Monier Williams (Hinduism, p. 45):—

"Whate'er exists within this universe
Is all to be regarded as enveloped
By the great Lord, as if wrapped in a vesture.
There is one only Being who exists
Unmoved, though moving swifter than the mind;
Who far outstrips the senses, though as gods
They strive to reach Him; who Himself at rest
Transcends the fleetest flight of other beings;
Who, like the air, supports all vital action.
He moves, yet moves not; He is far, yet near;
He is within this universe. Whoe'er beholds
All living creatures as in Him, and Him—
The universal Spirit—as in all,
Henceforth regards no creature with contempt."

Yet of this abstract dogma the practical outcome was the most

populous of all pantheons and the grossest of all idolatries. Hindostan speedily became a land of temples, and idols, and holy places, where the craving for objects of reverence, unsatiated by myriads of greater and lesser deities, found vent in the deification and worship of innumerable objects, of which diseases, cows, serpents, monkeys, trees, rivers, and fountains may be named as suggestive samples. Headed by the mysterious and many-named triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, as the highest embodiments of the eternal essence which is perpetually manifesting itself in creation, dissolution, and re-creation, the gods of Hinduism troop in tens of thousands before our astonished gaze, male and female, monstrous and hideous, horrid and obscene, like the nightmares of some distempered dream. Nothing is too revolting, nothing too absurd, to be enrolled in this strange pantheon. As the writer whom we have already quoted says, speaking from his own observation :—

"Everything great and useful—everything strange, monstrous, and unusual, whether good or evil—is held to be permeated by the presence of divinity. It is not merely all the mighty phenomena and forces of the universe—all the most striking manifestations of Almighty energy—that excite the awe and attract the reverence of the ordinary Hindu. There is not an object in earth or heaven which he is not prepared to worship—rocks, stocks and stones, trees, pools, rivers, his own implements of trade, the animals he finds most useful, the noxious reptiles he fears, men remarkable for any extraordinary qualities—for great valour, sanctity, virtue, or even vice; good and evil demons, ghosts and goblins, the spirits of departed ancestors, an infinite number of semi-human, semi-divine existences—inhabitants of the seven upper and the seven lower worlds,—each and all of these come in for a share of divine honour, or a tribute of more or less adoration. Verily, the Hindu Pantheon has a place for everybody and everything."—P. 168.

It is with a feeling of relief that we greet the next shifting of the scene, as the procession of the supernatural pursues its shadowy course. The gods, and monsters, and demons, with all the strange doctrines of transmigration and penance, of ritual and caste, which have grown up around them in the Hindu cult, are now replaced by the gentle, ascetic form of Gautama, the great Buddha or Enlightened One; the preacher of salvation, not by external penances and sacrifices, but by extinction of inward desire; the apostle of a resigned and tranquil pessimism, whose gospel for wearied humanity has no promise of life, but only of a *Nirvana*, an eternal calm, of which nothing can be affirmed but the absolute negation of individuality and consciousness. "Self-restraint and purity," cried the prophet, "the knowledge of the noble truths, the realisation of Nirvana—this is the greatest blessing." According to Buddhism, the "path of the holy ones" is literally the path to spiritual suicide; for its goal is the annihilation of the desire even to exist, and the wise who attain it become like the flame of an extinguished lamp. A religion, one may well say, of sweetness without light, of patience without humility, of morality without love, of self-abnegation without hope; the consecration of an innoxious apathy, reserving its highest honours of canonisation for "the houseless celibate, who is neither pleased nor displeased with anything, cares not for learning, clings not to good or to evil, and has severed himself from all passion and all desire." So

profoundly anti-social and barren a philosophy of life could never have established itself except among the dreamy races of the far East; and even for them, its practical insufficiency has been proved by the fact, that among its professed adherents it has scarcely ever existed in its primitive form, but has been generally adulterated with a large admixture of mythological doctrine, and the worship of nature-powers and of demons. Among the four hundred millions of China, who are popularly and loosely credited to Buddhism, and give it a numerical pre-eminence over all other religions, not a single Buddhist pure and simple, it is said, can be found.

It is to the unique land of changelessness just named that we are next introduced — the land which "in every department of life exhibits the image of petrifaction." The religion of China—the old State religion antedating by long ages the Buddhism which it incorporated, and already hoar with antiquity before Confucius expounded it,—how shall we describe it as it passes before us in the homely garb of secular life, bearing no symbols of mystery, and lifting no eye above the earth? It is the deification of bureaucracy, of civil government and administration. "The kingdom of heaven!" exclaims its sage: "yes, it is the empire with its ordered ranks and institutions; it is the social fabric knit together by law and custom. Conduct is the one thing needful: to be loyal to the State and to the Family—that is salvation." What! we may well ask in surprise: no demand on faith, no theology, no recognition of the supernatural, no sacrificial rites or worship of the Unseen? Well, Confucianism tolerates all these, but they are not of its essence. "It does not deny the facts of theology; it denies that they are susceptible either of affirmation or of negation. It regards them as beyond the reach of human experience, and therefore as no fit subject for the contemplation of man; and it proposes to put in their room those rules for the conduct of life which are the peculiar province of the moral sphere."—Lect. p. 81. To the same effect writes a recent expounder of the system:—

"There is nothing spiritual in the teachings of Confucius. He rather avoided all reference to the supernatural. In answer to a question about death, he answered, 'While you do not know life, how do you know about death?' Life, then, was his study, and life as represented by man as he exists. The question whence man came and whither he is going never troubled him; he simply looked on man as a member of a society, and strove to work out for himself by the light of ancient records how he might best contribute to his own happiness, and to that of the world in general."—Prof. Douglas, Confucianism, p. 68.

Even in China, however, where human nature presents its most prosaic, matter-of-fact type, the soul has been unable to satisfy itself with a religion which is limited to the earthly and visible: in defiance of logic and consistency, it has rebelled against the supremacy of the agnostic creed, and has shared its allegiance with alien systems which profess to lift the veil of the unseen world. Just as Buddhism, to secure a permanent existence, has been compelled to admit into its bosom temples, and altars, and a ritual of worship, so the State religion of China has not been able to dispense with public homage to the Unseen and Spiritual; and thrice a-year, in the person of its imperial head, reverently kneeling on the lofty "Altar of Heaven," the nation offers solemn prayer and

sacrifice to Shang-te, the supreme Ruler of heaven.

If on passing from Brahmanical polytheism to the teaching of Buddha we encountered a strange contrast, another no less marked meets us as Confucianism is succeeded, in our imaginary procession, by the religion of Zoroaster, the Mazdeism of ancient Persia. Here we are launched into the midst of a complex theosophy, according to which the universe is divided into two hostile camps under the rival powers of good and of evil, of light and of darkness, the beneficent Ormuzd and the malevolent Ahriman. Of these eternal yet not altogether equal powers—for the supremacy is the prerogative of Ormuzd—whatever the one is the other is not. Both create, but each according to his nature — the one good creatures, the other evil. Over the realm of Ormuzd, Ahriman, rising from the abyss of everlasting darkness, glances with the serpent's eye that scatters blight and disease; into the world which came good from the hand of Ormuzd he introduces his pestilent host, whose office is to pollute and destroy. Through heaven and earth the conflict rages; Ahriman's creatures are embattled against those of Ormuzd, each class under its own mighty chief; and the ages resound with the storm-strife of unimaginable monsters and demons. In this terrific struggle man is, of course, embroiled; for no sooner was he made, male and female, than the demons corrupted him, and his soul henceforth became a battle-field for the contending powers. Only by protecting himself and the creatures of Ormuzd from defilement by the evil ones, can his salvation be secured; and since physical infirmity, disease, and death are the prolific sources of the uncleanness which betrays the soul into the power of the demons, and every dead body is a stronghold of the corpse-fiend, whence the miasma of pollution is poured forth to wrap the whole world in a deadly taint, the devout have enough to do, by ceremonial lustrations and precautionary rites, to keep themselves demon-proof, and to preserve from contagion the peculiarly sacred elements of fire, earth, and water. Yet not without ultimate hope for the groaning creation does the long warfare roll on through the heights and depths. Although the mythical hero of light, the miraculous Zoroaster, at an early stage of the struggle fell before the lightning-stroke of the fiend, in the far-distant future there shall be born to him a greater son, Saoshyant the Saviour, in whose days the regeneration shall come to pass, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. Then, according to the legend—

> "A fiery star strikes the world, which trembles under its power as a lamb in the grasp of a wolf. Then the mountains are levelled; the elements melt; the molten brass finds its way to the abyss of hell; Ahriman perishes, all demons perish. Three days men are bathed in the molten brass, but for the good it is as warm milk. Then all come together again, son, brother, friend; all drink from Saoshyant's hand heavenly homa juice mingled with the milk of the heavenly cow, and he awards to everybody according to his greater or less desert." —Lect., p. 135.

The next scene in our procession is contributed by Egypt, "the cradle of all civilisation, the birthplace of all history," imaged to us by its mysterious Sphinx—

> "Staring right on with calm eternal eyes."

Here, again, we encounter the an-

omalous admixture of pantheistic with polytheistic doctrine, which, as we have already seen, attained its fullest development in the later form of Brahmanism. The pantheon of Egyptian worship was a crowded and comprehensive one: innumerable rural and provincial deities, honoured in the several districts of the land, here met together, and were assigned suitable niches alongside of the greater gods of universal acceptance; and the number was swelled by the frequent reappearance of what were substantially the same objects of adoration under various local appellations. Nowhere has an idolatrous cult been more highly organised, or invested with more imposing and popular forms. Some idea of it may be gathered from the following extract from Dr Dodds's lecture:—

"A numerous and honoured priesthood maintained a costly and perpetual ceremonial. Clothed in robes of the richest materials and rarest workmanship — robes of which the modern ecclesiastical vestments of the Greek and Roman Churches are the imitation and the relics—the priests passed in procession through sunlit aisles or shady recesses; through avenues of sphinxes, or through crowds of worshippers; now chanting in full chorus the praises of the gods—now, in humility or adoration, bending before their altars and invoking their favour and protection. The great temple of each city was the centre of its life. Not for worship only, but for recreation and enjoyment, its courts were frequented. There the eye was filled with beautiful forms, and the ear with harmonious sounds. As incense floated into the air, and music resounded through the corridors, and all that was bright and costly regaled the senses, a continual crowd of worshippers or spectators resorted to the attractive scene, so that the temple became, not only the centre of city life, but the bond of civic fellowship, and the pride and joy of the inhabitants. Cities vied with each other in furnishing a complete and costly ceremonial. Religion permeated the whole being of the people."—Lect., pp. 152, 153.

Indeed, as owing to the singularly prophylactic property of the climate we are still able to see, the whole land was like a canvas for the pictorial representation of the popular mythology. Brilliantly painted on temple and tomb, on column and wall, on mummy-case and papyrus-roll; sculptured out of granite and basalt, incised on tablet and sarcophagus, and carved on the face of the living rock,—the figures of the gods, with their distinguishing emblems and appropriate functions, were at once the artistic adornment and religious consecration of almost every place and object which played a conspicuous part in the people's life. What they were like scarcely needs to be repeated, for the inexhaustible supply has made them common in all the museums of the world. There, to name only some of the more prominent figures, we may still become familiar with Osiris, lord of Hades, and Isis his consort, and their hawk-headed son Horus, and Typhon the rival brother and murderer of Osiris, who under the form of an erect hippopotamus pleads against the departed soul in its judgment: there we may see depicted in human form Amen the invisible; Ptah, the creator; and Athor, Ma, and Neit, goddesses of love, truth, and the dawn: there, in shapes compounded of man and brute, Anubis, orderer of funerals, with the jackal's head; Thoth, god of letters, with head and neck of the ibis; Kneph, god of the breath, with the ram's head; the ancient father-god Seb, with the crocodile's;

the sun-goddess Sekhet, with the lion's; the gods of the sun and moon, Ra and Khons, both hawk-headed and crowned with the disk; and still lower in scale, the wholly bestial forms of the animals in which the spirit or breath of the gods was supposed to incarnate itself, as the famous Apis-bulls, cats, apes, beetles, hawks, crocodiles, and snakes.

Such were the gods of Egypt; such the grossness of its popular idol-worship. Yet out of the midst of this polytheism rises a strain which is almost monotheistic, and the religious books or papyrus-rolls of the nation abound in lofty hymns to the praise of the Self-existent One, the God who alone is, and there is no second to Him, the Beginner of becoming, who made all things but was not made. Even the gods themselves are represented as confessing their individual nothingness, while they adore this ultimate nameless Power, as in the striking chorus quoted by Renouf: "Thou art youth and age, thou art heaven, thou art earth, thou art fire, thou art water, thou art air, and whatever is in the midst of them." By this doctrine of a single, supreme, all-pervading Power, of which the deities of the popular worship were but so many personifications, the religion of Egypt was preserved from much of the degradation of mere fetishism; and as, notwithstanding the grossness of its external forms, it was associated with a high moral code and an intense conception of human responsibility, enforced by the solemnities of a judgment after death which none could evade, it may perhaps deserve the eulogium pronounced on it by Dr Dodds, when he says that it

"Gave forth more scintillations of what we have been taught by revelation to regard as truth, than any other of the ancient faiths. . . . The more we study this ancient faith, the more clearly we come to see that God never left Himself without a witness to man; and that, in some measure at least, the religion of the Egyptians, like the law given by Moses, was a shadow of things to come." — Lect. pp. 179, 180.

Passing on now to the classic land of Greece, alert to catch the complexion of its early religion, we find another atmosphere around us. From the burning East, where man under the pressure of his environment took his religion in a sombre seriousness, whether it issued in a melancholy mysticism or a grotesque and burdensome ritual, we escape to a young world redolent of freedom, beauty, and joy. Here on a genial soil, and beneath a smiling sky, man felt himself in harmony with nature, and rejoiced in her loveliness and vigour. Full of exuberant life himself, everything around him appeared to him to live too. Woods and streams, mountain-tops, valleys, and grottos, the blue waters flashing on the lovely bays and headlands,—all seemed to his fancy to be alive with some mysterious spiritual presence, and to be peopled by demi-gods and heroes, nymphs and satyrs; while above all, a dynasty of greater gods laughed and feasted and quarrelled on the heights of Olympus. "There were deities of every city, and mountain, and grove, and river. There were deities who presided over every stage of human life from its beginning to its close; over every event, whether of joy or sorrow, by which our mortal lot is checkered; over every endowment of the mind and every affection of heart." Yet the primitive Greek can scarcely be said to have taken

his religion seriously. In moral growth he was a child rather than a man; and being little burdened by any consciousness of demerit or sin, his instinct of the supernatural surrendered itself to the guidance of his poetical fancy, and was satisfied with consecrating the creations of his exquisite artistic faculty. As Mr Keary well says, in his work on the 'Outlines of Primitive Belief'* just published: "The creed of Hellas was a belief in the beauty of the world and of mankind." Not enough in earnest to construct any definite system of religious doctrine and worship to satisfy the soul's spiritual needs, the Greek gave a festal character even to his sacrifices, and his most serious beliefs were the myths in which his imagination arrayed the phenomena of nature, when once it had transfused into them the consciousness of life and emotion. To use the words of Sir G. Cox, when tracing the genesis of the Greek mythology—

"From personification to deification the steps would be very rapid; and the process of disintegration would at once furnish the materials for a vast fabric of mythology. All the expressions which had attached a living force to natural objects would remain as the description of personal and anthropomorphous gods. Every word would become an attribute, and all the ideas once grouped round a single object would branch off into distinct personifications. The sun had been the lord of light, the driver of the chariot of the day; he had toiled and laboured for the sons of men, and sunk down to rest, after a hard battle, in the evening. But now the lord of light would be Phœbus Apollo, while Helios would remain enthroned in his fiery chariot, and his toils and labours and death-struggles would be transferred to Heracles. The violet clouds which greet his rising and his setting would now be represented by the maiden Iole, or by herds of cows which feed in earthly pastures. There would be other expressions which would still remain as floating phrases, not attached to any definite deities. These would gradually be converted into incidents in the life of heroes, and be woven at length into systematic narrative. Finally, these gods or heroes, and the incidents of their mythical career, would receive each a local habitation and a name."—Tales of the Gods, pp. 45, 46.

This conception of the growth of myths in early Greece helps us to understand what at first sight seems almost inexplicable, how among a primitive and simple people, and in a condition of society by no means utterly debased, a theology should have grown up which attributed the most lawless and sensual passions even to gods of the highest rank. Beneath the quickening beams of the sun the impregnated soil teems with fertility, and bears to him countless offspring; the dawn flies before his hot pursuit; the dew-drops reproduce his image; the earth lies clasped in "blue ether's arms." Let such physical facts be transmuted into living action—for the fertilising sun and all-embracing sky let a personal Zeus be substituted—and we see at once how the inevitable result is the story of a deity of unbounded and shameless passion. But though we may thus dissociate, at least to some extent, the sensual mythology from the moral state of the people whose fancy gave it birth, it is obvious that the religion which centred in such beliefs must have been utterly unable to bear the strain of experience, as the tragic side of human life was gradually forced upon the

* Outlines of Primitive Belief among Indo-European Races. By C. F. Keary. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

consciousness, or to accommodate itself to the intellectual movement which set in after the Persian war. Standing apart from the national development, its vitality of necessity ebbed away; art, philosophy, the glorious tragic drama, finding in it nothing to ally themselves with permanently, only undermined its foundations, and precipitated its final and utter collapse.

From Greece to Rome is from poetry to prose. Of the two great branches of the Aryan race which settled in Southern Europe, to the Greek were assigned the splendid gifts of imagination and art, to the Roman the more solid endowments of sobriety and order. Hence the religion which grew up in the fair Italian provinces was eminently prosaic and practical. It was based on the family home and the adjoining family sepulchre; it was the religion of the hearth and the forum. Each primitive family had its domestic altar, of which the paterfamilias was the priest by right of his headship; its Manes, the half-deified spirits of its ancestors; its Lar familiaris, the originating and presiding genius of the stock; its Lares and Penates, the inalienable household gods.

"Around that family altar the ancient Romans gathered for morning and evening worship: there incense and sacrifice were offered; there libations were made; there prayers were said before and after every meal, a part of which was duly burned as the allotted portion of the Deity. He and they, so to speak, took their meals together, and every repast became an act of worship. This simple faith seems thus to have sanctified every stage of human existence, every act and event of domestic life. It consecrated the mystery of birth as introducing the little child into a living and everlasting connection with his father's gods. It made marriage the most solemn of all religious rites, by withdrawing the woman from the worship and protection of the gods of the family of her father, and placing her under the guardianship of the gods of the family of her husband. . . . It was a system, too, which bound by the closest tie the living and the dead, the human and the divine. Thus over all the relations of life—over birth and death, over all the activities and sufferings which lay between, as well as all the hopes which lay beyond—there was thrown, from time immemorial, the mantle of religion, the sanctity of the presiding family gods."—Lect., pp. 225-227.

And as with each individual family, so was it also with the great composite family, the State. It, too, had its Lares and Penates, its presiding genii and tutelar divinities; its sacred hearth and fire; its high priest or pontiff in the magistrate or king. Here, then, we have the form assumed by the old homely national faith, before it was corrupted by luxury, and adulterated by the importation of foreign superstitions and ceremonials; here the model to which, in degenerate days, reforming patriots strove to bring back the worship of their fellow-citizens, when its severe and cheap simplicity had been lost amidst the costly and licentious rites which conquest transplanted to Rome from Greece and the East. Not that the deterioration was entirely owing to external influences. With the growth of wealth and leisure, the old simple faith naturally developed itself in more complex forms and observances; and the national genius for organisation helped on the process, by parcelling out the domain of religion, till every element of the physical world, every province of toil, every stage of life, was assigned to some presiding deity. But although, from a comparatively early period, the

popular reverence was thus divided between an innumerable host of greater and lesser objects of worship, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal, each of which had its function and its niche in the general pantheon; there is reason to think that some vague sense of the divine unity long underlay this idolatrous polytheism, as if the countless deities were not so much distinct individual beings with whom man had separately to reckon, as names and forms of one supreme Power manifesting itself diversely in the different departments of nature and human life. But however that may be, and undoubtedly gross as the later religion of Rome was, with its deification of the emperors, and the amazing and monstrous superstitions officially regulated by the colleges of pontiffs, of augurs, and the keepers of oracles, there is no doubt that in its fountain-head the Roman faith and worship were unusually free from the coarser elements of an idolatrous cult. Indeed we believe that Dr MacGregor is justified in founding a claim on behalf of the early religion of Rome to a considerable degree of spirituality, on the fact that in it "God was adored under no outward form or semblance whatever; and, instead of temples made with hands, in His own great natural shrines, amid the mysterious gloom of mighty forests, on the smoky mountain-tops, in the cave on the hillside where the full-bodied stream was born, or by the fountain in the hollow bubbling up among the flowers." And if so, this was no mean compensation for the absence of the poetical imagination and artistic grace, which threw a sensuous glory over the religion of Greece.

Passing on now to the branch of the Aryan race which occupied Northern Europe, we meet with a religion originating as before in nature-worship, but profoundly modified by the influences of climate and physical environment. Life for the hardy sons of Scandinavia was a perpetual battle for existence, amidst which they grew up fierce and fearless, enamoured of adventure and warlike enterprise, and prone to superstitious fancies and feelings which threw lurid hues over their instinctive conceptions of the supernatural. To them Nature was no dead soulless thing. In all its phenomena, in every revolution of its seasons, in the whole play and strife of its elemental forces, it seemed, in their eyes, to be alive with a mysterious vitality, and actuated by invisible powers, whether of good or evil purpose; but, unlike their more favoured kinsmen of the genial South, whose world laughed around them with brightness and fertility, these simple but imaginative Norsemen were solemnised by the tragedy of nature, the annual crushing out of its life and light by the long winter and relentless frost. Theirs was a rude creed, with a rude worship. In sacred enclosure or artless forest-temple, before shapeless wooden images of the gods, they chanted their hymns and presented their sacrifices of thanksgiving or expiation, not shrinking even from the terrible offering of human victims in seasons of national crisis or terror. Wild too, and weird, often grotesque, yet sometimes singularly beautiful, was the mythology which grew up among them, as their interpretation of the world and the powers which seemed to rule it. Odin, the All-Father, was their supreme deity, from whom sprang gods and men; yet even he was not conceived of as self-existent and eternal. Anterior to him were the

everlasting principles of heat and cold, ever contending in ceaseless strife; and out of their interaction and union chaos came into being, fraught with the potency and promise of all life, divine and human. From this elemental and formless mass sprang Odin, the world-ruler and orderer of battles; from him Thor, the mighty but beneficent thunder-god—and Balder the beautiful, the genius of summer and the sun, whom Hoder, the blind winter-god, unwittingly slew. Out of the same germinating chaos emerged a countless host of lesser gods and giants, of elves and dwarfs, to people and rule the realms of nature; and Loki, the fire-god, the spirit of evil; and the mystic tree Yggdrasil, Odin's ash, which overshadows the whole world, covering the sky with its branches, and striking its roots into the unknown abysses beneath. But for these beings, from Odin downwards, there is no absolute permanence: out of chaos they came, and to chaos they shall return. In the awful "twilight [or doom] of the gods," the powers of evil shall be unbound, and in the dire conflict that shall ensue, the gods shall perish, earth and heaven shall pass away, and ancient chaos seem once more to reign.

"The sun darkens; the earth sinks in the sea.
From heaven fall the bright stars.
The fire-wind storms round the all-nourishing tree;
The flame assails high heaven itself."

Yet, according to the latest form of the legend, possibly influenced by Christianity, beyond the tremendous catastrophe the eye of faith discerned a regeneration towards which all things are moving. The passing away of the old shall be but the birth-throe of the new. The silent mysterious powers which wrought in the production of the world that now is, shall raise out of the second chaos a better world—a new heaven and earth, a paradise of unfading summer, wherein the valiant and just shall once more live.

Strange and fantastic as these myths must appear to us, they enshrined a religion which trained the old Norseman in a rude piety and holy awe of future retribution for evil-doing, and contributed to make his character what, with all its roughness and even fierceness, it eminently was,—brave, straightforward, and manly; a character which may be fairly described, in the words of Sir G. Cox, as "fearless, honest, and truthful, ready to smite and ready to forgive, shrinking not from pain himself, and careless of inflicting it on others." For to him these conceptions were no offspring of idle fancy, but sternly real and practical, interwoven with the daily incidents of life, and furnishing the key to his destiny.

"To the Northman," says Dr Burns, "every cause in nature was a divinity. He heard some god in almost every sound, he saw one in almost every change. The thunder was the rattle of Thor's chariot, the lightning the flash of his hammer, swiftly hurled from his strong hand; the wind was Sleipner, the fleet steed of Odin; the dew, foam from the bit of the horse of night. When the hard winter-crust of earth began to thaw, it was Rind yielding to the rough wooing of her persistent lover; when in spring the early flowers bloomed, and the first braird was seen, it was Gerd cajoled by Skirnia to listen to the addresses of Frey. As the yearly wave of verdure washed up the hillside, and the herdsman drove his cattle from the lowland meadows to the green uplands, Sif was beside him with her yellow hair; as the farmer looked at his fields covered with rich grain, he blessed the nuptials of Odin and Frigg. The fisherman,

rowing his boat through the dancing waves, saw in each of them a daughter of Oeger; listening on shore to the loud tumult of the angry sea, he heard the wrathful clamour of these fickle maidens. The huntsman was haunted by a divine presence in the silent deeps of the forest; the child, as he looked upon the rainbow, was told by his mother that that was the trembling bridge by which the gods crossed from heaven to earth. When the long days of summer were over, and winter with its darkness and cold had come, the sad tale of the death of the bright and good Baldur was doubtless told at many a fireside, and many a tear shed over the unhappy fate of that best beloved of all the gods. The whole world was divine to the old Northman. Nature was to him, 'what to the thinker and prophet it for ever is, preternatural.'" — Lect., pp. 260, 261.

One more scene, and we will dismiss the pageant for its interpretation; for we need not pause over Judaism, which lies in the line of direct revelation, nor over Mahommedanism, its bastard progeny. Of all the strange spectacles that greeted the eyes of Cortes and his daring band when they dashed like a thunderbolt on the empire of Montezuma, the most amazing was the popular worship of Mexico—"a worship," to borrow the words of Mr Bancroft, its laborious delineator, "so sanguinary and monstrous, that it stands out an isolated spectacle of the extreme to which fanatical zeal and blind superstition can go." Developed out of earlier and simpler cults, the Aztec religion was a complicated and cumbrous polytheism, in which several older national pantheons were awkwardly compounded, yet so as to preserve a dim appearance of subordination to a single supreme head. So far as we can now discern, the attribute of supremacy was especially connected with the god Tezcatlipoca, whose name, equivalent to "shining mirror," seems to designate him as the sun-god, and to indicate the influence of nature-worship on the formation of the Aztec mythology: he was addressed under many epithets, such as soul of the world, creator of heaven and earth, lord of all things, supreme. But in popular estimation, the god who stood first and filled the largest space in the national cult of Mexico was the hideous and blood-stained Huitzilopochtli, the tutelary deity of war, who was also by origin a nature-power, being connected with the round of the seasons by his snake-emblem, and the myth of his annual death and revival. Subordinate to these were gods innumerable, presiding over all the departments of life, whose grotesque images, crowding the temples and thoroughfares, might have recalled by their frequency, though certainly not by their grace, the Athens which stirred the Apostle's spirit as he saw it wholly given to idolatry.

For "in Mexico," as Mr Tylor remarks in his volumes on 'Primitive Culture,' "idolatry had attained to its full barbaric development. As in the Aztec mind the world swarmed with spiritual deities, so their material representatives the idols stood in the houses, at the corners of the streets, on every hill and rock, to receive from passers-by some little offering—a nosegay, a whiff of incense, a drop or two of blood; while in the temples more huge and elaborate images enjoyed the dances and processions in their honour, were fed by the blood and sacrifices of men and beasts, and received the tribute and reverence paid to the great national gods."

Of the whole system of Mexican worship, by far the most prominent feature was its astounding ferocity. It was drenched in every part with human blood. Its priests were an

army of sturdy butchers, whose highest function was to cleave the victim's breast with the sacrificial hatchet, and pluck out his palpitating heart; its devotees were cannibals who devoured the victim's flesh in sacramental feast, and, like the priests of Baal, cut themselves with knives and lancets. Each month had its festivals of slaughter, and in the capital alone 20,000 human victims are said to have been annually offered. From slaves and criminals, from prisoners captured in wars undertaken for the purpose, from troops of children purchased for sacrifice, was the ghastly death-contingent continually recruited. Some were fatted in the sacred cages, others loaded with honours and sated with sensual delights, to make them the more acceptable offerings; some perished on the altar by the fatal stroke of the priest, others in the mockery of gladiatorial combat; some were flayed alive, others flung headlong into mountain whirlpools and lakes. Never was superstition so sickening with intolerable horrors. Yet, if we may accept as genuine the Aztec forms of devotion preserved by the Spanish ecclesiastics of the time of the Conquest, with these unutterable abominations was mingled what Mr Wordsworth, in the Bampton lectures of last year, does not hesitate to call a "refined spirituality." The liturgical prayers and addresses are far too long to quote, but some idea of their tenor may be formed from the account given by Dr Lang, after Mr Bancroft, of the ordinal used at the confession of his sins, made once for all, and never to be repeated, by the Aztec penitent:—

"In the pleading of the priest with 'the Lord most compassionate,' there is a pathos which reminds us of the Penitential Psalms of Holy Scripture; and in the priest's address to the penitent, although mixed with darker counsels, there are presented most searching exposures of the exceeding sinfulness of sin—a sinfulness from which there can be deliverance only through the mercy of 'God most clement,' but from which there is deliverance when the soul is penitent and forsakes the evil of its way. 'Of thine own will and volition'—thus the priest is described as saying—'thou hast defiled and stained thyself. But thou hast come to the fountain of mercy. Thou hast snatched thyself from Hades, and hast returned again to come to life in this world as one that comes from another. Now thou hast been born anew; thou hast begun to live anew, and our Lord God gives thee light and a new sun. See that thou live with much circumspection. Weep; be sad; walk humbly, with submission, with the head low and bowed down, praying to God. Look that pride find no place in thee, otherwise thou wilt displease our Lord, who sees the hearts and thoughts of all mortals.'"

And the address concludes with the injunction to offer a slave in sacrifice to God, and invite the principal men to feast on the victim's flesh!

The problem which we have proposed is now ready to our hand. These diverse faiths, which for long ages embodied the spiritual aspirations of whole races of mankind, and some of which not only survive to this day, but still dominate the lives of hundreds of millions of our fellow-men, — by what impulses were they originated and shaped, and what relation do they bear to truth—in other words, to revelation and Christianity? To these questions very different answers have been given, two at least of which may be summarily dismissed.

To many a theologian of the past the ethnic religions have appeared to be chiefly due to the promptings of the spirit of dark-

ness, the old Deceiver, who out of his malicious hatred of mankind stimulated their diseased imaginations to frame and believe a tissue of soul-destroying lies. In every object of heathen worship a veritable demon has been discerned, in each article of belief some horrible parody or fatal delusion. Thus the ground on which the fiery Tertullian rested his denunciation of the Roman theatre was the idea, that the spectacles were connected with a religion which the unclean spirits of the devil had made their own. Thus by the more philosophical Origen it was laid down as an axiom, that all the gods of the Gentiles are demons. On the other hand, the freethinker, to whom all religions were obnoxious, cut the knot by substituting human priestcraft for diabolical inspiration, and attributed the world's faiths to the invention of scheming and dishonest adventurers, who invoked the terrors of an imaginary supernaturalism to establish their dominion over the minds of the ignorant and superstitious. Both religion and philosophy may be congratulated on the disappearance of these theories from the domain of candid and intelligent thought. Instead of supposing the priest to have manufactured the religion, we have now learnt to reverse the order, and to perceive how much more truly it may be said that the religion originated the priest. And as to the rough-and-ready hypothesis of Satanic delusion, how utterly insufficient it appears to modern Christian thought is well shown by the following passage from the Bampton lectures already named, in which Mr Wordsworth pleads for a reverential and sympathetic spirit in all our handling of the ethnic faiths :—

"To us Christians the religion of heathenism is rather a mysterious, half-ruined temple ; and one in which it is more meet to fall down and worship, than to wander unawed and unabashed, noting each column and capital, each change of style and variation of artistic finish, without thinking of Him for whose glory it was reared."

In truth, the moment we realise the fact that for ages these religions retained their hold on the minds and hearts of great and populous nations, we are compelled to admit that there must have been more in them than the mere falsehoods of delusion or imposture. What so long fed and nourished, however imperfectly, the soul of man, in its hunger for spiritual truth, cannot have been all empty husk or indigestible stone ; it must have possessed some affinity to the soul's wants and aspirations, some power of satisfying the desires of the seekers after God. The principle enunciated by Dr Matheson to account for "the wide and long prevalence of the system of Confucius," if boldly expressed, is at bottom sound : "No form of faith could exist for half an hour except by reason of the truth that is in it ; much less, in the absence of such conditions, could it persist for upwards of two thousands of years." In a recent essay on the religion of Zoroaster, Professor M. Williams speaks to the same effect when he says : "No religion could have held its ground, or acquired real influence over the mind, unless it attempted with some success to solve the problems which have ever perplexed the intellect or burdened the heart." To this view every increase of our acquaintance with the ethnic religions lends support, and renders it increasingly impossible to account for them either by human knavery or demoniacal perversion.

Putting aside these older theories, we have next to deal with one of modern origin, which has been begotten of an alliance between agnosticism and the new evolutionary cosmogony. It is the theory which traces back religion, in common with every other faculty and product of human nature, to the properties of the atoms out of which, by physical processes, the universe is supposed to have evolved itself. According to this view, the genesis of religion is as follows: Primeval matter, fermenting, produced living germs; these, gradually developing themselves in different directions under the diverse influences of their environments, gave rise to various tribes of sentient creatures, some of which, in the course of unnumbered generations, attained more complex organisations and higher instincts than others; one tribe in particular, being favoured with unusually propitious circumstances, shot ahead of the rest till it became erect in form, and exhibited the first rough sketch of rational and social man. Continuing the advance, these primitive men associated themselves together in rude polities under chiefs whom they regarded with reverence; and when the chiefs died, the feeling of reverence attached itself to their memory, and they were conceived of as being still in some sort guardians of the societies they once ruled, and capable of being propitiated by prayers and gifts. Here then, at last, was the beginning of belief in the invisible and supernatural, here the fruitful germ of all religion and worship. By a natural growth this cult of dead chieftains expanded into various complex forms of superstition, and all the world's faiths, including Christianity itself, have sooner or later been the result.

Now, so far as our discussion is concerned, the points to be noticed in this theory are, its ascription of man's spiritual consciousness to a purely physical origin, and its reduction of his whole religious faculty and experience under the operation of the laws of matter. It is on this account that the theist must protest against it. Not because, in the formation of the physical universe, it substitutes continuous evolution for discontinuous acts of creation, and includes even mankind under the same law, so far as their material form with its organic life is concerned—for theism need have no quarrel with evolution, so long as a divine evolutionist is presupposed, and the highest element of man's being is excepted from the physical order of nature; but because it denies to man a spiritual self, and a spiritual relation to his Creator, and leaves him nothing but what is material, nothing that is not shared with him by even the lowest of living things—so that the faith and devotion of the saint and the martyr must be assigned to the same category as the instincts of a mollusc and the appetencies of a vegetable. Well said Pascal, "Incrédules les plus crédules." Convince us that we are but cunningly compacted bundles of atoms, which secrete consciousness and thought as the liver secretes bile or the crustacean its shell, and that when we die we are simply resolved into carbonic acid, ammonia, and water, —and then, if religion shall still seem worth being discussed, we may be persuaded to seek its origin in the particles of the primordial cosmic vapour.

Two theories yet remain to be considered, which, while they agree in attributing to the ethnic faiths a foundation in truth, at the same

time exhibit them under curiously opposed aspects. According to one, they were melancholy corruptions of a primitive revelation, and marked the downward course of human degradation; according to the other, they were the products of the unfolding human consciousness as it awoke to a sense of its relation to the supernatural—steps, however feeble and wavering, in an upward progress towards truth and morality. Which of these we adopt must depend on the attitude held by us towards the hypothesis of a definite revelation, made originally to the undivided family of mankind, and carried with them by its various branches as they separated to occupy different tracts of the earth. Granted that every nation or tribe started with such a revelation, the inference that the several forms of heathenism must have been so many corruptions of it would be irresistible. But of the gift of such a revelation there really is no adequate proof forthcoming — no evidence that stands the test of critical examination. The earliest records of Genesis, even when taken as literally as it is now possible to take them, carry us but a very short distance in this direction; and the most primitive traces that are discernible of the heathen religions point with scarcely an exception in the opposite. We speak, of course, of a revelation of definite doctrines and institutions, such as might possibly have undergone corruption into the mythologies, beliefs, and cults which became prevalent outside the narrow sphere of direct divine guidance. A few traditions may have been common to widely separated races; a dim idea of relationship to the unseen Power may have been handed down from the first; the voice of conscience may always have testified that God was not far from the children whom He had made in His own likeness. But such things as these are in no way equivalent to a definite revelation, to the corruption of which the heathen religions might be traced; and we may be thankful that it is so, and that we are thus relieved from the necessity of attributing to our forefathers the enormous depravity which could wilfully transform a God-given faith and worship into the licentious fables and monstrous rites of idolatrous heathenism. For ourselves, we cannot but sympathise with Professor Max Müller when he says that it seems almost "like blasphemy to consider the fables of the heathen world as corrupted and misinterpreted fragments of a divine revelation once granted to the whole race of mankind."

We are thus brought, by a process of exhaustion, to find the source of the ethnic religions in man himself, and to regard them as the offspring, under various conditions, of that mysterious spiritual faculty which we believe to be his most distinguishing characteristic. Perhaps not in all cases without stimulus from traditionary fragments of knowledge, derived from intercourse with the favoured race to which the earliest revelation was granted; nor in any case without some secret indefinable leading by Him who made the human spirit for himself. But such limitations or conditions do not evacuate the conclusion to which we are brought — that the ethnic religions were originated and gradually wrought into their several shapes by the effort of the growing spiritual consciousness to find God, and to formulate its sense of relation to the supernatural. No other account of them seems to us to be in harmony with the facts ascertained by mod-

ern discovery and critical analysis, or to explain how what may be called natural religion has become variously embodied in ideas and practices manifestly due to the laws of human thought, controlled by the influences of environment and race.

For fantastic, defective, and erroneous in different ways as all the heathen faiths are, there is not one in which a considerable substratum of truth may not be found—not one which does not testify to the possession of the same religious and moral nature, and furnish some means of approach to God. Even the later Hebrew prophets seem to have apprehended this, notwithstanding their jealousy for the honour of Jehovah; and we observe that, in his recent Hibbert lectures, Dr Kuenen takes the famous passage, Malachi i. 11, to mean that, wherever the Gentiles were serving their own gods with true reverence and honest zeal, they were in reality offering to the true God acceptable worship. Some thought of this kind seems to underlie Tertullian's terse saying that the human soul is naturally Christian, and Augustine's, that Christianity is as old as the world. And, as might be expected, a similar view pervades the volume before us. In the opening lecture, a singularly thoughtful and interesting one, Dr Caird strikes the keynote when he asserts "an essential relation between Christianity and the pre-Christian religions," and says that we may "discern in the characteristic ideas of the pre-Christian religions the germs, at least, of conceptions of God and of His relations to the world, which find at once their unity and their explanation in our Christian faith." And in the last lecture, summing up the subject, Dr Flint answers back in the same strain by the declaration that "all heathen religions comprise elements of truth, features of goodness, disclosures of God, means of spiritual life; and in so far they lead up to the absolute religion, the full-orbed faith, in which all rays of light are concentrated, and on which there is no darkness at all." How these statements can be justified is what we have yet to show, as far as our space will permit.

It would be easy, we confess, to place too much reliance on the various superficial coincidences which have frequently of late been pointed out between Christianity and one or other of the ethnic religions; yet some of them are of real weight, and in aptness remind us of Plato's felicitous guess—that if ever a perfect man appeared on earth, he would be put to an ignominious death. It is more than curious, for instance, to find Confucius, several centuries B.C., enunciating the golden rule of not doing to others what we should wish them not to do to us; and Buddha about the same time urging the precept, "Let a man overcome evil by good, let him overcome anger by love." The Biblical doctrine of judgment to come is remarkably anticipated in the Egyptian ritual of the dead; and the wide prevalence of sacrifice furnishes not a few points of resemblance—such as the Egyptian transfer of the penalty of transgression from the offerers to the victims—and the Brahmanical principle that the sacrificer himself is the victim. Still more remarkable are the traces of the idea that human deliverance must come through the self-oblation or suffering of a divine personage—an idea which may be recognised under such different forms as the avatars of Vishnu, the tragedy of Osiris, the annual crucifixion of Xiuptecutli, the Aztec god

of fire, and the hanging of Odin on the tree Yggdrasil, commemorated in his Runic song—

"I mind that I hung on the gallows-tree
Nine whole nights,
Wounded with the spear, and to Odin offered
Myself to myself,
On that tree of which none knows
From what roots it sprang," &c.

The Mazdeism of ancient Persia, again, presents us, as we have seen, with the conception of a future Messiah, whose advent shall bring about the restitution of all things; and, to cite one more coincidence, infant baptism was a rite of the Mexican religion, by which the child was supposed to be born anew, cleansed from inherited defilement, and made partaker of a purer nature.

It is, however, on broader features than any of those just mentioned that the connection between Christianity and the ethnic religions may be most securely rested. The first of these may be defined as the sense of a real relation between God and man. Underneath heathenism in general lay the conviction that between the natural and the supernatural, between the visible and the invisible, between earth and heaven, man and God, there stands no impassable barrier. Vastly as beliefs, myths, forms of worship, differed among different nations, they all embodied the sentiment that God in some way draws near to men and makes Himself known, and that men can not only seek Him but find Him. Agnosticism has never established itself as a national creed. Concurrent with this primary conviction in which all the religions were rooted, there prevailed a sense of estrangement and unrest, causing men to feel as if the unseen Majesty had withdrawn from them in anger, and was to be feared and propitiated rather than joyfully trusted: hence the confessions of wrong-doing, the washings, the penances, the sacrifices, which have abounded among all nations. No race, however, despaired of success in the endeavour to appease its deity: hopes of pardon and acceptance, of favour and blessing, sustained the worshippers in their devotions and austerities, and threw forward a dim light into the world beyond the grave. Here then were real if faint adumbrations of the three great Christian doctrines of revelation, sin, and redemption. To these ideas — rudely conceived, indeed, but perpetually present and potent —the soul was true in all its wanderings, in all its ignorance and superstition. It might clothe them in forms that were grotesque, monstrous, terrible, in its vain imaginings and blind groping for peace, but they were never entirely obliterated. Through these ideas Christianity still finds access to the heathen heart—upon these it still builds up that better knowledge which has the promise of eternal life.

Nor is this the whole account of the connection we are illustrating. We may go even further back in the order of religious conceptions, and discover a remarkable link between the ethnic religions and the Christian faith in the fundamental idea of the divine nature. Broadly speaking, the faiths of the world may be divided into two classes: those which are pantheistic, and those which for want of a better term may be styled deistic. In the former, the infinity of God is the predominant thought; in the latter, His personality. To the pantheist, God alone appears to be real, permanent being: He fills all, underlies all, is the substance of all; nature is but His veil; in-

dividual, finite existences are but the transient modifications of His universal, all-pervading essence. By the deist, on the other hand, God is apprehended as a definite, individual Personality, moulded after the fashion of man, only immeasurably magnified; as a Being who is not only above the world but outside the world, and whose relation to His rational creatures is a merely external one,—a relation of law and jurisdiction, not of spiritual presence and gracious indwelling. Of the religions which we have sketched, Hinduism, Buddhism, and the esoteric faith of ancient Egypt, belong, as we have seen, to the pantheistic division; in the rest the dominant element is deistic. Now if we ask which class is most in harmony with the Christian faith respecting God, the reply must be that they stand equally related to it, but on opposite sides. For Christianity is both pantheistic and deistic: it confesses God as being both infinite and personal; above the universe, yet pervading the universe; the Fount of law and moral rule, yet the universal Life in whom we live and move and have our being. Hence it appears that, in regard of the idea of God, the contrast between the heathen systems of religious philosophy and Christianity is not the absolute contrast between falsehood and truth, but rather the contrast between separated fragments or adulterated representations of truth, and truth purged from corrupting accretions and rounded off in full-orbed perfection.

Our conclusion, then, about the great heathen faiths is this, that in their inmost essence they were not barely vain and false superstitions, instigated by Satanic delusion or imposed by priestcraft on the credulity of mankind, but genuine religions begotten of the spiritual element in human nature, and exhibiting the ways in which the soul dimly felt after God and in some measure found Him; and that amidst all their defects and errors they have not been powerless for good, but in the absence of revelation have done something towards keeping alive faith, sustaining morality, and preparing the way for that one divine religion in which they all find their correction and completion.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART III.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE are few things in human affairs more curious than the structure of what is called society, wherever it is met with, whether in the most primitive of its developments or on the higher levels. The perpetual recurrence of a circle within which the sayings and doings of certain individuals are more important than anything else in earth or heaven, and where the conversation persistently rolls back, whatever may be its starting-point, to what this or that little knot of people are doing, to the eccentricities of one and the banalities of another, to some favourite individual scene of tragedy or comedy which forms the centre of the moral landscape—is always apparent to the observer, whether his observations are made in Kamtchatka or in London, among washerwomen or princesses. But under no circumstances is this so evident as to a newcomer in a region where all the people know each other. The novelty and freshness of his impressions perhaps make him congratulate himself for a moment that now at last he has got into a society fresh and original, with features of its own; but half-a-dozen meetings are enough to prove to him that he has only got into another round, a circle as little extended, as much shut up in its own ring, as all the rest. This was what John Erskine found, with a little amusement and a little disgust, almost as soon as he got settled in his unknown home. Any addition to their society was interesting to the country folks, especially in May, when there is not much doing—when those who can indulge themselves in the pleasures of the season have gone to London, and those who cannot are bound to bring forth their philosophy and prove that they enjoy the country in the early summer, even though there is nothing to do. But a young man unencumbered and alone, with all his life before him, and all his connections to form, is perhaps of all others the most interesting human creature who can come into a new sphere. All the world is curious about him, both those whose lives he may influence, and those to whom he can contribute nothing but the interest, perhaps of a new drama, perhaps only of a new face. He who will enact his own story publicly before the eyes of his neighbours, falling in love, wooing, marrying, or, still better, carrying on these processes with interruptions of non-success and threatenings of postponement, what a godsend he is! and perhaps scarcely less he who brings in darker elements into the placid tenor of the general history, and ruins himself for our instruction, while we all look on with bated breath. To the country-side in general, John Erskine, while as yet unknown, was a new hero. He was the beginning of a romance with all the more fascination in it that the most interested spectator for a long time could form but little idea how it was to turn. As soon as he was known to be at home, his neighbours came down upon him from all quarters with friendly greetings, invitations, offers of kindness on all sides. The first to appear was Sir James Montgomery, a sunburnt and cheerful old soldier, whose small estate of Chiefswood "marched"

on one side with Dalrulzian, and who was disposed to be very friendly. He came in beaming with smiles over all his brown jovial countenance, and holding out a large cordial hand.

"Well, young man, so this is you at last. You're heartily welcome home. I've been long away myself, and you've never been here, but we're old neighbours for all that, and I take it upon me to call myself an old friend."

"You are very kind," John said, suffering his hand to be engulfed in that kind, warm, capacious grasp. The old soldier held him at arm's length for a moment, looking at him with friendly eyes.

"I remember your grandfather well," he said; "not so much of your father, for he came to man's estate, and died, poor lad, when I was away; but I see some features of the old man in you, my young friend, and I'm glad to see them. You'll seldom meet with a better man than your grandfather. He was very kind to me as a young lad at the time I got my commission. They were ill able to afford my outfit at home, and I'm much mistaken if old Dalrulzian did not lend a helping hand; so mind you, my lad, if young Dalrulzian should ever want one—a day in harvest, as the proverb goes——"

"You are very kind, sir," said John Erskine again: he was touched, but half amused as well. It seemed so unlikely that he should require the old general's helping hand. And then they talked of the country, and of their previous lives and diverse experiences. Sir James was one of those primitive men, much more usual a generation ago than now, whose knowledge of life, which to his own thinking was profound and extensive, left out the greater part of what in our days is known as life at all. He knew Scotland and India, and nothing more. He was great in expedients for dealing with the natives on one hand, and full of a hundred stories of village humour, fun, and pawkiness on the other. To hear him laugh over one of these anecdotes till the tears stood in his clear, warm blue eyes, which were untouched by any dimness of time, was worth all the witticisms ever printed; and to see him bend his fine old brows over the characteristics of his old subjects in India, and the ameliorations of character produced by British rule, firmness, and justice, was better than philosophy. But with that which young John Erskine knew as life he had no acquaintance. Save his own country and the distant East, the globe was wrapped in dimness to him. He had passed through London often, and had even transacted business at the Horse Guards, though an Indian officer in those days had little to do with that centre of military authority; but he had a mingled awe and horror of "town," and thought of the Continent as of a region of temptation where the devil was far more apparent than in other places, and sought whom he might devour with much more openness and less hindrance than at home. And when our young man, who flattered himself a little on his knowledge of society and the world, as he understood the phrase, unfolded himself before the innocent patriarch, their amazement at each other was mutual. Old Sir James contemplated John in his knowledge with something of the same amused respect which John on his side felt for him in his ignorance. To each there was in the other a mixture of a boy and a sage, which made them each to each half absurd and half wonderful. An old fellow, who must have seen so much to have seen so little! and a mere bit of a lad, Sir James said to himself, who knew nothing

about India or anything serious, yet had seen a vast deal, and had very just notions, and spoke like a man of the world when you came to talk to him! It was thus the senior who did most justice to the junior, as is usually the case.

"I am afraid," Sir James said, "that you'll find our country-side but dull after all you've seen. We're pleased with ourselves, as most ignorant people are: we think we're good enough company on the whole, but music, or the play, or art, or that kind of thing, you'll find us wanting in. I'm afraid they find us very wanting at Lindores; but as for a kind welcome, whenever you like and however you like, and a good Scots dinner, and sometimes a dance, if that will content you in the way of company——"

"I should be hard to please if that would not content me," said John. "I hope you will give me the chance."

"That we will—that we will," said Sir James, heartily; and then he added, "we have no young people about us—Lady Montgomery and me. Our two children are as far from children now as their father and mother. They are both in India, and their families grown up and gone out to them. So we have nothing young of our own about the house; but don't go too fast, we're not without attraction. In a week, I think, we're expecting a visitor that will make the place bright—Miss Barrington—Nora Barrington; you'll have heard of her by this time. She's a great favourite in the country. We are all keen to have her and to keep her. I'm not afraid that a young man will find us dull when we've Nora in the house."

Here John, who had become suspicious of the name of this girl whom everybody insisted on recommending to him, eagerly protested that he should want no foreign attraction to the house in which the kind old general was.

"Foreign! No, she's not foreign," said Sir James; "far from that. A bonnie English girl, which, after a bonnie Scotch lassie, is by far the best thing going. We must stand up for our own first," said the old soldier, laughing; "but nothing foreign—nothing foreign: if you want that, you'll have to go to Lindores."

John felt—he could scarcely tell why—slightly irritated by these references to Lindores. He said, somewhat elaborately, "They are the only people I really know in the county. I met them long ago—on the Continent."

"Ah!—ay; that's just what I say—for anything foreign, you'll have to go to the Castle," said Sir James, a little doubtfully. "But," he added, after a moment's pause, "I hope you'll take to us and your own country, and need no 'foreign aid of ornament,' eh? You must forgive me. I'm an old fellow, and old-fashioned. In my time it used to be thought that your French and Italians were—well, no better than they should be. Germans, they tell me, are a more solid race; but I know little difference—I know little difference. You'll say that's my ignorance," said this man of prejudice, beaming upon his companion with a smile in which there was a little deprecation, but a great deal of simple confidence. It was impossible not to condone the errors of a censor so innocent.

"If you knew them, you would not only see a great deal of difference, but I think you would like them a great deal better than you suppose," John said.

"Very likely—very likely," cried Sir James. It occurred to him suddenly that if his young friend had indeed, poor lad, been brought up among those "foreign cattle," an unfavourable opinion of them might

hurt his feelings; and this was the last thing the old man would have done—even to a foreigner in person, much less to a son of the soil temporarily seduced by the wiles of strangers. And then he repeated his formula about being an old fellow and old-fashioned. "And you'll mind to expect nothing but broad Scotch at Chiefswood," he cried, laughing and waving his hand as he rode away, after the hearty invitation with which every visitor ended. "You'll get the other at Lindores."

And the door had scarcely closed upon this new acquaintance when the Earl made his appearance, with the smile of an old friend, quite willing to acknowledge old relationships, but not too familiar or enthusiastic in his claim. He was no longer the languid gentleman he had been in the old wandering days, but had the fresh colour and active step of a man who lived much out of doors. "The scene is very different," he said, with kindness but dignity. "We are all changed more or less; but the sentiments are the same." He said this with something of the air of a prince graciously renewing acquaintance with a friend of his exile. "I hope we shall see you often at the Castle. We are your nearest neighbours; and when you have been as long here as we have, you will have learned to shudder at the words. But it is a relief to think it is you who will now fill that *rôle*." Could a benevolent nobleman say more? And it was only after a good deal of friendly talk that Lord Lindores began to speak of the county business, and the advantage it would be to him to have support in his attempts to put things on a better footing.

"Nothing can be more *arriéré*," he said. "We are behind in everything; and the prejudices I have to struggle with are inconceivable. I shall have you now, I hope, on my side: we are, I believe, of the same politics."

"I scarcely know what my politics are," said John. "Some one told me the other day that the Erskines are always on the right side; and, if you will not be disgusted, I am obliged to confess that I don't know what was meant. I know what it would be at Milton Magna. I imagine dimly just the opposite here."

The Earl smiled benignly on the young inquirer. "The Erskines have always been Liberal," he said. "I know there is no counting upon you young men. You generally go too far on one side or the other: if you are not Tories, you are Radicals. My Liberalism, *bien entendu*, does not go that length—no Radicalism, no revolutionary sentiments. In short, at present my politics mean county hospitals and drainage more than anything else." Then he paused, and added somewhat abruptly, "I don't know if you ever thought of Parliament—as a career for yourself?"

At this John's pulses gave a sudden jump, and the blood rushed to his cheeks. Had he thought of it? He could scarcely tell. As something he might come to, when he had learned the claims of life upon him, and the circumstances of the country, which as yet he barely knew—as an object to look forward to, something that might ennoble his future and afford him the finest occupation that a man can have, a share in the government of his country—yes; no doubt he had thought of it—at a time when he thought more highly of Dalrulzian and of his own pretensions. But the demand was very sudden, and he had all the modesty of youth. "Parliament!" he faltered forth. "I—don't know that I have thought of it. I fear I know too little of politics—I have

too little experience——" And here he paused, expecting nothing less than that he should be kindly urged to think better of it, and persuaded that it was his duty to serve his generation so.

"Ah," said the Earl, "you give me just the assurance I wanted. I need not hesitate to tell you, in that case, that my great desire is to push Rintoul for the county. If you had thought of it yourself, it would have been a different matter; but otherwise everything points to him,—his position, our circumstances as the natural leaders, and the excellent chance he would have with all parties—better than any one else, I believe. You could be of the utmost use to us, Erskine, if it does not interfere with any plans of your own."

Now John had no plans; but this sudden check, after the sudden suggestion which roused all his ambition, was too much like a dash of cold water in his face to be pleasant to him. But he had time to collect himself while Lord Lindores was speaking, and to call up a sort of smile of assent, though it gave him a twinge of ludicrous pain. It was poetic justice. He had faltered and said No, in order to be encouraged and made to say Yes, and his vanity and false modesty, he thought, had got their reward. And all this for Rintoul! He remembered Rintoul well enough when he was not Rintoul at all, but Robin Lindores—a poor little lieutenant in a marching regiment. And now he was in the Guards, and the heir of an earldom. The change of position was so great, that it took away John's breath. In the days of their former acquaintance, there could not have been the smallest doubt which was the more important personage —young Lindores, who had nothing at all, or John Erskine, with a good estate which everybody accepted as much better than it was. But now he had gone down, and the other up. All this went through his mind ruefully, yet not without a sense of amusement in his own discomfiture. He had not much confidence in his own abilities or enlightenment, but it was not much to brag of that he had more of both than young Lindores. However, he had nothing to do in this sudden concatenation but to listen respectfully yet ruefully as the Earl went on, who seemed to have grasped him, present and future, in his hands.

"It is a wonderful comfort to be able to calculate upon you," he said. "My son-in-law—for of course you have heard of Carry's marriage—would have a great deal of influence if he chose to exert it; but he has his own notions—his own notions. You will understand, when you make his acquaintance, that though a sterling character, he has not had all the advantages that might have been wished, of acquaintance with men and knowledge of the world. But you, my dear Erskine, you know something of life. By the by," he said, as he rose to go away, "Lady Lindores charged me to engage you to come to us to-morrow. We are going away to town, but not for more than a month. The ladies insist that they must see you before they go. We all look forward to seeing a great deal of you," the Earl added, with that manner which was always so fascinating. "Between you and me, our dear neighbours are a set of prejudiced old rustics," he said, with a confidential smile, as he went out; "but it will be strange if you and I together cannot make them hear reason." Could anything be more flattering to a young man? And it was the father of Edith who grasped his hand thus warmly—who associated him with himself in a conjunction so flattering. John forgot the little wrench of theoreti-

cal disappointment—the ludicrous ease with which he had been made to give place to Rintoul. After all, something must be sacrificed, he allowed, to the heir of an important family—and the brother of Edith Lindores!

But this was not his last visitor on this eventful afternoon. The Earl had scarcely disappeared when Rolls once more threw open the door of the library, in which John usually sat, and announced with much solemnity Mr Torrance of Tinto. The man whom the Earl, though vouching for him as "a sterling character," had allowed to be wanting in knowledge of the world, came striding in with that air of taking up all the space in the room and finding it too small for him, which wealth and a vulgar mind are so apt to give. That John should dislike him instinctively from the moment he set eyes upon him, was nothing remarkable; for was not he the owner of the most obnoxious house in the neighbourhood? the man to whom Carry Lindores had been sacrificed? John Erskine felt, as he rose to meet the new-comer, a sense of the shabbiness and smallness of his own house, such as, even in the first evening of disenchantment, had scarcely affected him so strongly before. When his visitor cast round him that bold glance of his big, projecting, light-blue eyes, John saw through them the insignificance of the place altogether, and the humility of his own position, with a mortification which he could scarcely subdue. Torrance was tall and strong—an immense frame of a man, with very black hair and dark complexion, and something insufferably insolent, audacious, cynical, in those large, light eyes, *à fleur de tête*. His insolence of nature was sufficiently evident; but what John did not see was the underlying sense of inferiority which his new visitor could not shake off, and which made him doubly and angrily arrogant, as it were, in his own defence. It galled him to recognise better manners and breeding than his own—breeding and manners which perhaps he had found out, as John did the inferiority of his surroundings, through another's eyes. But Torrance's greeting was made with great show of civility. He had heard much of John as a friend of the family at Lindores, he said.

"Not but what I should have called, anyhow," he explained, "though Tinto really belongs to the other side of the county, and Dalrulzian is rather out of the way for me; but still civility is civility, and in the country we're a kind of neighbours. I hope you like it, now you are here?"

"Pretty well," was all that John said.

"It's a nice little place. Of course you knew what it was—not one of the great country places; but it stands well, and it looks fine at a distance. Few places of its size look better when you're a good bit away."

This tried the young man's patience, but he did his best to smile. "It is well enough," he said; "I expected no better. It is not imposing like Tinto. Wherever one goes, it seems to me impossible to get out of sight of your big house."

"Yes, it's an eyesore to half the county; I'm well aware of that," said Torrance, with complacency. "There's far more of it than is any good to me. Lady Car—I hear you knew Lady Car before we were married," he said, fixing John almost threateningly with those light eyes—"fills it now and then; and when I was a bachelor, I've seen it pretty full in September; but in a general way it's too big, and a great trouble to keep up."

"I hope Lady Caroline is quite

well?" John said, with formal gravity.

"She is well enough. She is never what you call quite well. Women get into a way of ailing, I think, just as men get into a way of drinking. You were surprised to hear she was married, I suppose?" he asked abruptly, with again the same threatening, offensive look, which made John's blood boil.

"I was surprised—as one is surprised by changes that have taken place years before one hears of them; otherwise it is no surprise to hear that a young lady has married. Of course," John added, with serious malice, "I had not the advantage of knowing you."

Torrance stared at him for a moment, as if doubtful whether to take offence or not. Then he uttered, opening capacious jaws, a fierce laugh.

"I am very easy to get on with, for those that know me," he said, "if that's what you mean. We're a model couple, Lady Car and I: everybody will tell you that. And I don't object to old friends, as some men do. Let them come, I always say. If the difference is not in favour of the present, it's a pity—that's all I say."

To this John, not knowing what answer to make, replied only with a little bow of forced politeness, and nothing more.

"I suppose they were in a very different position when you used to know them?" said Torrance; "in a poor way enough—ready to make friends with whoever turned up?"

"It would be very bad policy on my part to say so," said John, "seeing that I was one of the nobodies to whom Lady Lindores, when she was Mrs Lindores, was extremely kind—as it seems to me she always is."

"Ah, kind! that's all very well: you weren't nobody—you were very eligible—in those days," said Torrance, with a laugh, for which John would have liked to knock him down; but there were various hindrances to this laudable wish. First, that it was John's own house, and civility forbade any aggression; and second, that Tinto was much bigger and stronger than the person whom, perhaps, he did not intend to insult—indeed there was no appearance that he meant to insult him at all. He was only a coarse and vulgar-minded man, speaking after his kind.

"The fact is, if you don't mind my saying so, I'm not very fond of my mamma-in-law," said Torrance. "Few men are, so far as I know: they put your wife up to all sorts of things. For my part, I think there's a sort of conspiracy among women, and mothers hand it down to their daughters. A man should always part his wife from her belongings when he can. She's a great deal better when she has nothing but him to look to. She sees then what's her interest—to please him and never mind the rest. Don't you think I'm complaining—Lady Car's an exception. You never catch *her* forgetting that she's Lady Caroline Torrance and has her place to fill. Doesn't she do it, too! She's the sort of woman, in one way, that's frightened at a fly—and on the other, the queen wouldn't daunt her; that's the sort of woman I like. She's what you call a grand damm—and no mistake. Perhaps she was too young for that when you knew her; and had nothing then to stand on her dignity about."

Here John, able to endure no longer, rose hastily and threw open a window. "The weather gets warm," he said, "though it is so early, and vegetation is not so far behind in Scotland as we suppose."

"Behind! I should like to know in what we're behind!" cried his guest; and then his dark counte-

nance reddened, and he burst into another laugh "Perhaps you think I'm desperately Scotch," he said; "but that's a mistake. I'm as little prejudiced as anybody can be. I was at Oxford myself. I'm not one of your local men. The Earl would like me to take his way and follow his lead, as if I were a country bumpkin, you know. That's his opinion of every man that has stuck to his own country and not wandered abroad; and now he finds I have my own way of thinking, he doesn't half like it. We can think for ourselves down in the country just as well as the rest of you." After he had given vent to these sentiments, however, Torrance got up with a half-abashed laugh. "If you come over to Tinto, Lady Car and I will be glad to see you. We'll show you some things you can't see every day—though we are in an out-of-the-way corner, you're thinking," he said.

"I have already heard of the treasures of Tinto," said John, glad that there was something civil to say.

Pat Torrance nodded his head with much self-satisfaction. "Yes, we've got a thing or two," he said. "I'm not a connoisseur myself. I know they've cost a fortune—that's about all I'm qualified to judge of. But Lady Car knows all about them. You would think it was she and not I they belonged to by nature. But come and judge for yourself. I'm not a man to be suspicious of old friends."

And here he laughed once more, with obvious offensive meaning; but it took John some time to make out what that meaning could be. His visitor had been for some time gone, fortunately for all parties, before it burst upon him. He divined then, that it was he who was supposed to have been poor Carry's lover, and that her husband's object was the diabolical one of increasing her misery by the sight of the man whom she had loved and forsaken. Why had she forsaken Beaufort for this rude barnyard hero? Was it for the sake of his great house, which happily was not visible from Dalrulzian, but which dominated half the county with gingerbread battlements, and the flag that floated presumptuous as if the house were a prince's? Had Carry preferred mere wealth, weighed by such a master, to the congenial spirit of her former lover? It fretted the young man even to think of such a possibility. And the visitors had fretted him each in some special point. They neutralised the breadth of the external landscape with their narrow individuality and busy bustling little schemes. He went out to breathe an air more wholesome, to find refuge from that close pressure of things personal, and circumscribed local scenery, in the genial quietness and freshness of the air outside. How busy they all were in their own way, how intent upon their own plans, how full of suspicion and criticism of each other! Outside all was quiet—the evening wind breathing low, the birds in full chorus. John refreshed himself with a long walk, shaking off his discouragement and partial disgust. Peggy Burnet was at her door, eager to open the gate for him as he passed. She had just tied a blue handkerchief about the pot containing her "man's" tea, which her eldest child was about to carry. As he sauntered up the avenue, this child, a girl about ten, tied up so far as her shoulders were concerned in a small red-tartan shawl, but with uncovered head and bare legs and feet, overtook him, skimming along the road with her bundle. She admitted, holding down her head shyly, that she was little Peggy, and was carrying her father his tea. "He's up in the fir-wood

on the top of the hill. He'll no' be back as long as it's light."

"But that is a long walk for you," said John.

"It's no' twa miles, and I'm fond, fond to get into the woods," said Peggy. She said "wudds," and there was a curious sing-song in the speech to John's unaccustomed ears. When she went on she did not curtsey to him as a well-conditioned English child would have done, but gave him a merry nod of her flaxen head, which was rough with curls, and sped away noiseless and swift, the red shawl over her shoulders, which was carefully knotted round her waist and made a bunch of her small person, showing far off through the early greenness of the brushwood. When she had gone on a little, she began to sing like a bird, her sweet young voice rising on the air as if it had wings. It was an endless song that Peggy sang, like that of Wordsworth's reaper—

> "Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
> As if her song could have no ending."

It went winding along, a viewless voice, beyond the house, along the slopes, away into the paleness of the hill-top, where the tall pine-trunks stood up like columns against the light. It was like the fresh scent of those same pines—like the aromatic peat-smoke in the air—a something native to the place, which put the troubles and the passions he had stumbled against out of the mind of the young laird. He was reconciled somehow to Scotland and to nature by little Peggy's love for the "wudds," and the clear ringing melody of her endless song.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the midst of all the attentions paid him by his neighbours and the visitors who followed each other day by day, there was one duty which John Erskine had to fulfil, and which made a break in the tide of circumstances which seemed to be drifting him towards the family at Lindores, and engaging him more and more to follow their fortunes. When a life is as yet undecided and capable of turning in a new direction, it is common enough, in fact as well as in allegory, that a second path should be visible, branching off from the first, into which the unconscious feet of the wayfarer might still turn, were the dangers of the more attractive way divined. There is always one unobtrusive turning which leads to the safe track; but how is the traveller to know that, whose soul is all unconscious of special importance in the immediate step it takes? John Erskine contemplated his *rapprochement* to the Lindores with the greatest complacency and calm. That it could contain any dangers, he neither knew nor would have believed: he wanted nothing better than to be identified with them, to take up their cause and be known as their partisan. Nevertheless Providence silently, without giving him any warning, opened up the other path to him, and allowed him in ignorance to choose. If he had known, probably it would not have made the least difference. Young heroes have never in any known history obeyed the dictates of any monitor, either audible or inaudible, who warned them against one connection and in favour of another. Nevertheless he had his chance, as shall be seen. The morning after his first dinner at the Castle, which had been the reopening of a delightful world to him, he decided that he had put off too long his visit to his only relative, and set off through

the soft May sunshine, for it was beautiful weather, to pay his respects to his old aunt at Dunearn.

The house of Miss Barbara Erskine at Dunearn opened direct from the street. It was one of the same class of homely Scotch houses to which Dalrulzian itself belonged; but whereas Dalrulzian, being a mansion-house, had two gables, Miss Barbara's Lodging, as she liked it to be called, had but one, stepping out into the broad pathway, not paved, but composed of sand and gravel, which ran along one side of the South Street. This gable was broad enough to give considerable size to the drawing-room which filled the upper storey, and which had windows every way, commanding the street and all that went on in it, which was not much. The house was entered by an outside stair, which gave admission to the first floor, on which all the rooms of "the family" were, the floor below being devoted to the uses of the servants, with the single exception of the dining-parlour, which was situated near the kitchen for the convenience of the household. Behind there was a large fragrant old-fashioned garden full of sweet-smelling flowers, interspersed with fruit-trees, and going off into vegetables at the lower end. Notwithstanding that it was so far north, there were few things that would not grow in this garden, and it was a wilderness of roses in their season. Except one or two of the pale China kind—the monthly rose, as Miss Barbara called it, which is so faithful and blows almost all the year round—there were no roses in May; but there was a wealth of spring flowers filling all the borders, and the air was faintly sweet as the old lady walked about in the morning sunshine enjoying the freshness and stir of budding life. She was a portly old lady herself, fresh and fair, with a bright complexion, notwithstanding seventy years of wear and tear, and lively hazel eyes full of vivacity and inquisitiveness. She was one of the fortunate people who take an interest in everything, and to whom life continues full of excitement and variety to the end. She walked as briskly as though she had been twenty years younger, perhaps more so; for care does not press upon seventy as upon fifty, and the only burden upon her ample shoulders was that of years. She had a soft white Indian shawl wrapped round her, and a hood with very soft blue ribbons tied over her cap. She liked a pretty ribbon as well as ever, and was always well dressed. From the garden, which sloped downwards towards the river, there was an extensive view—a prospect of fields and scattered farmhouses spreading into blue distance into the outline of the hills, towards the north; at the right hand the tower of Dunearn Church, which was not more handsome than church towers generally are in Scotland; and to the left, towards the setting sun, a glimpse of Tinto arrogantly seated on its plateau. Miss Barbara, as she said, "could not bide" the sight of Tinto House. She had planted it out as well as she could; but her trees were perverse, and would separate their branches or die away at the top, as if on purpose to reveal the upstart. On this particular morning of early May, Miss Barbara was not alone: she had a young lady by her side, of whose name and presence at this particular moment the country was full. There was not a house in the neighbourhood of any pretensions which she was not engaged to visit; and there was scarcely a family, if truth must be told, which was not involved more or less in an innocent conspiracy on her behalf, of which John Erskine, all unconscious, was

the object. His old aunt, as was befitting, had the first chance.

"You need not ask me any more questions," Miss Barbara was saying, "for I think you know just as much about the family, and all the families in the country-side, as anybody. You have a fine curiosity, Nora; and take my word for it, that's a grand gift, though never properly appreciated in this world. It gives you a great deal of interest in your youth, and it keeps you from wearying in your old age—though that's a far prospect for you."

"My mother says I am a gossip born," said Nora, with her pretty smile.

"Never you trouble your head about that—take you always an interest in your fellow-creatures. Better that than the folk in a novelle. Not but what I like a good novelle myself as well as most things in this life. It's just extending your field. It's like going into a new neighbourhood. The box is come from the library this morning," said Miss Barbara in a parenthesis.

"Oh yes, I opened it to have a peep. There is 'Middlemarch' and one of Mr Trollope's, and several names I don't know."

"No 'Middlemarch' for me," said Miss Barbara, with a wave of her hand. "I am too old for that. That means I've read it, my dear,—the way an experienced reader like me can read a thing—in the air, in the newspapers, in the way everybody talks. No, that's not like going into a new neighbourhood—that is getting to the secrets of the machinery, and seeing how everything, come the time, will run down, some to ill and harm, but all to downfall, commonplace, and prosiness. I have but little pleasure in that. And it's pleasure I want at my time of life. I'm too old to be instructed. If I have not learnt my lesson by this time, the more shame to me, my dear."

"But, Miss Barbara, you don't want only to be amused. Oh no: to have your heart touched, sometimes wrung even—to be so sorry, so anxious that you would like to interfere—to follow on and on to the last moment through all their troubles, still hoping that things will take a good turn."

"And what is that but amusement?" said the old lady. "I am not fond of shedding tears; but even that is a luxury in its way—when all the time you are sure that it will hurt nobody, and come all right at the end."

"Lydgate does not turn out all right at the end," said Nora, "nor Rosamond either; they go down and down till you would be glad of some dreadful place at last that they might fall into it and be made an end of. I suppose it is true to nature," said the girl, with a solemnity coming over her innocent face, "that if you don't get better you should go on getting worse and worse—but it is dreadful. It is like what one hears of the place—below."

"Ay, ay, we're not fond nowadays of the place—below; but I'm afraid there must be some truth in it. That woman has found out the secret, you see." Miss Barbara meant no disrespect to the great novelist when she called her "that woman." There was even a certain gratification in the use of the term, as who should say, "Your men, that brag so much of themselves, never found this out"—which was a favourite sentiment with the old lady. "That's just where she's grand," Miss Barbara continued. "There's that young lad in the Italian book—Teeto—what d'ye call him? To see him get meaner and meaner, and falser and falser, is an awful picture, Nora. It's just terrible. It's more than I can stand at my age. I want diversion. Do ye think I have not seen enough of that in my life?"

"People are not bad like that in life," said Nora; "they have such small sins,—they tell fibs—not big lies that mean anything, but small miserable little fibs; and they are ill-tempered, and sometimes cheat a little. That is all. Nothing that is terrible or tragical——"

Here the girl stopped short with a little gasp, as if realising something she had not thought of before.

"What is it, my dear?" said Miss Barbara.

"Oh — only Tinto showing through the trees: is that tragedy? No, no. Don't you see what I mean? don't you see the difference? He is only a rough, ill-tempered, tyrannical man. He does not really mean to hurt or be cruel: and poor Lady Car, dear Lady Car, is always so wretched; perhaps she aggravates him a little. She will not take pleasure in anything. It is all miserable, but it is all so little, Miss Barbara; not tragedy—not like Lear or Hamlet—rather a sort of scolding, peevish comedy. You might make fun of it all, though it is so dreadful; and that is how life seems to me—very different from poetry," said Nora, shaking her head.

"Wait," said Miss Barbara, patting her on the shoulder, "till the play is played out and you are farther off. The Lord preserve us! I hope I'm not a prophet of evil; but maybe if you had known poor Lear fighting about the number of his knights with that hard-faced woman Regan, for instance (who had a kind of reason, you'll mind, on her side: for I make no doubt they were very unruly—that daft old man would never keep them in order), you would have thought it but a poor kind of a squabble. Who is this coming in upon us, Nora? I see Janet at the glass door looking out."

"It is a gentleman, Miss Barbara. He is standing talking. I think he means to come out here."

"It will be the minister," said the old lady, calmly. "He had far better sit down in the warm room, and send us word, for he's a delicate creature — no constitution in him —aye cold and coughs, and——"

"Indeed it is not Mr Stirling. He is quite young and—and good-looking, I think. He won't listen to Janet. He is coming here. Miss Barbara, shall I run away?"

"Why should you run away? If it's business, we'll go in; if it's pleasure—— Ah! I've seen your face before, sir, or one like it, but I cannot put a name to it. You have maybe brought me a letter? Preserve us all! will it be John Erskine come home to Dalrulzian?"

"Yes, aunt Barbara, it is John Erskine," said the young man. He had his hat in one hand, and the sun shone pleasantly on his chestnut locks and healthful countenance. He did not perhaps look like a hero of romance, but he looked like a clean and virtuous young Englishman. He took the hand which Miss Barbara held out to him, eagerly, and, with a little embarrassment, not knowing what else to do, bent over it and kissed it—a salutation which took the old lady by surprise, and, being so unusual, brought a delicate colour to her old cheek.

"Ah, my man! and so you're John Erskine? I would have known you anywhere, at the second glance if not at the first. You're like your father, poor fellow. He was always a great favourite with me. And so you've come back to your ain at last? Well, I'm very glad to see you, John. It's natural to have a young Erskine in the country-side. You'll not know yet how you like it after all this long absence. And how is your mother, poor body? She would think my pity out of place, I don't doubt;

but I'm always sorry for a young woman, sore hadden down with a sma' family, as we say here in the North."

"I don't think she is at all sorry for herself," said John, with a laugh, "but it must be allowed there is a lot of them. There are always heaps of children, you know, in a parson's house."

"And that is true; it's a wonderful dispensation," said Miss Barbara, piously, "to keep us down and keep us humble-minded in our position in life. But I'm real glad to see you, and you must tell me where you've come from, and all you've been doing. We'll take a turn round the garden and see my flowers, and then we'll take you in and give you your luncheon. You'll be ready for your luncheon after your walk; or did you ride? This is Miss Nora Barrington, that knows Dalrulzian better than you do, John. Tell Janet, my dear, we'll be ready in an hour, and she must do her best for Mr John."

While this greeting went on, Nora had been standing very demurely with her hands crossed looking on. She was a girl full of romance and imagination, as a girl ought to be, and John Erskine had long been something of a hero to her. Nora was in that condition of spring-time and anticipation when every new encounter looks as if it might produce untold consequences in the future, still so vague, so sweet, so unknown. She stood with her eyes full of subdued light, full of soft excitement, and observation, and fun; for where all was so airy and uncertain, there was room for fun too, it being always possible that the event, which might be serious or even tragic, might at the same time be only a pleasantry in life. Nora seemed to herself to be a spectator of what was perhaps happening to herself. Might this be hereafter a scene in her existence, like "the first meeting between"—say Antony and Cleopatra, say Romeo and Juliet? Several pictures occurred to her of such scenes. At one time there were quite a number of them in all the picture-galleries. "First meeting of Edward IV. with Elizabeth Woodville:" where all unconscious, the fair widow kneels, the gallant monarch sees in his suppliant his future queen. All this was fun to Nora, but very romantic earnest all the same. The time might come when this stranger would say to her—"Do you remember that May morning in old aunt Barbara's garden?" and she might reply—"How little we imagined *then!*" Thus Nora, with a shy delight, forestalled in the secret recesses of her soul the happiness that might never come, and yet made fun of her own thoughts all in the same breath. John's bow to her was not half so graceful or captivating as his salutation to Miss Barbara, but that was nothing; and she went away with a pleasant sense of excitement to instruct Janet about the luncheon and the new-comer. Miss Barbara's household was much moved by the arrival. Janet, who was the housekeeper, lingered in the little hall into which the garden-door opened, looking out with a curiosity which she did not think it necessary to disguise; and Agnes, Miss Barbara's own woman, stood at the staircase-window half-way up. When Nora came in, those two personages were conversing freely on the event.

"He's awfu' like the Erskines; just the cut of them about the shouthers, and that lang neck——"

"Do you ca' that a lang neck? nae langer than is very becoming. I like the head carried high. He has his father's walk," said Agnes,

pensively; "many's the time I've watched him alang the street. He was the best-looking of all the Erskines; if he hadna marriet a bit handless creature——"

"Handless or no' handless," said Janet, "matters little in that condition o' life."

"Eh, but it mattered muckle to him. He might have been a living man this day if there had been a little mair sense in her head. She might have made him change his wet feet and all his dreeping things when he came in from the hillside. It was the planting of yon trees that cost bonnie Johnny Erskine his life. The mistress was aye of that opinion. Eh, to think when ye have a man, that ye shouldna be able to take care of him!" said Agnes, with a sort of admiring wonder. She had never attained that dignity herself. Janet, who was a widow, gave a glance upward at the pensive old maiden of mingled condescension and contempt.

"And if ye had a man, ye would be muckle made up wi' him," she said. "It's grand to be an auld maid, for that—that ye aye keep your faith in the men. This ane'll be for a wife, too, like a' the rest. I could gie him a word in his ear——"

"It will be something for our young misses to think about. A fine young lad, and a bonnie house. He'll have a' our siller, besides his ain,—and that will be a grand addition——"

"If he behaves himsel!" said Janet. "The mistress is a real sensible woman. You'll no' see her throw away her siller upon a prodigal, if he were an Erskine ten times over."

"And wha said he was a prodigal?" cried Agnes, turning round from the landing upon her fellow-servant, who was at once her natural opponent and bosom friend. Nora was of opinion by this time that she had listened long enough.

"Miss Barbara says that her nephew will stay to luncheon, Janet. You are to do your best for him. It is Mr Erskine, from Dalrulzian," Nora said, with most unnecessary explanation. Janet turned round upon her quietly, yet with superior dignity.

"By this time of day, Miss Nora," said Janet, "I think I ken an Erskine when I see him; and al-so, when a visitor enters this door at twelve o'clock at noon, that he'll stay to his lunch, and that I maun do my best."

"It is not my fault," cried the girl, half amused, half apologetic. "I tell you only, Janet, what Miss Barbara said. Perhaps it was to get rid of me, to send me indoors out of the way."

"Naething more likely," said the housekeeper. "She canna be fashed with strangers when her ain are at her hand."

"Woman!" cried Agnes, from the landing, "how dare you say sae of my mistress? You'll never mind, Miss Nora. Come up here, my bonnie young leddy, and you'll have a grand sight of him among the trees."

"Ay, glower at him," said Janet, as she went away. "You wouldna be so muckle ta'en up with them if ye kent as much about men as me."

"Na, you'll pay no attention," said Agnes, anxiously; "it's no' real malice—just she thinks she has mair experience. And so she has mair experience—the only marriet woman in the house. There's your mamma, with a bonnie family, takes nothing upon her, no more than if she was a single person; but Janet has it a' her ain way. Stand you here, Miss Nora, at this corner, and you'll have a grand sight of him. He's behind the big bourtree-bush; but in a moment—in a moment——"

"I don't want to see Mr Er-

skine," said Nora, laughing. "I have seen him; most likely I shall see him at lunch. He is just like other people,—like dozens of gentlemen——"

"Eh, but when you think that you never ken what may happen—that *yon* may be the man, for all we ken!"

When Agnes thus put into words the idea which had (she would not deny it to herself) glanced through Nora's own mind, she was so hypocritical as to laugh, as at a great piece of absurdity — but at the same time so honest as to blush.

"I believe you are always thinking of—that sort of thing," she said.

"Awfu' often, Miss Nora," said Agnes, unabashed, — "especially when there's young folk about; and after a', is there onything that's sae important? There's me and the mistress, we've stood aloof from a' that; but I canna think it's been for oor happiness. Her—it was her ain doing; but me — it's a very strange thing to say: I've kent many that were far from my superiors—as far as a person can judge —that have had twa-three offers; but me, I never had it in my power. You'll think it a very strange thing, Miss Nora?"

"I know," said Nora; "and you so pretty. It is quite extraordinary." This was the reply that Agnes expected to her favourite confession. She was pretty still at fifty,—slim and straight, with delicate features, and that ivory complexion which we associate with refinement and good blood; and the old waiting-woman knew how to *faire valoir* her fine person and features. She was dressed delicately in a black gown, with a white kerchief of spotless net — like a lady, everybody said. She shook her head with a smile of melancholy consciousness.

"It's no' looks that does it," she said; "it's—— Well, I canna tell. It's when you ken how to humour them and flatter them. But bless me, there's Janet, a woman that never flattered man nor woman either! I canna understand it,—it's beyond me. But you mustna follow the mistress, Miss Nora. She's a happy woman enough, and a bonnie woman for her age, coming up there under her ain trees, —just look at her. But if that young lad had been her son, instead of just a distant cousin——"

"Oh, but boys give a great deal of trouble," said Nora, seriously. "Dear Miss Barbara, I like her best as she is."

"But you manna follow her example, my bonnie leddy,—you manna follow her example. Take a pattern by your ain mammaw. I ca' her a happy woman, young yet, and a good man, and a bonnie posie of bairns. Eh! I ca' her a happy woman. And takes no-thing upon her!" said Agnes,—"nothing upon her. You'll come up the stair, Miss Nora, and look at yoursel in the glass. Oh no, there's no-thing wrang with your bonnie hair. I like it just so,—a wee blown about in the mornin' air. Untidy! bless me, no' the least untidy! but just—give a look in the glass, and if you think another colour would be more becoming, I have plenty ribbons. Some folk thinks yellow's very artistic; but the mistress canna bide yellow. She's owre fair for it, and so are you."

"Why should I change my ribbon? It is quite tidy," said Nora, almost with indignation, standing before Miss Barbara's long cheval-glass. Agnes came and stood behind her, arranging her little collar and the draperies of her dress with caressing hands. And to tell the truth, Nora herself could not shut out from her mind an agreeable consciousness that she was looking "rather nice;—for me," she added, in her own mind. The morning

breeze had ruffled an incipient curl out of the hair which she had brushed, demure and smooth, over her forehead in the morning. It was a thing that nobody suspected when she was fresh from her toilet, but the wind always found out that small eccentricity, and Nora was not angry with the wind. Her ribbon was blue, and suited her far better than the most artistic yellow. All was fresh and fair about her, like the spring morning. "Na; I wouldna change a thing," Agnes said, looking at her anxiously in the glass, where they made the prettiest picture, the handsome old maid looking like a lady-in-waiting, her fine head appearing over the girl's shoulder, — a lady-in-waiting anxiously surveying her princess, about to meet for the first time with King Charming, who has come to marry her. This was the real meaning of the group.

Nora did not change her ribbon or her own appearance in any way, but she gave a glance to the table set out for luncheon, and renewed the flowers on it, watching all the while the other group which passed and repassed the large round window of the dining-room, their voices audible as they talked. Miss Barbara had taken John's arm, which was a proof that he had found the way to her favour; and she was evidently asking him a hundred questions. Snatches of their talk about his travels, about his plans, something which she could not make out about the Lindores, caught the ear of Nora. They saw her seated near the window, so there could be no reason why she should stop her ears. And Nora thought him "very nice" —that all-useful adjective. She could scarcely help letting her imagination stray to the familiar place which she had known all her life— her "dear Dalrulzian," which she had lamented so openly, which now she felt it would no longer be decorous to lament. He looked very like it, she thought. She could see him in imagination standing in the kindly open door, on the Walk, looking the very master the place wanted. Papa had been too old for it. It wanted a young man, a young—— Well — she laughed and coloured involuntarily — of course a young wife too. In all likelihood *that* was all settled, the young wife ready, so that there was no reason to feel any embarrassment about it. And so he knew the Lindores! She would ask Edith all about him. There was no doubt he was a very interesting figure in the country-side, "something for the misses to think about," as Agnes said, though it was somewhat humiliating to think that "that dreadful man at Tinto" had roused a similar excitement. But the oftener John Erskine passed the window, the more he pleased Nora Barrington. He was "very nice," she was sure. How kind and careful he was of Miss Barbara! How frank and open his countenance! his voice and his laugh so natural and cheerful! Up to this time, though Nora's imagination had not been utterly untouched, she was still free of any serious inclination, almost if not entirely fancy-free. It could not be denied that when the new Rintoul became known in the country-side, he, too, had been the object of many prognostications. And he had been, she felt, "very nice" to Nora. Though he had pretensions far above hers, and was not in the least likely to ally himself to a family without fortune, his advances had been such as a girl cannot easily overlook. He was the first who had paid Nora "attention," and awakened her to a consciousness of power. And she had been flattered and pleased, being very young. But Nora now felt herself at that junction of the two roads,

which, as has been said, is inevitable in the experience of every young soul. She was standing in suspense, saying to herself, with a partial sense of treachery and guilt, that Mr Erskine was still more nice than Lord Rintoul. John Erskine of Dalrulzian; there was something delightful in the very name. All this, it is true, was entirely visionary, without solid foundation of any kind; for they had exchanged nothing but two shy bows, not a word as yet—and whether he would be as "nice" when he talked, Nora did not know.

Her decision afterwards, made with some mortification, was, that he was not nearly so nice when he talked. He showed no wish to talk to her at all, which was an experience quite out of Nora's way. She sat and listened, for the most part, at this simple banquet, growing angry in spite of herself, and altogether changing her opinion about Lord Rintoul. If she had been a little girl out of the nursery, John Erskine could scarcely have taken less notice of her. Miss Barbara and he continued their talk as if Nora had no existence at all.

"I always thought it a great pity that you were brought up so far from home," the old lady said. "You know nothing about your own place, or the ways of the country-side. It will take you a long time to make that up. But the neighbours are all very kind, and Lindores, no doubt, will be a great resource, now there's a young family in it. Fortunately for you, John, you're not grand enough nor rich enough to come into my lord's plans."

"Has my lord plans? For county hospitals and lunatic asylums. So he told me; and he wants my help. To hear even so much as that astonished me. When I knew him he was an elegant hypochondriac, doing nothing at all——"

"He does plenty now, and cares much, for the world and the things of the world," said Miss Barbara. "I think I have divined his meaning; but we'll wait and see. You need not sit and make those faces at me, Nora. I know well enough *they* are not to blame. A woman should know how to stand up for her own child better than that; but she was just struck helpless with surprise, I say nothing different. Speak of manœuvring mothers! manœuvring fathers are a great deal worse. I cannot away with a man that will sacrifice his own flesh and blood. Fiegh! I would not do it for a kingdom. And the son, you'll see, will do the same. Hold you your tongue, Nora. I know better—the son will do the very same. He will be sold to some grocer's daughter for her hogsheads. Perhaps they're wanted; two jointures to pay is hard upon any estate, and a title will always bring in money when it's put up for sale in a judicious way. But you must have your wits about you now, if you have any dealings with your elegant hypochondriac, John, my man. You're too small — too small for him; but if you had fifty thousand a-year, you would soon—soon be helpless in his hands——"

"Oh, Miss Barbara," cried Nora, "you are unjust to Lord Lindores. Remember how kind he has been to us, and we have not fifty thousand, nor fifty hundred a-year."

"You're not a young man," said Miss Barbara; "but John, take you care of dangling about Lindores. I am not naming any names; but there may be heartaches gotten there—nothing more for a man of your small means. Oh ay! perhaps I ought to hold my tongue before Nora; but she will be well advised if she takes care too; and besides, she knows all about it as well as I do myself."

"I hope," said John, courteously

—for he saw that Nora's composure was disturbed by these last warnings, and he was glad of a chance to change the subject—"I hope I may be so fortunate as to see Colonel Barrington before he leaves the country. He has done so well by Dalrulzian, I should like to thank him for his care."

This made Nora more red than before. She could not get over that foolish idea that Dalrulzian was far more to her than to this stranger, who could not care for it as she did. She felt that his thanks were an offence. "Papa has gone, Mr Erskine," she said, with unusual stateliness. "I am left behind to pay some visits. Everybody here has been so good to us."

"That means we are all fond of her bit bright face," said Miss Barbara; "but we'll say no more on that subject, Nora. Human nature's selfish in grain. The like of me will take no trouble for lad or lass that is not sweet to see, and a comfort to the heart."

"I never heard such a pretty apology for selfishness before," said John. And Miss Barbara took his compliment in good part. But he and Nora made no further approach to each other. Those praises of her made him draw back visibly, she thought, and embarrassed herself beyond bearing. To be praised before an unsympathetic, silently protesting audience—can anything be more humiliating? Nora was conscious of something like dislike of John Erskine before he went away.

And yet his state of feeling was natural enough. He believed that the young lady, so dangerously suitable for him, the very wife he wanted, was being thrust upon him on every side, and the thought revolted him. No doubt, he thought, if she were conscious of it, it must be revolting to her too; and in such a case the highest politeness was to be all but rude to her, to show at once and conclusively that schemes of the kind were hopeless. This sentiment was strengthened in the present case by the irritation caused by Miss Barbara's warning about Lindores, and the heartache which was all that a man of his means was likely to get there. He laughed at it, yet it made him angry. He who had been always used to feel himself a person of importance—he for whom, even now, the whole country was taking the trouble to scheme—to have himself suddenly classified with other small deer as quite beneath the consideration of the Lindores family, too small for my lord's plans! It was scarcely possible to imagine anything more irritating. After all, a Scotch lord was no such grand affair; and John could not be ignorant that, five years ago, neither father nor mother would have repulsed him. Now! but the doubt, the risk, did not induce the young man to be wise—to put Lady Edith out of his imagination, and turn his thoughts to the other, just as pretty, if that were all, who was manifestly within his reach. What a pity that young people are so slow to see reason in such matters, that they will never take the wiser way! Thus John had his opportunity offered to him to escape from a world of troubles and embarrassments before he had committed himself to that dangerous path; and distinctly refused, and turned his back upon it, not knowing—as indeed at the real turning-point of our fortunes we none of us know.

But as he set out on his homeward walk, his eyes caught that great house of Tinto, which from Dunearn was the central object in the landscape—an immense house, seated on a high platform of rock, dominating the river and the whole country, with scarcely wood enough about it to afford any shadow; an ostentatious pile of building, with

that spot of audacious red against the grey sky—the flag always flying (set him up! Miss Barbara said) when the master was at home, which was, so to speak, the straw which broke the camel's back, the supreme piece of vanity which the county could not tolerate. Pat Torrance to mount a flag upon his house to mark his presence! What more could Sacred Majesty itself do? John Erskine felt as if some malicious spirit had thrown a stone at him out of the clouds as his eye was caught by that flaunting speck of red. He felt all the local intolerance of the man, without a claim but his money to crow thus over his neighbours. And then he thought of Carry Lindores and her poetry and enthusiasm. That was how the Earl disposed of his daughters. A thrill ran through John's frame, but it was a thrill of defiance. He raised his stick unawares and waved it, as if at the big bully who thus scorned him from afar.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Caroline Torrance was in her morning-room with her children when her husband came to tell her of his visit to Dalrulzian. He had kept it for twenty-four hours, in order to have an opportunity of telling it at his leisure, and making it as disagreeable to her as possible; for indeed he was fully convinced in his own mind that John had been the man about whom his broken-hearted bride had made a confession to him. The confession had not disarmed or moved him to generosity: not that his delicacy was wounded by the thought of his wife's engagement to some one else before she saw him — no such fantastical reason moved him; but that he was furious at the thought that this unseen personage still remained agreeable to her, and that in secret she could retire upon the recollection of some one whom she had once preferred, or perhaps did now prefer, to himself. This was insupportable to him. He did not care very much for filling her heart himself; but he meant that she should belong to him utterly, and not at all, even in imagination or by a passing thought, to anybody else. Lady Car's morning-room was the last of a gorgeous but faded suite of rooms opening off the drawing-room, from which it was separated by heavy velvet curtains. Everything was heavy and grand even in this sanctuary, where it was supposed the lady of the house was to find her refuge when no longer on duty, so to speak—no longer bound to sit in state and receive her visitors. It was furnished like the rest, with gilded chairs, a table of Florentine mosaic, and curtains of ruby velvet looped and puckered into what the upholsterer of the late Mrs Torrance's time thought the most elegant and sumptuous fashion. The gilding was a little tarnished, the velvet faded; but still it was too fine for anything less than a royal habitation. It is supposed that princesses, being used to it, like to knock their elbows against ormolu ornaments, and to put down their thimbles and scissors (if they ever use such vulgar implements) upon marble; but poor Lady Car did not. She was chilly by nature, and she never had got over her horror of these additional chillinesses. The Florentine marble made her shiver. It was far too fine to have a cover over it, which she had ventured once to suggest, to her husband's horror. "What! cover it up, as if it were plain mahogany

—a thing that was worth no one could tell how much!" So she gave it up, and shivered all the more. It was a chilly day of May, which the fresh foliage outside, and a deceitful sun not strong enough to neutralise the east wind, made only a little less genial, and Lady Car sat very close to the fire, in a chair as little gilt as could be found, and with a little table beside her covered with a warm and heavy cover, as if to make up for the naked coldness of the rest. The room had three large windows, looking, from the platform upon which the house stood, over the wide country—a great landscape full of greening fields and foliage, and an infinite blue and white sky, the blue somewhat pale but very clear, the clouds mounting in Alpine peaks into the far distance and lying along the horizon in long lines. The windows, it need not be said, were plate-glass, so that an impression of being out of doors and exposed to the full keenness of the breeze was conveyed to the mind. How often had poor Lady Car sat and shivered looking over that wistful sweep of distance in her loneliness, and knowing that no one could ever come out of it who would bring joy to her or content! She had never been beautiful, the reader is aware. She was plain now, in the absence of all that sunshine and happiness which beautifies and brightens homely faces. And yet her face was not a homely face. The master of Tinto had got what he wanted—a woman whose appearance could never be overlooked, or whom any one could undervalue. Her air was full of natural distinction though she had no beauty. Her slight, pliant figure, like a long sapling bending before every breeze, had a grace of gentle yielding which did not look like weakness; and her smile, if perhaps a little timid, was winning and gracious. But her nose and her upper lip were both too long, and the pretty wavering colour she had possessed in her youth was gone altogether. Ill-natured people called her sallow; and indeed, though it is not a pretty word, it was not, at this stage of her existence, far from the truth.

Her two children were playing beside her on the carpet. Poor lady! here was perhaps the worst circumstance in her hard lot. As if it were not enough to be compelled to take Pat Torrance for her husband, it had been her melancholy fate to bring other Torrances, all his in temper and feature, into the world. This is an aggravation of which nobody would have thought. In imagination we are all glad to find a refuge for an unhappy wife in her children, whom instinctively we allot to her as the natural compensation—creatures like herself and belonging to her, although the part in them of the obnoxious father cannot be ignored. But here the obnexious father was all in all; even the baby of two years old on the rug at her feet, the little girl who by all laws ought to have been like her mother, showed in her little dark countenance as small relationship to Lady Caroline as to any stranger. They were their father's children: they had his black hair, a peculiarity which sometimes is extremely piquant and attractive in childhood, giving an idea of unusual development; but, on the other hand, sometimes is—not. Little Tom and Edie were of those to whom it is not attractive, for they had heavy fat cheeks, and the same light, large, projecting eyes which were so marked a feature in their father's face. Poor Lady Car thought they fixed their eyes upon her with a cynical gaze when she tried to sing to them—to tell them baby-stories. She tried her best, but that was

perhaps too fine for these children of a coarser race. They scrambled down from her lap, and liked better to roll upon the floor, or break with noisy delight the toys which were showered upon them, leaving the poor young mother to gaze and wonder, and feel as much rebuffed as if these two infants of two and three had been twenty years older. They screamed with delight when their father tossed them up in his arms, but they escaped from their mother's knee when she would have coaxed them to quiet. Poor Lady Car! they were a wonder and perplexity to her. She was half afraid of them though they were her own.

Torrance had come in from the woods, which he had been inspecting with his forester, and perhaps something had crossed him in this inspection, for he was a tyrant by nature, and could not tolerate a contrary opinion; whereas the officials, so to speak, of a great estate in Scotland, are much given to opinions, and by no means to be persuaded to relinquish them. The forester had objected to something the master suggested, and the agent had taken the forester's part. The master of Tinto came in fuming. To give in was a thing intolerable to him, and to give in to his own servant! But here was another servant whom he need not fear bullying, who could not throw up her situation and put him to inconvenience, who was forced to put up with as much indignity as he chose to put upon her. This thought gave his mind a welcome relief; he strode along through all the gilded rooms with a footstep which meant mischief. Lady Caroline heard it afar off, and recognised the sound. What could it be now? Her mind ran hurriedly over the recent occurrences of the day, to think what possible offence she could have given him. Nothing—or at least she could think of nothing. It did not require a very solid reason for the transference to her shoulders of the rage which he did not think it expedient to bestow upon some one else. He came in kicking out of the way the toys with which the children were playing.

"These monkeys," he said, "would ruin a Jew if they grow up the way you are breeding them, my lady. That cost a pound or two yesterday, and now it's all in bits. If your family could stand such extravagance, mine can't. Tom, my lad, if you break your fine toys like this, I'll break your head. But it's not the children's fault," he added, "it's the way they're bred."

"It is very wrong of Tommy," said poor Lady Car, "but you laughed and clapped your hands yesterday when I found fault."

"I won't have the boy's spirit broken — that's another thing. Breeding's an affair of day by day; but it can't be expected that you should take such trouble, with your head full of other things."

"What other things?" cried Lady Car. "Oh, Pat, have a little pity! What else have I to think of? I may not understand the children, but they are my only thought."

Here he gave a mocking, triumphant laugh. "No, I daresay you don't understand them. They're of my side of the house," he said. It was a pleasure to him, but not an unalloyed pleasure, for he would have liked to secure in his daughter at least some reflection of her mother's high-bred air, which had always been her attraction in his eyes. "As for other things," he added, "there's plenty: for instance, I have just been visiting your old friend."

"My old friend?" Lady Caroline looked at him with wondering eyes.

"Oh, that is the way, is it? pretend you don't understand! I went expressly for your sake. You see what a husband I am: not half appreciated—ready to please his wife in every sort of way. I don't think much of your taste, though: under size," said Torrance, with a laugh,—"decidedly under size."

Lady Car looked at him with a momentary elevation of her slender, drooping throat. The action was one that had a certain pride in it, and this was what her husband specially admired in her. But she did not understand him, nor was there any secret in her gentle soul to be found out by innuendoes. She shook her head gently, and drooped it again with her habitual bend.

"I do not know what you mean. It must be some mistake," she said.

"It is no mistake, Lady Car. That's not my way to make mistakes. It suits you not to know. That makes me all the more certain. Oh, I'm not afraid of you. We're not in Italy or any of these places. And you're a great deal too proud to go wrong: you're too cold, you have not got it in you."

Lady Caroline raised her head again, but this time in sheer surprise. "Pat," she said, faltering, "all I know is, that you mean to insult me. I know nothing but that. What is it? Do not insult me before the children."

"Pshaw! how should the children understand?"

"Not what you mean; but neither do I understand that. The children know as well as I do that you mean to hurt me. What is it?—what have I done?"

"By Jove!" he said, looking at her, "to see you there with your white face, one would think you never had done anything but good all your life. You look as if butter would not melt in your mouth. Not the sort of woman to look down upon her husband and count him a savage, and keep thinking of a nice, smooth, soft-spoken—— You would never tell me his name, and I was a fool, and didn't insist upon; but now he has come back to be your ladyship's neighbour, and see you every day."

She did not answer immediately. She looked at him with a curious light stealing into her soft grey eyes, raising her head again. Then she said slowly, "I think you must mean Mr Erskine of Dalrulzian. If so, you have made a great mistake. I think he is younger than I am. He was not much more than a boy when I knew him. He never was anything — but an acquaintance."

"It's likely you'll get me to believe that," cried Torrance, scornfully. He jumped up from his seat, and came and stood in front of the fire, with his back to it, brushing against her dress, so close to her that she had to draw back out of his way. "An acquaintance! There are different meanings to that word. I've been to see him on your account, my lady. I've asked him to come here. Oh, I'm not afraid of you, as I tell you. You're too cold and too proud to go wrong. You shall see him as much as you like—I have every confidence in you—see him, and talk to him, and tell him what you think of your husband. It will be a nice sentimental amusement for you; and as for me, I'll always be by to look on."

He laughed as he spoke, angrily, fiercely, and glared down upon her from under his eyelids with a mixture of fury and satisfaction. She pushed her chair back a little with a shiver, drawing away her dress, upon which he had placed his foot.

"If it was as you suppose," she said, trembling, "what misery you would be planning for me! It makes me cold indeed to think of such cruelty. What! you would put me in such a strait! You would

force me into the society of one—— Oh, Pat, surely you are doing yourself wrong! You could not be so cruel as that!"

He laughed again, striding across the fireplace, ever encroaching more upon her corner. His face had grown red with wrath. He was not without feeling, such as it was, and this which he supposed his wife's acknowledgment that his cruel device could indeed wound her, gave himself a start of self-reproach and alarm, though there was pleasure in the power he felt he had acquired of causing pain.

"Ah, I've caught you, have I? I've caught you at last!" he cried, with a tone of triumph.

"You could not do it!" cried Lady Caroline, her pale face flushed. "No! do not say you made such a cruel plan—no, no!—to entrap the poor woman who is your wife—alas! who never did you harm—to rend her heart in two, and make her life more miserable. No, no! do not tell me you have this cunning as well as—all the rest; do not tell me! You would not do it, you could not do it. There is no such cruelty in man."

"It's a satisfaction," he cried, his face burning and glowing, "to think I have you in my grip, Lady Car."

She breathed quick and hard, pushed back in her corner, gazing up at him with a look from which a stronger tremor had taken all the timidity. It was some time before she could speak. "Do not think," she said, "that I am afraid of you. I am only horrified to think—but I might have known. Mr Erskine, by whom you think you can make me more unhappy, is nothing to me—nothing, nothing at all, nothing at all! He is not the gentleman I thought it right to tell you about—no, no! a very different person. I do not want to see him, because I should not like—old friends to know; but Mr Erskine is nothing to me—nothing!"

Whether he would have been convinced by the vehemence with which she said this alone, cannot be known—for at that moment the carefully festooned velvet curtains were disturbed in the regulated folds which nobody at Tinto had ever ventured to alter, and Edith suddenly appeared with an anxious and pale countenance. She had heard the raised voices as she approached, and her sister's "nothing to me, nothing!" had been quite distinct to her as she came in. She could not imagine what it was that could have excited poor Carry so much, and Edith had a nervous dislike of any scene. She could not draw back, having with difficulty sent away the servant who was conducting her punctiliously to her sister's presence, and she felt herself compelled to face the quarrel, which was evidently a serious one. Edith was fastidious and sensitive, with all the horror of a girl who had never seen anything like domestic contention or the jars of family life. Lord Lindores and his wife had not always agreed since his recent elevation—indeed they had disagreed bitterly and painfully on the most serious questions; but such a thing as a quarrel had been unknown in their household. To Edith it seemed such an offence against good taste and all the courtesies of life, as nothing could excuse—petty and miserable, as well as unhappy and wrong. She was annoyed as well as indignant to be drawn into it thus against her will. Carry had hitherto concealed with all her might from her young sister the state of conflict in which she lived. Her unhappiness she did not hide; but she had managed to keep silent in Edith's presence, so that the girl had never been an actual witness of the wranglings of the ill-matched pair. But poor Lady

Car for once was moved out of her usual precautions. She was too much excited even to remember them. She appealed to her sister at once, hailing her appearance with eagerness, and without pausing to think.

"Edith," she cried, "you have come in time. Tell Mr Torrance that Mr Erskine, who has just come home, was not a—special friend of mine. You can speak, for you know. Mr Torrance says—he thinks ——" here Lady Car came to herself, perceiving the disturbed looks of her sister, and remembering her own past reserve. She paused, and forced herself into a miserable smile. "It is not worth while entering into the story," she said; "it does not—matter much. It is only a mistake, a—a difference of opinion. You can tell Mr Torrance——"

"I don't want any information," said Torrance, sulkily. He, too, felt embarrassed by the sudden introduction of Edith into the discussion. He moved away from the fire with a rude attempt at civility. Edith, in her youthful absolutism, and want of toleration or even understanding of himself, overawed him a little. She was not, he thought, nearly so aristocratic in appearance as his wife; but he was slightly afraid of her, and had never been at his ease in her presence. What was the opinion of this little chit to him? He asked himself the question often, but it did not divest him of that vague perception of his own appearance in her eyes, which is the most mortifying of all reflections. No caricature made of us can be so disconcerting. Just so Haman must have seen himself, a wretched pretender, through the eyes of that poor Jew in the gate. Torrance saw himself an exaggerated boor, a loud-speaking, underbred clown, in the clear regard, a little contemptuous, never for a moment overawed by him, of Edith Lindores. He had perhaps believed his wife's denial in respect to John Erskine while they were alone, but he believed her entirely when she called Edith to witness. He was subdued at once—he drew away from before the fire with sulky politeness, and pushed forward a chair. "It's a cold day," he said. The quarrel died in a moment a natural death. He hung about the room for a few minutes, while Edith, to lessen the embarrassment of the situation, occupied herself with the children. As for Lady Car, she had been too much disturbed to return at once to the pensive calm which was her usual aspect. She leant back in her chair, pushed up into the corner as she had been by her husband's approach, and with her thin hands clasped together. Her breath still came fast, her poor breast heaved with the storm—she said nothing to aid in the gradual restoration of quiet. The spell being once broken, perhaps she was not sorry of the opportunity of securing Edith's sympathy. There is a consolation in disclosing such pangs, especially when the creator of them is unbeloved. To tell the cruelties to which she was subject, to pour out her wrongs, seemed the only relief which poor Carry could look forward to. It had not been her will to betray it to her sister; but now that the betrayal had taken place, it was almost a pleasure to her to anticipate the unburdening of her heart. All that she desired for the moment was that he would go away, that she might be free to speak. The words seemed bursting from her lips even while he was still there. Perhaps Torrance himself had a perception of this; but then he did not believe that his wife had not a hundred times made her complaint to Edith before.

And thus there ensued a pause which was not a pleasant one. Neither the husband nor the wife spoke, and Edith's agitated discourses with the children were the only sounds audible. They were not prattling, happy children, capable of making a diversion in such circumstances; and Edith was not so fond of the nephew and niece, who so distinctly belonged to their father, as she ought to have been. The situation was relieved by a summons to Torrance to see some one below. He went away reluctantly, jealously, darting a threatening look at his wife as he looked back. Edith was as much alarmed for what was coming as Torrance was. She redoubled her attentions to the children, hoping to avert the disclosure which she, too, saw was so near.

"It is their time to—go back to the nursery," said Carry, with a voice full of passion, ringing the bell; and the children were scarcely out of hearing when the storm burst forth: "I have borne a great deal, oh, a great deal—more, far more, than you can ever know; but think, think! what he intended for me. To invite John Erskine here, thinking he was—some one else; to bring us into each other's company day after day; to tempt me to the old conversations, the old walks. Don't contradict me—he said so: that I might feel my misery, and drink my cup to the last dregs."

"Carry, Carry! you must be mistaking him; he could not wish that; it would be an insult—it would be impossible."

"That is why it pleases him," cried the poor wife; "he likes to watch and make sure that I suffer. If I did not suffer, it would do him no good. He says I am too proud and too cold to—go wrong, Edith! That is how he speaks to your sister; and he wishes to show me—to show me, as if I did not know—what I have and what I have lost!"

"Carry, you must not. Oh, don't let us even think of what is past now!"

"It is easy for you to say so. I have tried—oh, how I have tried! —never to think of the past—even now, even to-day. Think, only think! Because he supposed *that*, he went expressly to see John Erskine, to ask him to come here, planning to torture me,—no matter to him, because he was sure I was too proud to go wrong. He wanted to watch the meeting—to see how we would look at each other, what we would say, how we would behave ourselves at such a moment. Can you believe it, Edith? Was there ever anything in a book, in the theatre, so cruel, so terrible? Do you suppose one can help, after that, thinking of the past, thinking of the future too?—for suppose it had been—Edward—— Oh no, no! I don't want to name his name; but suppose it had been—he. Another time it may be he. He may come to visit John Erskine. We may meet in the world; and then I know—I know what is before me. This man—oh, I cannot call him by any name!—this man, whom I belong to, who can do what he pleases with my life—I know now what his pleasure will be,—to torture me, Edie!—for no purpose but just to see me suffer—in a new way. He has seen me suffer already—oh, how much!—and he is *blasé!* he wants something more piquant, a newer torture, a finer invention to get more satisfaction out of me. And you tell me I must not think of the past!"

"Carry, Carry!" cried Edith, trembling; "what can I say? You ought not to bear it. Come home; come back to us. Don't stay with him, if this is how you feel about him, another day."

Carry shook her head. "There is no going back," she said; "alas! I know that now, if never before. To go back is impossible: my father would not allow it; my mother would not approve it. I dare not myself. No, no, that cannot be. However dreadful the path may be, all rocks or thorns, and however your feet may be torn and bleeding—forward, forward one must go. There is no escape. I have learned that."

There was a difference of about six years between them—not a very great period; and yet what a difference it made! Edith had in her youthful mind the certainty that there was a remedy for every evil, and that what was wrong should not be permitted to exist. Carry knew no remedy at all for her own condition, or indeed, in the reflection of her own despair, for any other. Nothing was to be done that she knew of; nothing could do any good. To go back was impossible. She sat leaning back in her chair, clasping her white thin hands, looking into the vacant air,—knowing of no aid, but only a little comfort in the mere act of telling her miseries—nothing more; while Edith sat by her, trembling, glowing, impatient, eager for something to be done.

"Does mamma know?" the girl asked, after a pause.

Carry did not move from her position of quiet despair. "Do you think," she said, "it is possible that mamma, who has seen so much, should not know?"

To this Edith could make no reply, knowing how often the subject had been discussed between her mother and herself, with the certainty that Carry was unhappy, though without any special explanation to each other of the manner of her unhappiness.

"But if my father were to speak to him, Carry? My father ought to do it; it was he who made you—it was he who——"

"No one can say anything; no one can do anything. I am sorry I told you, Edie; but how could I help it? And it does me a little good to speak. I must complain, or I should die."

"Oh, my poor Car, my poor Car!" Edith cried, throwing herself upon her knees beside her sister. Die! she said, within herself; would it not be better—far better—to die? It was living that seemed to her impossible. But this was another of the sad pieces of knowledge which Carry had acquired: that you cannot die when you please, as the young and untried are apt to suppose—that mortal anguish does not always kill. It was Edith who was agitated and excited, seeking eagerly for a remedy—any remedy—even that heroic and tragical one; but Carry did not feel that even in that there was any refuge for her now.

This was by no means John Erskine's fault. He was as innocent of it, as unconscious of it, as any man could be; but Edith, an impatient girl, felt a sort of visionary rage against him, in which there was a certain attraction too. It seemed to her as if she must go and tell him of this sad family secret, though he had so little to do with it. For was not he involved, and his coming the occasion of it? If she could but have accused him, confided in him, it would have given her mind a certain relief, though she could not well tell why.

FALSE COIN IN POETRY.

It is perhaps a respectable instinct which inclines us to accept as good all the work of him who has come to be recognised as a great writer. The illusion created by the grand novels of Scott (which we maintain to be the best ever written) brightened to the eyes of faithful readers the dreary pages of 'St Ronan's Well,' 'The Monastery,' 'Peveril,' and 'Kenilworth.' Towards the close of his life, Dickens used to announce with the completion of every new novel that he had never before commanded so vast an audience as in that particular work; and yet every fresh tale showed a wider departure from that astonishing vein of humour which had first made him adored of the British public, and a tendency more and more confirmed towards a style of treatment which, instead of being humorous, was merely fantastic, exaggerated, and grotesque. Tennyson's splendid combination of inspiration and art in the "Morte d'Arthur" has drawn up with it into the empyrean a whole string of idylls which would scarcely have arrived there without its support; and, in another region of art, Turner's later extravagances, no less than his early achievements, are worshipped by crowds of devotees following their high priest, Ruskin.

At first sight this trustfulness seems generous. The great writer has given us of his best; let us be thankful for this also. His wine is on the lees; but let us affirm it to be the same wine the body and bouquet of which so charmed us. Kind as this may seem, it is often an injury to the author, whose best work is depreciated when his worst is equally praised, and with whom future readers may make acquaintance through his inferior performances, which they have been induced to accept as just examples of his power. Nor can the exercise of this kind of indulgence give any true satisfaction to him who trustfully accepts as worthy that which is not worthy, since only fancied pleasure can be derived from fancied admiration.

But apart from the author and his admirers, there is something else deserving of consideration in the matter—namely, the preservation of a just standard of excellence; and if the maintenance of this may properly demand that writers who are both bad and pretentious should be prevented by deserved criticism from corrupting the public taste, even more stringent would seem to be this duty where bad examples pass under the sanction of high names. To do this only is the object of the present paper, and not to discriminate nicely the different degrees of merit displayed by an author, nor the many cases where a stanza or verse less happy than the rest is so far an injury to what else is excellent—as in Cowper's beautiful address "To Mary," where there is one stanza which we have always wished we could blot out—

> "Such feebleness of limbs thou provest
> That now at every step thou movest
> Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest
> My Mary."

The forced conventional use of "provest" here is quite out of character with the ease and grace of all the rest of the poem, and the image suggested in the remaining lines is dangerously near the limit which should divide the pathetic from the mawkish. And we have

always thought, too, that the "Battle of the Baltic" would have been vastly the better for the omission of the last stanza, where "Riou," however "gallant" and "good," jars, in his obtrusive personality, on the vague picturesqueness which is the charm of the piece—and the mermaid, as a minister of condolence and fame, is sadly out of place; so that in the reader's ear might be left undisturbed the echo of the preceding lines, with all their sweet and melancholy cadence—

> "Let us think of them that sleep
> Full many a fathom deep,
> By thy wild and stormy steep,
> Elsinore!"

And again, one of Wordsworth's best-known sonnets is disfigured by the unpleasing and altogether unnecessary ejaculation "Dear God!" while the last line—

> "And all that mighty heart is lying still"—

would imply that part only of a heart might be still or in motion. But in these cases the passages in question have not been specially praised; perhaps, indeed, many readers have silently protested against them. It is only with the instances where bad work passes for good, or where admiration is demanded for it anew, that we now concern ourselves. In doing so, we shall probably tread on many prejudices, and jar on the links of many old associations, thereby arousing indignation, if not protest; and we must lay our account chiefly on the chance of being here and there thought to be right by the few.

The disciples of Wordsworth will admit that his strength lay in interpreting and describing the aspects of nature, and in viewing human life with the eye of a sympathetic philosopher, and not in dramatically presenting strong situations or powerful emotions. Also, he was essentially a British, nay, more, a home poet, only possessed of his full strength when his foot touched his native sod. Yet, when he once chanced to take up an ancient classical theme, demanding for its treatment rare dramatic power—for it involved the representation of the feelings and demeanour of a wife whose husband was suddenly brought back to her from the grave—he obtained so much success as this, that the piece "Laodamia" has ever since been quoted with applause, and has found a place in most collections of modern verse, including a selection from the works of the poet himself, made by his latest and most discriminating critic, Matthew Arnold. But no chorus of praise should render us insensible to the fact that in this case Wordsworth has but shared the general fate of those who deal with matters uncongenial. The very first verse labours, and labours in vain—

> "With sacrifice, before the rising morn"

(why "rising" morn? Morn itself signifies the rising of the day, and the phrase might therefore be paraphrased, "the rising rising of the day")

> "Performed, my slaughtered lord have I required;
> And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
> Him of the infernal gods have I desired."

Was ever expression more wooden? How the joints of the verse creak! The reader, instead of being transported in an ethereal car, is jolted in a waggon. "Performed," "have I desired," "have I required:" how laboured the lines; how prosaic "performed," "required," and "desired;" and how abominable "my slaughtered lord!" a phrase suggestive of the knacker's yard, rather than of the death of a hero

devoting himself for his cause, and slain in fighting valiantly with Hector!

In the next verse the countenance of Laodamia, awaiting an answer to her prayer, is described as "like the sun emerging from a cloud," a simile which for some centuries had not proved to be beyond the reach of a great many poetasters. The third runs thus:—

"O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy!
What doth she look on—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence—his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him—wingèd Mercury!"

This bald disjointed commonplace is intended to express the profoundest emotion: it is emotion made to order, with the usual result. "Vital presence," "corporeal mould," "if sense deceive her not, 'tis he!" what very queer phraseology for the situation! Mercury can find nothing more godlike to say than "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer," which is pure nonsense, for how can a prayer be "crowned"? and then comes the interview, beginning thus:—

"Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to reunite
And reassumes his place before her sight."

No line could be more emptily pretentious than the second; the third and fourth are very poor; and the whole stanza feebly endeavours to do what Cowper has so much better done in his translation of the passage where Ulysses describes how he saw the shade of his mother among the ghosts:—

"Thrice I sprang
Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,
And thrice she flitted from between my arms,
Light as a passing shadow or a dream."

The interview proceeds, unbrightened by a spark of poetry either from the wife or the spectre, who appears to have acquired in Erebus a taste for preaching, which he unsparingly exercises on his unfortunate spouse, possibly in retaliation for conjugal lectures on earth:

"Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the soul—
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn."

It appears a doubtful boon to be permitted to see an apparition who goes on in this way. She might have heard something quite as impressive from any mundane philosopher with a taste for exhortation. It was rather hard, too, to be reproached for not possessing "depth of soul," an attribute not exactly among those which it is in our power to acquire, while "tumult" might be pardoned to a woman in presence of her husband's ghost. Altogether, if the shade at all fairly represents what the man had been, Laodamia was well rid of him. He scolds her, for wishing to embrace him, quite in the vein of Mr Chadband, and without any of the effect to be expected from a supernatural monitor, for no sooner does the tedious apparition vanish, than "on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay." Then comes the moral:—

"Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and as for a wilful crime,
By the just gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."

What it was that the "just gods" punished—what the poor woman did, or omitted to do, which could only be expiated by this sad doom—we cannot divine. It was no very terrible crime, however it might be an error in taste, to wish to keep her husband when he had come back to her; and she could hardly be expected, without the phantom's peculiar gifts, to answer him in his own style. The ideas of "blest reunion in the shades below," "happy Ghosts that gather flowers," are not the views of Homeric times about the other world, according to which the ghosts of even the greatest heroes were sad shadows perpetually bewailing the life they had lost; and the effect of such notions here is to produce a feeble muddle of paganism and Christianity. The redundancy in the fourth line is quite in character with all the turgid, pretentious phraseology of the piece—of which Mr Arnold, in the essay prefatory to his volume of selections from Wordsworth, says: "It is style, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of 'Laodamia.'" To us, on the other hand, it appears altogether unfortunate for the poet that such a piece, by being enshrined among the selections, should receive a prominence which brings it into comparison with such admirable reproductions of the antique as the "Œnone" and "Ulysses" of Tennyson, and, above all, his "Tithonus," where, by an extraordinary effort, the poet projects himself into, and portrays for us, a condition of human life eminently poetical, but which could not exist except in idea. The injury which Wordsworth sustains when such scholastic stuff as "Laodamia" is offered as representative of his genius, may be estimated by contrasting it with the finished excellence of, for example, this stanza of his, describing the Shepherd-Lord:—

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Such was what the bard of Rydal did at his best; but, absorbed in the sense which he justly entertained of his mission as a poet, having entire belief in himself, and no sense of humour, he yielded much too unreservedly to the impulse to turn every thought that occurred to him into verse. Once put into shape, the piece was religiously enshrined in one or other of the niches which it pleased him to assign to his verses—"Poems founded on the Affections," "Poems on the Naming of Places," and so forth; which might just as well have been styled, "Poems written on Mondays," "Poems written on Foolscap Paper," &c. Where so little power of selection of subject was exercised, it was inevitable that, however high the quality of some of the results might be, a good deal must be found altogether worthless. It was in recognition of this fact that Mr Arnold, a true though not a bigoted Wordsworthian, and a poet of such repute as to give authority to his work, undertook to perform the friendly office of delivering the bard from the lumber which so needlessly, and perhaps fatally, obstructed his progress towards posterity. Probably no one could have done this better on the whole; yet, small as the volume of selections is, we could have wished it to have been still more carefully winnowed. For example, what could possibly be expected from such a title as this—"Anecdote for Fathers, showing how the Practice of Lying may be taught"? It is evidently about as

hopeful to look for poetry in this as in the versification of the bard's weekly washing-bills. Accordingly, the simplicity we find here has far overstepped the line which should divide it from childishness and twaddle. Recounting the incidents of a walk he took with his little boy—the most remarkable of which were that they saw lambs, and heard birds warble—he tells how he asked his offspring whether he would rather live in their present farm, or their former home of Kilve, The boy prefers Kilve, and being pressed "three times" to account for this choice, the important narrative goes on thus:—

"His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain,
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply:
'At Kilve there was no weathercock:
And that's the reason why.'

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

The reader, who secretly rejoices that the fond parent did not realise the formidable notion of carrying his teachings further, will perhaps wonder why Mr Arnold has retained this piece (unless, indeed, as a specimen of what he has rid the volume of); but as we never heard that the "anecdote" ever acquired any fame among "fathers," or any other class of readers, it is only noticed here because offered afresh as worthy of commendation. But another piece, "Ruth," is both retained by Mr Arnold, and is often quoted with approbation, although it begins thus—

"When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her Father took another Mate,"

as fathers not uncommonly do; and also in spite of the fact that the best-known stanza in it, describing the young man who proves false to Ruth, is thus worded:—

"He was a lovely youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he."

"I guess" is very vulgar, inappropriate—for there is no guessing in the case—and evidently lugged in for the sake of the rhyme, because the poet could not part with "the panther in the wilderness," which does not strike us as a very happy or natural simile in itself; and when the stanza runs on—

"And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea,"

we are not the more reconciled to it by the sudden change from panther to dolphin; for the latter simile, besides muddling itself with the former, is equally forced, and the line, "No dolphin ever was so gay," a piece of Wordsworthian puerility. Yet this stanza is frequently quoted with approbation, though never, we suppose, without exciting in many readers a prejudice against its author. Next comes a description of American scenery, no better than was to be expected from one who had never seen it:—

"He told of the magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high overhead!
The cypress and her spire,—
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire."

Why should the magnolia be "high as a cloud"? and why should "high overhead," with its note of admiration, be added? A hundred leagues of hills on fire would certainly be a novel but by no means pleasing feature in a landscape, and very unfitly described by the word "gleam," which signifies something transient and fitful; while the following simile—

"Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds,"

is peculiarly inapt, for the blue spaces of water between the islands would more properly be compared to the "spots of sky," and the evening clouds to the islands; but, in any case, the presentation of the additional image is no gain to the reader, who can realise the appearance of islands in a lake quite as well as that of clouds in a sky. The lover, somewhat oddly addressing Ruth as "my own adopted bride" (as an adopted child is somebody else's child, an adopted bride might seem to be somebody else's bride), persuades her in language which is neither prose nor poetry to marry him, while Ruth is said to have been delighted to think

"That on those lonesome floods
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods."

The next lines are too bad even for Ruth:—

"But, *as you have before been told*,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,"
&c.,

was not a very good young man, though

"In his worst pursuits, I ween,
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent."

What are hopes of high intent? Whatever they are, however, they were not realised, for, falling into bad company,

"His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires;"

and accordingly,

"Full soon that better mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, *not one*,—
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before."

The consequence of this was, that instead of taking Ruth with him to the green savannahs, he only conducted her to the port of embarkation:—

"But when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth!—*Such pains she had*,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed."

So the doggerel goes on, describing Ruth in her half-witted state; and the forty-three stanzas of it end thus:—

"Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be:
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm *for thee*."

Certainly the poor woman had done nothing to cause her to be denied decent burial; but what there is in this or any part of the dismal, commonplace story to make it seem worth preservation, when so much of the same sort was being suppressed, we should like to learn from the editor. In his narrative as in his semi-dramatic attempts, Wordsworth mostly hobbles along with the jaunty air of a rheumatic old gentleman who is resolved to step with dignity in spite of the incurable sciatica and lumbago which afflict him; and few are the examples in these kinds of composition in which he has borne himself naturally, and which can be quoted with benefit to his fame. It is when this poet, high priest of nature and student of the inner life of man, sets forth his favourite doctrine of the influences of nature on the soul of man, that he becomes transfigured, that he rises with easy power into a region of poetry where his reign is as absolute as that of an eagle in certain

regions of the sky. It is then that he displays a finished and grand versification, that he snatches a grace beyond the reach of art, that he imbues his work with distinctive colour, and marks it for his own. Examples of this, conveying perhaps the whole essence of that philosophy which was expanded elsewhere, are the pieces, "Three years she grew," the sonnet beginning "The world is too much with us," the stanza already quoted from the "Feast at Brougham Castle," and some of "Peel Castle in a Storm" and "Revisiting the Banks of the Wye." It would perhaps be too much (remembering the "Prelude" and the "Excursion") to say that all his work which was in unison with the spirit of these was good; but it would hardly be too much to say that all which was not was bad.

It was pleasant to find that Mr Arnold's catholic soul could so thoroughly sympathise with another great but very different order of poet as to impel him also in this case to undertake to free the bard from the *impedimenta* of his own inferior work. Yet we must confess to some points of difference from him also in this volume of 'Selections from Byron.' To begin, it contains, and thus assigns special distinction to, a piece we could never away with, the "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte"—written, as Byron tells us, upon a meal of biscuits and soda-water, and of such flavour as that succulent diet might be expected to develop. On hearing of the Emperor's abdication, and finding that he had not thereupon committed suicide, Byron was filled with noble rage. The ode is written throughout in what Bottom calls "Ercles' vein—a vein to tear a cat in, to make all split," and begins, "'Tis done!" like a speech in a Surrey melodrama. Napoleon's defeat in battle had had the effect, it seems, of rendering him "a nameless thing," and he is accused of being "abject," and, still worse, "alive;" after which he is reproached as an "ill-minded man"! (not a vigorous form of abuse, any more than "throneless homicide")—of whom it is then said—

> "By gazing on thyself grown blind,
> Thou taught'st the rest to see"—

an instance of self-contemplation which, as a metaphor, may take rank with "none but himself can be his parallel," or that in which an inconsistent gentleman was described as "turning his back upon himself." Then he is compared to Milo—

> "He who of old would rend the oak,
> Dreamed not of the rebound;
> Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
> Alone—how looked he round?"

A most uncomfortable position for circumspection, doubtless, but vilely expressed, and very little to the purpose. By-and-by comes a very impressive reflection:—

> "Weighed in the balance, hero-dust
> Is vile as vulgar clay;
> Thy scales, Mortality, are just
> To all that pass away."

What Mortality has to do with scales, and where he or she got them, no man can explain—the conclusion is not so profound that it could not be arrived at without introducing this queer personification with its balance. Afterwards Napoleon is exhorted, not too grammatically, to commit suicide without further delay:—

> "Unless, like he of Babylon,
> All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
> Life will not long confine
> That spirit poured so widely forth—
> So long obeyed—so little worth!"

And is thus scolded—

> "But thou forsooth must be a king,
> And don the purple vest—
> As if that foolish robe could wring
> Remembrance from thy breast."

A robe may be wrung, but cannot wring anything—and if it could, we are not told why he should desire it to wring remembrance from his breast.

We find this piece also among the selections in Archbishop Trench's volume of 'Household Poetry,' and in the 'Thousand and One Gems' of Charles Mackay. Perhaps the reason why it thus keeps a place is, that it forestalls the verdict of the present day on Napoleon, and sees as we see it, the nature of the man and of his power, divested of the illusions of glory. But it is as poetry that it must be judged: tried by that standard, the "gem" is of muddiest paste, and the whole performance a villanous travesty of Byron by himself. It is an uncomfortable thought that such a piece should be so much better known than some of his beautiful work—for instance, than the "Stanzas composed during a thunderstorm,"—melodious, spontaneous as the song of a bird, the very spray of suddenly excited emotion. With peculiar pleasure we recalled them lately while looking on the huge range of Pindus, beneath which the poet was journeying when the storm broke over the mountain.

Some nine years ago, Mr Browning, in committing two outrages on the ear and sense of the public more than commonly flagrant, took occasion to reflect unfavourably upon that passage at the close of 'Childe Harold' which has come to be known as "Byron's Address to the Ocean." In reviewing Browning's new pieces, the 'Times' remarked indignantly on this disparagement of what it called "those grand verses which have stirred the souls of millions of Englishmen." Thereupon a correspondence ensued in that journal, wherein Mr Murray, Byron's publisher, joined in defending "those glorious stanzas addressed to the Ocean," and various attempts were made by him and others, with very doubtful success, to clear them from certain obscurities. Reading again the stanzas in question on that occasion, we came to conclusions about them quite at variance with the opinions expressed by their eulogists. And here it is well to premise that the present writer is one of what is, we fear, the diminishing class, who still look on Byron as a splendid poet. His vigour, his picturesqueness, his affluence, his lucidity (a quality not too common now), all seem to us admirable. That he may, perhaps, before long, hang "quite out of fashion like a rusty mail," is not his fault; it is a lot which he will probably share with Scott and other great contemporaries. The Pantheon of any generation can only hold a certain number of divinities, and as new ones appear, old ones must make room. But the time of oblivion will come the sooner for letting bad examples of their genius pass for good.

The "Address" begins with the line—

> "Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean,
> —roll!"

"Swear me, Kate," says Hotspur, "a good mouth-filling oath;" and this is a good mouth-filling line, but nothing more. Why should the poet tell the ocean to roll on? Moore, when he says, "Flow on, thou shining river!" has a good reason for it—the river is to bear a message in the flowers which he casts on its surface. No such motive exists here, and the line, with those that follow, shows how sound and manner are accepted as substitutes for thought:—

> "Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

Why in vain? the fleets might be thought to voyage to some purpose.

"Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore."

Hurricanes, earthquakes, frost, lightning, mark the earth with ruin, but not man. He marks it with cultivation and construction, the reverse of ruin. If he cuts down a wood, it is to replace it with a farm or a city. In war he destroys—but, for the most part, only what he has himself made. And how can his control be said to stop with the shore, when it is on the deep that his skill and boldness in bending nature to his purposes are most conspicuous? It is there that he makes the winds serve him, and by their aid converts it into innumerable highways.

"Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,"

—that is, the ocean's deed; yet, in the very next stanza, he mentions Trafalgar, where the bay was covered, after the battle, with wrecks made by "man's ravage."

Next comes a very disputable string of assertions:—

"His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay."

Except in the very limited sense that footprints do not remain in water—a truism too obvious for mention, and yet the only sense in which any part of this famous passage can be said to be true—it is certainly somewhat audacious to say that man's steps are not upon the paths of ocean—and as to its fields not being a spoil for him, the fisherman will hardly concur in that. What follows is inhuman; the poet, in his desire to add to the indictment which he is always pressing against his fellow-creatures, not only stigmatises the endeavours of man to render his abode habitable as the wielding of "vile strength," but goes on to imply that to sail on the sea is a crime justly punishable by drowning, when he makes the frustration of the mariner's hopes and prayers by shipwreck matter of exultation—a sentiment continued in the next verse, and extended from a contemplation of the drowning of an individual to the sinking of whole armaments. Truly a promising vein in which to address a maritime audience! To mend the grammar of "there let him lay," all sorts of alterations were suggested, all equally ridiculous: "there let him pray"—"there let him stay"—putting a comma, and carrying it on to the next stanza, &c., &c., while some boldly defended it as rather fine than otherwise. But the next verse was the main puzzle for the eulogists:—

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

The third and fourth lines, perceived to be nonsense, have been a sort of conundrum, which Byron himself, it appears, in revising the

proof, vainly endeavoured to solve; the "thou" of the sixth line, to make any kind of sense should be "thee"—"decay has not dried *thee* up." Of the eighth line it may be said that the immeasurable surface of the ocean can scarcely be styled its brow; that, if it could, azure is not a very suitable colour for a brow—substitute blue for azure and it becomes ridiculous. But these are venial offences compared with that of talking of Time "writing wrinkles," and of speaking of the sea as unwrinkled—that which another poet has justly called "the wrinkled sea," whose "azure brow" is seldom seen unfurrowed by waves or ripples. So complete is the badness of the metaphor, that it may take rank as one of the three worst metaphors we know of, each perpetrated by a great master. Another of these is Wordsworth's, where he speaks of the Poet as gathering

> "The harvest of a quiet eye
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

To represent as a harvest what the eye observes, is a forced kind of phraseology, pretending to be figurative, but presenting no image to the mind; and when we are further called on to conceive the harvest to be the result of the brooding and sleeping of the eye on the poet's heart, a degree of inconsequence is reached of which Sir Boyle Roche might have been proud. Not less remarkable for confusion is the passage in "The Princess," where we are told of

> "jewels five words long
> That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle for ever."

No doubt Time, who has always possessed a forelock, may also have a forefinger; but *all* time—that is time not figurative but abstract—cannot; the word "all" annihilates the personification, and with it all claim to the digit. But, granting the forefinger, why are the jewels to be placed on it? True, the forefinger is used for pointing—but it cannot point at the rings upon itself. Moreover, the forefinger can hold but a very limited number of jewels; yet the novel office assigned to Time, is that of perpetually holding out the member, to the neglect of his established duties with his scythe, hour-glass, &c., in order to exhibit these favoured vocables. Lastly, to fill up the tale of slips in the passage, "sparkle for ever" is wrong in referring to a circumstance of time, and unnecessary as an indication of duration after the phrase "all Time."

Byron's curious flatteries of the Ocean finish with the startling assertion—

> "even from out thy slime
> The monsters of the deep are bred;"

which, supposing the breeding of monsters out of its slime were honourable to the sea, as is apparently implied, the biologists even of Byron's day, would not have allowed to be true.

If we inquire why all this empty declamation has obtained, and continues to obtain, so much applause, more even than the grand opening of the same canto, the reason probably is because it (as well as the "Ode to Napoleon") is in Byron's manner;—he wears the scornful look, takes up the imposing attitude, speaks in the sonorous tone, which he has assumed before when uttering memorable things, and it is too readily inferred that these outward shows are accompanied by the customary inspiration.

We so often recognise the justice of Mr Arnold's criticisms, both in poetry and in other matters, that we have the less scruple in indicating the foregoing points of disagreement in the judgments expressed

by his two volumes; moreover, we find another claim to forgiveness in the circumstance that, in speaking of Shelley, he says wickedly, "In Mr Palgrave's 'Treasury'" (the well-known volume of selections) "may be seen a gallery of his failures." If Mr Arnold should revise his Wordsworth and his Byron, we hope he will avoid in them the rejoinder which he has given Mr Palgrave the opportunity to utter.

To say the truth, Mr Palgrave challenges criticism in announcing, in the preface to his little volume, that he has attempted to include in it "all the best original lyrical pieces and songs in our language by writers not living — and none beside the best." But, not to mention omissions, we should take exception to many of his pieces as much too slight for a collection so ambitious. The work of that amorous ecclesiastic, Herrick, though generally thin, was often graceful; and if he were to be admitted at all, he might have been better represented than by such stuff as this:—

"Whenas in silks my Julia goes
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.
Next when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!"

Mr Locker in his 'Lyra Elegantiarum' has given much better examples of Herrick, besides other worthy pieces not in the 'Treasury.' Then, how can such exaggerated platitudes be accepted as Waller's "On a Girdle" contains, beginning thus weakly in conception as in expression?—

"That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done."

That Mr Palgrave finds a charm in bald and mawkish simplicity, there is evidence also in such pieces as "The Twa Corbies," "Willie's drowned in Yarrow," and other members of that family of dismal old ballads, with only a few rags of meaning to cover their nakedness, which some people think they admire; "Bonny Lesley," a very weak example of Burns; "Sally in our Alley"!! and many more. We meet again, too, that ancient impostor, the "Loss of the Royal George," much worthier of Mrs Unwin than of her vigorous companion; there are specimens of Sam Rogers, as if that acid soul had ever been sweetened by poetic balm; and when the editor has such a field of selection as the works of Milton, he picks out the sonnet "When the Assault was intended to the City,"—the first line of which,

"Captain or colonel or knight-in-arms,"

can hardly be pronounced good; the second is very bad—

"Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,"

the third and fourth are still worse—

"If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms."

How awkward is "did thee ever please"!—how unnecessary after "guard them" the rest of the line!—how evidently is "harms" put in the plural for the rhyme, to the damage of the idiom! The next two lines are good—

"He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these;"

but not so the two that follow—

"And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas—
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms."

How could Milton do this when English was not read beyond our

own islands? And why make the boast ungrammatical, as well as empty, by the second of the two lines?

"Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower."

An axe or a crowbar might be effective against a bower, but not a spear. The "great Emathian conqueror"—meaning Alexander—is not only stilted, but obscure; for few would remember the name of the district in which he was born. The final line of the sonnet redeems it, and the emphasis given to the adjective "bare" by placing it last, conveys with singular effect the idea of desolation; but why place a flawed gem of Milton's in such a collection beside his more perfect work?

So far as reparation for neglect can be made to the departed, it has been amply made to Keats. Though the fine passages he wrote bear small proportion to the pages which are never quoted, and hardly even read, and though his chief poems are but fragments, in his case promise receives the reward which is generally reserved for achievement. Of his completed works—probably of all his works—the favourite is the "Eve of St Agnes." In it we find much graceful quaintness, many fine lines and stanzas, decorating a very slender fabric. The drift of Porphyro's "stratagem," as explained to old Angela, is far from clear—

"Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride;"

and not only not clear, but a great deal too much like the proceeding of the hero of a French novel. We have never understood how the closet in the maiden's chamber happened to be a still-room crammed with preserves and housekeeper's dainties; still less why Porphyro should have occupied himself, during the maiden's first sleep, in bringing them forth and heaping them "on golden dishes and in baskets bright," apparently to no purpose whatever. But no passage of this poem—scarcely any, indeed, in modern poetry—has been more warmly praised than the description of Madeline kneeling to pray before the painted window, "innumerable of stains and splendid dyes"—

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings for heaven."

Now, considering that the poet had given himself an unlimited range of colours to choose from, he has shown an extraordinary incapacity to make use of the opportunity. On her breast is thrown gules—that is, sanguine hue; on her hands rose-bloom; while the silver of the cross is turned in colour to amethyst. These three, blood-colour, rose-colour, and amethyst, are all that the window, so richly and variously stained, can supply; and whether the maiden's charms were likely to be heightened by the substitution of these for the natural tints, and whether they would cause her to look like "a splendid angel," we leave those who have an eye for colour and natural beauty to decide.

One of the most enthusiastic of the idolaters of Shakespeare asserts somewhere that not only may every speech in his plays be assigned to

its proper character, but even every line. The absurdity is evident when it is considered that to assert this is equivalent to saying that no two characters of Shakespeare could have conceived the same idea, or have expressed it in the same way. Far from sharing this opinion, we have often fancied that certain passages, even famous passages, had been noted down when they occurred to the poet, and had subsequently been assigned, thus ready-made, to some character during the writing of a play. The "Seven Ages"—(not, for Shakespeare, of first-rate excellence, perhaps, as giving a compendium of human life), have no special fitness for the place given to them, except that they fill the interval while Orlando is gone to fetch Adam; there is little in the scene to lead up to them, and the philosopher who uttered the passage would have been impatiently, perhaps disrespectfully, listened to by the company. But nothing is more natural than that Shakespeare should a hundred times have thought "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" that he should, at a leisure moment, have expanded the thought, and, pleased with the picturesque piece of work, should have taken the first opportunity of giving it permanence in a play. Another such instance is the Queen Mab speech, which the gay, volatile Mercutio rather delivers as a lecture than flings off as one of those passing thoughts which form the fleeting populace of his airy brain. The irrelevancy of such passages is best seen on the stage, where the speaker takes up a position in which to address himself to the audience, while the rest of the characters stand idly and awkwardly by.

The most singular (and to us a most convincing) testimony to this practice—the natural, and, indeed inevitable result of the operations of so exuberant and active a mind — is supplied in Hamlet's most famous soliloquy, by the lines where he speaks of

> "The undiscovered country from whose bourne
> No traveller returns"—

a grand passage, and eminently fitted to Hamlet's *character;* but not to his circumstances. That of all Shakespeare's personages it should be Hamlet who says this—a man, the current of whose life had just been changed by a revelation made in an interview with a traveller returned from the undiscovered country—is an oversight so singular that it can only be accounted for by supposing it to have at first been noted as a passing thought, and transplanted later into Hamlet's speech. Hardly less singular is it that the slip has never before (so far as we know) been observed.

No passage in Shakespeare is better known, nor more often quoted, than Portia's appeal to Shylock, beginning, "The quality of mercy is not strained." This line catches the ear rather than satisfies the sense, — "quality of mercy" conveys no idea beyond "mercy," and "strained," doubtless for "constrained," is not a legitimate or happy equivalent.

> "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath."

If it does, it ought not; for nothing is more indiscriminate than the rain, which falls where it is not needed as well as where it is, on the sand of the desert as well as on the field, on the sea as well as on the land; whereas mercy would be, not a virtue, but the most mischievous of vices, were it indulged for any but the best of reasons,—the reason, namely, that

in the particular case a better result might be expected from dispensing with, than from inflicting, the abstract award of the law. But we will grant that the simile is employed only to represent spontaneousness (though a good simile should need no such restriction) and proceed :—

> "It is twice blessed,—
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

But this is not peculiar to mercy —it is true of charity, magnanimity, generosity, justice, of all the social virtues :—

> "'Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

How so? How, indeed, can mercy be "mighty" at all? It is most conspicuous in the mightiest, because the powerful can exercise it on a scale and with a publicity commensurate with their authority; but it can in no case be said to be "mighty;" and the first "mightiest" is possibly a misprint (originating, like so many in Shakespeare, in the compositor's ear) for some such word as "brightest."

> "It becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown :
> His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
> But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
> It is an attribute to God Himself,
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
> When mercy seasons justice."

This, addressed to a throned monarch, would have been highly effective ; but being really addressed to a poor despised Jew, it is altogether out of place. Shylock might properly reply, "Why talk to me of what is becoming in kings? What have I to do with majesty and sceptred sway?" The appeal would be appropriate only if directed to the judgment-seat, not to him who stands there to "feed fat his ancient grudge"—a very reasonable grudge, let us, in justice to Shylock, say; for many a Christian would have desired to avenge the marks of contempt, gratuitous, outrageous, and disgusting, showered by the merchant upon the Jew, even by the vivisection of the offender.

But now comes the most curious part of the speech—

> "Consider this,
> That in the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation."

Truly a singular mode of persuading a Jew, to talk to him of "salvation"! Such language would but have confirmed him in his fell intent; and when Portia goes on to say—

> "We do pray for mercy,
> And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
> The deeds of mercy"—

the staunch Hebrew—who has already told Bassanio, "I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you,"—irritated by having it imputed to him that he joins in the Christian's prayer, must have been doubly impatient to commence operations on Antonio. Nevertheless, orthodox playgoers listen to all this with what they fancy to be intense admiration, though entirely irrelevant to the object, and faulty in itself. But we hold such believers in honour, and will say no more. Purposely have we kept this example to the last, so as not to fright them earlier in the paper; and, having said only thus much, we still feel as an ancient Greek might have felt who had been heard to speak ill of Apollo at Delphi.

BARON FISCO AT HOME.

Ha, my old friend! so, you've come back again!
Sit down, sit down!—'tis years since we have met.
How goes the world with you?—You shake your head
Not well? Indeed! I'm sorry. So your plan
Did not succeed. You see 'twas as I feared.
You would not heed me, thought my counsel bad;
Would go your own way; had your notions high
Of honesty and honour, and all that,
Straightforwardness, uprightness, these at last
Would, *must* succeed;—what think you of it now?
Was it not as I told you? Honesty
Is simply the worst policy on earth:
As for the other world, the future world,
If any such there be, it may be best;
But for this world, made as it is, 'tis worst—
A mean low proverb, and what's more, a lie.
"Virtue's its own reward," exactly so—
Its own reward, whatever that may be,
But not the world's success. No, no, my friend!

You look surprised to find me titled, rich,
Housed in a palace, playing the great man—
It must be laughable to you, who know
How we began in life. So let us laugh—
Laugh inextinguishable laughter, just
As the old Augurs did upon the sly
When no one saw them. Faith, this serious load
Of dignity is sometimes hard to bear!
And pleasant 'tis to meet a friend with whom
One may throw off one's livery of pretence,
Relax, laugh, lie no more, be natural.

So now, a truce to lying and pretence,—
I do so suffocate beneath my mask,
I am so sick of my falsetto voice,
Almost I'd like to cry out to the world
I am a scoundrel, though a prosperous one—
Only it would not do;—and then so long
To Christian jargon I have schooled my tongue
And virtuous slang, that it comes hard at last
Even to myself to own the very truth,
And wholly cease to be a hypocrite—
Nay, sometimes I impose upon myself,
And almost think I am what I pretend.

You bring the old times back, how vividly!
We started from the self-same path in life,
You one way, I the other. Both of us

When we were young and poor, ay, very poor,
Hawked through the streets our little stock of wares
Spread on a tray, and swinging from our necks,
Pens, pencils, trinkets, brooches,—all mere sham;
Mine were, at least,—what yours were, you know best;
And so, mere boys, we bore along the streets
Our tawdry store, and cried: "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"
Well, passers bought of me more than of you
Simply because I lied with glib, false tongue,
Vaunted my goods as real,—in a word,
Cheated; of course I cheated, if I could.
What's any trade but cheating? All the world
Strove to cheat me, and I strove to cheat them.
And thus at first we earned enough to live—
Badly, of course, but still we lived and saved;
Went to bed hungry many a night to dream
Of coming fortune, that was slow to come.

So daily turning over our small gains,
We by degrees laid by a pretty sum,—
Paltry enough indeed, but still enough
At least to start upon—to place our feet
Upon the ladder's lowest rung of trade;
And then we parted, what long years ago!
How many is it? Forty at the least.
And now we meet again. Ah well, my friend!
You have not prospered; you are poor, I see,—
Still poor—hungry perhaps.
Stop! let me ring,—
A glass of good old wine will do you good.
Wine? You shall breakfast with me—we will talk
Over old times. Perhaps 'tis not too late
Even now to put you on the prosperous road.
We'll see—we'll see!
John, set the table here—
Set it for two—my friend will lunch with me;
And bring two bottles of that old red seal
Out of the right bin, A 1—upper shelf.
And your champagne? You like it sweet or dry?
Dry? I agree with you. The best dry, John—
You know my brand; and quick too, don't delay.

Ah, you are looking at my pictures! Well,
What say you of them? That's Meissonier—
A drinking-bout. Fine, I am told—I know
It stood me in a hundred thousand francs,
And cheap at that. That's a Fortuny there.
Bright, isn't it? And that? Oh, that's a nymph!
By—faith, I've quite forgot who painted it!
Nude—yes, I think so—very nude, but then
That's all the vogue now. Living, is it not?
Live, palpitating flesh? To balance it

There's a Madonna pale and pure enough,
Painted by—what's his name? Enough of these—
You'll come and look at them another time.
Now for our breakfast, lunch, or what you will.

You need not wait, John! Come, sit down, my friend!

Well, yes! I have succeeded as you say;
You find me rich—ay, and I mean to be
Much richer. 'Tis the first step costs. To gain
The first ten thousand costs pains, toil, care, skill,
Great self-denial; after that it grows
Easier and easier,—and at last your pile
Breeds almost of itself left quite alone.
But then I never let it quite alone.
How did I make the first ten thousand? Well,
Simply by following out my principles—
Not yours. Oh no! Your principles were fine,
High, noble, anything you will, but then
Purely unpractical. I took the world
Just as I found it; strove not to amend
Its many faults, but profit by them all,—
Made large professions, crouched and crept and crawled,
Put in my pocket all my pride,—picked up
Out of the dirtiest gutter, so to speak,
The dirtiest penny—not too proud for that
Bore all reviling patiently, bent low
To kiss the hand that struck me; what I felt
Within me I concealed, never gave voice
To bitterness in empty words. Ah no!
Not such a fool; bided my time—talked soft—
Was simply sad to be misunderstood—
Meant to do right but was deceived by knaves
Who took advantage of my ignorance.
Ah me! ah me! ah, what a wicked world!
And then your splendid counters, too, I used,—
Had always in my mouth those sounding words,
Truth, Honour, Justice, Duty, Honesty.
Reproved false dealing, speaking; went to church,
Prayed loudly, openly declared myself
A miserable sinner; dropped my mite
Into the poor-box in the face of all;
Let all my good deeds shine out before men,
And wore a face of pure simplicity.

A cloak, you say! Well, yes! I wore a cloak.
One must not go quite naked in this world.
We must use phrases—only they are fools
Who think them more than phrases. Everywhere
Men use them—in the pulpit, in the mart.
But who does more than use them as a cloak,
If there be any such, they are rank fools.

Dishonest was I? Fie! Beyond the verge
Of Law—and *that*, as I suppose, is right—
I never put my foot, or not both feet;
One foot within the Law I always kept.
Of course I used the Law, and studied it,
Availed myself of all its shifts and turns,—
And in its limits planted, flung my nets
Beyond, to haul my hooked fish safely in.

With even little means one may do much
Through knowledge of the law and pains and skill.
My little business at the first I did,
Only from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth,—
Never with writings, contracts, signatures—
That is on my part, never put my name
To obligations. Promises in words,
Of course, I gave; but promises are air—
One may forget, deny, misapprehend.

Shaved notes? Of course. Lent money? Yes, of course.
Upon usurious interest? Stop, my friend!
What is usurious interest? If I own
A little sum, and some poor man has need
Of just that sum, I should of course be glad
To give it him, not lend it; but indeed
I am too poor, have other duties too,
I dare not run even temporary risk.
But for your note, say, for a hundred francs,
You must at once have money. Ah, good sir,
I have but fifty; and your simple note,
What is it worth? Out of pure friendliness
I offer this; but pray don't take me up—
This is a friend's act, who can call it wrong?

There have been times, I will confess to you,
That I have sheered too closely to the law,
And made mistakes—but they were mere mistakes.
I once forgot some money that was placed
For my safe keeping in my hands, forgot
Most absolutely—and, in fact, forgot
To make a memorandum. Being thus,
I naturally used it for my own.
But somehow it was proved that I was wrong,
And I repaid it—certainly—at once,
When it was proved; but the censorious world
Would not admit this was a mere mistake.
Ah me! what evil minds and thoughts there are!

There have been several mistakes like this;
But who among us does not make mistakes?
There were some notes that once passed through my hands
With altered numbers,—in one case, indeed,

With awkward signatures,—mere carelessness.
I should have been more careful, I admit,—
And even now I scarce forgive myself.

Well, this is all, I think: you see, my friend,
How I have prospered. Spite of my mistakes
I have my palace here, who used to climb
To the fifth storey of my garret mean;
I have rich meats and wines (this wine, I think,
You will acknowledge good), French cook, and all
That luxury asks, who once was well content
With my stale crust, and once a-week, at most,
A scrap of meat, not always sure of that.
Around my neck I carried once my tray,
And now my brougham and horses carry me—
Nor finer horses will you see in town.
My playhouse was the street once,—now I own
My opera-box, and sitting there at night
I take some pride that I am gazed at there
And pointed out as one to be observed,—
The Baron Fisco—that is he. Ah, well!
Little we thought, we two poor ragged boys,
Of anything like this; but now I am
Wealthy, respected,—and ennobled too,—
Have been a Deputy, and should be still
But for an unexplained mistake, that now
Is scarce worth mentioning since it is past.

To me obsequious many a hat is raised
Despite it all; and on my breast I wear
Stars, crosses, ribbons, when I go to Court,—
And smiling, I shake hands with some like you—
Having such principles as yours, I mean—
Upon whose breast I see no simplest cross
To hide the well-worn coat with its white seams.
It pays, you see—it pays, say what we will.

Success, my friend, covers all kinds of sins.
Never be found out, that's my rule of life.
Truth, Honour, Honesty, are excellent
To talk about, but as strict rules of life
Are, let us say, most serious obstacles.
You've found them such, I think—so have not I.
Little by little small things grow to great.
One must be patient—never force one's card,
But wait the time to play. Riches are power,
And having won them, if we bide our time,
We can buy anything we will. All things
Are purchasable—if we only knew
Just how and when to buy them. That needs skill.
Honours and titles? Ah, well—well—a loan
Is sometimes needed,—privately, you know,—

For persons high in power and influence;
And then, of course, one lends it as a friend,
With no advantage asked or dreamed. Ah no!
Glad of the honour to be borrowed from,—
Only too proud to be of the least use,—
Even as a carpet to be trod upon,—
Such generosity brings its reward.

And then, again, with riches at command,
Things take a different aspect, better name.
What looks like swindling with a petty sum,
Is on a grand and speculative scale
Honest enough, so it be large enough.
The difference 'twixt a million and a franc,
Makes such a difference in so many ways.

Come, fill your glass again—we are old friends;
You see I nought conceal, speak openly.
We began life together. I am rich,
You poor. You see my principles were best.
If you object to the word principles,
I'll say my practices. We'll not discuss
The word—that's nothing. Now I say to you,
Join me, I'm getting old and tired too;
Be my first clerk, first confidential man—
I'll pay you well; and having gone thus far,
Made enough money, if indeed one has
Ever enough, quite,—I can now afford
To let you have your way, since I can trust
Your honesty, and *that*, I must confess,
Is of all things the rarest on the earth.
I have been seeking for an honest man,
God knows how long! I find him here at last.

You smile as if to say—"So, at the last,
Even Honesty succeeds." Well,—yes,—sometimes.
Not of itself, though, save by happy chance,
When it can lend itself to abler hands.
We all like Honesty in those we use—
That is, as far as what concerns ourselves.

W. W. S.

THE LIGHTS OF 'MAGA.'

I.—THE HEROES OF THE 'NOCTES.'

1. *Wilson—Lockhart—Hogg.*

It is now sixty-five years since the birth of 'Maga,' and it occurs to us that there might be interest in a series of articles on the writers whose reputations are associated with her fortunes. If the Magazine owe them all, they owed much to the Magazine, for it gave them the freest scope for the exercise of powers which were stimulated in a brilliant and genial fellowship. It has always been the boast of the conductors of 'Maga,' that their contributors have formed a literary family working in pleasant harmony with their chief as with each other, and cultivating social as well as literary relations. So it has come about that we have cherished the old traditions, paying affectionate reverence to the memories of the men who set their successors a bright example. It may be that in undertaking this series of sketches we shall not unreasonably be suspected of partiality. And prepossessions at least, are so natural, that we do not care to disavow them. But the more we have learned to love and honour, in a long and intimate acquaintance, the less temptation shall we feel to be uncandid. The first writers in the Magazine had no doubt their faults, literary and otherwise, as none knew better than themselves; nor shall we treat them so disrespectfully as to try to gloss these over. For we know that they can afford to be shown as they were; nor will they lose anything by frank and honest criticism. If not, we cannot help it. We propose to group, with such method as the circumstances will permit, the lights that have shed their lustre on our pages. But while reviewing them chiefly in their relations to the Magazine, it would be impossible to do justice to the versatility of their gifts, without glancing, in our notices, at their general writings. We have no idea of making our sketches biographical; yet occasionally biographical facts must be essential to their illustration. We shall make incidental allusions to habits and tastes, in attempting to give life and colour to our impressions; and we may add that, in the private correspondence in our possession, we have access to exceptional sources of information.

The heroes of the 'Noctes' were the fathers of the Magazine. Young fathers they were, with the exuberant spirits of youth as well as its strength and freshness, when the vigorous offspring of their brains sprang suddenly into existence. But it was more than two years after the appearance of the first number that Wilson's lively imagination originated the famous individuality of Christopher North; that grave, potent, and omniscient senior, affecting to prop his infirmities on the formidable crutch, and swathing his muscular limbs in the bandages of the gouty valetudinarian. The first glimpse we have of Christopher, by the way, is in one of those fictitious advertisements of mythical works, which used to figure on the outer sheet of the periodical. There was an announcement of the forthcoming 'Autobiography of Christopher

North, Esq., Editor of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, in 3 vols. 8vo, with numerous engravings of men and things.' After glancing at the autobiographer's manifold experiences, beginning with dramatic adventures in Paris during the French Revolution, and embracing extensive travels in Europe, the advertisement goes on to observe, that "the age at which he has arrived is such as to convince him of the folly of either hoping or fearing much for himself." It is pointed out by Mr Shelton Mackenzie, the acute editor of the American edition of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' that Christopher, according to a subsequent assertion of his, had been born in 1751, which would make him seventy-one at the commencement of the 'Noctes,' and eighty-four at their conclusion. That assumption of advanced age and a ripe maturity of judgment was quite in harmony with the spirit of mystification with which the Magazine was conceived and conducted. Its characteristics were the force, the fire, and the freshness of youth; its faults were those of irrepressible and impulsive genius. Lockhart, who was Christopher's most indefatigable and efficient coadjutor, states its case and makes its apology in that singularly clever production of his —'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.' After setting forth the reasons which had encouraged Mr Blackwood and his literary allies to launch their new venture—reasons which were mainly based on their antagonism to the politics and principles of criticism of the 'Edinburgh Review,' he goes on—

"But the persons who are supposed to have taken the lead in directing the new forces, wanted many of those qualities which were most necessary to insure success to their endeavours; and they possessed others, which, though in themselves admirably qualified for enabling them to conduct their projects successfully, tended, in the manner in which they made use of them, to throw many unnecessary obstacles in their way. In short, they were very young, or very inexperienced men, who, although passionately fond of literature, and even well skilled in many of its finest branches, were by no means accurately acquainted with the structure and practice of literature, as it exists at this day in Britain. They saw well enough in what respects the literature of the day had been allowed to fall into a condition unworthy of the old spirit of English literature, but they do not seem to have seen with equal perspicacity in how many points the literary practice of our time has been improved, beyond that of the ages preceding. With their minds full of love and veneration for the great serious authors of all nations and ages, and especially so for all the master-spirits of their own time, they appear to have entertained, also, a most singular warmth of sympathy for all the extravagances, caprices, and madnesses of frolic humour, that were ever in any age embodied in the vehicle of fine language, or made use of as the instruments of powerful intellect. . . . They admired rather too indiscriminately, and whatever they admired they never thought it could be improper or unsafe for them to imitate. They approached the lists of literary warfare with the spirit at bottom of true knights; but they had come from the woods and the cloisters, and not from the cities and haunts of active men, and they had armed themselves, in addition to their weapons of the right temper, with many other weapons of offence which, although sanctioned in former times by the practice of the heroes in whose repositories they had found them rusting, had now become utterly exploded, and were regarded, and justly regarded, as entirely unjustifiable and disgraceful by all who surveyed, with modern eyes, the arena of their modern exertions."

That last metaphor seems to us exceedingly happy. The young knights, or rather knight-errants, charged with their visors down, and

as their range of vision was necessarily circumscribed, they ran their tilts blindly and recklessly. Their blood grew heated, moreover, in the excitement and joy of the *mêlée*, and they struck out more wildly as the struggle grew more hot. Strokes were dealt here and there, which were speedily regretted and repented. But those sins, which one of the culprits has so candidly confessed, are the most certain proofs of their powers. The Magazine, in spite of them, made itself a position from the first, and steadily advanced in influence and authority; the fact being, that it was carried through by its originality and brilliancy. The editor was a shrewd man of the world, and an excellent judge of literature, who soon succeeded in geting his wild team in hand; while young contributors, with a wide range of reading and a variety of rather unusual accomplishments, began quickly to tone down and ripen in experience. We may measure the advance by estimating the distance between 'Christopher in the Tent,' which came out in 1819, and those remarkable 'Noctes,' the first of which appeared only three years later. The consecutive sets of papers are conceived in similar style; and in the former, of course, were the germs of the 'Noctes.' Yet what a difference between the two in thought and tone, in learning and in delicate intellectual fancy! Under canvas with Christopher in Braemar, the boisterous and farcical predominate; there is plenty of fun and frolic in pages enlivened with songs and snatches of poetry, that are sometimes sweet and often witty. But the party seem to think they must become bores, if they break away from their horseplay: any serious talk is introduced almost apologetically, and indeed it strikes us as strangely incongruous; the literary criticisms, even on eminent contemporaries, too frequently degenerate into rough personalities, as Christopher himself has to own very often; and should a disputant threaten to become tedious or discursive, he is summarily cut short with a challenge to drink. While, as for the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' after Wilson had almost monopolised the authorship, they are—what we shall attempt to show at the conclusion of our article.

It was a fortunate chance for themselves, for 'Maga,' and, we may add, for periodical literature, which brought Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart into intimate relations with each other, and with Mr Blackwood. It gave them precisely the field they needed for the exercise and development of their remarkable powers; while the strong good sense and sound literary judgment of the firm-willed and self-reliant publisher, after sundry sharp lessons in the shape of law proceedings, which he had the wisdom to lay to heart, served to repress the indiscretions of his less responsible young allies. Wilson and Lockhart—*par nobile fratrum*—seem to have been born to shine in conjunction. With many brilliant qualities in common, each could often supply what the other wanted. They were nearly of an age, and had very similar tastes. The start in life of both had been what the world, especially in those days, would have pronounced a failure. Being young Scotchmen of brilliant parts, overflowing with intellectual ambition and energy, both were originally intended for the Bar. They might have fairly hoped, after due probation among the idlers in the Outer House, to gain the favours of the solicitors and the ears of "the Fifteen;" to be advanced to snug sheriffships by their party, and to rest, in the fulness of time, from more active labours on

the serene dignity of the Bench. There seemed no reason why either should not have figured more conspicuously in the high political office of Lord Advocate, and made his mark in association with Cabinets in the administration of Scottish affairs. Either, as the event subsequently showed, could have thrown himself heart and soul into politics: there could be no question as to their capacity for mastering legal principles or drawing pleadings; and Wilson, as shrewd a judge of character as Lockhart, might, like Lockhart, have become a cosmopolitan man of the world. But their tastes or intellectual defects shaped themselves differently; and we at least can only rejoice at what has been unmixed gain to the world of letters. Wilson, with all his marvellous activity, had neither liking nor patience for legal drudgery; while Lockhart found from the first that he could hardly hope to succeed as a speaker. Even had success in the profession of the law been of vital consequence to Wilson, his fervid poetical temperament and brilliant imaginative faculties might nevertheless have broken away from the control of his calmer reason. As it happened, he found himself absolutely his own master, and free to follow his predestined bent. He had inherited a handsome fortune, and was relatively a rich man. Had he ever weighed the future deliberately—which we doubt—he might have looked forward with confidence to triumphs in the Courts. He had not only the tongue of a fluent speaker, as he showed in his declamation at the Burns Festival and elsewhere; but those rarer and more commanding gifts of persuasion, with which he might have rivalled the forensic oratory of a Clerk, a Cranstoun, or a Jeffrey. But he was a strange mixture of activity and indolence. Insensibly abandoning himself to his inclinations, he glided into the vocation that gradually engrossed him; and from trifling with the pen, like so many of the briefless, became a literary man by profession, and the chief pillar of 'Maga.'

Lockhart was differently situated. He has been described, and very recently, by eminent literary authorities, who should have been better informed, as "a man of the people;" and it has been even said that he was indebted to the assistance of friends for his education at the university. No assertions could be more unfounded or ridiculous. Assuredly there is nothing opprobrious in being a man of the people who has made himself. But Lockhart, as it happened, although the son of a minister and born in a manse, was a cadet of one of the most ancient families in the south of Scotland — of a family whose martial exploits are historical. His father, who had taken Presbyterian orders, like not a few Scottish gentlemen of the time, was possessed of a comfortable independence of his own, and had, moreover, married a co-heiress. Assuredly the wealthy clergyman had no need to "send round the hat" that his son might be helped to Oxford; and the story carries absurdity on the face of it. But naturally John Gibson Lockhart, as a younger son, had merely such a modest competence as might serve to start him in life. His literary tastes were as pronounced as those of his future friend; but he had the world before him, and his way to make in it. With the consciousness of his fine talents, he had no lack of ambition, and he naturally coveted fortune and position. Could he once make his mark at the Bar, he might count upon friends to help him forward. And he had

the qualities that might have made a great lawyer, as assuredly he was exceptionally gifted in a way that must have formed an effective advocate and a dangerous debater. He had a logical mind, acute reasoning powers, extraordinarily quick perceptions of flaws and fallacies, a talent for subtle analysis of principles and sophistries, a ready wit, and a tenacious memory. Above all, he was imbued with the instinct of sarcasm, which must have supplied him with a whole arsenal of weapons in the shape of irony, ridicule, and blighting invective. Had he been blessed with Wilson's self-forgetfulness when standing up for a set speech, he might have been as formidable in the Parliament House as caustic old John Clerk of Eldin, whom he has painted in 'Peter's Letters' with equal *verve* and pungency. We may hazard the prediction that, sooner or later, he would have found his way to London all the same, although not as editor of 'The Quarterly.' Success would have stimulated him to higher flights. He would have wearied of the local Edinburgh society with the provincial tone which he has satirised in the 'Letters;' he would have left the Parliament House to enter at the Inns of Court; would have worked for a seat in Parliament, allied himself to the influential Tory coteries he could have helped alike as writer and debater; and seen his talents brilliantly rewarded in the prospect of services to come. Alnaschar-like, we have run up a castle in the air for him, which we dare to say he may many times have dreamed for himself. But if it were so, the fabric crumbled at the foundations. Time after time he failed in his attempts at making anything like a reasonably effective speech.

The duller victims of his wit had their revenge when the lively young master of satire and caricature, rising to some formal motion, stammered and hesitated; and possibly grave dignitaries on the bench, who knew that they had been ridiculed by his pencil, chuckled inwardly over his discomfiture. Lockhart, who was as proud as he was nervously self-conscious, had too good cause for discouragement to care to persevere. But while he renounced his hopes of rising by the law, his was not a nature to accept failure with complacency, still less to resign itself to inactivity. So, like Wilson, he made a pursuit of what might otherwise have amused his leisure. And if a life of letters was less lucrative, and if, for a time at least, it placed him less *en evidence*, it was not without its immediate compensations. He had a genius for writing, and consequently he enjoyed it. With a remarkable capacity for sustained labour, like Wilson, he dashed off his best work, almost without sensible effort, from a brain teeming with ideas. Like Wilson, for a young man who lived anything but the life of an anchorite, he had accumulated very miscellaneous stores of knowledge. He had travelled, and going out of the beaten English track, had formed an unusual acquaintance with foreign literature; while, with a naturally pugnacious turn of intellect, he knew that he only needed practice and experience to become an accomplished master of literary fence. What he desired was an opening for the exercise of his powers, with the assurance of addressing himself to appreciative readers; and that opening was offered him at the turning-point of his career.

With Wilson and Lockhart we have classed James Hogg. Indeed the Ettrick Shepherd was emphatically the hero of the 'Noctes.' It was his rare individuality

which inspired the fancies that created an idealised and glorified shepherd-poet, embodying the best of the wit, eloquence, and pathos in that most original series of articles. The finest passages Wilson ever penned, his happiest thoughts, his most profound philosophy, his most glowing rhapsodies on the subjects that charmed him everywhere, and in Scotland in especial, were all placed appropriately in the mouth of the Shepherd. While, at the same time, it must be admitted that the writers of the 'Noctes' took good care to adjust the balance of nature, by making their shepherd-friend figure as a buffoon. But after all, it was from the life that they painted him; and his vanity was quick to forget the wounds that were being constantly inflicted on it. With his genius, with the warmth of his heart, and his many engaging qualities, Hogg was the most feather-brained and conceited of mortals. As he naively observes in the opening sentence of an autobiography which is the frankest of all frank self-revelations,—"I like to write about myself; in fact there are few things which I like better." We may imagine, then, how gratifying it was to him to be kept monthly before the public in a magazine that was generally read and discussed. A man far less covetous of fame and notoriety might well have felt flattered at being made the natural mouth-piece of the most brilliant utterances in the circle of the wits who gathered round the immortal Christopher. For, although his brother wags might audaciously attribute erudition to a man who had only had some months of "schooling" in his boyhood; though they might gravely propose to the countryman from the Braes of Yarrow to write and review fashionable books; though they might tempt him with the promise of parliamentary triumphs, and assure him that he might have a distinguished political career;—yet, on the other hand, his natural talents were known to be so considerable, that the Shepherd of the 'Noctes' seemed scarcely a caricature. There was no saying of what the peasant might not be capable, who had not only written "Queen Hynde" and "Kilmeny," but "run" a weekly paper of his own, to which he was the chief if not the sole contributor. It was not with Hogg as with Dr Scott, the unlucky "Odontist"—a dentist whom Lockhart in a mirthful hour selected as the mouthpiece of some of his own most sparkling contributions, till the victim at last was brought to believe that he was in reality a distinguished literary genius. Doubtless Hogg, could he have had his way, would gladly have picked and chosen among the articles attributed to him. From time to time he was annoyed, irritated, or furious at the liberties which, as we must admit, were most unjustifiably taken with him. We can fully sympathise with his bitter complaints that sentiments had often been put into his mouth of which he was heartily ashamed, while all his expostulations had been persistently disregarded; and indeed, after he had made formal announcement that nothing without his name subscribed was to be regarded as genuine, Lockhart did not hesitate to sign as well as to write for him. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that his normal state of mind was one of complacency at the conspicuous part he was made to play; and the proof of it is, that although he never actually wrote for the 'Noctes,' he repeatedly furnished hints, songs, and stories, knowing well the use to which they were to be turned; while he continued a habitual contributor to 'Maga.'

It was highly characteristic of Hogg that he claimed to have originated the Magazine. And unquestionably he had the idea in common with other men, as with Mr Blackwood, who finally decided to carry it out. The supercilious despotism of Constable (the "Czar"), the autocracy and the financial success of the 'Edinburgh,' had made the starting of an opposition periodical inevitable sooner or later. But Hogg's scheme, so far as it was not simply in embryo, was based, as we might expect of the man, on the notion of his editorship—a suggestion which must have appeared ludicrous to everybody but himself. Assuredly Blackwood, who was a shrewd man of business, would never have pitted against Jeffrey and Constable the individual who had just brought his own 'Spy' to grief; nor intrusted the direction of his literary and political articles to the self-educated shepherd, who was simple as a child and touchy as a savage. Hogg might please himself with boasting of his claims to the paternity; and we know that he often grumbled at the ingratitude which had intrusted his imaginary offspring to other guidance. But he was more than content to take his place among the contributors: he had the satisfaction of knowing that his articles were highly valued in spite of the rough and hasty workmanship; while the remuneration was invariably welcome, as he was always struggling with difficulties. His correspondence with his publisher is a striking confirmation of the resemblance of his portrait as painted in the 'Noctes.' It shows that strange blending of the shepherd and the literary man which Wilson has developed with so much humour and effect; and all the writer's childlike simplicity, with his bright perceptions and constitutional irritability. We shall have more to say of the Shepherd presently when we come to notice his writings. But we must add in the meantime, in justice to him as to his friends, that they all loved him if they laughed at him and with him, and that they rendered him many important services. We see, from unpublished letters, that Lockhart was invariably anxious to befriend him; while Wilson, after showing him uniform kindness in the course of their long and cordial connection, made a journey to Ettrick in bleak November to lay the body of the shepherd-poet "in the mouls," remaining bareheaded in sad meditations by the grave when the rest of the mourners had left the kirkyard.

But to come back to Wilson himself. To estimate him as a writer, we must know him as a man; for his works, with all their amazing versatility, are the freshest and most unreserved expression of a singularly vigorous and many-sided nature. In their generally genial tone, as in their occasional outbursts of strong personal feelings, in their eloquent expression, in their broad philosophy and graceful scholarship, in the fun and pathos blending and alternating, in their frank abandonment for the moment to the inspirations of the predominating thought, in their shrewd analysis of character, in their graphic portraiture of life, and, above all, in their vividly realistic pictures of nature,—they are the very Wilson himself—the student, the Bohemian, the bookworm, the sportsman, the professor, the kindliest, merriest, and most entertaining of jovial companions. In the 'Noctes' in especial, he confounded all these qualities. And he transfused the whole with the fire of his genius, kindling at intervals into Berserker-like outbreaks of inspiration. The beauties are scattered broadcast, and

we shall find it no easy matter to do them justice by casual references or short selections. The chief fascination of his writings, which abode by them to the last, sprang from the perennial freshness of the recollections by which they are impregnated. His boyish remembrances had engraved themselves indelibly. Associations awakened the chords that vibrated to the memory, and straightway some picture was vividly conjured up in Highland snowstorm or smiling lake scenery. Nor was it merely the material impressions that his recollections instinctively revived. It seems to us as if his trains of ideas were continually carrying him back to his youthful manner of thinking, although these were governed by the chastened sobriety of a judgment that had been steadily maturing. And to the last his sympathies were as broad and generous as his feelings were easily moved by the bright, the melancholy, or the beautiful, whether in art or nature. He had strong opinions and convictions, and he expressed them with the masculine decision which was the very essence of his character. But never did critic, where he saw reason to praise, bestow his commendation with more generous discrimination. He had not a shade of jealousy in his composition; and nothing was more congenial to him, or gave him more heartfelt pleasure, than the discovery and encouragement of rising talent. It was then, above all, that old Christopher became young again, as he was reminded of his own literary beginnings. And yet, as the mentor of ardent youth, he was to the full as judicious as he was capable and kindly. The intelligent aspirant must have been quick to recognise that it was his strongest points, or those which gave most hopeful promise, which had been singled out for commendation; while even more valuable than the praise were the painstaking criticisms which directed attention to the faults or the shortcomings.

As for Wilson's own blemishes, they are conspicuous enough, especially to critics of the present generation; and we need feel the less inclination to blink them, that they do him little discredit. The most obvious of them were closely akin to his beauties—perhaps we may say inseparable from his beauties; and so it was that to the last he never altogether got rid of some, while very possibly others actually grew upon him. Like most fine writers in his favourite style, when at his best he wrote almost from inspiration. We can fancy that, as his pen flew over the paper, his thoughts were often outstripping it by a sentence or two; and his daughter records exploits in his interesting biography which almost approach those mythical feats of which Christopher brags in his 'Noctes.' To that inspiration we owe the dash and the fire which turn even dull subjects into bright reading. But that inspiration was not to be curbed at a moment's notice by the severe taste and the transcendent refinement which are the attributes of gentlemen who weigh each word and polish each carefully considered period. Wilson, besides, was outspoken to a fault; and being as truthful as he was earnest, with his impetuous nature he was not unfrequently personal. And sincerity and honesty are such admirable qualities in a critic, that we may condone some of the defects which are their almost necessary consequences. The age, too, as we have already remarked, was an age of personalities; when one set of writers made war on another, singling out some antagonistic school for attacks, until at last they came to confound men

with their opinions, and even fiercely assailed the private characters which may have been in great measure the creations of their prejudiced fancies. We do not mean to apologise; we are merely explaining. So it came about, that Christopher and his colleagues, like their literary opponents, frequently in the heat of warfare indulged in epithets, assertions, or insinuations, which subsequently they saw reason to regret or retract. That they were occasionally coarse, we are compelled to admit; although on that score, with our more delicate or more conventional susceptibilities, it is difficult to judge them fairly. The plainness of language of the English classics of the last century was still in favour with popular writers; and if a reaction against it had begun to set in, that reaction had chiefly originated with men inclined to go to the opposite extreme of squeamishness,—with men whom the masculine Wilson was inclined, for other reasons, to hold in supreme contempt. But Wilson, it will be said, is sometimes offensive in his conception and elaboration of scenes, as well as in chance words and incidental phrases. Granted. And yet not unfrequently the genius of the man is never more evident than in that; and had we had the brain and the fancy to conceive some of those scenes, we should hardly have had the self-control not to shape our ideas in the images that so forcibly reflect them, although, foreseeing the storm they might provoke, we bowed beforehand to its justice. We might have softened, perhaps, and so emasculated and spoiled; but Wilson, whether for better or worse, seldom seems to have balked his fancy. We have specially in our mind at this moment the memorable meeting of "The Red Tarn Club." It may be remembered that there he is describing, in very different styles, the death of an unfortunate Quaker, who had gone astray in the solitudes of Helvellyn. He asks us himself which of his versions we like the best—whether the funny or the affecting one; and though, as matter of taste, we prefer the latter, we confess we have been more impressed by the former. We are at once fascinated, shocked, and repelled by the exceedingly grim humour of "the hungry and thirsty old ravens" who form the Red Tarn Club, flocking to "the Ordinary,"—by the spectacle of the demons in "glossy black feather coats and black breeches," whetting their beaks and chuckling over the prospects of the feast. It is more than a spectacle or a satire. It is a slight, but most suggestive, analysis of the very decided individualities of the members of that society of feathered gourmands, from the president downwards. Yet the effect is greatly marred to us by the consciousness that the study is an outrage on art as a mockery of mortality; while tainting the fresh air of the Cumberland hills with the revolting details of the dissecting-room or the dead-house, seems almost sacrilegious in a poet who worshipped nature so reverentially. But Christopher, like Salvator Rosa, and Blake, and Wiertz, and all fantastically powerful artists, was fond of contrasting the terrible with the beautiful. He loved to blend the romantic with the sombre; and occasionally, as in the meeting of the ravens, his inspirations carried him too far. And, by way of set-off, we may recall another picture from the 'Noctes,' at least as striking, where he has just reined up his fancy in time. It is a picture of the king of the vultures, attributed to the Shepherd, and contains, in a few crisp sentences, the material for a magnificent epic.

"Birds o' prey. That's a grand subject for him. Save us! what he would mak o' the King o' the Vultures! Of course he would breed him on Imaus. His flight is far, and he fears not famine. He has a hideous head of his own—fiend-like eyes—nostrils that woo the murky air—and beak fit to dig into brain and heart. Don't forget Prometheus and his liver. Then dream of being sick in a desert place, and of seeing the Vulture-King alight within ten yards of you—folding up his wings very composedly—and then coming with his horrid bald scalp close to your ear, and beginning to pick rather gently at your face, as if afraid to find you alive. You groan; and he hobbles away, with an angry shriek, to watch you die. You see him whetting his beak upon a stone, and gaping wide with hunger and thirst. Horror pierces both your eyelashes, before the bird begins to scoop; and you have already all the talons of both his iron feet in your throat. Your heart's-blood freezes; but notwithstanding that, by-and-by he will suck it up."

That is poetry in prose if you like—poetry, wild, vivid, and dramatic, when even in the intense agony that protracts minutes into hours, act is crowded upon act and scene on scene. And if Wilson had been in the habit of measuring the divine afflatus mechanically, like the strokes of a forcing-pump, we might have been spared the ravens of Helvellyn, but we should have lost the vulture of Imaus.

But to return to that freshness which we have asserted as his perennial charm, and to the circumstances that created and perpetuated it. He had a magnificent constitution; for long he enjoyed almost perfect health; he had been brought up in the country, and he returned to his rural loves whenever he could find or make an opportunity. From the first, his active brain had never been overworked; and it was characteristic of his very rational education, that when he was to quit the manse in which he had passed those happy years which did so much towards moulding his mind and his future, he asked and obtained permission to spend some months in taking leave of his early haunts and habits. A waste of time many people might have called it, but happily those who had the care of him knew better. So all through life, his holidays were an important point of education with him; and often his best work must have been shaped out when he was almost unconscious of mental effort. Nothing of his that is destined to live smells either of the lamp or the study. His mind may have been unconscious of effort, yet it was working indefatigably as his muscles, and passing treasures into the charge of his memory. When the stalwart gentleman-tramp—he has drawn himself to the life in "Christopher at the Lakes,"—with the leonine look, the flowing yellow mane, and the broad shirt-collar thrown widely open, was striding over wild passes among the Highland mountains, or following, rod in hand, the windings of some rushing stream in the pastoral valleys of the Border, his keen observation was noting the changing effects which give their colour and perpetual variety to his endless panoramas of nature. He came to know nature as well as he loved her; and so we measure the distance that divides him from her conventional admirers, who either write in the recollections of cursory impressions, or have picked up their superficial knowledge at second hand. So the subjects that his eye embraced as it followed the circlings of the eagle over the heights of Ben Cruachan, or as he rowed homewards to Tibby Shiels' 'twixt sunlight and moonrise across the silvery waters of St Mary's Loch, are transferred for us to his pages in pen and ink, with

marvellous truth, beauty, and originality.

Nor was it only the eye of sense that was busy in those happy holiday times. Between sleeping and waking of a summer day, when resting from his toils on some mossy bank, and looking up to the cloud-flecked skies, through the sylvan trellis-work of the foliage, the fancy of the poet would be far away, dreaming the dreams and seeing the visions that must come unbidden if they come at all. Perhaps he has nothing more beautiful than the "Fairy's Funeral," which he saw in the spirit on the banks of the Orchy, when moonlight was silvering the summit of Ben Cruachan.

"There it was, on a little river-island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy's Funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night-winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument, was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over my couch, and then alighted without ceasing among the heather. The pattering of little feet was heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-drops; and sung, without words, of sorrow and death. . . . Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed, as it seemed, of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. . . . They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the green sward was smooth as ever—the very dews glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon, and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen."

But even Highland scenes and Border glens must be peopled with other folk than fairies, if the reminiscences are to have their appropriate completeness and animation; and Christopher, treading in the footsteps of Scott, shows us that the inhabitants of such a country as Scotland may be truthfully made as picturesque as its romantic scenery. He knew as well as Hogg—we may add, as Lockhart—that the characteristic romance of an earnest but impressionable nation like the Scotch is to be sought chiefly in the cottages of the lower orders; that there are poems in the everyday annals of the poor, and passions at work under commonplace exteriors; that the most tender feelings and the deepest sympathies may be hidden away in unsuspected nooks and corners. And if he was not born in a shealing like Hogg, he loved to frequent the cottages and farmhouses: many of the most touching passages in his 'Essays,' as in his 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' are the fruits of the hearty and kindly nature which charmed the timid and the cautious into involuntary confidence, causing intellectual and social differences to be forgotten. Peasants and children took to the large-hearted man who talked to them so familiarly, so pleasantly, and so sympathetically; who showed no condescension, because he seemed conscious of no superiority; and who cheered them in their cares and their troubles by his manner as much as his words. They took to him as dogs and children take to

the friends they know by instinct. And Wilson repaid their confidences by reproducing the morals of their humble lives with all the power of his cultivated genius, and the simplicity of one of themselves. The "Cottar's Saturday Night" has its counterpart in many a prose idyl he carelessly threw off from his memory.

Yet, though he loves to expatiate by preference on the more beautiful aspects of humble Scottish life, no one can say that he has consciously flattered his country people. No one knew better that pastoral innocence, except in childhood, is a dream of the poets and a myth of the golden age: and as he has taken sorrows more often than happiness for his themes, so he has not shrunk from depicting rural vice and crime. Nay, not unfrequently, there as elsewhere, he has brought out in almost objectionable detail what perhaps he had better have been content to indicate. But if he excels in the pathetic or the dramatic, he revels in the humorous. See him hold the mirror up to nature, where nature had turned out oddities and eccentricities! Hear him on the good-humoured Bohemians of society, on the men who had strayed from the respectable beaten paths, or on those who, although coldly regarded by the strait-laced, were really the enemies of nobody but themselves. Like James V. of facetious memory, the accomplished scholar courted adventures, and was always finding himself, much to his satisfaction, in the strangest company. We can understand that in his love of the unsophisticated, and his contempt for what was conventional, he had something of a fellow-feeling for tramps, tinkers, cairds, gipsies, poachers,—for the love of the sport, — *et id genus omne.* Not unfrequently a passing roadside acquaintance, when the hours flew by with jest, song, and story, had been prefaced by a fair stand-up fight; for the wanderer was as ready of fist as of tongue. Even after he had attained the dignity of the professorship, he had to own to a couple of his future students that he had just been the hero of a single combat at Hawick Fair. Of course he had figured as champion of the weak; but even then the announcement must have scandalised the staid young Scotchmen had he not previously excited their admiration by a display of his extraordinary mental powers. And reading between the lines in the 'Noctes' or the 'Recreations,' we come upon many a similar, though tacit, confession, as we acknowledge the graphic realism of some Smollet-like scene described with inimitable spirit and drollery.

The reminiscences date back to boyhood, and even to childhood,—as when "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket," retracing the angler's progress, conjures up

> "The new-breeched urchin, standing on the low bridge of the little bit burnie. . . . A tug—a tug! With face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength, in the agitation of his fear and joy, to pull away at the monster — and there he lies in his beauty among the gowans and the greensward, for he has whapped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long!"

And next we have the excited child rushing over the house, carrying his prize on a plate, and showing the monster to everybody. We know from the biography by his daughter that it is precisely as little Master Jack Wilson would have behaved, even had we not felt we were being favoured with a personal

sketch in that most veracious touch of his refusing to wash his hands before dinner in the pride of the scales adhering to his thumb-nails. As Dickens drew the most lifelike scenes in 'David Copperfield' from his own hardships as a little outcast in London, so Wilson enlivens his miscellaneous writings by perpetual autobiographical reminiscences *passim.* Nor has he anything much finer in the way of description than that of the parish of the Mearns near Paisley, where he spent his happiest years in charge of the minister. We find it in the opening of his "May-day."

"Art thou beautiful, as of old, O wild, moorland, sylvan, and pastoral Parish! the Paradise in which our spirit dwelt beneath the glorious dawning of life—can it be, beloved world of boyhood, that thou art indeed beautiful as of old? Though round and round thy boundaries in half an hour could fly the flapping dove—though the martins, wheeling to and fro that ivied and wall-flowered room of a Castle, central in its own domain, seem in their most distant flight to glance their crescent wings over a vale rejoicing apart in another kirk-spire, yet how rich in streams, and rivulets, and rills, each with its own peculiar murmur—art Thou with thy bold bleak exposure, sloping upwards in ever lustrous undulations to the portals of the East! How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells, and broomy nooks, without number, among the banks and braes! And then of human dwellings—how rises the smoke, ever and anon, into the sky, all neighbouring on each other, so that the cock-crow is heard from homestead to homestead; while as you wander onwards, each roof still rises unexpectedly—and as solitary, as if it had been far remote. Fairest of Scotland's thousand parishes—neither Highland nor Lowland, but undulating,—let us again use the descriptive word;—like the sea in sunset after a day of storms—yes, Heaven's blessing be upon thee! Thou art indeed beautiful as of old!"

It may be the licence of the poetry of the affections to apostrophise the Mearns as the fairest of Scotch parishes. Whether it be still "beautiful as ever," as we have never seen it we cannot say. And, to tell the truth, we have no wish to see it, fearing disenchantment, like Wordsworth when he wrote his "Yarrow unvisited." To us it has always been the enchanted ground of the 'Recreations,' and notably of "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket;" and if he has idealised it into the impressions of distinct reality, it says the more for his genius. We associate young Wilson with its manse, its moorlands, and its village street, as we associate Gilbert White with the Forest of Woolmer and the Hanger of Selborne. Half Highland, half Lowland, we knew it as a very paradise for the ornithologist or the bird-nesting boy; with birds of each ordinary Scottish species—from falcon, buzzard, and hen-harriers hunting over the moors and mosses among their muir-fowl and their snipe, to the mavises and the merles in the manse garden, and the sparrows that swarmed up everywhere in clouds when a stone was flung into thatch or ivy. It was there that "poor wee Kit" was lost on that memorable morning when he had started at "skreigh of dawn" to draw a night-line from the Black Loch; when "a mist overtook him on the moor on his homeward way, with an eel as long as himself hanging over his shoulder, and held him prisoner for many hours within its shifting walls, frail indeed, and opposing no resistance to the hand, yet impenetrable to the feet of fear as the stone dungeon's thraldom." How we sympathise with the shivering urchin, as, when he sat down to cry, "the small brown moorland bird, dry as a fossil, hopped out of his heather-

hole and cheerfully cheeped comfort"! And how characteristic is the small castaway's delight when, forgetting his sad plight in excitement over the wonder, he sees three tiny peaseweep shuffle past him—nestlings which have just emerged from the shell!

It was from that parish of the Mearns that the well-grown lad started on the angler's and shooter's progress. Even those who have little sympathy with field-sports, must surely confess that we should have lost much had Christopher been no sportsman. Never is his pen more eloquent, or his imagination more fervent, than when he is casting a fly in the rocky pools, or striding, Manton in hand, over the moors. How animated and animating are his descriptions of the hooked monster of the stream, or the stealthy crawl on the red deer; of the "brattle along the brae," when the "lang dogs" were laid upon the witch in the maukin's fur that had her seat under the peat-dike of the cotter's kail-yard! For, as a sportsman, Christopher was most catholic in his tastes — too much so, indeed, according to more humanitarian modern notions; for loving to look upon a fair battle whether between man and man or beast and beast, he delighted in a main of cocks as much as Lord Derby or his Grace of Norfolk, or many another peer or statesman of the times. For ourself, we have formed personal friendships with many cats, and nowadays we should as soon hound a bulldog on a baby, as look on while a cat was being worried by the terriers. Yet if we dared, we should like to quote that thrilling and dramatic interlude, awakening recollections of thoughtless rather than cruel boyhood, where Glowrer and Tearer, after a furious hunt, bring the "she-devil incarnate, all ablaze and abristle," to bay at the hedge-root. Other days, other times of life, and other ways of thinking; and we do not quote it. Rather let us take Christopher in somewhat gentler mood, though still bent on murder; when he has caught sight of the solitary heron, solemnly, yet swiftly, swallowing an eel.

"Be propitious, O ye Fates! and never—never—shall he again fold his wings on the edge of his gaping nest, on the trees that overtop the only tower left of the old castle. Another eel, and we too can crawl silent as the sinuous serpent. Flash! Bang! over he goes dead—no, not dead,—but how unlike that unavailing flapping, as head-over-heels he goes spinning over the tarn, to the serene unsettling of himself from sod or stone, when, his hunger sated, and his craw filled with fish for his far-off brood, he used to lift his blue bulk into the air, and with long depending legs, at first floated away like a wearied thing, but soon, as his wings felt the current of air homewards flowing, urged swifter and swifter his easy course—laggard and lazy no more—leaving leagues behind him, ere you had shifted your motion in watching his cloudlike career, soon invisible among the woods!"

It is poetry as usual, and sound natural history as well; and frames a picture, moreover, of earth, air, and water, of which the fate of the heron was merely the suggestion, as his life and death were the moving incidents. Christopher, we believe, was a very fair shot, and fond of shooting in a moderate way. We doubt not that in his time he had knocked over most Scottish game, from the shy red deer to the shier whaup. And being merely moderately fond of shooting, his shooting sketches are often exquisite. For he followed the sport in contemplative mood; and so he dresses its episodes in the language of unstudied eloquence, and his shooting articles abound in spirited

digressions that land us quite as often as not in the realms of art, criticism, or philosophy. But fishing was a passion with him, and so when he gets upon that subject, he confines himself more strictly to the absorbing pursuit. Never, of course, does he show himself more animated; but even when idealising he concentrates his energy on spirited descriptions of the actual sport. "But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging-stone. There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the foam like a bar of silver bullion. . . . Give her the butt—give her the butt—or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathoms deep!"—and so on. Admirable the descriptions are; but necessarily a little of them goes a long way; and Christopher, who knew that, is chary of them, considering his enthusiasm as an angler. But his thoroughgoing style of fishing being eminently characteristic of his ardent yet earnest nature, we may recall what the Shepherd has to say of it in the 'Noctes.' His daughter assures us that the description is exact.

"Oh! but you should have seen him in Loch Owe, or the Spey. In he used to gang, out, out, and ever sae far out frae the pint o' a promontory, sinkin aye furder and furder doun, first to the waistband o' his breeks, then up to the middle button o' his waistcoat, then to the verra breast, then to the oxters, then to the neck, and then to the very chin o' him, sae that you wunnered how he could fling the flee, till last o' a' he would plump richt out o' sight, till the Highlander on Ben Cruachan thocht him drooned; but he wasna born to be drooned—no he, indeed—sae he taks to the soomin; and strikes awa wi' ae arm, like yoursel, sir—for the tither had haud o' the rod—and, could ye believ't, though its as true as Scriptur', fishing a' the time, that no a moment o' the cloudy day micht be lost."

From the sportsman we pass naturally to the ornithologist; and in Wilson, as in all worshippers of nature, the one taste and the other were indissolubly blended. An exceedingly delightful series of essays are those entitled, "Christopher in his Aviary." If he knew less of birds scientifically than his brother the eminent naturalist, we venture to say that he had lived far more in the intimacy of those which make the delight of wild parishes like the Mearns. In his "Aviary" in rambling fashion he passes all in review,—now rising to sublimity of style among the rugged precipices where the eagles have made their eyries from time immemorial; now celebrating the songsters of the fields and woodlands in strains almost as sweet as their own. Now he leads us away to the solitudes of the moor, to listen to the whistle of the curlew and the cry of the lapwing; now he invites us to sedgy swamp and lonely tarn, the haunts of the coot and the water-hen; and to the mosses, where the wild duck and teal are rearing their broods of flappers; and anon we stroll out with him in the stillness of the gloaming, when the night owl on downy wing is gliding ghost-like from rick-yard to hedgerow, hunting for the mice and small birds that are "to pacify a set of hissing and snappish and shapeless powder-puffs in the loophole of a barn." For each and all, from "the golden eagles of Glenfalloch — the storm - wheelers and the cloud-cleavers," down to the tiny wren, he has some word of grateful praise and admiration; and be it observed that, translating the eulogies into language of his own, he has something quaintly original to say about each. But he reserves his simplest and most affectionate tenderness for the birds, which, if they are not exception-

ally, are especially Scotch; for those that have chiefly inspired the peasant muse, as unconsciously to him they have charmed away the cares of many a cottager; for the blackbird and the thrush, the lark and the "grey lintie."

"Higher and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, uplifted by ecstasy, soars the Lark, the lyrical poet of the sky. Listen, listen! and the more remote the bird the louder seems his hymn in heaven. He seems, in such altitude, to have left the earth for ever, and to have forgotten his lowly nest. The primroses and the daisies, and all the sweet hill-flowers, must be unremembered in that lofty region of light. But just as the Lark is lost—he and his song together—as if his orisons had been accepted—both are seen and heard fondly wavering earthwards, and in a little while he is walking with his graceful crest contented along the furrows of the brairded corn, or on the clover lea that in man's memory has not felt the ploughshare; or after a pause, in which he seems dallying with a home-sick passion, drooping down like one dead, beside his mate in her shallow nest."

What a variety of articles—for although similar they are never monotonous—Wilson has written specially on scenery! Of the Continent he knew nothing: for England,—always excepting the semi-Scottish Lake country to which he clung through life with undivided affection,—he cared little. But with his quick appreciation, with his rare receptiveness to each impression of the sublime and beautiful in their ever-changing forms, he had lived and dreamed in the Highlands and among the Lakes, till, as he says himself in playful exaggeration, he had come to know each nook of them only too well. In "Streams" and "Cottages;" in a series of monologues on the Moors, the Lakes, the Seasons; in many a bright passage in the 'Noctes' as well,—he has expatiated on his favourite themes. But divorcing passages from their contexts would generally do him such injustice, as if we were to tear a strip, by way of specimen, out of a landscape by Claude or Turner. And yet some slight selections we must make, were it only that our notice of him may be fairly comprehensive. Shall we take him when he hesitates as to awarding the palm of beauty among his four favourite Lakes—Awe and Lomond, Windermere, and Killarney? Hardly; for there we should have to make extracts extending over many pages of 'Maga,' beginning with the characteristic and rapturous apostrophe to Loch Awe,—"mountain-crowned, cliff-guarded, isle-zoned, grave-girdled, wide-winding and far-stretching, with thy many bayed banks and braes of brushwood, fern, broom and heather, rejoicing in their huts and shielings." Rather let us single out a more compact fragment, most beautifully suggestive, when out with his setters on the moors on the 12th, he is doubting towards what airt he shall turn his face.

"Over yonder cliffs shall we ascend, and descend into Glen Creran, where the stony regions that the ptarmigan loves melt away into miles of the grousey heather, which, ere we near the salmon-haunted Loch so beautiful, loses itself in woods that mellow all the heights of Glen Ure and Fasnacloigh with sylvan shades, wherein the cushat coos, and the roe glides through the secret covert? Or shall we away up by Kinloch-Etive, and Melnatorran, and Mealgayre, into the Solitude of Streams, that from all their lofty sources down to the far-distant Loch have never yet brooked, nor will they ever brook, the bondage of bridges, save of some huge stone flung across some chasm, or trunk of a tree—none but trunks of trees there, and all dead for centuries—that had sunk down where it grew, and spanned the flood that eddies round it with a louder music? Wild region! yet not barren; for there are cattle on a thousand hills, that, wild as the very red-deer, toss

their heads as they snuff the feet of rarest stranger, and form round him in a half-alarmed and half-threatening crescent. There flocks of goats—outliers from Dalness—may be seen as if following one another on the very air, along the lichen-stained cliffs that frown down unfathomed abysses—and there is frequent heard the whirring of the gorcock's wing, and his gobble gathering together his brood, scattered by the lightning that in its season volleys through the silence, else far deeper than that of death;—for the silence of death—that is, of a churchyard filled with tombs—is nothing to the austerity of the noiselessness that prevails under the shadow of Unimore and Attchorachan, with their cliffs on which the storms have engraven strange hieroglyphical inscriptions," &c.

Or going southwards with him across the Border, hear him expatiating upon the lakes as distinguished from the lochs.

"Each Lake hath its promontories, that, every step you walk, every stroke you row, undergo miraculous metamorphoses, accordant to the 'change that comes o'er the spirit of your dream,' as your imagination glances again over the transfigured mountains. Each Lake hath its Bays of Bliss, where might ride at her moorings, made of the stalks of water-lilies, the Fairy Bark of a spiritual life. Each Lake hath its hanging terraces of immortal green, that along her shores run glimmering far down beneath the superficial sunshine, when the Poet in his becalmed canoe among the lustre could fondly swear by all that is most beautiful on earth, in air, and in water, that these Three are One, blended as they are by the interfusing spirit of heavenly peace. Each Lake hath its enchantments, too, belonging to this our mortal, our human world,—the dwelling-places, beautiful to see, of virtuous poverty, in contentment exceeding rich—whose low roofs are reached by roses spontaneously springing from the same soil that yields to strenuous labour the sustenance of a simple life. Each Lake hath its Halls, as well as its huts,—solemn now, and almost melancholy, among the changes that for centuries have been imperceptibly stealing upon the abodes of prosperous men—but merry of yore, at all seasons of the year, as groves in spring."

He delighted in wanderings through the wilds of the Highlands; but it was in that enchanted land of the Lakes that he loved to live: and the poet, pedestrian, and student could hardly have found a home that suited his tastes more happily than Elleray. His writings abound in fond allusions to the rambling, mossy-roofed cottage De Quincey has photographed for us, and which was subsequently replaced on similar architectural lines by a more pretentious but scarcely less picturesque residence. Wilson adored fine timber as devoutly as any worshipper of Dryads and Hamadryads; but it was the sycamore, the tree of the Lakes, to which his affections turned most fondly, and, above all, to the mighty sycamore that cast its broad shadows over Elleray. "Never in this well-wooded world, not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another tree. It would be easier to suppose two Shakespeares. . . . Oh sweetest and shadiest of all sycamores, we love thee beyond all other trees!"

It may appear somewhat paradoxical, but from the passionate admirer of nature to the critic, the transition seems to be as easy and natural as from the keen sportsman to the naturalist. For passionate as his admiration was, it was tempered by judgment and regulated by philosophical principles; and if his landscape-painting is as remarkable for vigour as for versatility, it is because quickness of perception was an instinct with him, and because he intuitively analysed his emotions and their sources. He was a born critic if ever man was; and it is by his criticisms, in the broadest meaning of the word, that he will be best remembered. He read and interpreted the changing expressions on the face of Nature

with an intuitive and sympathetic discrimination all his own. But as Nature comes very near to perfection in her several styles, his criticisms run on an ascending scale of admiration from chastened praise to rapturous eulogy. With the works of his fellow-men it was different. Never blinded, although he might be dazzled, by the blaze of their genius, he saw the blemishes in a Shakespeare though he almost failed to find any in a Homer. With more ordinary mortals he became the discriminating judge, always, we are sure, desirous of being dispassionate, yet not unfrequently swayed by his prejudices or convictions. For example, in common with Lockhart and the rest of the Blackwood brotherhood, he detested what they had dubbed contumeliously "the Cockney school." He often dealt hard measure to such able writers as Hunt and Hazlitt, though, when he was impressed by some clever piece of work, he would pay it a handsome tribute. Nay, where he fancied he detected the cloven foot of "the Cockney," he would occasionally indite a stinging article on some man whom he really loved and respected. We have before us now a letter in which Lockhart complains bitterly to Blackwood of the Professor's treatment of Sir Humphry Davy's 'Salmonia.' The fact being that in expatiating on the salmon and eagles of Loch Maree, the philosopher *did* write exceedingly like a Cockney,—to say nothing of such smaller sins, as the absurd modicum of claret he served out to three hearty sportsmen who were taking their pleasure in the Highlands in all weathers. But if Wilson could be severe, he was warmly appreciative as well, as may be seen by a reference to his writings generally. And, as we have said, no literary veteran was ever more judiciously encouraging to young aspirants of talent with the faults of their inexperience. We have read sundry charming private letters written under such circumstances. Before proceeding frankly to indicate the blemishes, he invariably gives generous admiration to the beauties. As the critical consulting adviser of the editor he was admirable in that respect; and we may refer in especial to a letter in which he rejects a poetical effusion of his friend Dr Moir, which is quoted in his daughter Mrs Gordon's 'Memoir.' After many well-deserved compliments, he assigns his reasons categorically; and whether answerable or not, they are, at all events, so cogent as amply to justify the writer's decision to the intelligence of even a mortified contributor. By the way, there is an incidental passage in the letter which is interesting, as showing the writer's modest appreciation of his own merits as a poet. He says, "You have not, it is true, written any one great work, and perhaps, like myself, you never will." Not the least pointed of Wilson's critical judgments are to be found scattered incidentally through the dialogues in the 'Noctes.' But it is undoubtedly in his finished articles on the poets that he shines in his fullest lustre. We agree with him that he never himself wrote a great poem. We think, as we shall have an opportunity of arguing later, that in the actual practice of the poetical art, he fell far short of the highest standard. Nevertheless he was undoubtedly a great poet in imaginative power, in the sensibilities, and in the emotions. He shows it in his sympathetic strength of his analysis—in the quick reception and harmonious expansion of some beautiful idea—in his fervent elucidation of suggestive passages where he interprets the inner mind of the poet; as in the readiness with which he strips the commonplace of a

rhapsodical disguise, and the originality with which he disputes received opinions. Let us take an extract from the article on Tennyson, in which he expresses admirably the true principles and influences of the loftiest poetry :—

"It is not at all necessary that we should understand fine poetry to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music. That is to say, some sorts of fine poetry —the shadowy and the spiritual; where something glides before us ghost-like, 'now in glimmer and now in gloom,' and then away into some still place of trees and tombs. Yet the poet who composes it must weigh the force of every feeling word—in a balance true to a hair, for ever vibrating, and obedient to the touch of down or dew-drop. Think not that such process interrupts inspiration; it sustains and feeds it: for it becomes a habit of the heart and the soul in all their musings and meditations; and thus is the language of poetry, though human, heavenly speech. In reading it, we see new revelations on each rehearsal—all of them true, though haply different; and what we at first thought a hymn, we may at last feel to be an elegy—a breathing, not about the quick, but the dead."

We should remember that striking passage in reading his article upon Coleridge, which, in its delicate display of the sensitive critical faculty, we are disposed to place even before the article on Burns, although the author of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" appealed so strongly to the Scottish sympathies of Wilson. Ere we read Wilson we had admired "Christabel;" yet we hardly loved where we failed to understand. But Wilson seems to penetrate the mysticism of the author, to dream his dreams and to realise his fancies: he suggests unsuspected difficulties only to explain them; and if his interpretations should have missed the meaning of the other poet, at all events they recommend themselves forcibly to our imagination. The language of the criticism is as fervent as it is finished. The admiration is unstinted, though thoroughly well reasoned; and the metaphors with which he illustrates the beauty of the poem, although fantastic, are not extravagant.

"Christabel resembles no other poem, except inasmuch as it is a poem. Here was a new species of poetry, and the specimen was felt to be perfect. It was as if some bright consummate flower had been added to the families of the field—discovered growing by itself—with its own peculiar balm and its own peculiar bloom,—mournful as moonlight—delicate as the dawn—yet strong as day,—and in its silken folds, by its own beauty, preserved unwithered in all weathers."

What is its meaning? It is a mystery, which even Coleridge himself could not have explained; for who can explain a mood of superstition? And yet there is an impression of intense realism, which awakens the true emotions of love and fear for the unsuspecting virgin imperilled by her charity. "What the dread and what the danger you know not, but that they are not from the common things of this world." The strain on the highly wrought feelings becomes more tense, as Wilson points out, with the casual touches which seem insignificant in themselves, how the stranger, gliding in the moonlight from the wood, is guided to the chamber of her innocent guide. The broken accents of Geraldine are ambiguous: the stumble on the threshold; the moaning of the mastiff; the flicker of the flame from the dying embers in the hall; the sinking under the sacred emblem of the silver lamp that is "fastened to an angel's feet," —those and other signs that become more ominous in conjunction, "all sink down our hearts for the sake of the sinless Christabel,"—all seem to prepare us for some coming shock—"a horror hinted, yet not revealed."

So with the analysis of the "Ancient Mariner," in which Wilson again defends the daring treatment of the supernatural in the highest order of imaginative poetry. It is all a question of the genius of the poet; the verse must either be immortal, or a miserable failure. For the contrast between a failure and a triumph, let us refer our readers to Wilson's remarks on Tupper's foolhardy attempt to finish Coleridge's incomparable fragment. *Apropos* to the fantastic structure of the "Ancient Mariner," it is explained that the poet's dream thrown into poetry, although it be made up of the wild and wonderful, may be nevertheless as consistent with itself as the grandest effort of speculative thought. The ordinary rules of evidence are set aside; no limits are assigned to the possibilities of nature; and yet the conceptions may be not unnatural. "Unnatural!" Nothing is unnatural that stirs our heart-strings —her voice it is (nature's voice), if from some depth within us steals a response. Wilson shows, with rare vigour of intelligence, how Coleridge has condensed in comparatively few words the very essence of torment; how he wrought out his true "Tragedy of Remorse—and also of Repentance." "But Remorse and Repentance, what are they to Doom? They neither change nor avert — and seeing themselves both baffled, again begin to ban and curse, till there is a conversion; and out of perfect contrition arise, even in nature's extremest misery, resignation and peace."

If we are right in our estimate of Wilson's judgments of poetry, we need hardly waste words on his brilliant essay on Burns. We must be content to single out a couple of passages; one of which gives the key to the poet's peculiar strength, as the other to the fascination he has exercised over his countrymen. In the first, Wilson argues that our greatest poets have always gone to the people for their most effective or most moving pictures. Scott, and Shakespeare, and Wordsworth "have descended from aerial heights into the humblest dwellings." But

"Burns was born, bred, lived, and died in that condition of this mortal life to which they paid but visits; his heart lay wholly there; and that heart, filled as it was with all the best human feelings, and sometimes with thoughts divine, had no fear about entering into places which timid moralists might have thought forbidden and unhallowed ground, but which he, wiser far, knew to be inhabited by creatures of conscience, bound there often in thick darkness by the inscrutable decrees of God."

As for the infinite charm of his poetry for the poor, Wilson seems also to have found the secret of that. Burns lamented their sorrows, as he touched their sores with a tender hand; but in idealising the bright side of their existence, he lightened their hours of care and toil with the merry spirit of the old ballad poetry. For Labour is often inclined to mirthful mood, nor is "Care always his black companion." And we fancy we hear Wilson speaking of his friend the Ettrick Shepherd, as well as of the Shepherd's great master and model, when he writes—

"From the first hour, and indeed long before it, that he composed his rudest verse, often had he sung aloud 'old songs that are the music of the heart;' and some day or other to be able himself to breathe such strains, had been his dearest, his highest ambition. His 'genius and his moral frame' were thus imbued into his spirit of our old traditionary ballad poetry; and as soon as all his manifold passions were ripe, and his whole glorious being in full maturity, the voice of song was on all occasions of tenderest and deepest human interest, the voice of his daily,

his nightly speech. He wooed each maiden in song that will, as long as our Doric dialect is breathed by love in beauty's ears, be murmured close to the cheek of Innocence trembling in the arms of Passion."

If the articles on Coleridge and Burns are exceptionally admirable, those on Tennyson and Macaulay show his generous appreciation of rising genius; though the laureate resented his strictures in lines that have been thought worth reprinting in later editions, if they do little credit to the writer in any way. As to the warm praise of "The Lays of Ancient Rome," we should scarcely care to recall the fact that Macaulay was one of the most formidable champions of the Whigs, were it not that Wilson has been most unreasonably reproached with injustice to political opponents, and notoriously to the contributors to the 'Edinburgh.' But it is in the series of essays on "Homer and his Translators," which almost occupy an entire volume of his works, that Wilson displays all the resources of his critical strength, as they awaken all the emotions of his poetical sympathies. With the careful comparison of the merits of the best of the translators—with the scrupulous weighing of epithets, and the searching estimate of the paraphrases—with the elucidation of the spirit of the bard, and the analysis of the original Greek text, —the capabilities of the judge were submitted to a severer test than those of the authors he summons before them. It seems rash in the extreme to court such an ordeal; but we think candour will confess that he comes out of it triumphantly. There is a touch of affectation in one of the opening sentences, where he says—"We are no great Greek scholars, but we can force our way *vi et armis* through the 'Iliad.'" His scholarship was not only sound, but fastidiously preceptive, as he proceeds straightway to prove. The preliminary remark on the theory of a plurality of Homers, is to the point, and conclusive. "Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets. . . . Who ever heard of two Miltons—of two Shakspeares? That there should have been even one of each is a mystery, when we look at what are called men." His conceptions of Homer and the Homeric characters are singularly interesting; while, by exciting us to the exercise of our own reflective faculties, they raise us to an attitude of intelligent enjoyment, as they remind us of the manners of the Homeric age. Homer flourished in the days of a magnificent barbarism, when kings feasted like gluttons, and the godlike son of Thetis could exult savagely over the corpse of the fallen champion of Troy. Then, "was Homer savage or civilised?" Both. So was Achilles. Conceived by a goddess, and begotten by a hero, that half-celestial child sat at the knees of a formidable Gamaliel—Chiron the Centaur. Grown up to perfect stature, his was the Beauty of the Passions—Apollo's self in his loveliness,—not a more majestic minister of death." It has often occurred to readers of the 'Iliad,' to ask if the mighty Achilles was not really a coward. What credit to him, if he, knowing himself invulnerable, achieves feats impossible to mortal men, and revels safely in slaughter? But it is impossible that the sublime Homer should have made a hero of a truculent coward; and Wilson reconciles apparent inconsistencies, and, forcibly disposing of the difficulty, glorifies the chivalry of Achilles.

"From whom would he have fled? Not from Mars and Bellona. One qualm of fear would have destroyed that transcendent ideal of unconquerable will. But he was invulnerable. Would that in our boyhood we had

never been confounded by that lie! He was, of all the heroes that fought before Troy, the sole Doom'd Man, yet never knew he fear within the perpetual shadows of death."

And the idea that must have inspired Homer's creation, is confirmed by the address of the dying Hector to his slayer: "There is no savage spirit of revenge in the prophecy that expires on his lips; it is almost a passionless prediction of death to one who feared not death—an enunciation of the will of Heaven about to be executed by a god. . . . And what moral sublimity in the answer of 'the dreadless angel'!"

"Die Thou the first! when Jove and Heaven ordain—
I follow thee, he said, and stripp'd the slain."

So, too, we have intelligible explanations of the apparent weaknesses of the noble Hector; and ample justice is done to the overbearing "king of men" in the grand reconciliation scene with his once sullen enemy. Especially fine and equally characteristic are the glosses on these immortal episodes, in which the Trojan hero consoles the weeping Andromache; where the deputation of the Grecian League is welcomed in the tent of Achilles; and where the bands of the wolf-like Myrmidons are mustering for the fight, when Patroclus is to be sent to the Shades, while wearing the arms of Achilles. Once again we call attention to the comparisons of the translations; and a careful study of these is invaluable as an exercise in practical criticism. Whether Wilson confirm you in your personal opinions, or differ from them, his suggested reasons are sure to carry weight, if they do not bring absolute conviction.

We must resist the temptation to linger over his "Homer;" but after all, were we to devote a score of pages to it, we could only amplify what we have indicated as its beauties. And so we pass on to the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' in which he has at once created a central character with a wonderful individuality, and displayed the best of his versatile powers as an inimitable essayist. Setting genius, talent, cleverness—which you will—aside, what strikes us as the most conspicuous feature in the 'Noctes' is the seduction of the intellectual conviviality. Their *locale* was most appropriately laid in the dining-room of one of Christopher's mansions, or in the Blue Parlour at Ambrose's in moments of unrestrained social enjoyment. Supposed to be written or reported at midnight, there is not the faintest odour of the lamp about them. As little does the facility of the free-and-easy style leave any impression of negligence or superficiality. Wilson threw off his best articles in sustained bursts of inspired effort, from a free fancy with a running pen. His daughter in her 'Memoir,' as Gillies in his 'Recollections of a Veteran,' enlighten us as to the Professor's method of writing. His literary feats were even more remarkable than those of his *collaborateur*, Lockhart. Gillies says: "Mr Wilson had a rapidity of executive power, such as I have never seen equalled before or since. . . . But as he would do nothing but when he liked, and how he liked, his productions, whether serious or comic, might all be regarded as mere *jeux d'esprit* and matters of amusement." Mrs Gordon goes into greater detail. Her father often delayed indispensable work till each second became of consequence. "When regularly in for an article for 'Blackwood' his whole strength was put forth, and it may be said he struck into life what he had to do at a blow." He despatched breakfast, shut himself up in his study, with

express orders that nobody was to disturb him, "and he never stirred from his writing-table until perhaps the greater part of a 'Noctes' was written." Later in life the intervals of indolence became longer, and we have Lockhart in many private notes complaining to Blackwood that the Professor had withdrawn to Elleray, and would show no sign of animation. And such a method of work was only possible to a man of powerful *physique*, so long as his health was unimpaired, with vast stores of miscellaneous reading, and a memory equally tenacious and reliable. Dumas prides himself, in the preface to one of his books, on dashing them off in similar fashion. He attributes the facility of his composition to the accuracy of knowledge which dispenses him from stopping to ransack authorities. He demonstrates his exactness in the next two pages by three gross historical blunders. But Wilson never trusted to his brilliancy to carry off careless *lapsus* of the kind; he may possibly have turned a difficulty on occasion, but we seldom or never catch him tripping. Nor can there be a question that for articles in the manner of the 'Noctes' that is the only effective style of composition, although it may be within the powers of very few. The sequence of thought flows forward unbroken; the happy repartee of animated dialogue is sustained; the bright flashes of the fancy are never dimmed in the "dull oblivion" that naturally creeps upon the writer as he diverts his thoughts to the drudgery of reference. We have spoken of Wilson creating a central individuality, and there, of course, we alluded to his Shepherd. But his own fancy portrait as Christopher North was in material respects far more imaginative; and in nothing so much as in Kit's manner of working. Kit of the 'Noctes' carries his Rabelaisian habits of conviviality into the sanctum, where he dashes off his lucubrations. He loved to scandalise the Cockneys he disliked; and so he talks of port and decanters of Madeira; of light dinners, served in sundry courses; and of caulkers of Glenlivet, by which he brightened his periods with a frequent turning up of the little finger. In reality he was as abstemious as an anchorite when he went into harness for one of his literary spurts:—

> "Whatever he had to write, even though a day or two were to keep him close at work, he never interrupted his pen, saving to take his night's rest, and a late dinner served to him in his study. The hour for that meal was, on these occasions, nine o'clock; his dinner then consisted invariably of a boiled fowl, potatoes, and a glass of water; he allowed himself no wine. After dinner he resumed his pen till midnight."

And so the pages of manuscript were piled at his elbow, to be transferred, when they became top-heavy, to the carpet; and so the 'Noctes,' almost without exception, were spun, as quickly, as lightly, and as strong as the gossamer web of the witch in "Thalaba."

It was a happy idea, if not an original one, that gathered a group of familiar friends around the well-spread supper-table. The intellectual powers brighten towards the small hours, and genius is never in greater force than when reposing itself in forms of desultory exertion after the labours of a well-spent day. Nor can we underrate the mental exhilaration that comes of the reasonable enjoyment of the wine-cup. In an age when serious after-dinner drinking had hardly gone out, the imaginary brethren of the 'Noctes' were neither sots nor topers. They were strong men who carried their liquor discreetly; and they took the precaution of laying a most substantial founda-

tion. They have been taxed with gluttony, and we are bound to admit that there is a superabundance of heavy eating in the articles. But as the Shepherd observed, in rebutting that charge, they were men of good—nay, of great—appetites. And it must be admitted that there was a sense of fitness in attributing to them exceptional digestive powers, since vigorous bodies imply vigorous minds. But those heavy suppers were as much a dream as the preliminary feast of the facetious Barmecide. We know that they neither generated dulness nor nightmares. The sparkles of wit came the faster and the brighter for repeated applications to the Round and the how-towdies; nor did pathos ever decline into maudlin sentimentality, though the "jug" made revolutions as regular as the moon round the Calton Hill. There is a sense of fitness in that, because the healthy interlocutors combined the constitution of countrymen with the intelligence of students of thought and genius. Long days on the banks of the river, on the moors, or on the hills, had led to profitable interludes of earnest self-communion, besides bracing them for the literary efforts by which they hoped to live in the future. And so they brought the freshness breathed from the Peeblesshire hills and the braes of Dalnacardoch to disquisitions philosophical and political, and to rambles among the booksellers of the Row.

The scheme invited the treatment of an infinity of subjects, and permitted the abruptest and most piquant transitions. North has been expatiating somewhat seriously upon sermons, and, apparently from sheer force of associations with recollections of old ladies with their nosegays of odoriferous herbs, his hearers begin to feel somnolent; or the English Opium-Eater has been moralising on speculative metaphysics, and the monologue grows monotonous. What more natural, than that, when the orator "cuts the thread of his discourse with a drink," one of the party should spring on the opportunity and open cry on another topic? The hint suffices, all chime in, and there is no jealousy. From communing with Bacon or Dugald Stewart, from dissecting the demonology of the Great Magician, or discussing the droning pedlar of Wordsworth—and the "Excursion" is but a sermon in poetical form—we go wading waist-deep with the Shepherd in the pools of Innerleithen, or stand watching a burst of the greyhounds on the slopes that look down upon Altrive Lake. In the compass of one night of literally fast living we are carried round the whole circle of arts, science, politics, field-sports, the journalism of to-day and the literature of all the ages. It has been said that the 'Noctes' are too provincial,—and that, no doubt, is a blemish, as is their frequently diverging at length into matters of ephemeral interest. So far as that goes, we must remember that they were written month by month, and be very grateful to take them as we find them. For surely any editor would have been ill advised who allowed himself free licence of hacking and mangling. But we distinctly deny that they are too local, which is a very different thing from being provincial. They are local inasmuch as they are essentially national; and Christopher never shows his sublimity or his sensibility so absolutely as when he is most entirely Scottish. So it came about that by the most felicitous of his many happy thoughts he glorified the shepherd of Ettrick as their central luminary. The Shepherd of the 'Noctes' is so far true to his original, that Hogg's

checkered career was really a romance; while some of his actual achievements were so marvellous that nothing he might say or do could much surprise us. The creature of his impulses, and entirely self-taught, he had done far more than compose his beautiful lyrics; for he had written, as we have said, a weekly paper, and the venture for a time had fairly succeeded. It is true that we are startled by North's proposal—made, by the way, somewhere about midnight—that he should review the fashionable novels. "I read nane," he had remarked on another occasion. But generally in practice, as in speech, he is kept within the limits of the conceivable. He does not profess to have mastered the classics; as he naively observes, when North is speaking of Turgot and Galileo, he knows nothing about Turkey or Galilee, or suchlike outlandish countries. But in his own Scotland of the Borders he is thoroughly at home, as he ranges the realms of imagination, a chartered libertine. There is nothing that can touch the sympathies of a roughly cultivated genius which is undreamed of in his poetical philosophy. For the Shepherd is always the poet, and the alchemist transmuting the baser metals into silver and gold; and if he is sometimes coarse, he is never vulgar. We can give no better idea of the eloquence of the 'Noctes' than by noting some of the flowers and the diamonds that drop from his mouth; while his casual self-revelations are as true to the life as any of the confessions in his frank autobiography. As to these last, we come on a characteristic specimen on the very threshold of Professor Ferrier's edition. "Whence," asks North, "are all your poetic visions, James?"

"*Shepherd.* Genius,—Genius, my dear sir. . . . O happy days that I have lain on the green hillside, with my plaid around me, best mantle of inspiration, my faithful Hector sitting like a very Christian by my side, glowring far aff into the glens after the sheep, or aiblins lifting up his ee to the gled hovering close aneath the marbled roof of clouds,—bonny St Mary's Loch lying like a smile below, and a softened sun, scarcely warmer than the moon hersel, adorning without dazzling the day, over the heavens and the earth,—a beuk o' auld ballants, as yellow as the cowslips, in my hand or my bosom, and maybe, sir, my inkhorn dangling at a button-hole, a bit stump o' pen, nae bigger than an auld wife's pipe, in my mouth—and a piece o' paper, torn out o' the hinder-end of a volume, crunkling on my knee;—on such a couch, Mr North, hath your Shepherd seen visions and dreamed dreams; but his een were never steeked; and I continued aye to see and to hear a' outward things, although scarcely conscious at the time o' their real nature, so bright, wavering, and unsure-like was the haill livin world, frae my lair on the knowe beside the clear spring, to the distant weather-gleam."

The Shepherd wrote poetry and tales, as we know—he saw visions and he dreamed dreams; but we do not believe he ever made sketches in the flesh, whatever he may have done in the spirit. Here, however, we have a brilliant companion study in which the imaginative resembles although it contrasts the actual:—

"I'm just as original in paintin' as in poetry, and follow nae master! I'm partial to close scenes—a bit neuk, wi' a big mossy stane, aiblins a birk tree, a burnie maist dried up, a' but ae deep pool into which slides a thread o' water doun a rock—a shepherd readin,—nae ither leevin thing—for the flock are ayont the knowes—and up amang the green hills. . . . I've dune a moor—gin you saw't you would doubt the earth being roun', there's sic an extent o' flat—and then, though there's nae mountain-taps, you feel you're on table-land. I contrive that by means o' the cluds. You never beheld stronger bent—some o' the stalks thick as your arm—and places wi' naething but stanes. . . . Time—evening,

or rather late on in the afternoon, when Nature shows a solemn—maist an awfu' stillness—and solitude, as I hae aften thocht, is deeper than at midnight."

And we may remark in passing on the cleverness with which the Shepherd's talk is managed. It abounds in most expressive Scotticisms, and no language is richer in epithets tersely expressive; but it is the Doric and classical Scotch, with little of local vulgarity. Listen to the Shepherd with his effusive patriotism, vindicating the grandeur of one of his Highland thunderstorms against the terrors of a tropical tornado. We are transported into the thickest of the war of the elements, and yet the vivid picture comes as a stimulating relief to the horrors of the strained suspense and the silent gloom which had heralded it.

"Hear it spangin—hap, step, and loup—frae Cruachan to Ben Nevis! The red-deer—you micht think them a' dead—and that their antlers were rotten branches—sae stane-like do they couch atween the claps—without ae rustle in the heather. Black is the sky as pitch—but every here and there, shootin up through the purple gloom,—for whan the lichtnin darts out its fiery serpents it is purple,—lo! bricht pillars and pinnacles illuminated in the growlin darkness, and then gone in a moment in all their glory, as the day-nicht descends denser doun upon the heart o' the glens, and you only *hear* the mountain-tap; for wha can see the thousand-year-auld cairn up-by yonder, when a' the haill heaven is ae coal-cloud—takin fire every noo and then as if it were a furnace?—and then indeed by that flash may you see the cairn like a giant's ghost. Up goes the sable veil—for an eddy has been churnin the red river into spray, and noo is a whirlwind—and at that updriving see ye not a hundred snaw-white torrents tumbling frae the tarns, and every cliff rejoicin in its new-born cataract? . . . Yet the cloud-army comes on in the dead-march—and this is the muffled drum. Na—that flash gaed through my head, and I fear I'm stricken blind! Rattle—rattle—rattle—as if great granite stanes were shot out o' the sky doun an invisible airn-roof, and plungin sullenly intil the sea. The eagles daurna scream—but that demon the raven, croaks—croaks—croaks,—is it out o' the earth, or out o' the air, cave, or cloud? My being is cowed in the intense solitude."

Yet the Shepherd, when he falls into the mood, can transport himself to the countries of the tornadoes. Witness the piece of humorous fooling in the last of the 'Noctes,' when he avows a vague belief in the "mettaseekozies," and recounts his sensations and experiences as a lion in a previous state of existence. Power of description and pathos are intermingled with his quaint drollery; and there might be worse material for a fantastical epic of the brute-world, in the inimitable manner of Reinicke Fuchs. But we are always attracted back irresistibly to Scotland—to some of those touching pictures of humble Scottish life, which Wilson has less successfully expanded in his fictions. Take the recollections of the poet's childhood, with the tranquil scenes of simple family life in many a lowly cottage in a primitive neighbourhood.

"Methinks I see my father and my mother, my brothers and sisters! We are a' sittin thegither—the grown up—the little and the less—the peat fire wi' an ash-root in't, is bright and vapourless as a new-risin star that ye come suddenly in sicht o', and think it so near that ye could maist grup it wi' your outstretched haun. What voices are these I hear?—the well-known, beloved tones of lips that have langsyne been in the clay! There is the bed on which I used to sleep beside my parents, when I was ca'd "Wee Jamie," and on the edge o' which mony a time, when I was a growin callan, hae I sat with the lassies in

innocent daffin, a skirl noo and then half waukenin the auld man asleep, or pretendin to be sae, by the ingle-neuk. I see before me the coverlet patched with a million pawterns, chance being the kaleedoscope, and the harmony of the colours perfect as that o' a bank o' flowers. As for mirrors, there was but ae single lookin-glass in a' the house, geyan sair cracket, and the ising rubbed aff, sae that ye had a comical face and queer, when you shaved; and on the Sunday mornin, when the family were buskin themsels for the kirk, it gaed glinting like a sunbeam frae ane till anither, but aye rested langest afore the face o' bonnie Tibby Laidlaw. . . . Puir Tibby! Mony a time hae I tied my neckcloth extendin the knot intil twa white rosebuds, in her een! stannin sae close, in order that I might see my image, that the ruffles o' my Sabbath-sark just touched her breast-knot, and my breath amaist lifted up the love-lock that the light-hearted cretur used to let hang, as if through carelessness, on ae rosy cheek, just aboon and about the rim o' her wee, white, thin lug, that kent, I trow, a' the tunes ever sung in Scotland.—But—oh! that lug listened to what it shouldna hae listened till—and awa frae the Forest fled its Flower wi' an outlandish French prisoner on his parole at Selkirk, but set free by the short peace. He disappeared from her ae night in London, and she became a thing of shame, sin, and sorrow."

We might multiply pictures of this kind almost at will—pictures drawn and appropriately coloured with equal delicacy and tenderness, where the scenes and surroundings of the peasant's life are faithfully reflected from lifelong observation. North, who was a Tory to the backbone, like all genuine Conservatives, had a hearty affection for the unsophisticated lower orders: he drew no ideal sketches of blameless existences, but he represented the Scottish peasants as he found them, with their sins and their troubles; doing full justice to their honest independence, and to their fostering of the virtues and affections under the difficulties peculiar to the poor. There is a very delightful description, by the way, in the fourth of the 'Noctes,' on the labourer's rest and recreation at the mid-day hour and meal. Of course, it runs like the rest into poetry, and it touches, as is natural, upon Scottish song; for Scottish song is inseparably interwoven with the joys and the sorrows of the peasant. So we scarcely change the subject when we ask our readers to listen once again to the Shepherd as he holds eloquently forth upon Scottish poetry. He is answering North, who has remarked that Scottish music is monotonous:—

"So is Scottish Poetry, sir. It has nae great range; but human natur never wearies o' its ain prime elementary feelings. A man may sit a haill nicht by his ingle, wi' his wife and bairns, without either thinkin or feelin muckle; and yet he's perfectly happy till bed-time, and says his prayers wi' fervent gratitude to the Giver o' a' mercies. It's only whan he's beginnin to tire o' the hummin o' the wheel, or o' his wife flytin at the weans, or o' the weans upsettin the stools, or ruggin ane anither's hair, that his fancy takes a very poetical flight into the regions o' the Imagination. Sae lang's the heart sleeps amang its affections, it dwells upon few images; but these images may be infinitely varied; and, when expressed in words, the variety will be felt. Sae that, after a', it's scarcely correct to ca' Scottish Poetry monotonous, or Scottish Music either, ony mair than you would ca' a kintra level, in bonnie gentle ups and downs, or a sky dull, though the clouds were neither mony or multiform; a' depends upon the spirit. Twa-three notes may mak a maist beautifu' tune; twa-three woody knowes a bonny landscape. . . . Sensibility feels a' this; Genius creates it; and in Poetry it dwells, like the charm in the Amulet."

THE SOUCHESTER SESSIONS.

THE institution of Quarter Sessions seems to be doomed. The passing of the Summary Jurisdiction Act, following close upon the multiplication of jail-deliveries, will surely deprive them of their criminal business; and when a domestic-minded Government shall have established county boards throughout the land, the finishing stroke will have been given, and the occupation will be gone of the "Justices in General Quarter Sessions of the Peace assembled."

To have taken part in their proceedings, or to have witnessed their meetings, will endue a man with the same kind of interest that now attaches to one who has seen, as by night he crossed a lonely heath on the roof of a stage-coach, a gibbeted murderer hanging in chains, or who is old enough to remember the last Wager of Battel, or is jaunty enough in his reminiscences to recollect how he once danced at an Assize Ball. Strange traditions will arise of these decayed tribunals, and any contemporary record of the customs and procedure of the courts will be as valuable to the historian of this century, as are the accounts of the Bloody Assize, to be found in the records of the State Paper Office, or the descriptions of the Trials of the Rebels after the '45, in old numbers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'

The Sessions of the Peace for the county of Souchester have always been very popular with the junior Bar of the great Southern Circuit; for the beneficent "Soup" system obtains there, and has been the means of bringing into fame young men who would never otherwise have had an opportunity of addressing, however briefly, a jury of their countrymen. There is a fine cathedral at Souchester, as every one knows who takes an interest in church restoration and controversial architecture. And some men will tell you that they have opened the Sessions for the sake of the choral services, inasmuch as it is such an easy distance from town; while others enlarge upon the advantages the little city possesses as a hunting centre, for two nearly crack packs unite their countries beneath its walls: but then the musical enthusiasts never by any chance get an opportunity of hearing a service during Sessions, for the Court invariably sits until at least three hours after evensong, and no one ever thinks of going away until the very last prisoner in the arraignment is disposed of. And then as to hunting, if any men have ever stayed in the town for a day with the U.S.H., they have forgotten all about it by the time the next Sessions come round.

It must be the "Soup" system, then, that crowds the Nisi Prius Court, for the half-hour that prolonged county business keeps the whole Bar waiting. Closely packed round the table are sitting five-and-thirty juniors of all periods and conditions,—from old Snuffleton, who in point of age is leader of the Sessions by at least twenty years of seniority, to baby-faced young Cox, who was steering the Cambridge eight a year ago, and was only called to the Bar last Guy Fawkes Day. Snuffleton must be eighty at the very least, if what they say of him is true, for he has the reputation of having carried a pair of colours in a marching regiment at Waterloo; and even in those pre-examination days a boy could not

be gazetted very long before he was fifteen. His wig, from its colour and general appearance of antiquity, looks as if it had been through that memorable engagement too—perhaps on the head of a chaplain to the forces; at all events, Snuffleton must have sold out and have been eating his dinners about the time when the witness Majocchi's "*Non mi ricordo*" was the topic of conversation at the students' messes; and even now he will tell that he first went circuit in the days when no barrister travelled without a pair of duelling pistols in his valise. And he will tell, too, how as a rising junior he was leader to Barons of the Exchequer and Puisne Judges long since departed; and there are none to contradict the stories of his grandeur, for none are even old enough to remember his decadence and disappearance for a score of years.

Snuffleton is the titular leader: the actual leaders, by virtue of briefs, are for the most part neat of costume, as befits individuals who are approaching a well-to-do middle age. Neat also, but with a newer neatness, are the promising yearlings, the two-year-olds, whose performances have, if at all, been hitherto over very short courses. The dapperness of prosperity has several points of difference from the unspotted freshness of inexperience. To begin with, the novice's wig never appears as if it belonged to the head it surmounts, and seems to proclaim that only yesterday, from a block in Ravenscroft's window, it was trying to steal sidelong glances at the progress of the new Law Courts; whereas if a leading junior in the course of time finds it necessary to purchase a new one, it at once settles down as part of his accustomed appearance. The black Melton cut-away, too, that the younger man wears, would look incongruous half hidden beneath the gown of the man of briefs. The most important distinction, however, lies in a matter of trifling detail. A prosperous barrister, whether silk or stuff, invariably by unwritten law wears beneath his bands a white necktie, after the manner of Low Church divines, who eschew the M.B. collar when they mount the top storey of their three-decker, arrayed in Geneva gown and academic hood. The newly initiated, on the contrary, wear unsupported the unsullied cambric, fresh from the laundress or the robe-maker.

Between the smartness of gilded youth and the spruceness of gold-winning middle age, there is a terrible gulf fixed; and at least one-half of the men sitting round the table are arrayed in different degrees of slovenliness, ranging from simple carelessness to actual squalor. The auburn-bearded man, with wig perched at the back of his head, allowing his unkempt locks to play over his forehead, is Philip Bowling,—and what a good-looking boy he was the year he kept wicket for Eton at Lords! nor did more immaculate master of the drag ever mount his horse outside Canterbury Gate—and that is barely a dozen years ago! Next to him is a wig whose dinginess suggests that its owner must have lent it to a chimney-sweep to grace some May-day festival; and the frayed collar and buttonless coat are quite in keeping with it; yet Kingsman is not a struggling man who cannot afford new buttons. A fellow of his college, he gave up his delightful rooms overlooking the Backs to marry a rich wife, and since then he has never ceased to lament the waste of his powers, which procured for him the Porson Prize and the Chancellor's Medal, because he knows that he is a born advocate, and that his vocation is the Bar, though

attorneys have always declined to see it.

The only powdered wig in the circle is little Fletakin's; and in addition to allowing the Bar the privilege of gazing upon this taxable luxury, which is never seen on this circuit save on the heads of Queen's Counsel, he also goes in for a Bar coat, which must be a little chilly for him below the waist. Fletakin has a small fortune of his own, but the so-called pleasures of the town are unknown to him. His wildest dissipation is a lunch in his chambers after morning service at the Temple Church; and his greatest extravagance takes the form of filling the shelves of those chambers with substantial law-calf bindings. He deeply resents the rule of the Sessions which prohibits barristers from bringing their clerks with them, for he has to powder his wig himself. He has published, at his own expense, a small annotated volume of 'Obsolete Statutes relating to the Law of Barratry;' and the year he was called he wrote a story called 'The Haunted Cestui que Vie,' for the Christmas number of a legal journal—a new departure in forensic literature that did not meet with the notice it deserved.

The noisy man sitting upon the table with his feet upon the seat is George Rowsby, Lord Battledore's youngest son. He, too, in his own peculiar way has great enthusiasm for his profession, and showed to what lengths he would go for it when he cut off the most magnificent pair of moustaches ever seen on undergraduate lips, which were at once the envy and despair of his friends at "the House," who were going up as University candidates for commissions in the Household Brigade and cavalry. His father is Lord Lieutenant of the next county, and there he secures most of the prosecutions, though as yet he has not been intrusted with a defence. His own sessions do not begin until to-morrow, so he has just looked in on his way, presumably for the purpose of getting rid of a few animal spirits. His present occupation is drawing a gentleman of florid countenance who has just arrived. This is Western, a neighbouring young squire, who has ridden over from his place five miles away; for he has such an unaccountable love for the society of the Bar that he steadfastly declines to be put on the Commission of the Peace, and be thereby disqualified from attending Quarter Sessions as a barrister. The brilliant yellow chrysanthemum in his button-hole was given to him by the daughter of the landlady of the Peacock, where the Bar mess is held, and where he has called just now to put up his horse, and this fact George Rowsby is proclaiming in unmeasured tones to all who care to listen to him. His neighbour on the other side pays no attention, for he is trying hard to catch the eye of an attorney at the opposite end of the room: his rather pronounced features, and a faint olive tinge in his complexion, seem to bespeak a slight strain of Semitic blood in his veins. Whether this be so or not, Mr Howard Levison seems likely to obtain his share of the worldly success and unpopularity which commonly fall to the lot of the chosen race, and of the latter he has already experienced a fair amount. His father is solicitor to the railway company whose line runs through Souchester, and his mother's brother is one of the leaders in Westminster Hall, and might, if he chose, be on the bench to-morrow, for he has twice refused a puisne judgeship. Mr Levison has undoubted interest, then; and as he is, moreover, unscrupulous, uncultivated, selfish,

and industrious, he seems to possess most of the qualities necessary for a certain type of success in his profession.

There is a very unwashed-looking group crowding near the desk of the clerk of the peace; two or three "locals," who live in the great metropolis of the woollen trade at the eastern extremity of the county are being entertained by their metropolitan brethren with the latest humours from Clerkenwell and the Old Bailey, or descriptions of the newest professional beauties among the barmaids of the Fleet Street taverns. For the most part they considerately tuck in the ends of their bands; and as some of them, moreover, wear beards, not so very much unclean linen is exhibited. Their wigs appear uneasy on their heads, and it must be the frequent readjustment of these that has left the extremities of their fingers in such a dusky condition. From time to time they chat pleasantly and familiarly with the clerk of the peace's clerk, whose duty it is to distribute the briefs—the "Soup" that gives its name to the salutary system which is the cause of this genial state of things; and a few words in explanation, and in praise of it, may not be out of place.

The prosecutions, with few exceptions, instead of being undertaken privately, all proceed from the office of the county solicitor, and are supposed to be impartially distributed among all the members of the Bar present at the Sessions, in order of seniority. There are, however, inappreciative grumblers, who say that three, or even more, prosecutions have been known to fall to the lot of certain favoured individuals, at times when the "Soup" has been said to go round only once. Nor is this their only grievance. They declare that their invariable experience has been, excepting on one or two accidental occasions, to be intrusted with cases in which only three or four witnesses are called (the aggrieved party, a disinterested spectator, and a policeman, is the usual cast); and as these only involve a guinea fee, or, more accurately, £1, 3s. 6d., they sigh for larger clouds of witnesses, with the larger fees that accompany them. They, moreover, point out that certain criminals are charged on more than one indictment, each indictment increasing the honorarium of the prosecuting counsel; and they hint that briefs of this description always find their way into the same hands that hold the lengthy prosecutions—presumably on the τῷ ἔχοντι δοθήσεται principle. These discontented people have been heard to suggest that the distribution of the briefs should be in the hands of a more responsible person than a clerk from a solicitor's office. All of which shows that there are men whom nothing will ever satisfy; for it must be a pleasure greater far than the pocketing of guineas, to have, on any terms, a chance of being immortalised in the county paper, probably with a very local rendering of one's name. And is it not a privilege to observe the social tone given to the Sessions by the supernumeraries, who would never attend were it not for the plausible and popular system of "Soup"?

At last a boy comes in laden with a bundle of briefs, which he proceeds to hand round. It is nearly an hour after the time appointed for commencing the trial of prisoners, and until now only two or three men have had briefs to peruse, though a jailer of benevolent aspect has distributed printed calendars of the prisoners, and has thus afforded a little occupation to those interested in statistics regarding the degree of education

of the persons committed for trial; others have yawned over the 'Times,' or have felt bound to bore their neighbours with completely unnecessary questions, in the answers to which they take not the slightest interest. By the counsellors' entrance stand some young gentlemen whose ruddy complexions do not give evidence of very protracted hours in ill-ventilated courts and stuffy chambers, and whose moustaches look very much out of keeping with their very clean wigs. "An infernal nuisance," says a pink-cheeked youth, "to be brought down here the first day the hounds have been able to go out since Christmas! Why can't they begin the criminal work the second day, instead of dragging us down here before the county business is done, and keeping the Bar waiting in this scandalous way?" "What can you expect if you come down into a manufacturing county?" replies young Carlton Glosse; "half the beaks here are a pack of old shopkeepers,"—and he emphasises his opinion of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the shire with one or two winged words. Carlton's father made his money in Bermondsey as a varnish-manufacturer, but the son has acquired at Christchurch not only the feelings and prejudices of a gentleman, but also a refined manner of giving expression to them.

At last an usher says to this group by the door, "I think the other Court is ready for you, gentlemen," and a general stampede takes place across the shire hall. Only two or three sober seniors remain, and they have previously arranged with the Assistant Chairman (whom they are perfectly capable of managing), that he shall set to work in some cases in which they are retained.

A score of prisoners, closely huddled together, stand in the dock of the Crown Court, while they are given in charge to the the jury that is to try them. A decrepit old officer of the Court in quavering tones is swearing the jury, which consists of the usual intelligent proportions of hale-looking farmers from the grasslands, and unwholesome-looking shopkeepers from the towns, with a sprinkling of fiery-faced publicans. A sad-looking man with lank black hair is holding the Gospels at arm's-length, as he swears that he will "true deliverance make," though he has not the remotest idea of the meaning of the words—possibly conceiving a vague notion that it is deliverance from a ten-pound fine that one of his neighbours was let in for when he failed to appear at Souchester last Michaelmas. The Chairman has gone out for a moment, but now he returns through the curtain at the back of the bench, and clutching the desk in front of him with both hands, he makes a convulsive plunge in the direction of the Court, like a prostrate Frenchman over the side of a Dover packet. This is intended to represent his obeisance to the Bar, half of whom take not the slightest notice of it: the leaders studiously pretend to be ransacking their red brief-bags, or turn round to look for an attorney; one or two of the others jump up in an uneasy, ashamed sort of way, and the profound reverence which is generally accorded to her Majesty's Judges is only attempted by one or two lately called striplings.

Dick Graddon, the Chairman, is a beetle-browed bald-headed person of five-and-fifty. For the first ten years of his public life he practised at the Surrey Sessions, and in that exclusive society he was far from popular, though always an accomplished exponent of that school of

manners. A score of years ago the unlooked-for death of a distant cousin put him in possession of an estate in the western division of the county, and his subsequent election as Chairman of Quarter Sessions, was one of those strange dispensations of Providence which sometimes result from the power given to a minority by the dissensions of a majority, which in this case was very equally divided in the support of two highly respectable squires. However, Dick came in; and as he is expeditious in the conduct of business, his way of administering justice is not much interfered with. The magistrate sitting close to him, and appearing to take great interest in the proceedings, is a fat little person whom Carlton Glosse would designate as a shopkeeper; as a matter of fact, he is a soap-boiler of considerable wealth from the other end of the shire, and has only lately contrived to push himself on the Commission of the Peace. His never-failing happiness now is to be seen assisting in the transaction of the affairs of the county, and he is a great ally of the Chairman, who never by any chance consults him upon any point whatever. He has hitherto failed in his advances to the lord lieutenant, but he will still persevere; for he fain would see his name enrolled on the lieutenancy of the shire; and that proud height attained, why may he not indulge in ambitious dreams, that one day, clad in a Punch-like livery of scarlet, he may, as High Sheriff, afford much entertainment to the loafers of the county town, as he dances attendance upon her Majesty's Judges of Assize!

There are but three other justices on the bench, and they are taking no part in the proceedings. The old gentleman with genial countenance set in a snowy frame of hair and whiskers, is the Hon. and Rev. Lyonel Meridew, the lord lieutenant's brother. He is chairman of half the county committees, yet finds time to be a constant contributor to the 'Souchester Sentinel' of letters and occasional verses on all subjects of interest in the shire, from the problem of peasant-proprietorship to the anticipated marriage of the bishop of the diocese.

The man with the long white moustaches to whom he is talking, is his old brother officer, Colonel Paston; for Lyonel Meridew was for a couple of years in the Foot Guards before he qualified himself for the great family living by taking orders. It is Colonel Paston's father whose portrait, by Lawrence, hangs in the Grand Jury room; but years before it was painted he had been one of the best-known patrons of Crockford's: and the mortgages on Paston Court remain as a memorial of the glories of a bygone age. The present owner, with a widowed daughter, inhabits a few rooms of the otherwise shut-up house; and the Colonel has lately been much gratified by the insertion of a letter of his in the 'Times' advocating the abolition of the office of high sheriff—a correspondence which the fat young magistrate considers to have been in very bad taste. The slight dark-haired man on the third seat is Mark Hopbine, most indefatigable of foremen of grand juries: he is the eldest son of Sir Titus Hopbine, the evangelical brewer, who for twenty years has been senior member for Souchester. The three are paying little attention to what is going on in Court, and are only sitting here for half an hour while they wait for a train.

The dock is now cleared of its throng of matrons and maidens, of old men who are going to penal

servitude for the last time, and of boys who are going to the county jail for the first; and those who have pleaded guilty are told to stand down for the present. Then the first case is called on, and it is as short and uninteresting as any of the twenty that will be heard to-day. An elderly female of charwoman-like aspect is charged with stealing some garments, the property of her employers. It is an undefended case, so the time-saving practice is followed of the prosecuting counsel not making an opening speech, but immediately calling the first witness. The examination-in-chief ended, the Chairman looks up, and utters a short bark; this, the benevolent jailer interprets to the prisoner, is to inform her that she may put any question she pleases to the witness. In the rich accent of Kerry she commences: "As I'm a livin' woman, yer lordships and gintlemen, 'twas the Cheusday but wan afore Chris'mas-day, so it was, an' I afther doin' a hard day's clanin'"—here several other barks are interpreted as meaning that she must not make a speech yet, but only ask questions. So Mrs O'Donelly throws up her arms and declares that, as she's a livin' woman this day, she was nivir so sitiated afore, an' knows nothin' about the ways of the place. The remaining three witnesses are soon disposed of, including the everlasting policeman of preternaturally unintelligent appearance, who never to any question answers yes or no, but invariably "I ham," or "I wuz not." The benevolent jailer now gives the prisoner's shawl a tug, and explains that the time has arrived for her to make her defence to "them gentlemen in the box there." So she begins: "Well, gintlemen, I'm as innocent as the babe not born; and indeed I nivir thought to live to see the day I'd be in sich a place, nor wan belongin' to me dacent family nayther; an' God forgive them that kim here to swear me life and characther away; an' that Mary Donovan, that God-forgotten rigmarole that got up there to swear thim lies—sure she's a common dirty liar that no wan cud belave, an' Mrs Dickens herself ga' me the little shirts, so she did, an' I put them up in pawn till Saturday, so I did, when me daughter that's in service in Camden Town, that's near London, is comin' to see her poor widowed mother that raised siven childher, and me husband dead and buried this twelve years, an' no wan ever had as much as black's the white o' yer eye to say to me till thim vagabones stud up to desthroy me,—God's own thruth I'm sayin' now." And here her native volubility breaks down, and while she is still sobbing and calling upon the saints to bless the gintlemen in the box, and all the learned counsellors, an indistinct mumbling is heard from the bench, and the Chairman is confidentially informing the jury that they have heard what the witnesses have said, and if they believe them, they have no alternative but to find the prisoner guilty. The summing up lasts two and a half minutes, and after one or two vacuous nods and looks have passed between the foreman and the other jurymen, with one accord they get up, and the front row facing to the right about, they bring their heads together in close proximity, like Rugby boys in a football scrimmage. At the expiration of another two and a half minutes, the learned Chairman thinks that they are exceeding the time he took for summing up, which, surely, should be long enough for their consultation; so, remembering that there are nineteen more prisoners in this afternoon's arraignment, he says, "Gentlemen, can I be of any assist-

ance to you?" A stolid butcher in the centre says that he should like to ask one witness another question, "Was the prisoner drunk when she pawned the shirts?" "No need to recall the witness, gentlemen; makes no difference, if that's the only difficulty you have in finding the prisoner guilty." After another half-minute's scrimmage the jury turn round and the foreman announces to the clerk of the peace that they find the prisoner guilty, and goes on to add, "But we wish to recommend her to mercy, because she thought the things were given to her." "A verdict of not guilty," says the prosecuting counsel regretfully, and proceeds to endorse his brief. The rider has, however, been lost upon the learned Chairman, who, the moment the word guilty was pronounced, had leaned over to consult with the clerk of the peace as to previous convictions. "You have never been here before," he says, "but I have no doubt you are a very dangerous character; you must be confined in the common jail of this county for twelve calendar months;" and Mrs O'Donelly, wailing and gesticulating, is pushed out of sight below ground. Two or three juniors wag their heads sagaciously, and say it's an infernal shame, and that the verdict ought to be taken down and recorded, which, as Fletakin observes, implied that there was no "*animus furandi;*" while Levison, who prosecuted, is mildly urged to get up and say something. "I'll be hanged if I do!" is the retort; "it has nothing to do with me. Let the old hag sue Graddon for false imprisonment when she comes out, and perhaps she'll retain some of you fellows to appear for her."

An hour passes. Half-a-dozen verdicts of guilty are returned in half-a-dozen undefended cases, and sentences, varying from six months to seven years, have been passed. The same dull details of unheroic crimes have been produced again and again, and nothing relieves the monotony of the business excepting now and then when a shrieking woman or fainting girl is hurried out of Court as sentence is pronounced.

At last a little variation is caused by a misdemeanour being called on at the particular request of Puffler, who wants to get away in the morning. By the wisdom of the Legislature a jury sworn to try a felony is not capable of trying a misdemeanour without being resworn for the minor offence; and so once more the twelve men "come to the book," but this time not separately, but with one Testament shared among four, they perform a sort of hands-across figure in a country-dance as the oath is administered.

Puffler would be leader by right of antiquity at most Sessions where the span of human life has some limit; but he can scarcely have been able to walk at the time when tradition says that Snuffleton was breasting the hill above Hougomont. Puffler's voice has not the ring of to-day about it. It is the kind of voice one would assume if one were cast on the stage in the character of an old Buck of the Regency. The case is an "offence relating to game," and the first witness is a stalwart brown-bearded keeper, in a neat livery of dark corduroy with gilt buttons, that is very well known in this county. "You are a keeper in the employ of my Lord Harrowhill?" asks Puffler, in tones that partake both of a wheeze and a chirp. "The Hearl of Arrow'ill," answers the keeper, in a superior tone of correction. In the business-like atmosphere of the Sessions this retort does not provoke the faintest smile, even from the latest joined ju-

nior. At the Assizes, on the contrary, the feeblest jokes provoke shouts of laughter; for the Bar must keep their muscles unrelaxed, so that when his lordship lets off his tiny witticism, they may at a moment's notice give way unrestrainedly to sycophantish convulsions. To-day it is all different, and even the jokes of Grinsby the circuit jester are more than usually funereal. It is useless to struggle on against an unsympathetic gallery: so having made one attempt in a defended assault case, in his re-examination of the deaf old prosecutor, by remarking with infinite humour "but you are a grocer, not an aggressor," he collapses, and the remainder of the day he spends in pondering over the acrostics in the society journals, of which he has the complete week's collection in a black leather brief-bag; and some of them he hands to his neighbours for their assistance. And this division of labour may account for the belief that Grinsby makes at least a hundred a-year by his acrostic guessing.

A pale-faced youth is now put in the dock, charged "that he feloniously did steal, take, and carry away a deal box, a silver watch, two bed-curtains, three curtain-rings, two forks, and a pillow-case, of the goods and chattels of Uriah Wilkins." The prosecution is intrusted to a somewhat supercilious young counsel, who puts his questions to the witnesses in a languid tone of deliberation that must have the effect of irritating attorneys rather than of conciliating jurymen. Horace Papillon affects to despise his profession and all its appurtenances, and yet he makes a point of never missing a jail-delivery or Quarter Sessions, even though he has to travel from the uttermost ends of the earth to be back in time; for he loathes the climate of England, and imagines himself an invalid in order to escape it. Last week he was celebrating Christmas on the Nile, lying basking in the sun on board a *dahabeah;* and he declares that if he stays in this country for the winter assize, he must make some amends by hurrying away again for the Carnival at Rome. His little affectations afford boundless scope for Grinsby's dreariest humour, who is never tired of suggesting that he should go and localise in Cyprus, or asking him if it is true that he has been appointed standing counsel to the Principality of Monaco. By his side, peering over his shoulder to read his brief, sits the energetic irrepressible Pushton. Pushton is not a person to be despised because he lacks a little of that suavity which makes life to be so much more delightfully glided through; he, however, does not intend to glide through life, but to elbow his way to the front. His father is a doctor, and an alderman of a manufacturing town in the west of the county, and his sister is married to the clerk to the borough justices there; so Pushton has localised in the place of his birth, and already has quite a reputation for verdicts in the Court of the Recorder, in whose chair he hopes one day to sit. As he scans Papillon's brief, he suddenly ejaculates, "By Jove! if I could only get a docker;" and he scrambles round to talk to his friend the jailer: for the case is not the simple one of larceny it seems. It is beyond the prisoner's power to retain an advocate, so without any opening speech the prosecutor is called as first witness. Horace strokes his moustaches as Uriah relates how, on the morning of the departure of the prisoner Davis, who had lodged with him, he missed all the chattels enumerated, ending with the pillow-case. "And did you miss anything else?" murmurs counsel. "Yes, sir; I missed my wife." This, then, is the

fact that caught the eye of Pushton; the forlorn Davis is what is technically called an avowterer. And if he had been a few steps higher up the social ladder he would have known that had he allowed the fair to carry away her *parapherna* only, her necessary apparel, no matter how rich and rare, and though it exceeded in value very many bed-curtains and watches of silver, he would not have been standing in a dock on a charge of felony. The evidence is plain enough and dull enough, and when it is done the prisoner is asked if he has any witnesses. "Yes, sir; she promised to be here." There is no need to tell her name: the policeman, who has charge of the case, calls "Dinah Wilkins," and a wiry dark-haired little woman, very poorly clad, with two bright eyes lighting up the small features of her worn pinched face, hurries into the box. This indeed would have been a chance for Pushton; how effectively he would have brought out her facts! and he knows very well that even supposing Papillon were capable of a damaging cross-examination, his sojourns in the South have softened his prejudices, and his sympathies are entirely with the sinners. And then, when he went to the jury, how magnificent Pushton would have been! how, in tones of thunder, he would have adjured the one that was without sin among them to cast the first stone at the luckless Dinah! and the boy in the dock would have had his money's worth had he been but able to raise the necessary guinea. Pushton would have gladly supplied him with it, but that could not be—at all events without some previous arrangement. And so Dinah Wilkins comes into the box to be examined by the prisoner at the bar. She doesn't wait for his first question, but, with eyes flashing and breast heaving, commences an impassioned harangue, and Papillon does not exercise his undoubted privilege of interrupting her informal address. Turning herself, not to the jury, but to the Bar, she commences: "My lords and gentlemen, — if criminal there be, it is I who am the guilty one, and not the poor young man standing in that dock —and it was no sin and wickedness that drove me to it, gentlemen, but hunger and blows; and the box, gentlemen, was my own for seven long years, when I was a servant-girl, and the watch was my grandfather's; and my father gave it to me because he had no son; and all the other things were bought and paid for with my own hard earnings, and I had a right to them, gentlemen. I have gone back to the man who drove me to it; but, gentlemen, I would rather die than live as I do now: and oh, my lords and gentlemen, do let me stand there instead of that young man." The witness pauses for breath, and the Chairman, who, for the last ten minutes, has been engaged in close conversation with the chief constable, awakes to the conclusion that some waste of time is going on, and appeals to Papillon, who replies in his softest tones that he does not wish to cross-examine this witness. After that, short work is made of the case. The Chairman, in half-a-dozen mumbled sentences, tells the jury that they may, if they like, consider the deal box and the watch as Mrs Wilkins's *parapherna*, or, indeed, the curtain-rings too, he adds jocosely; but people do not wear pillow-cases and knives and forks, so their duty is to find the prisoner guilty. This done, as if he were invested with power to punish the infraction of laws divine as well as those of human institution, he tells the prisoner he has committed a twofold crime, and is

therefore a dangerous character, and must go to jail for twelve calendar months.

The last prosecution in the arraignment is intrusted to a very young gentleman with a very new wig, who has the appearance of a melancholy monkey. This is Mr Joseph Simian, who was called to the Bar a year ago, soon after leaving Oriel, where he had taken a second-class in modern history, the result of three years' prodigious reading. His experience has hitherto been confined to three prosecutions, in one of which "no true bill" was found, and in the other two the prisoners pleaded guilty. After getting his brief to-day, he spent an hour in carefully underlining, first in blue and then in red, every word of the evidence, and adding copious notes in the margin, and at last, having got the complete depositions by heart, he undid the bright green string that fastened the too spotless "circuit-calf" of his favourite Archbold. For several hours he has stolidly devoured page after page of that terse writer, at intervals sullying the leaves with a determined dab from his pencil whenever any point struck him as being particularly worthy of notice. Ten minutes before his case is called on, Pushton has announced to him that the prisoner is defended from the dock, and that not only will he have to address the jury, but it is Howard Levison who has been retained against him. Pushton is a good-hearted fellow, and tries to string a few sentences together with which the trembling youth may open his case. At last the moment arrives for the diffident Simian to get on his legs. The facts against the prisoner are very strong, and his mentor tells him he had better say as little as possible, and leave it for Levison to damage the evidence if he can. He begins in stentorian tones, the sound of which strikes terror into his own soul: "May it please you, Sir, gentlemen of the jury, the case, the case—the nature of which you have heard from the clerk of the peace,"—he goes on, prompted by Pushton,—"is a very simple one; and I need hardly tell you, gentlemen, that if you do not find the prisoner guilty, it will be your duty to find him not guilty. He is, however, defended by my learned friend, who I am sure"—here a note falls upon his brief, thrown across the table to him by Levison; he clutches it as the drowning man of tradition clutches at a straw, and opens it eagerly, in the hope of finding in it some little hint from his adversary. He should have fought shy of the aid of this gift-bearing Greek, for on reading the pencilled line he grows very red, and then hopelessly floundering, at last gasps, "So I think, gentlemen, I will call the first witness." The note had contained but half-a-dozen words, "*Don't make an ass of yourself.*" The jury, weary after their long confinement, think there must be something very weak about a case to cause a counsellor to come to such utter grief. So Levison has it all his own way; and though the Chairman in his summing up uses precisely the same words that he has used a score of times this afternoon, that if they believe the witnesses, they have no alternative but to convict the prisoner, Simian's discomfiture, possibly combined with a growing amiability of mind at their approaching release, moves them for the first time to-day to return a verdict of "Not guilty." The prisoner utters a very big sigh of relief. It would have been seven years this time, for he has been here not a few times before.

Time would fail to tell how with-

in twenty minutes of the adjournment the Bar have sat down at mess, in morning attire, and, with half-a-dozen exceptions, in the selfsame garments that have been simmering all day in the stifling atmosphere of the Court. The dinner is good, if somewhat rudely served, and the wines are beyond all praise, for the treasurer is a man of subtle palate, and his goodly gifts ought to bring forth more brilliant results in the way of conversation: but the talk is the dreariest shop, and chiefly turns upon the insult offered to the mess in the bringing down, special, of an Old Bailey-man to defend an embezzler to-morrow. Yet the result will, in a measure, justify the affront, for the Souchester jury will be mightily impressed with each thump of the ring-bedizened hand, and each calling of heaven to witness, in the approved style of the Central Criminal Court; and for the second time during these Sessions, in the face of the summing up, a verdict of "Not guilty" will be returned, and Pushton will treasure in his heart each gesture, and ponder well each hackneyed phrase, to be reproduced on future occasions. No other topic proves at all fruitful, and there is nothing to relieve the solemnity of the evening, for George Rowsby has gone on to his own Sessions, and Grinsby is too far off the head of the table for his ponderous shafts to have any effect on poor old Snuffleton. It certainly is not nice to sit too near the venerable leader, for he has a most impartial way of distributing his rappee—which he carries loose in his waistcoat-pocket—between his shirt-front and his soup. After mess there is business on the first night of Sessions: two or three men are proposed as new members, and very mild witticisms are indulged in at their expense; then one or two dissatisfied persons get up and attack the wine-treasurer, who in return blandly obliterates them, to the vast satisfaction of the others. It would be pleasant, perhaps, to let cheery old Puffler sing an after-dinner song of a bygone age, but then that would involve listening to one of Grinsby's atrocious parodies; and so, though the night be sharp, it is pleasanter still to stroll leisurely across the cathedral close, and to forget the petty details that have made up this day of headaches, while the moon sheds a glory on the heads of the saints and confessors that are carved on the minster's western front.

ENGLISH PROGRESS UNDER MR GLADSTONE.

THE month just gone by—the May of 1882—is one that will long be remembered in these Islands. It seems destined to a hideous notoriety as the month in which the United Kingdom was first, by the public voice, classed with those lands where politics mean violent and bloody deeds as much as they mean the making of laws or the ordering of affairs of State — as, for instance, with France during the ascendancy of the Commune, with the United States of America, and with the Russian empire. The phrase "a new departure," unfortunately may be applied to our historical position just now as well as to our political. Yes, we have made a new departure. This steady-going old empire, which used once to attract the eyes of foreigners as the seat of order, the safe retreat for men of all shades of opinions, the region where Law was practically supreme, has been, in nautical phrase, *disrated*, has suffered degradation in the scale of nations, has become a subject for half-civilised States to thank God on.

Not that the anarchy which has destroyed our character is a growth of the month of May alone: no, it has been two years growing; but in May it culminated, startled the world into recognition of its presence, impressed its lasting brand upon our forehead. Up to that time we benefited by our reputation of many years' standing; men believed that our sound sense must speedily return to us; the good old ship would right itself after its rollings and pitchings, and once more glide steadily and majestically along. But in May our day of grace ended, and we were numbered with the fallen.

The horrid story of the early days of the month has been written and commented on by thousands of pens. Every one capable of perceiving and thinking throughout the empire has the disgraceful facts by heart. We do not propose to repeat the hateful narrative—*infandum renovare dolorem*—but rather to indulge in a few reflections which have offered themselves as the recent events were scored on the tablets of time.

The first and most obvious reflection is, that things at this present writing are worse with us than they have ever been. We have reached now a state of misrule to which we never attained before. The general voice, as we believe, may be quoted in witness that our disease was never so sore as in May it was found to be. That fact, taken with the records of former months of this and the two preceding years, leads to the conclusion that for two years—ever since the day when it was pronounced that in Ireland there was "an absence of crime and outrage, with a general sense of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of the country"—we have been going from good to bad and from bad to worse. Now these two years are just the period during which Mr Gladstone's Administration has lasted. This coincidence is remarkable, to begin with; and a little study of the annals soon, as we think, brings out good proof that the Administration, and the deterioration of the empire, stand, one to the other, in the relation of cause and effect.

All through the rapid ruin of Ireland, the measures of Government have been taken with sin-

gular infelicity, and with each successive attempt to heal or to repress has come a redoubled outburst of crime. The Land Act of 1881 was a failure, just as the Land Act of 1870 had been a failure. Three months after the former Act became law, wholesale arrests were made and men were imprisoned by warrants for unlimited periods, this process for making the Act operative being initiated under an immoderate fire of boasting. The ground was to be cut from under the feet of the Land League; the action of the Executive, at length aroused, was to be astounding: the flatterers of the Government raised their shouts of triumph without waiting for the event, and an admiring journal circulated a print of the Prime Minister as Hercules throttling the Land League under the form of the Hydra. This was speculating much too rashly, because the Hydra on this occasion got the better of the Hercules with ease.

The No-Rent manifesto was issued; the new Land Courts were hopelessly blocked. Such decisions as were given by the Assistant Commissioners appeared to be made on no fixed principle, were ruinously severe upon landlords, and shocked everybody. Murders and outrages increased rapidly. The old confusion was worse confounded. Ministers met Parliament in February of this year, and had very little to say in defence of their proceedings. The Lords ordered an inquiry into the working of the Land Act, and were fiercely attacked in consequence by Ministers in the Commons, where, after a long debate, was carried a resolution disapproving all inquiry, and thereby censuring their Lordships' action. Yet, later on, Ministers themselves had to consent (such were the unsatisfactory reports from Ireland) to a reconsideration of some clauses of the Act at a not distant day. So we reached and passed the Easter recess.

May had scarcely begun when the Prime Minister, who, six months before, had triumphed by anticipation over the Hydra, and uttered volumes of "prave 'orts" concerning the vigorous measures which he would take against the Land League, and the crushing defeat which the League would thereby suffer, executed a sudden face-about. No longer pugnacious, no longer defiant, no longer trusting in his great resources, which were to cut away the ground and do any amount of execution upon the League, he announced his intention of abandoning hostile action against it, of releasing most of the suspects whom he had incarcerated, and, in short, of (as far as could be understood) giving again freedom to plot and break the laws as before. This he announced to be "the true, just, and effectual policy," to the astonishment of those who had listened to his former denunciations of the League. He did not honestly and openly state, but the information was subsequently extracted bit by bit from him and others, that a bargain of some kind had been made between the chiefs of the League and him, whereby they, in exchange for their liberty, were expected (it was not said that they undertook) to tone down a little the murders and outrages. It was such an arrangement as no Government worthy of the name ever was a party to. We doubt whether wretched King Henry the Sixth could have been induced to make such with persons whom he regarded as responsible for horrid crimes. Mr Gladstone, however, was not ashamed to confess that he had done this, nor to proclaim it as "the true, just, and effectual" policy! We need not detain our

readers with comments on this unexampled degradation, since it was amply canvassed not a month ago by the whole astonished press of the kingdom, and, as we might add, by the press of Europe and America also. There were not wanting many who cried shame upon the Premier's cowardice — many who jeered at his incapacity and self-confidence combined — many who asked the question, which seemed to them hardly to require an answer, "Would the people of Britain tolerate this arrant tergiversation, this paltering with their dearest interests?"

Secure in his majority in the Commons and in his overweening self-conceit, Mr Gladstone was not likely to be concerned about what the home or foreign press might say of him. He had made up his mind to purchase a few months' lull of sedition, and he meant to have it, under the plea that his course was "true, just, and effectual," whatever others might think. He was quite prepared to brave outside opinion and to resist his ordinary opponents on this quarrel in his usual barefaced manner, when, unfortunately for him, there sprang up in a quarter rather too near home to be agreeable, dissent, desertion, and opposition. Mr Forster, who had gone along with Mr Gladstone in his previous neglect to adequately protect life and property, in his conduct through Parliament of the iniquitous Land Act, in first his neglect to use the powers given by the Coercion Act, and afterwards in the Herculean enforcement of the same, could not away with the tampering with rebels, and the surrender to the Land League. He stumbled at that stumbling-stone. He differed from Mr Gladstone in Parliament, and predicted, only too accurately, the results of his miserable policy. Of course he withdrew from the Cabinet.

Mr Forster has had the experience of two years in the administration of Irish affairs. He has, no doubt, during that period, made himself acquainted with the records of the experience of many who preceded him in the same office. We may credit him with the earnest desire to find his study of the duties result in a conviction that the method of governing Ireland followed by Mr Gladstone's Cabinet was the best. We know that, until very lately, Mr Forster was, willingly or unwillingly, the Minister through whom the decrees of the Cabinet were carried into act; but we may reasonably suspect that for a long time back he has been doubtful of the policy to which he gave effect, if he has not been wholly convinced that it was wrong. If he was wavering, the Gladstone-Parnell alliance and the "new departure" were just the things to bring him to the point of resistance. Without doubt it must have cost him much, mentally as well as materially, to break with his old associates; therefore, that he did break with them is a proof how damaging both to national interests and to personal character he thought the bargain with Mr Parnell and his friends to be. That he was sincere in what he did we have no doubt; and just as little do we doubt that he judged rightly and well. He had gone a long way with Mr Gladstone. He had joined in supporting and carrying the cruel and unjust Land Act of 1881. He had refrained from giving the protection to which they were entitled to the law-abiding part of the Irish people for nearly two years. In short, he had helped to utterly ruin the country and to turn it into the pandemonium which it is to-day. Yet, having joined in all

this, he felt obliged to stop short at the course which Mr Gladstone proclaimed to be true, just, and effectual. It was, probably, not the first time that he had felt a remorseful misgiving, but it was the first time that he had brought forth fruit meet for repentance.

In making his stand, even at this late hour, Mr Forster has unquestionably done good service to his country and to morality. It is much to be desired that, since he is at last free from party ties, he should afford the weight of his voice in farther exposing the base policy of Ministers, and in resisting weak and injurious legislation. His one act of contrition will, as we hope, be followed up by a manly and patriotic course, which may lead his countrymen to condone early errors for the sake of much good service.

But to return to Mr Gladstone. Mr Forster ventured to suggest that Mr Gladstone's counsel to palter with rebels was not precisely "as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God." Indeed, Mr Forster withstood Mr Gladstone to his face, and the contest was sharp between them, though the sharpness was veiled by cautious language. When Mr Forster stood up to account for his separation from the Cabinet, and to justify the views which caused him to secede, his speech, coming from the heart fresh and truthful, was entirely convincing as to the propriety of the stand which he had at last made. If it was, while condemning the "new departure," condemnatory also of Mr Forster's own conduct ever since he became Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, his hearers took no pleasure in enforcing that side lesson, but they vehemently applauded the main argument that the new departure was scandalous, pusillanimous, and likely to prove ruinous. He believed, as he said, that the sudden release of the suspects would prove an encouragement to crime; and this belief received a speedy and appalling justification. Again, he thought intimidation to have been carried on by the Land-Leaguers to such a degree that no Government could have allowed it to continue without becoming a Government merely in name, and a sham. Not complimentary this to the Government of which for two years he had been a member.

Then Mr Forster went on to speak in the tone in which 'Maga' has been speaking ever since the present Government acceded to power, but in which he never spoke till now. He said—

"Let the House do what it thinks right upon these questions; let it pass what Bill it thinks fit upon that most difficult and urgent question of arrears—and I will go as far as most members in regard to that matter; let them do what they think right upon the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act, or upon any other amendment of the Land Act,—but do not try to buy obedience to the law by concessions. A surrender is bad, but a compromise or arrangement is worse."

Precisely so: but what has Mr Gladstone's and Mr Forster's joint dealing with the Land League been throughout, except a series of attempts to buy obedience to the law by concessions? The new departure certainly beat former concessions in degree, but it was of exactly the same kind. The Government never heartily declared on the side of the law. And then follows a doctrine which might have been the utterance of 'Maga' any time these last twenty months. It is astonishing how entirely Mr Forster and ourselves have come to be of one mind.

"Undoubtedly the secret societies

are more active. I am very glad my right honourable friend stated that the subject would occupy the attention of the Government; but there is one word I must say, and that is, that there is something worse even than secret societies, and that is the open acknowledgment of the powerlessness of the law without the assistance of the law-breakers. Better even secret societies, with which we must contend, and which we should put down as we have put them down before; better even these hideous incidents, the demoralisation of Ireland, than paying black-mail to law-breakers. There is no doubt that the law courts are at work, and that the Land Act is taking hold of the imagination of men and appealing very strongly to their interests. But the battle of law against lawlessness is not won, and I believe that since the battle was begun there never was a time in which it was more dangerous to relax the authority of the law."

Mr Forster's estimate of the danger was undoubtedly a true one, as events did not fail to establish; but he did not show, he did not attempt to show, how he, holding such opinions, could have remained so long connected with a Government which, by his own proving, is "a sham," and which is now, as it has been ever since the Land League usurpation began, "paying black-mail to law-breakers." Howbeit, putting his inconsistency for the moment out of sight, and remembering only that Mr Forster had better means of information, and certainly was better informed, concerning Ireland than any member of the Cabinet, it is matter of surprise that his warning did not at once stir the mind of England against the "Anarch old," and lead it to take thought for its safety. This is part of the mystery of these degenerate and dangerous days, that while the people cannot but know how things have been steadily growing worse for nearly two years, and when the truth of this deterioration is witnessed by the man who had means of being, and who was, most intimately acquainted with it, they make no effort to shake off the incubus under which the whole commonwealth is being rapidly brought down to damage and dishonour!

If Mr Gladstone had lost Mr Forster, he seemed to have gained Mr Parnell and the Land-Leaguers. Quite pleasant remarks passed between him and the gentlemen whom he had let out of prison, and who had so signally frustrated his rendering of the part of Hercules. The black-mail, and the buying of obedience to the law by concessions, promised a short interval of comparative peace, which, no doubt, his soul greatly desired after the long run of misfortune which had followed upon ignorance, incapacity, and blundering, such as have rarely been seen in a British Ministry. But even this breathing-time, for which he had bid so heavily, was not to be accorded to the harassed bunglers. Mr Forster's auguries, sure to be fulfilled sooner or later, received their justification with a terrible suddenness. He spoke his warning words concerning the "new departure" on the 4th of May; and two days later occurred in the Phœnix Park that frightful catastrophe, with the echoes of which the world has been ringing ever since, and which will not, for many a day, cease to harrow men's minds.

Everything has been said that can be said in horror-stricken denunciation of the crime, in wailing over the innocent lives cut short, in sympathy with the relatives of those who have been so cruelly taken. It were useless for us now, four weeks after the event, to begin again the utterance of indignation, of sorrow, of condolence. That

has been all said, and we join heartily in the feelings which have been called forth. What we have now to do is to reflect upon the antecedents and the consequences of deeds which have tarnished our national reputation, as well as given proof of the strides with which the prevalence of lawless violence is advancing.

It was at once apparent, when the report of the murders was received, that Mr Parnell was really powerless to restore order in exchange for his liberation from jail. The murders themselves were the proofs that a power which Mr Parnell was unable to control, was able and determined to continue the deeds of blood and of violence to which Mr Gladstone fancied that he had obtained a truce by letting Mr Parnell loose. Hence it would appear that the humiliation of making concession to lawbreakers, and of paying black-mail, had been submitted to without any equivalent whatever having been obtained. Mr Gladstone found himself in the position of a householder who, having paid heavily to induce an organ-grinder to keep away from his house, finds, not that organ-grinder, but another more excruciating, ruthlessly frequenting his house-front, and distracting his head. The new departure had produced only the murders. Mr Parnell and the chief members of his party expressed very heartily their abhorrence of the crime perpetrated in Phœnix Park—an expression which fell, for the most part, on incredulous ears, because this was by no means the first atrocious murder which had lately taken place in Ireland, and it could not be remembered that on the commission of any former crime, the indignation of Mr Parnell and his friends had been aroused. Indeed, unless our memory much deceives us, the mention of the murder of Lord Mountmorres in the House of Commons last year was received by Irish members with derision, or something very like it;* and there have been numerous instances lately adduced by the daily press to prove that if the Parnellite party really felt concern at the Irish atrocities which from time to time have been distressing the people of Britain, they have concealed it with consummate skill. At the same time, nobody seems to doubt that the vile deed in the Phœnix Park was regretted by Mr Parnell on his own account as in some way running counter to his plans. And the report which appeared somewhere about the 10th of May of Mr Parnell having declared that his life had been threatened, and of his having asked for and obtained police protection, suggested the idea that his bargain with Mr Gladstone had not been taken in good part by the secret societies. This idea was strengthened when Mr Parnell, not more than a week after his reconciliation with the Government, was seen to be once more in opposition as before he went to Kilmainham. We know nothing about Mr Parnell's affairs; we only, like our neighbours, cannot help putting admitted facts together, and trying to understand how they consist. Our opinion is that Mr Parnell did a hazardous thing in bargaining with, or, if he prefers the expression, in listening to, Mr Gladstone at all. Movements such as he used to lead, are exceedingly jealous of their chiefs,

* *Vide* speech of the Solicitor-General for Ireland of Tuesday, 11th January 1881, as reported in the 'Times.'

and inordinately ready to suspect treachery. Mr Parnell knows this, because he has more than once in his speeches spoken with contempt and horror of making terms with Ministers. He has now apparently been compelled to repudiate Mr Gladstone again, in consequence of the new Coercion Bill, before their fraternal grasp had well relaxed; and if he is also under the ban of some of the murderous gangs, his case is, indeed, unhappy. Neither does it appear to excite much sympathy. We have not heard a word of pity for his fall between the two stools, and doubt whether the public does not enjoy his discomfiture.

His late confederate, now again his antagonist, who also takes his walks abroad under police protection, is scarcely in better plight than Mr Parnell. But, from long practice in wheeling and acting, he has so far been able to postpone the acknowledgment of his failure, which, nevertheless, he may shortly have to make. He has abandoned "the true, just, and effectual" course which he adopted and entered upon at the beginning of May, and with the utmost impudence he has commenced an entirely opposite treatment of Ireland, which doubtless is for the present, the true, just, and effectual one. About this we may have something to say farther on.

We do not think that the British public was at all too deeply moved by the murder of the two Secretaries; but having said that, we cannot decline to add that it must have been far too little moved by the many other murders which have been reported from Ireland during the last eighteen months. It is true that the striking down of ministers acting under the Queen's commission may have had in it a peculiar demand upon the resentment of loyal Englishmen, inasmuch as it was an outrage offered to the Government itself. But we do not believe that it was the insult to the Queen's Government, which for the most part excited the national mind. It was more the position which the victims held—one the son of a duke, the other an official of great importance in Irish affairs of state. If this be not the cause of the distinction, it is certain that there is a distinction, and it is one of which we cannot approve. Look at the large reward which has been offered. It is not too large—nothing that we can afford to pay is too much for the detection and punishment of the wretches who urged the foaming car-horse out of the Park. But neither was it too much to offer for bringing to justice the assassins of Mrs Smythe, of Mr Herbert, or the cold-blooded miscreants who sewed up the bailiffs and cast them into the loch. Mr Gladstone has exhibited a great deal of feeling on this sad occasion. Not more, let us say, than was becoming; but then look at the stony reply which he caused to be sent to Mr Smythe when the latter ventured to call his attention to the murder of his sister-in-law. There was no feeling there: and yet the murder of Mrs Smythe was as cruel, heart-rending, and unprovoked as that of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Must it not be confessed with regard to the house of Cavendish itself, now so sorely stricken, that it looked calmly on and abetted the Ministry while landlords or bailiffs were the victims, while women were butchered or tortured, and while farmers were dragged from their beds and subjected to the discharges of guns into their knees? But these were vulgar folk, not worth thinking of as long as political capital could be made by conniving at the atrocities practised on them. But now that the shaft has returned into their own bosom, now that the noble family has had to bear its share

in the common calamity, we opine that there may be a somewhat livelier feeling for tragedies in humble households, and a little more willingness to shield them from the attack of the assassin.

"*Nec lex est æquior ulla; quam necis*
Artifices arte perire suâ."

We are not deceived by anything that Mr Gladstone may say or do. His conduct with regard to the murders of the 6th of May, like his conduct with regard to previous atrocities in Ireland, was no doubt regulated by his determination to consult first his political interests. While his capitulation to Mr Parnell and the other agitators was not a week old, he shamelessly reversed his policy once more, and returned to coercion. His terror of being summarily ejected from office must have been very lively, for he has introduced into the House of Commons a measure not only purporting to be a declaration of war against all secret societies, but one which, if honestly and fearlessly carried into act, will probably prove a great protection to life and property. If not all that we could have wished, the Bill is so much more than we could have expected from such a source, that we must not, as lovers of our country and of order, decline to accept it. We only trust that it may become law on an early day.

Sir William Harcourt was employed to introduce the new Bill, the offspring of the last Ministerial tergiversation, to the Lower House. As a prelude to and justification of it, the Home Secretary drew a picture of the present state of Ireland, lawless, disorganised, disunited, swarming with secret societies of the most dangerous character. And one could hardly, on hearing or reading his remarks on this head, fail to perceive that, if Ministers were at length convinced on these points, he might have saved himself the trouble of convincing other people, because all except Ministers had, for many months, been convinced of everything that he had to urge. Indeed, the Opposition has been persistently and consistently pressing upon the Ministry, the very information which Sir William Harcourt produced to the House of Commons as something original and startling. It has long been aware of the "plague-spot;" and has dinned it into the deaf ears of Ministers. Let that pass, however, and let us glance at the heads of the proposed law.

It is contemplated, on those occasions, and in those places in Ireland where the ordinary law cannot operate, to create special tribunals, each tribunal to consist of three Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, who are to try and (when they convict) sentence offenders charged with treason and other weighty crimes, it being provided that the three must be unanimous as to verdict and sentence. From these tribunals there will be right of appeal to the Court of Criminal Cases Reserved.

The Government proposes to take powers for searching, in specially proclaimed districts, "for the secret apparatus of murder—for the daggers, for the documents, for the threatening letters, for the crape masks, which are hidden, and which the police cannot reach."

There will be provision for the arrest of persons who are found prowling about at night, and cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves; also for arrest of strangers in proclaimed districts.

There will again be an Alien Act.

Instigation to the commission of crime, and membership of a secret society, will be punishable under the new law.

Intimidation, unlawful meetings, rioting, and inflammatory utterances of the press, will also be punishable by the new law.

The expenses of maintaining extra police, and of giving compensation to those who may have been injured by criminal acts, will be payable by the districts where the crimes may have been committed.

The law, if Ministers can have their way, will be in force for three years.

We will give our opinion on this last proposal first, and say that we should much prefer that the law should be made for an unlimited period. It is the fashion to argue that we have tried to govern Ireland by severity and by indulgence, and that we have failed in both methods. To which proposition we take the exception that severity and indulgence never have been tried with equal earnestness. The indulgence, no doubt, has been given without limit, and has failed. The Irish Church was not disestablished, nor the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 passed, for three years only. They are unlimited laws, to which the country has to conform itself, and to settle down to as to its fixed future. But the rigorous measures are always temporary; they will expire in course of time; and evil-doers, instead of having to bid adieu for ever to their vicious habits, and to settle down to the quietness prescribed by law for the rest of their days, have at the worst only to postpone their wickedness until the law may expire. The law only interrupts criminal practices, it does not crush out the hope of being able to carry out criminal designs. Therefore severity never has had a fair trial, and cannot be said to have failed. Therefore we would have the new repressive law to be made operative for an unlimited period.

Our next remark is that Mr Gladstone cannot possibly, between the 1st and the 10th May, have acquired much new *knowledge* of the state of things in Ireland. He knew very well before—has known for the last eighteen months—what a dreadful condition that country was in. Hence it is no discovery of new circumstances which has led him to propose this stringent Bill. Neither is it the disposition of a just ruler to suppress wickedness and vice; the surrender to the Land League, and the black-mail stigmatised by Mr Forster, prove that it is not. What, then, is it? Clearly fear of some kind—personal or party fear—fear lest on no other terms than the introduction of such a measure will the people tolerate his further retention of power.

We find, by reference to Sir W. Harcourt's speech, that the Government considered the question of commissioning a military court instead of a court composed of three judges, and decided in favour of the judges. It appears to us that the objects of stamping out conspiracy, and of repressing crime, would have been far more effectually obtained by resorting to military tribunals. And we entirely object, under the circumstances,—for, be it remembered that the special court cannot act at all unless the district to which it is appointed be already recognised by the Lord Lieutenant as in a very lawless state,—to allowing appeals to the superior court. The chief influence of the punishments will be lost if they be not quickly inflicted — if the law do not strike soon, as well as strike hard.

We regret to observe, moreover, that there is no mention of corporal punishment for brutal and cruel acts. There can be little doubt that the lash, if fearlessly prescribed, would be a powerful means of causing those acts to decrease or cease. The savages who commit them can

be reached through their skins, but by no other approach. The attempt at moral influence with such appears to be only trifling with serious matters.

Having made these strictures, we are ready to say that the new Bill is of such a character that we shall rejoice to see it become law, and that we shall expect good results from it if it be firmly and without stint administered; for everything depends upon that. The most stringent law, if known to be dispensed by a timid and vacillating executive, will obtain but very little respect. And unfortunately we know that Mr Gladstone's Government can vacillate and falter upon occasion. But let us hope that it may benefit by the bitter experience through which it has passed.

Eighteen months ago a scheme for governing Ireland was proposed in this Magazine,* which, although it went further than the present Bill in respect of military control and of parliamentary disfranchisement, yet plainly foreshadowed a measure of the kind now before Parliament. If our advice had been taken then, eighteen months of misery and misrule would have been avoided, and Ireland, instead of being now ruined as she is, might have been recovering a healthy condition. It is a satisfaction that the Government have come so much to our way of thinking even after so long a lapse of time. We shall not be surprised if after a further delay, the whole of our plan be acted upon. But the result to which we looked—that of *saving* Ireland — can no longer be effected. It is too late for that. We can only hope, by some day putting an end to anarchy, to give the land a chance of rising from her ruins. We hope to find time for a few more remarks on this important Bill, between the night when it will come on for second reading and the day of our going to press.

Meanwhile Mr Gladstone's Bill dealing with arrears of rent has been introduced, and appears to have occasioned very little surprise after the several hints which he gave of what its complexion would be. It is not clear yet whether the settlement of the arrears may be voluntary or compulsory; but in any case, as we fear, there will be but small compensation for the landlords, already so heavily and so unrighteously mulcted, while there will be a still farther premium given to the tenants. One has become at last so used to this one-sided legislation that it does not excite wonder. There is, however, one feature about the present proposal which may be hereafter productive of good results. Mr Gladstone, having enriched his clients as far as possibly he could, and finding that their cry still is "Give, give," is at last compelled to turn to the imperial Exchequer for means of hushing them. The remainder of the revenues of the late Irish Church will be swallowed up by his plan, and still the horse-leeches will not be satisfied, wherefore it will be necessary to bribe them out of the pockets of English taxpayers. Though nothing else could do it, this shift may have the effect of awakening our constituencies to a sense of the iniquity which is being practised. They are to have the privilege of paying the back rents of the thriftless and ungovernable Irish tenants. It may be taken for granted that the latter, having forced the screw on to this point of getting their arrears paid out of the public revenue, will not desist from working at the

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for December 1880,—Art. "Ireland our Reproach."

lever. They are only on the borders of the promised land as yet, and they understand thoroughly the arts by which they got there. Is it at all likely that the taste of the prey will diminish their appetite? We say, No; but the British taxpayer may sooner or later resist the pressure, although the Government may not. Mr Gladstone may avoid directly laying on a tax to sop the tenants; but effect it by what juggle he may, he can gratify them only at the expense of the public. Now, when once he has to increase our taxes, he may be expected to have filled up the measure of the disappointment which the hearers and readers of his speeches of 1880 are so bitterly experiencing. It will not be unimportant, whenever the Bill may be farther proceeded with, to know whether Mr Forster regards money given from the British Exchequer to pay the rents of Irish malcontents as "black-mail."

The proposal to work the provisions of the Arrears Bill through the Land Courts appears to us to be very objectionable. There is against it the argument that those Courts have already before them more work than they can accomplish; but were that not so, the Land Courts have obtained such a character for partiality, and for arbitrary and reckless decisions, that it is making a farce of law to commit its administration to persons so ineligible. No landlord can possibly expect justice from the decisions of these Commissioners; and that being the case, it is simply sporting with the idea of right, to appoint judges in whom one side can have no confidence. It makes the business at once not justice but confiscation.

The question of arrears is a sufficiently interesting one, and one which might have been expected to give rise to much discussion. But the merits and demerits of the Bill were quite thrust aside by the great excitement produced by an episode in the House of Commons on the same night as that on which the Bill was introduced. Some further light was thrown upon Mr Gladstone's methods of employing "the resources of civilisation" in dealing with the Land League; and so intense was the commotion aroused by the matters on which this light fell, that they were canvassed to the exclusion of others. We need scarcely, in this paper, repeat the account of the letter which was read, or the remarks which were made on it, on the 15th and 16th of May in the House of Commons, or the criticisms with which the press was occupied, because these must be fresh in the memory of our readers. But we point to the treaty of Kilmainham, and to what we have as yet ascertained of its history, as truths which must be very gravely considered in connection with the new Coercion Bill. The new departure and the new coercion do not harmonise at all. Can the Ministry, if its great object be—as we have the strongest reason for thinking that it is—to catch the votes of the Irish members,—can it, we say, be in earnest about coercion? Is it likely that a Government in alliance with, and dependent on, the Land League, can ever be formidable to secret societies? Is it not rather to be feared that the Coercion Bill is intended to blind the public? Of course the belief which we expressed above, that the Kilmainham treaty has been cancelled by events, may still be correct; but if such is the case, Ministers are bound to tell us so, and they have not said it. This is an important consideration. The next point is the duplicity with which the House of Commons and the public have been treated with regard to the

Kilmainham negotiations; the difficulties which have been put in the way of extracting the truth; and the gross paltering, to the very verge of falsehood, in which the Prime Minister indulged.

It is perfectly clear now that there is, or was, a treaty, and that one of the terms of it secured the votes of the contracting Irish members to the Government on certain conditions. But we cannot get at the whole of the bargain. It is matter of history that a document, from which a most important paragraph had been expunged, was read to the House of Commons without any acknowledgment that it was imperfect, and that we owe to Mr Forster's recollection of the real character of it, and to his sturdy insistance on the fact of its curtailment, the ultimate communication of it in full. Why all this shuffling, if nothing had occurred which Ministers could hesitate to acknowledge? Over and over again Mr Gladstone has maintained that there was no bargain, which assertion rests simply on some peculiar acceptation of a word or of words; because there is now ample proof that a bargain *was* made—and to attempt to prove that it was not, is simply to make an experiment in word-splitting and in spurious logic. Equivocation, as we have had occasion to write before, is to Mr Gladstone a science. He is for ever calling it to his aid; and no exposure of his devices, and no consideration of the unworthiness of his method, seems to warn him away from the practice. Fortunately for him, his skin is pretty thick. A sensitive man must have been crushed by the things which were said and written of his tampering with the facts of this Kilmainham business. Till loss of office shall overtake him, he will probably care little for the descent which he is constantly making in the opinions of honourable and ingenuous men.

The anxiety felt on all sides to make progress with the Coercion Bill, had probably the effect of putting the Kilmainham compact out of sight on the 18th May, in order that the debate on the second reading of the Bill might have place. And thus Mr Gladstone obtained a respite from the questions and remarks relative to his bargain with Mr Parnell, which must have been very welcome. The House entered upon the discussion of the Bill with what seemed like an intention to dispose of it with all reasonable despatch. The Irish members, it is true, have made a declaration which might be construed as meaning unappeasable hostility to the measure; but we have to read it by the light of the Kilmainham lamp. Possibly it will be found to be "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Mr Trevelyan, at the debate on the second reading, made his appearance in the House as Chief Secretary. He, in supporting the Bill, made, like Sir William Harcourt, an appalling acknowledgment of the dreadful state into which Ireland has been misgoverned. These expositions are simply proofs of Ministerial blindness and neglect. There is, evidently, no need of convincing the Conservative Opposition of the necessity for a law of the kind; but the Opposition will be hard to persuade that the greatest blame does not attach to the Government for allowing things to reach the dreadful point of disorder where we see them. The more statistics Mr Trevelyan produced for demonstrating that when in former years coercion was applied crime decreased, and when coercion was relaxed crime was multiplied, the more did he expose the obduracy of the Govern-

ment against the teaching of experience and against the recognition of facts. A Bill like this was wanted eighteen months ago.

We were gratified to learn, from the perusal of Mr Gibson's speech, that many of the remarks which, a page or two back, we ventured to make on the provisions of the Bill, were in accordance with his views. That he thinks the Government to be to blame for not having earlier and more effectually grappled with crime, the following extract will attest :—

"With a people demoralised, accustomed to murders, to have these murders reproved in a very tepid manner, to find impunity for those who perpetrate the murders—why are we not to expect these familiar conditions in this last murder? I am glad the problem has been at last recognised. But I would not be doing justice to Irish feeling if I did not say that there is in many a household a bitter feeling that their fathers, children — and sometimes wives — have been shot down, and little sympathy expressed with them, and much apathy shown in their cases. The Bill may have been drafted when they were murdered ; it was not brought in."

Then, as to the desirableness of making such a law permanent instead of for a limited period, we are glad to have so high an authority on our side. Mr Gibson said :—

"Then as to the duration of the Bill for three years, if such an enactment is at all necessary it would be quite absurd to bring it in for less than three years. I shall be immensely gratified if in that period it has attained its object. I was led to expect that some of these provisions would have been drafted in the general laws of the country. One of the great evils of Ireland is, that there has been a series of temporary acts constantly renewed. It is better to try to grapple with these evils with general legislation, for the whole history of the country demonstrates that some change in the general law is required, rather than making these eternal temporary laws."

Our satisfaction is further increased when we see that Mr Gibson, like ourselves, looks with disfavour on the right of appeal to a higher court, which is to be granted to every criminal sentenced by the three judges. He is for summary execution, as may be learned by a perusal of yet another extract which we take the liberty of making :—

"But I am disposed to think that the clauses as to appeals will require immense consideration in committee. I think you should give such a tribunal as this your highest confidence ; but the Bill is so framed as to suggest distrust of the judges who composed it. You are allowing appeals to be made, not on the question of guilt, but on the discretion of the judge in passing sentence. Clearly there will be an appeal in every case, because the fact of an appeal would postpone the execution of the sentence. So that, instead of having speedy justice, you will have dilatory and delayed justice."

It is unfortunate that the judges themselves would appear, from statements in some of the daily papers, to be disinclined to form the Courts of Three, which are to try criminals without a jury. We have every respect for the objections which the judges may think proper to urge, but still we hope that these high functionaries, recognising the necessity of the case, will find some way equally good of enforcing the law if they cannot exactly meet the views expressed in the Bill. Failing to secure a military tribunal, which we look upon as by far the best, we certainly would like to see the three judges commissioned as proposed, and the right of appeal from their decisions much curtailed.

Th eannouncement that the Coercion Bill has passed its second reading by a large majority has come to us before going to press. It is worthy of note that Mr Par-

nell in the House, although he hinted at great changes in committee, did not deliver himself in accents of defiance towards Mr Gladstone. Perhaps this *par nobile* are both purposely giving uncertain signs, and waiting the chapter of accidents to determine what shall be their outward demeanour to each other. Should the Kilmainham iniquity be once more assented to by the Protean heroes, then there is little chance of retaining the most important provisions of the Bill, or of putting them in force if they are retained.

Mr Storey, who spoke with much animation of the measure, said that he would oppose it because he knew that it would fail. How he knew he did not explain. It is true that all Mr Gladstone's Irish measures have failed, but that fact does not make it absolutely certain that this must fail. We have little doubt that, if passed in its present form and administered by honest heads, it would prove a success. Firmness is all that is wanted to repress Irish crime, but the criminals very soon find out when the attempts to repress them are not made in earnest. We were glad to find the Prime Minister inferring, from the manner in which the secret of the Phœnix Park murders had been kept, how friendly to, or how terrified by, outrage a very large number of the Irish people must be. If he reflects on this truth, he will soon perceive that Mr Parnell's aid will never suffice to produce order. The spectre which has been allowed to grow so big, and to become so bold, will resist the law to the end, and never yield until it shall have found that the law is too strong for it.

There was in Mr Gladstone's speech another novelty which may be of very good omen. He distinctly recognised that there are in Ireland persons other than rebels, Land-Leaguers, and murderers, for whom the law is to take some care. He said that he must show to all sections of the people that the law is their protector, even to those who, during the last autumn and winter, suffered cruelly for exercising their legal rights and performing their personal duties. As yet this is only wind; but should he fulfil his promise, there is a bright hope for many of those whom he has hitherto allowed to remain helpless, deserted, in the shadow of death. These are at length to come up for remembrance before the Ministry. There is to be a "regard for the misery that has been carried far and wide among the body of the population of Ireland by the infliction of outrages and intimidation upon them in every form—some of them perhaps lighter, but others most cruel and most extreme." Better late than never, we say: but the dead cannot now be brought back to life, the maimed and broken cannot be restored to vigour; and the Ministry, let them say what they will, cannot be excused for having so long deferred to interpose the shield of the law between innocent subjects of the Queen and the violence, the spite, and the terror of the lawless wretches to whom so much impunity has hitherto been granted. It is to be presumed that anarchy is no longer expected to be a favouring element to the political plans of the Radicals. Hence we are now treated to the utterance of some sound, just, and statesmanlike sentences. That is as far as we have yet got.

We wait to see what will, after a few days, be the real relations between Ministers and the enfranchised jail-birds, also the relations between the same birds and the rabbles which used to be moved by their notes. We wait to see whether, if the leaders of agitation have at length, for a consideration,

been induced to pose as penitents, there may not immediately spring to take their places as infuriators of the mobs, other leaders jealous of Ministerial favour, but on whom no favour in material form has as yet descended. The strange aggregations of atoms above the surface we can only partly see; that which is going on below the surface we cannot see at all. But that a vast deal is being done in secret, there can be no reasonable doubt, and in time we may have only too striking evidence thereof. Mr Forster's warnings were not for nothing.

The speech made by Michael Davitt on 22d May in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester sounds most uncomfortably for the high contracting parties of the Kilmainham treaty, and is another testimony to the correctness of Mr Forster's views. It was wholly a declaration of war to the end against the English Government; and there is clearly more trouble of his own making awaiting Mr Gladstone—and unfortunately awaiting England also, because she has not the resolution to take the reins from Mr Gladstone's hands. In the course of his defiance, Davitt said:—

"Mr Gladstone might find a temporary expedient by fixing rents, backed by the undisguised despotism with which he meant to combat Irish land reformers. He might thus satisfy some and frighten other Irishmen from further efforts to effect a complete settlement of the Irish social problem; but he deceived himself egregiously if he believed that the Land League movement was about to be effaced all the world over because he had been converted to Mr Parnell's views upon the arrests, and because he had accepted the services of a Mr O'Shea in effecting 'the treaty of Kilmainham.' He thought it only just to remind the jubilant whips, who believed that they had captured the whole of the Irish party through the diplomacy of a political go-between from Clare, that the Land League movement was organised to effect the complete abolition of Irish landlords, and that until the work was fully and completely accomplished there could be no alliance between the people of Ireland and the Whig party in this country. Mr Gladstone wanted Ireland to give a trial to a second attempt to settle the Irish land question, but the people of Ireland would refuse to give any further trial to Irish land legislation. . . . The concession upon the arrears question was offered side by side with a Bill which was really intended to arrest the further public action of the people of Ireland towards the abolition of landlordism. Had Mr Gladstone been in the confidence of the secret societies he could not have more completely played into their hands."

Not much hope of peace for Mr Gladstone here. Now what will he do? Will he throw good money after bad in buying Davitt? or will he try to "cut the ground from under" the ticket-of-leave man by the new Coercion Act first, and then pursue towards him the "true, just, and effectual policy" of giving him his price? Rather, what will England do in the unexampled degradation to which she has been brought? These are days of much hazard.

While a few words seem to be indicative of awakening conscience in our rulers, the facts amid which we are living are the most dreadful that have been known for centuries; and as time rolls on, the depths to which we had descended look shallow beside those into which we are sinking.

English progress under Mr Gladstone will thus, it is to be feared, be found to mean progress towards shame and ruin. The last month has seen such dreadful crimes perpetrated in open daylight in one of our cities, that we can no longer point the finger at Russia or any

other land where law is impotent against assassination. We have been told by a responsible Minister that there is a "plague-spot" in Ireland. We know that the landed property of Ireland has at the present time absolutely no value. It has been confessed by the Prime Minister that society is dissolved in Ireland, and that there is also great political disaffection there. The ruin of the Irish landlords has been accomplished by the Land Act, and this cannot fail to impoverish the country generally. Not only have agitation and violence been rewarded by the Government's course of action, but a distinct compact has been brought to light made between her Majesty's Ministers (whose duty it is to uphold the laws and to protect law-abiding subjects) on the one part, and the leaders of the recent agitation (who have been denounced by Ministers as "steeped in treason," and as otherwise tainted by crime, and who have been imprisoned as dangerous and criminal) on the other part. These agitators have found how profitable squeezing is, and are likely to squeeze again. This is the state of things now, while only two years ago Mr Gladstone described Ireland as an island where there was "an absence of crime and outrage, with a general sense of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of the country." From the condition which he then described to that which he has now created, there has been a fearful and irreparable fall!

Moreover, two years ago, when those who are now our rulers were soliciting the people to give them power, they promised to make very many changes in the laws. How has the promise been kept? Not only has it not been amply redeemed, but it is true that not one item of it has been fulfilled. Indeed, if we may judge by the experience of the present year, when in five months not a law has been passed, there is reason to fear that, through bad leading, the capacity for despatching public business has departed from the House of Commons.

Then, if we look at the fortunes of our foreign possessions during the same two years, we are again confronted by disaster and shame. Our arms tarnished, our soldiers murdered, and a peace ignominiously purchased in the Transvaal; in India a base and dangerous withdrawal of our power and surrender of our conquests, ruinous to our reputation, and encouraging to those who in India and Europe wish ill to our rule.

Everywhere there is the same sad tendency—decadence and dishonour. Everywhere there is the prospect of our affairs becoming worse instead of better; for though May was the worst month that we have yet seen, we may yet look back upon that May with regret, unless we take steps to arrest the downward course. It needs but little thought to connect our decline with the weak and incapable Ministry whom we have set over us. If we would turn out of the road to ruin, we must first free ourselves from those evil counsellors who have led us into it—men who fail in all that they undertake, and whose policy vacillates with the party necessities of every week and day. Surely England has had by this time enough of failure, and reproach, and loss of character; if not, how much more discredit will she wait for before taking action to help herself?

THE MISOGYNIST.

LAST year I was taking a solitary walking tour in out-of-the-way parts of Normandy, and towards the end of the summer I found myself at a little unfrequented village-town, composed of one dull "Place" surrounded by white-shuttered houses, a few little smelly streets, a fine Flamboyant church, a "mairie," and a convent or two. It was an old-world place, but not specially picturesque; and as the guide-book contemptuously dismissed it in a couple of lines, I expected to be alone, so far as the society of my countrymen went.

A morning walk with my knapsack from another little town (also composed of a dull "Place," a Flamboyant church, &c., &c.), had brought me to this place a little before noon on a blazing September day. "And now," thought I, "for *déjeuner;* then a quiet afternoon's sketching at the church or by the stream, and some letter-writing at night,"—that was my programme.

There was an unpretentious hotel —the "Singe d'Or"—on one side of the square, with an awning and little tables, and a landlady with a surpassing white cap. "Could madame give me a room?" But certainly she could. "And *déjeuner?*" Immediately — would monsieur enter? So monsieur entered, and after due ablutions descended to the *salle-à-manger.*

In a moment my expectations and hopes of isolation from my countrymen vanished; for there, waiting for his breakfast, sat a large, heavy-looking, respectable, middle-aged English gentleman, on whose countenance solemnity, pomposity, dulness, and self-satisfaction sat enthroned. There was no escape. He recognised a compatriot, and for the rest of the day I was a prey to him.

First he regaled me during our meal with slow and measured complaints about his food, and he would fain have made me the medium through whom our good-humoured hostess was to have her soul vexed and harassed; but as I contrived to frustrate him in this matter, he essayed to explain himself, happily without one word being intelligible to madame.

After breakfast he lay in wait for me, and caught me going out; and throughout that unhappy afternoon his dissertations on the Church of Rome, while I was looking at the church (*I*, not *we;* for he looked at nothing), and on the position of women when we passed a convent, together with his glorification of his own domestic arrangements, and of the high moral and mental state to which he had brought his wife and daughters (whom he was to rejoin next day, poor things!)—all this, combined with the thought that I should have more of it at dinner, drove me nearly frantic.

So great was my dread of further infliction, that the thin *potage,* with paving-stones of bread, was already on the table, and madame had been up to say that "*Monsieur est servi,*" before I ventured to face my dinner and my enemy. But hunger drove me down at last, and in deep dejection I opened the door of the *salle-à-manger.*

Pomposity was there; but, oh joy! he was not alone. The slow pounding tones of his voice were being addressed to other ears than mine. He had a new victim!

Sitting opposite to him was a little, plump, rosy-faced, elderly man in an auburn wig. He had no whiskers, moustache, beard, eyelashes, or eyebrows, but above his little twinkling eyes were two red-

dish marks where eyebrows ought to have been; and never did I see so much expression and humour in any human countenance as I now saw flitting about in those little twinkling eyes and red marks, and the odd little wrinkles and dimples on the plump red cheeks.

The old story was being dinned into his ears: all through dinner, from the soup to the *Gruyère*, we heard about the low state of morals in France, the high position of the English matron,—especially, we were to infer, of Mrs Pomposity, and her family, the Miss Pomposities,—the horrors of conventual life, and so on, until our *convive*, hitherto silent, but making wonderful little faces, now lit his first cigarette.

Then he said quite suddenly, "There is one thing to be said for convents—they keep a lot of women out of the way."

At this sally, uttered in a cool, crisp voice, I was fairly electrified; but joy was the prevailing feeling. There could be no remark so shocking, so contrary to all received morality, but I should have welcomed it at that moment with ecstasy.

As for Solemnity, he sat aghast. The wig had hitherto been a good listener: he had apparently drunk in words of wisdom; he had accepted interminable platitudes on the true position of women, as lying between political forwardness on the one side, and conventual seclusion on the other. But now, what was this ribaldry? Pomposity determined to put his foot on it.

"No Englishman," said he, "or at least no Protestant, can approve of the immuring of females."

"Cranmer did," retorted the Wig, with an impassive countenance. "He shut up his wife in a box."

In a voice of indignant but ponderous contempt, Pomposity demanded, "A member of the Church of Rome, I presume, sir?"

"Not at all," said the Wig, with a chuckle of suppressed merriment; "I am no more a Papist than Cranmer was." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "I don't believe the story about Mrs Cranmer."

At this statement Solemnity was slightly relieved, and was beginning, "I should presume not indeed," when the other cut in—

"For this reason,—that if the Archbishop had once got her safe in the box, it is incredible that he should ever have let her out again."

By this time I was enjoying myself; the discomfiture of my tyrant was delightful to me, and my only fear was that he would not provoke further argument. As for him, he dimly saw that he was being jested with, and his slow soul was roused; he must bear testimony against this levity. So, after a truly awful allusion to the Wig's "facetiousness," he gave us several minutes on the blessings of a married clergy. My spirit sank again, but an unwary pause gave the foe a chance of interposing.

"Some great authorities, speaking from actual experience, have thought otherwise," said he. "Look at Archbishop Usher, whose wife burnt all his pet MSS. against Bellarmine. Bishop Hooper's wife, I have heard, was a sad scourge; and you will doubtless remember, sir" (this with an air of assumed deference to Pomposity, who did not remember, for he had never heard these items of ecclesiastical history), "how a bishop of Down in the seventeenth century said of his wife that he was *pertæsus*, utterly weary of her? So also the Reverend Laurence Sterne declared that he was *ægrotus ac fatigatus*, sick and tired—*uxoris meæ*—of Mrs Sterne. Then again——"

But Pomposity would hear no more. He took up a French paper (which he could not read, and would certainly not have studied so intently, respectable man, if he

had had any notion of the contents), and retreated from the distasteful conversation.

The misogynist blinked peacefully over his cigarette at the now averted figure of his antagonist; then turning to me, he remarked that some of the leading Reformers had a very just estimate of women; and he proceeded to quote some very rude remarks made by John Knox in his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstriferouse Regiment of Women." This led him to a few anecdotes reflecting on queens generally, and his face was a study when he alluded to the Empress Bianca's unfortunate decease from a surfeit of snails.

This discourse on queens once more brought Pomposity into the field, who, being unable to read his paper, had reluctantly listened. "You speak, sir," said he, "thus disrespectfully of crowned ladies, as though they were all Jezebels——"

("Jezebel was a woman of some spirit," put in the misogynist meditatively.)

"Or Messalinas." And now we had to endure a solemn eulogy of good queens as a set-off against what we had heard about bad ones. Fortunately, a rash challenge as to what he thought of Queen Elizabeth brought the Wig to the front again.

"Aylmer, in his 'Harborough,' does certainly make an exception of Queen Bess," said he, "but I don't know why. He contrasts her with all other women, whom he calls 'triflers,' 'folyshnes,' 'flibbergibbes,' and so forth."

This, it will be observed, was a new move in the campaign. We had passed from clerical wives to queens, and now we were passing from queens to an attack on the sex generally. There is no need to give Pomposity's homily which followed. The British matron had a stout but wearisome defender. Her deportment, we were told, unlike that of the French matron, gave respectability to our very streets.

"Ah, that's just it!" cried the Wig. "How true is Washington Irving's description of such matrons! 'Thus have I seen,' he says, 'some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill-humour, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and curtseying, and smiling upon all the world.'" After this, with his queer little face puckered up in enjoyment of his theme, he launched out into a diatribe on the disadvantages of matrimony. First he quoted a rude comparison — I think by Seneca—between telling one's wife a secret and unnecessarily taking a sea voyage. Then he bethought him of Montaigne's saying, "Cato, like ourselves, was disgusted with his wife." From that he proceeded to another saying of Montaigne's, that marriage was like a cage; those who were out of it were always wanting to get in, and those who were within were all for coming out—a saying which, he said, was no doubt borrowed from Chaucer's lines:—

"Marriage is such a rabble rout,
That those who were out would fain get in,
And those who are in would fain get out."

The last line, he thought, was certainly true, the second one less universally so. Then he had a fling at people who married twice, and wondered if any one had ever been so fortunate as Mabœuf in 'Les Misérables,' who, being asked whether he had ever been married, replied, "*J'ai oublié!*"

Thus he chatted on, encouraged by my attention and Pomposity's dismay, till it was time for me to retire and write my letters.

"You deserve," said I, as I rose, "as a punishment for your misogyn-

ism, to spend a long purgatory with a mother-in-law!"

"A mother-in-law!" cried he. "Ah! see there again! The *injusta noverca* of ancient times, the monster of modern comedy, the byword of all ages! Yet she is only the matron moved one step on! Did you ever,"—this to Pomposity, who only answered by a solemn stare,—"did you ever read 'Holy Living'? You will find there what a saintly man thought of mothers-in-law. He tells how a man threw a stone at a dog; the stone missed the dog, but hit his mother-in-law. 'Thus,' says the pious author, 'the stone was not wholly in vain.'"

The party was now breaking up. Pomposity was for bed, after spending, I fear, a most disagreeable evening. The auburn Wig was lighting a fresh cigarette. "Good night, sir," said I. "I wish I could keep you company a little longer, but I shall have to spend half the night over my letters, and must keep myself awake with endless cigars."

Pomposity thought that I was speaking to him, and answered with friendly gravity, "It is a pity to do that, young man. One of the advantages of that holy state which we have heard so strangely aspersed, is the influence of the matron in discouraging irregular hours. I wish you a good night, sir."

"Good night, sir—good night," chirped the voice of the misogynist after us. "You know what Jeremy Taylor says? 'Better sit up all night than go to bed with a dragon!'"

The next morning, waking rather late, I looked out upon the "Place." Pomposity was just departing in a *voiture*, with an air of perplexity and displeasure on his countenance, caused by madame's *bon voyages* and *à plaisirs*, which he did not comprehend, and dimly conceived to be connected with the bill which he still held in his hand; and so, without a smile or a wave of the hand, he departed.

Then I turned my eyes to a little marble-topped table below my window, over which the awning was stretched later in the day. There I beheld our friend the misogynist taking his *café au lait*. His wig was surmounted by a grey wideawake, so that I could not see his face, but his voice mounted up from under it in cheery strains; and what was he doing? He was actually engaged in presenting chocolates to two little girls in very tight white caps—one our hostess's Cecile, the other from the *boulangerie* opposite—who were capering and dancing round him, like the "daughters of the Horseleech, crying, Give, give;" and at the same time justifying his conduct with sundry bows and compliments, and wavings of the wideawake, to the two *mamans*, who were laughingly scolding him for spoiling *les petites*.

As I surveyed this prodigy, there arose in my mind some very profound, original, and philosophic considerations, which I here set down in order:—

First, That things are not always what they seem.

Secondly, That when any person endowed with dulness and authoritativeness says one thing, then it is pleasing to unregenerate human nature to say the opposite.

Thirdly, That this faculty for opposition is a very useful one; for see what a miserable afternoon I had spent for want of it.

Hear, then, in one word, the moral of my tale:—

When any one bores you, start a paradox.

THE THIRD SESSION.

In more ceremonious times than these, visits to country-houses were described as consisting of the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day, and the third day determined the character of the visit. So in political life it has long been received as an axiom that the third session of a Parliament sets its mark on the Administration to which the confidence of the country had been granted at its commencement. Whitsuntide is approaching as we write; the first half of the crucial third session is over; and if the Gladstone Administration be judged by that, or indeed any other test, what must be the national verdict? Failure, and failure of the most shameful kind. Altogether apart from the awful tragedy in the Phœnix Park, and on the supposition that it had never been enacted, it is clear that the Irish seesaw, miscalled policy, of the Government had broken down. Intimidation and bribery, coercion and conciliation, had, as all statesmen conversant with Irish men and Irish affairs foresaw, broken down; and with Lord Cowper's and Mr Forster's secession, Mr Goschen's speech, Lord Fitz-William's letter, and the round-robin presented to Lord Hartington, it was obvious that the puerile policy of attempting to govern Ireland by the help of Mr Parnell and Michael Davitt would not be countenanced or supported by Parliament or the country.

Already the insensate resolve of the Minister to press forward the Procedure Resolutions, and to stand by his original proposal as to the *clôture*, had yielded to those threatening manifestations of the coming storm, and already had negotiations commenced with the object of extricating a baffled and discredited Government from a position which was rapidly becoming untenable. All sections of Irishmen were united at least in this, that Ireland could not afford to wait until the House of Commons had discussed and settled the new code under which it was proposed to conduct its deliberations. With Mr Goschen and Mr Forster seated on a back bench behind them; with the Ramsdens, Greys, Fitz-Williams, and Brands ready to follow such redoubtable and responsible leaders; and with an Opposition visibly gaining strength and power in the country,—it had become apparent to some members, at any rate, of the Government, that they must abate considerably of their pretensions, and offer a substantial compromise to what was rapidly becoming an insurgent House of Commons. Hence came the proposal to accept Mr Gibson's amendment to Rule one; an amendment which would leave intact the substance of the resolution with its arithmetical puzzles, simply substituting a two-thirds for a bare majority. The concession on the part of the Government is immense, vital; the corresponding concession on the part of the Opposition leaders is understood to be, that they should accept in the main the other resolutions—apart from those establishing the system of Grand Committees. Considering that Sir Stafford Northcote some weeks ago distinctly expressed his general approbation of those resolutions, and his desire that they should be considered before number one, it must be admitted that the so-called compromise is, in reality, a signal triumph

for the Opposition; and we trust that when, if ever, the discussions on Rule one are renewed, there will be no difficulty or hesitation in accepting it.

Vacillating and uncertain, however, as had become the conduct and attitude of the Government before the fatal 6th of May, the horrible events of that day have greatly increased their perplexities, and materially disarranged their plans. To understand how complete is the Ministerial discomfiture, a glance at the programme contained in the Speech from the Throne will suffice. Of the meaningless or euphuistic paragraphs dealing with the French Treaty negotiations, and the condition of Ireland, it is not necessary here to say anything—*flocci, nauci, nihili, pili;* but we append a list of the measures named in the Speech, and commended to the practical consideration of the Legislature:—

1. Local Self-Government for England and Wales.
2. Local Self-Government for Ireland.
3. Municipal Reform for London.
4. Bankruptcy Reform.
5. Corrupt Practices Repression.
6. Conservancy of Rivers, and Floods Prevention.
7. Criminal Code.
8. Patents Law Amendment.
9. Scotch Law of Entail.
10. Scotch Educational Endowments.
11. Welsh Education.

Of these some have already been abandoned, notably No. 1, to which a paragraph of unusual length and detail was devoted in the Speech; and of the others it would now, at the end of the first half of the session, be difficult to say which, if any, have a prospect of becoming law. Mr Dodson, by a lucky fluke, got the start with the Floods Prevention Bill; and though it is strongly opposed by uplands owners and occupiers, it has a chance, if skilfully steered, of reaching the winning-post. But it is obvious that the attention of Parliament for the next three months will be devoted neither to it, nor to any or all of its ten competitors.

Ireland, like the poor, is always with us, and will again demand all the time and attention of Parliament. It is curious to note of how little avail had been the great remedial and protective measures of last year to abate Irish pressure on the time of the House of Commons, even before the resignation, voluntary or enforced, of Lord Cowper and Mr Forster. Night after night, on one pretext or another, was seized by Irish members for the exposure of alleged grievances, or the formulation of fresh demands; and, as if for the express purpose of their justification and encouragement, Mr Gladstone elected to waste a whole fortnight of invaluable time on a purely academical and ridiculous quarrel with the House of Lords. Perhaps we err in calling that proceeding a quarrel: a quarrel, as all the world knows, requires two; and in this instance the House of Lords, with equal dignity and good sense, took no notice of the Prime Minister's silly outbreak, and preferred to answer him by allowing its Committee to continue its important and useful labours. Hardly had the House got rid of this Ministerial impediment than Mr Findlater's Bill, reviewing and altering in some material particulars the Land Act, which had just been voted too sacred to be even inquired into, was moved from the friendly back benches behind the Government; and the Minister, unable or unwilling to say either "ay" or "no," took refuge in postponing a decision to which he was unequal. Then came—to complete his confu-

sion, and destroy the position he had assumed at the opening of the session—the notice of Mr W. H. Smith, and the Bill of Mr Redmond. The obscure negotiations, resembling in some respects those connected with the Lichfield House compact, which were based on the latter measure, will perhaps some day be made public; but enough is already known to enable the country to judge of their character and effect. The first was a bargain or an understanding that if the Government would wipe off the arrears of rent owed by dishonest or insolvent tenants, and so secure them in their miserable holdings, the leaders of the Land League would discountenance murder, arson, and mutilation, and use their influence in favour of law and order. The first, and, as it turned out, the only effect, was the resignation of Lord Cowper and Mr Forster, the two members of the Government who knew most of, and were best fitted by that knowledge to deal with, the actual condition of Irish disorder.

A foolish attempt, indeed, has been made to represent the atrocious murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke as a proof of the wisdom of the new policy of concession, and as deliberately designed to frustrate the benevolent intentions of the Government. Until much more has been discovered of the springs which moved those miscreants' daggers than is now known, it would be improper to express any positive opinion on that subject; but we see no reason whatever for regarding that fearful crime as an isolated outrage, but much for regarding it as one of that long series of dastardly crimes which have polluted the soil of Ireland during the last two years. While, however, such is the view taken by most of those who have carefully watched the progress of Irish disorder under Mr Gladstone's spasmodic reign, the effect of that fearful outrage on his mind and action has been instantaneous and startling. A Bill far more severe, and covering a far larger area than the measure, the feebleness of which, coupled with the unconditional release of the suspects, led to Mr Forster's resignation, was the immediate result, and was introduced with such haste into the House of Commons, that the Home Secretary, in explaining its provisions, was fain to admit that they were not then finally drafted, and that a week must elapse before he could ask the House to give it a second reading. Imperfect, however, as might be the drafting on the 11th of May, the description given by the Home Secretary of the purport of his measure, left no doubt on the minds of his new allies that the treaty of Kilmainham was as dead as the treaty of Limerick; and Mr Dillon's remarkable speech on that occasion is intelligible, and to some extent justifiable, if read as the protest of one of the lately contracting parties against the repudiation of the contract by the other. The danger which the empire has escaped by this sudden collapse of an underhand and cowardly transaction with men "steeped," according to the Irish Attorney-General, "to their lips in treason," was real and imminent; and horrible as it is to think that we owe it to the sacrifice of two innocent and noble lives, for the escape itself we cannot but be profoundly thankful. When will English statesmen understand that alliances of that kind, whether open or secret, with Irish leaders, whether of the stamp of O'Connell, or Sadleir, or Parnell, are fore-

doomed to certain and disgraceful failure? It is the fixed determination of the people and the Parliament of Great Britain to restore the reign of order in Ireland before discussing any more sentimental legislation; and it was the perception of this resolve that gave such weight and power to the speeches of Mr Forster and Mr Goschen on the 11th of May.

Meanwhile, in considering the position of the Government in their third session of office, the very introduction of the Bills for the Repression of Crime and the Payment of Arrears, stamps their Irish policy with the self-inflicted admission of failure; and yet, though their coercion has failed, though their land legislation has failed, these pretenders to political infallibility are still inviting the confidence of their dupes in new nostrums, and pretending to regard their ghastly failures as encouraging successes. At the same time, they are proposing to enhance the existing demoralisation of the Irish peasantry by presenting them with funds for the extinction of Arrears as a gift, and not as a loan.

In foreign affairs the third session finds, and probably will leave, the Government in the predicament of having, by the consent of all foreign authorities, lowered the influence of England abroad, and largely increased that of Russia in Persia and Central Asia. The peaceful settlement of the Turko-Greek frontier, which they claim as their solitary achievement, is due, as is now well known, not to the adoption of their views by the rest of the signatory Powers, but to their abandonment of them in favour of the more restricted scheme, which was substantially that agreed upon at Berlin by Lord Salisbury and M. Waddington, and of which the details were so successfully carried out on the spot under the supervision of General Sir E. B. Hamley.

As the second session witnessed their capitulation to the Boers, so the third, in colonial matters, is signalised by their concession to the colonists of Natal in the appointment of a Governor. Negatively, the empire has cause to rejoice that, so far, 1882 has not witnessed any further step on the path of disintegration. On the other hand, nothing whatever has been done to efface the recollection of the surrender of the Transvaal, or to draw more closely together the component parts of our widely extended and ever-growing empire. If indeed they would allow us to do so, we should be inclined to compliment the Government on their North Borneon annexation; for such, in the long-run, we cannot doubt it will prove to be. As, however, they repudiate that construction of their own act, we must withhold our approbation, and dismiss the record of the third session on colonial affairs with the expression of tepid satisfaction that no further mischief has been done.

Of all the subjects of boastful prophecy during and after the Mid-Lothian campaign and the election of 1880, none was more harped upon by Mr Gladstone and his adulators than that of Finance. Let him resume the management of affairs, and the country would see prosperity return, trade revive, agriculture flourish, income increase, and taxation diminish. In order to obtain these desirable results in the shortest possible time, Mr Gladstone consented to be (for half the salary) his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, and insisted—without the slightest reason, as it turned out—on bringing in a Supplementary Budget in the summer of 1880.

The relief to the tax-payer contained in it was found to consist in the imposition of another penny in the income-tax; and when, a few months later, the pretext on which the demand for it was based—namely, a projected revision of the wine-duties—collapsed, people began to doubt whether the financial magician had not promised more than he could perform; but his friends said, "Allowance must be made: it's all the fault of the Tories. That extra penny, though nominally devoted to reducing the wine-duties, was really wanted to efface the results of Tory mismanagement; and next year, with a new French Treaty of Commerce, and a good harvest, you will see a glorious Budget, eclipsing all its predecessors."

Arguments of this kind appeased the rising apprehensions of the faithful, and the 4th of April 1881 was greeted with respectful but sanguine anticipations of the great financial triumph it was to disclose. Alas for the disappointment which followed! The great achievement of Mr Gladstone's second Budget was to take off the penny on the income-tax, which he had unnecessarily, and therefore unjustly, put on the year before! Again excuses were made, and the fond hopes of 1881 were transferred to 1882. A more complete and thorough disenchantment is the result. It is not only that no financial relief is afforded to the country, and a slight—though in its incidence very grievous—addition made to its taxation, but that, in his speech, Mr Gladstone distinctly abandoned all the Mid-Lothian dreams and promises of abating expenditure, and adopted the poor and unworthy line of casting the blame of an outlay which he denounced, yet sanctioned, on the Parliament and the people whom he had deluded with electioneering financial claptrap. It is now said that, weary of the task to which he finds himself unequal, and despairing of the fulfilment of his reckless promises, Mr Gladstone is about to relinquish the Seal of the Exchequer, and content himself with the ordinary duties attached to the Premiership. Be it so or not, the fateful third session has demolished his prestige as the Wizard of Finance.

The country now knows that the normal expenditure of a Liberal Government is a million or two higher than that of their rivals; and for that useful knowledge it is indebted to the third session of this Parliament of dupes.

Conscious of their failure to realise, in however small a degree, the extravagant promises of domestic legislation they made during the election of 1880, Ministers, in the autumn recess, endeavoured to throw the blame and odium off their own shoulders on to those of the House of Commons; and hence came about the extraordinary resolve of the Prime Minister to initiate no legislation until a whole new code of procedure had been adopted by the House. With many of the proposed changes little or no fault could be found; they were fairly within the limits of Conservative revision of House of Commons law; but, in that spirit of dogmatic despotism which has become ingrained in him, Mr Gladstone insisted that the *clôture* resolution should be taken first, and passed in its integrity before any of the others should be considered. Of the external pressure brought to bear upon insurgent or reluctant Liberals, it is not necessary here to speak. It revealed two things: first, the dislike entertained for the proposal by a majority of the House; and,

second, the certainty that, if carried, the *clôture* by a bare majority, would be brought into operation through the same external agency which had effected its adoption. That danger now is passed, and if we refer to the subject at all, it is only to help us in arriving at a judgment of the position of the Government towards the House of Commons, and of the House towards the country in its third session. This signal collapse, following so closely on the continuous failure of the Government to control the House in the Bradlaugh scandal, proves that, in spite of their still enormous nominal majority, they have lost touch of the House of Commons; while the repeated charges of ineptitude, incapacity, and unwillingness to discharge its duties, brought by Ministers against the House, and the fact—for which, indeed, we hold the Government and not the House responsible—that very little legislative work has been accomplished, have undoubtedly reduced the House of Commons to a low level in the estimation of the country. But the unreasoning confidence in Mr Gladstone and Lord Hartington, which moved the various and really discordant sections of the Liberal party to act together in 1880 and return the present Liberal House of Commons, is at an end; and now, before the conclusion of the third session, it is apparent that the Government have no confidence in the House, the House has no confidence in them, and the country has no confidence in either.

The position of the regular Opposition during the last and the present session has been one of great delicacy and difficulty. Convinced, on the one hand, of the culpability of the Government with respect to Ireland, and of the futility, if not worse, of their so-called remedial measures, it was, on the other, their plain duty to support every measure, however tardy and imperfect, which had a tendency to restore law and order in that distracted country; and this sense of duty often imposed upon them the necessity of silence, when speech, even in support of the Ministerial proposal, would have delayed its progress. Hence it is possible that out of doors the action of the Conservative leaders may have been liable to misconstruction, and they may be thought to have condoned too lightly the blunders and *lâches* of the Government. If that be so in the country, at every bye-election the country has the opportunity of expressing its opinion; but we notice, with lively satisfaction, the cordial co-operation which exists throughout the ranks of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. The divisions which took place on Mr Gladstone's attack on the House of Lords, and on Mr Marriott's amendment to the *clôture* resolution, afford ample proof of the cohesion and heartiness which animate the Conservative ranks, from the front bench to the newest recruit. The violent and persistent efforts made in some quarters to represent the more outspoken oratory of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr Gorst as indicative of a serious breach in the Conservative array, only showed the effect their admirable speeches were producing in the country; and in expressing unfeigned regret at the absence of Lord Randolph from the House, and at its cause, we do not hesitate to say that at the commencement of the third session few individual reputations had risen higher than his for keen perception, trenchant attack, biting satire, and genuine eloquence. Of the states-

men on the front bench, the two who have been most called forth by the circumstances of the case, Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr Gibson, both have greatly distinguished themselves; and in the House and in the country there is a general wish that in this deplorable crisis Irish affairs were intrusted to their brave and competent management.

Glancing from the serried and steadily increasing ranks on the left hand of the Speaker's chair to the tumultuous array behind the Government, two figures at once strike the eye, standing forth prominent among and above the mediocrities around them. Mr Goschen and Mr Forster are at the present moment unquestionably the two most powerful members on the Liberal benches; and it will depend very much on their conduct during the remainder of the third session, whether the future policy of their party is to be constitutionally Whiggish, or revolutionarily Radical.

Nothing but the absorption into the Government of the brains and tongues of the Radical section would have kept it so long outwardly loyal to the Administration, and the new "hateful incident" of Irish repressive legislation has apparently tried to the uttermost the long-suffering of the Rylands, the Laboucheres, and the Storeys. Sooner or later the process of disintegration, the commencement of which was detected, our readers may remember, by the quick eye of the late lamented Mr Adam on the eve of his departure for India, will have gone too far to be arrested or concealed, and then the time will have come for the constituencies of Great Britain to reverse the verdict which was snatched from them in 1880 by what the late Mr Charles Buller, under somewhat similar circumstances, designated as "enormous lying."

Such is the aspect in which the House of Commons and the Government present themselves to us in their third session. There remains to be considered the relative position of the House of Lords. When the new Parliament assembled there were many faint-hearted constitutionalists who feared that it would fare ill with the hereditary Chamber at the hands of a Radical Government, supported by an immense majority in a Radical House of Commons; and even at the close of the last session much apprehension was felt—more indeed than was expressed—lest the House of Lords, under the bold but sagacious leadership of Lord Salisbury, in amending the Irish Land Bill, should incur, and suffer from, the wrath of the Birmingham Caucus and its affiliated clubs. The third session has entirely dissipated all such fears. The foolish attack on the House of Lords, opened by Mr Gladstone in a vein of exaggerated heroics, wasted indeed a fortnight of valuable time, but utterly failed to excite the slightest favourable response in the country. The event has conclusively shown that the House of Lords were right in insisting upon, and the Government wrong in resisting, an inquiry into the working of the Land Act; and now that branch of the Legislature occupies in the eye and mind of the country a more commanding position than it has enjoyed since the days when it was led by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst. For that increase of reputation, favour, and power, the House of Lords has to thank partly their own good sense and courage, and partly the blundering mismanagement by Ministers of the House of Commons, by which that assembly has been diminished in credit and reduced in influence.

The result is, that at the present moment the House of Lords is in a position to deal precisely as it likes with every measure which may struggle up to it from the Lower House. This great and startling change in the relative positions of the two Houses is perhaps the most striking product of the third session of the Parliament of 1880.

The most dramatic incident, however, and that which is calculated most deeply and permanently to affect the mind of the country, is that string of revelations which, as we are writing, is gradually weaving a connected and intelligible history of what will be hereafter known as the Treaty or Compact of Kilmainham. It seems almost incredible that Mr Gladstone, who was in Parliament, and taking an active part in political warfare in 1835, should have so entirely forgotten the evil influence which the Lichfield House Compact had on the fortunes of Lord Melbourne's Government, as to incur the risk necessarily attendant on the repetition of so dangerous an experiment. The only possible explanation is, that he calculated on being able to keep Parliament and the country in ignorance of all the circumstances of the transaction, and to exhibit Mr Parnell and his associates to the public as converted—not purchased—reprobates, working for the cause of order and good government in Ireland, from no other motive than that of a sincere if tardy repentance brought about by their confinement in the prison, which is destined to give its name to the most discreditable transaction connected with his long career. It was probably a conviction to this effect which induced Mr Parnell to rise after Mr Gladstone's shambling answer to Mr Lewis, and read to the astonished House his letter, in which the terms of his future suit and service to the Liberal Government were clearly laid down. If the Irish people were to see him paraded as a supporter of the Minister who had denounced and imprisoned him, they should at least know the conditions on which that support had been arranged. Those terms, while they will be thought excessive and scandalous for an English Minister to promise to a State prisoner, "steeped to his lips in treason," by the people of Great Britain, will probably be regarded as a betrayal of their trust by the deceived and cheated people of Ireland; for in them not a word is said of Home Rule, or legislative independence, that great and sacred cause, without which the arch-agitator declared he would not have taken off his coat to aid the cause of the tenant-farmer, and to which all the operations of the Land League, and all the pecuniary assistance of Irish America, were to be in intention and ultimately devoted. The publication, then, of the terms of this Kilmainham compact will damage the reputation of both the contracting parties: each obviously hoped to obtain the best of the bargain, and each finds itself discredited and deceived. Mr Parnell and his colleagues have indeed recovered their liberty, and in that respect have obtained an undoubted advantage; but their influence for good, if they ever had any, is gone, and it remains to be seen whether their capacity for mischief has not passed from them to not less able, though it may be less scrupulous, demagogues.

The moral which the country should draw from the facts disclosed by this short review of the condition of public affairs in the middle of the third session is, to be prepared for a sudden dissolu-

tion of a Parliament which has disappointed the expectations of, and become cold and indifferent to, the alternate blandishments and reproaches of its would-be dictator. It is true that to an ordinary observer it is not easy to see what the Minister could hope to gain by an appeal to the country. Election after election testifies to the steady growth of the Conservative reaction; and the events of the last four months, more especially those of the last three weeks, are eminently calculated to increase and intensify those feelings of distrust and dislike with which that large and powerful but inert body, the Whig connection, regard the policy and administration of Mr Gladstone. Of that distrust and dislike he is, no doubt, aware; but nevertheless, warned by his conduct in 1874, we believe him to be capable of the step we have indicated, and we trust that everywhere throughout the kingdom Conservatives will be ready for the possibly impending struggle. The issues to be then decided, it has been warned by Mr Chamberlain in his speech at Liverpool, are of the gravest and most far-reaching character: they embrace the relations between Church and State; the functions, perhaps the existence, of the House of Lords as a co-ordinate and independent branch of the Legislature; the union between Great Britain and Ireland; and the rights and stability of property, the very basis of law, order, and progress in an ancient and highly civilised community. Compared with these vast issues, the ancestral and nominal differences between Whig and Tory sink into insignificance; and we would earnestly and anxiously impress upon the inheritors or bearers of those respectable historical appellations, the paramount duty at this crisis in their country's fortunes, of so recording their vote as best to safeguard and maintain the integrity of the constitution of their common country.

Note to Article in May Number on "Pisciculture: its Progress and Utility."

Sir James Ramsay Gibson-Maitland informs us that the productive powers of the Howietoun Fishery are *under-estimated* at page 599. Instead of being, as there stated, "able to supply eggs or fish of various kinds, as salmon, common trout, American trout, Lochleven trout, and sea trout, to the extent of two millions per annum," the Howietoun Fishery produces twenty millions of Lochleven trout ova, besides the out-turn of salmon, common trout, and American trout. In page 600 the variation in the temperature of the hatching water at Howietoun should have been given as $\frac{1}{3}$ of a degree Fahr. instead of 3° Fahr.

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